



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





Per. 2705.d 202  
n 5 8





*"The Story of our Lives from Year to Year."*—SHAKESPEARE.

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

*A Weekly Journal.*

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME VIII.

FROM MAY 18, 1872, TO NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

*Including No. 181 to No. 206.*



LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT N<sup>o</sup>. 26, WELLINGTON STREET;

AND BY MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1872.

LONDON

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, DUKE STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

<b>AUTORS.</b> Theatrical Papers . . .	PAGE 57	<b>Clothes we Wear . . .</b>	PAGE 318	<b>HABITABLE World . . .</b>	PAGE 220
103, 304, 488		Cocoa-Nut, The Use of the . . .	56	Harleian Library . . .	109
Advertising Turf Prophets . . .	186	Communists' Trials, An Incident in the . . .	187	Harrison's, Captain, Sufferings at Sea . . .	13
Age of Great Workers . . .	606	Cooks and Cookery in Bengal . . .	348	Haunted House. Story . . .	198
Alcoholic Drinks . . .	88	Country Life in Cuba . . .	414	Highland Tourists . . .	473
Alexander Dumas' Dashing Ex- plot . . .	544	Covenanters, Persecution of the . . .	86	Hissling, Castalia, &c., at Theatres . . .	468
Alexander Peden, One of the Old Covenanters . . .	84	Covenanters, Persecution of the . . .	461	Honourable Artillery Company . . .	63
Alphabetical Anecdotes . . .	418	Cromwell House, Holloway . . .	65	Honoree Greeley, Mr. . . .	510
Amber or Amberglass? . . .	607	Cuba, General Tacon's Judg- ment . . .	378	Horatio's Shows . . .	115
America, A Summer Camp at Lake Minnecous . . .	444	Cuba, Country Life in . . .	414	How to Live on Sixpence a Day . . .	58
America, Mr. Horace Greeley . . .	510	Cupboard Papers . . .	539	Humours, Covent Garden . . .	466
America, The Pioneer in . . .	137	Pin-Bed Explains . . .	539	Hydrophobia . . .	300
American Clam-Bake . . .	136	Poor Devils! . . .	539		
American War, An Incident in the . . .	557	At Table d'Hôte . . .	541		
Among the Tipsters . . .	165	A Flemish Market . . .	583		
Angel at Islington, The . . .	66	Dining with Amelle . . .	585		
Arabian Seaport in War Time . . .	487				
Archery Laws in Old Times . . .	61	<b>DAIRY Farms at Islington . . .</b>	181	<b>LOE, Sufferings of a Crew upon the India, Cooks and Cookery . . .</b>	557
Armour, The Man in . . .	610	Daehing Exploit, A . . .	544	Indian Civil Service Competition . . .	232
Army on its Legs, The . . .	494	Decoy Fish, The . . .	535	Indian Fornum Hope . . .	422
Art of Living . . .	539	Densil Holles . . .	463	Indiana, A Slayer of Islington Old Church . . .	177
Artillery Company, The Honour- able . . .	63	Departed this Life . . .	354	Islington, The History of . . .	61
At Les Hirondelles . . .	513	Der Freischütz . . .	400		
Attom Marceuvres . . .	486	Derby Prophets . . .	156		
		Digby, Sir Kenelm . . .	463		
		Dinner Party. The Greengrocer Waiter . . .	370	<b>LACENAIRE, The Murderer . . .</b>	325
<b>BEDFORD Coffee House, Covent Garden . . .</b>	467	Dress, A History of . . .	318	La Hogue, The Victory at . . .	463
Bedford House . . .	461	Drinks, Alcoholic . . .	81	Lely, Sir Peter . . .	464
Beer . . .	92	Driven to Cannibalism . . .	12	Les Hirondelles . . .	513
Belgium Horticultural Establish- ments . . .	115	Druids, The . . .	298	Letty Dormer . . .	403
Bell of St. Paul's, The . . .	378	Duke of Shoreditch, The . . .	63	Lions of London . . .	276
Benjamin's Dream . . .	516	Dulce Domum . . .	159	London Archers, The . . .	61
Best Market . . .	520	Dumas, Exploit in the Revolu- tion of 1830 . . .	544	London, Events Connected with Old St. Paul's . . .	255
Bethnal Green Museum, A Visit to . . .	358	Davals-lane . . .	184	London Milk . . .	181
Bets, Some remarkable . . .	389			London Statues . . .	33, 78
Bhartpore, The Forlorn Hope at . . .	422	<b>ECHOES in Buildings, Mountains, &amp;c. . .</b>	347	Lord Mayor's Men in Armour, The . . .	615
Blackbirds . . .	397	Evans's, Covent Garden . . .	461	Lord Orford . . .	463
"Bonny Dundee" . . .	86	Execution of Lacenaire . . .	327	Lord Westbourne's Hair . . .	308, 321
Boone, Daniel, in the Woods of America . . .	127				
Bought and Sold . . .	439	<b>FASHION, A History of . . .</b>	218	<b>MAD Dogs . . .</b>	300
Bowles the Waiter . . .	370	Filberts . . .	55	Magdeburg, A Story of . . .	517
Boxhill, The Beauties of . . .	133	Fin-Bec on the Art of Living . . .	539, 583	Man in Armour, The . . .	610
Brazil-Nuts . . .	56	Fire of London . . .	258	Markets, Home and Foreign . . .	520
Bringing Home a Bride . . .	6	Fishes, Wonderful Stories about . . .	536	Marylebone, A History of . . .	108
British Tourist . . .	473	Fishing at Oakhurst . . .	399	Marylebone Gardens . . .	119
Builders, Primitive Constructors . . .	593	France, The Communists' Trials . . .	137	Marylebone Church . . .	110
		French Anecdotes . . .	418	Micromega . . .	222
<b>CAUTERETS, The Waters of . . .</b>	269	Flower Factories . . .	112	Milk Trade of London . . .	181
Central Avenue, Covent Garden . . .	465	Foggy Subject, A . . .	175	Modern Sculpture . . .	30, 78
Champion at Westminster, The . . .	611	Fog Signals . . .	175	Moon Worship . . .	870
Chevy Chase . . .	588	Food Rejected by the English . . .	539	Moscow, The Cholera in . . .	564
Cholera in Russia . . .	584	Furniture, Bad and Good . . .	42	Mother of Melody . . .	346
Chronicles of London Streets: Islington . . .	61			Mountain Echoes . . .	348
Marylebone (concluded) . . .	108	<b>GENERAL Tacon's Judgment . . .</b>	8	Mrs. Frank . . .	235
Islington and the New River . . .	181	German Legends: The Sleeping Beauty . . .	205	My Spaniard's Mystery . . .	282
Old St. Paul's . . .	253	To Begin with Rats . . .	248		
Modern St. Paul's . . .	373	The Maid Lorenz . . .	250	<b>NAMES, Punning upon . . .</b>	34
Covent Garden (Central) . . .	461	The Red Man . . .	251	Narrow Escape . . .	137
City-road, The . . .	182	Der Freischütz . . .	400	Nepanese War, The . . .	428
Claverhouse, Execution of John Brown by Order of . . .	86	Magdeburg, A Story of Benjamin's Dream . . .	517	New River, Opening the . . .	185
Cloth and Calico Manufacture . . .	249	Good and Bad Furniture "Goose" . . .	516 468	Non Nobis Domine . . .	161
		Greeley, Mr. Horace . . .	510	North Woolwich. A Postman's Race . . .	491
				Novel Race, A . . .	491
				Nightingales . . .	399
				Nuis . . .	65

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
OAKHURST, The Naturalist at	395	She Stoops to Conquer, First Re-	471	Umbrella, The	445
Oban, Tourists at	473	presentation of	471	VENETIA Stanley	462
Odd Plants	569	Shoddy, Chalk, and Jonathan	246	WAGNERS	389
Oil-Palm Tree of Africa	57	Sight-Seeing in Bethnal Green	228	Walter, The, at Matilda Villa	271
Old Houses in Islington	182	Sir Dominick's Bargain	186	Watering Place in the Pyrenees	259
Old Jokes	322	Sir Harry Vane	461	Welcome to the Squire and his	6
Old Marylebone	109	Sir Kenelm Digby	462	Bride	198
Old St. Paul's	263	Sir Peter's Monument	209	Wesley Family Ghost	198
Old Stories Re-told:		Sixpence a Day, How to Live on	58	What it is not	294
Driven to Cannibalism	12	Slavonian Hercules, Legend of the	155	What we Wear	318
Alexander Peden, One of the	84	Sleeping Beauty, Story of the	305	White Conduit House	66
Old Covenanters	127	Snails	398	White Hat and its Owner, The	510
A Slayer of Indians	137	Sound Waves	588	Wicked Woods of Toberevill, The	18
Wesley Family Ghost, The	198	Spirits, The Book of	586	44, 66, 92, 117, 140	103
A Poetical Assassin	325	Squire and his Bride, The	6	Wigs at Theatres	
Indian Forlorn Hope	422	Squirrels	395	Willing to Die. A Story, by the	
On the Brink of Starvation	557	Stage Storms	304	Author of the "Rose and the	
On the Edge of the Moor	162	Stage Wigs	103	Key"	433
Overwork? or Overworry?	605	Statues in London	33, 78	457, 481, 505, 529, 553, 577,	601
Owls	398	Stonehenge, The Autumn Manceu-	495	Window Pets. Plants	569
PEARL Buttons	538	res		Wines and Spirits, The Use and	
Peggy, Sufferings of the Crew of	12	Stories:		Abuse of	789
the		General Tacon's Judgment	8	Wonderful Magazine	554
Plaza, Covent Garden	457	Narrow Escape	137	Wonders	584
Pic-Nics and Clam-Bakes	132	Russian Legends	151	Worlds, Other Habitable	222
Pike Fishing	399	On the Edge of the Moor	162	Wren, Sir Christopher	372
Pilot Fish, The	535	Sir Dominick's Bargain	186		
Pioneering in America	137	Sleeping Beauty, The	305	YELLOW Flag, The. A Serial Story,	
Platichio-Nuts	65	Sir Peter's Monument	209	by Edmund Yates	1
Plague-stricken	564	Mrs. Frank	325	25, 49, 73, 97, 121, 145, 169, 193, 217,	
Plants. Window Pets	559	My Spaniard's Mystery	282	241, 265, 289, 313, 337, 361, 385, 409	
Playing upon Names	347	Lord Westbourne's Heir	308, 331	452, 476, 500, 524, 548, 572, 596, 618	
Playa, Hissed	470	Departed this Life	364		
Poetical Assassin	325	A Poison Plot and its Issue	378	POETRY.	
Poison Plot, and its Issue	378	Letty Dormer	443	ASTEROPE	61
Postman's Race, A	491	Under the Black Beam	428	At Thy Grave	220
Prentiss's, Ensign, Sufferings on	557	St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden	463	Brimham Crag, The	588
the Ice	557	St. Paul's. The Modern Cathedral	378	By the Use	204
Primitive Builders	598	St. Paul's. The Old Cathedral	283	Chevy Chase	590
Frey to the Lions	276	Strolling Players	87	"Consule Planco"	529
Pyrenees, A Watering Place in	259	Summer Camp on a New England		Deserted	325
the		Lake	444	Duke Domesday	160
RACES, Turf Prophets	156	Surrey Selborne, A	395	Footsteps	19
Rats, A Story about	249	Switzerland, Les Hirondelles	513	Free Among the Dead	276
Revolution of 1830. Alexander	544	TAVISTOCK Hotel, Covent Garden	464	Hero	379
Dumas' Exploit	469	Thatched House, Islington	164	Lesson, A	443
Riots at Theatres	253	Theatrical Papers:		Looking Forward	395
Roman London	151	Strolling Players	87	Love's Reasons	253
Round the Tea-urn in Central	108	Stage Wigs	103	Midsummer Eve	192
Russia	322	Stage Storms	304	Mignonette	516
Round of very Old Jokes	611	"Goose"	466	My Child Love	36
Royal Champion, The	151	Theatres, Riots at	469	Nothing Cares	467
Russia, Peasant Life in	564	The Men in Armour	615	October	493
Russia, The Cholera in	564	Thornhill, Sir James	465	Old Ballad of Chevy Chase, The	588
Russian Legends	155	"To Begin with Bats"	249	Old Home, The	180
SCULPTURE, Modern	30, 78	Tourist Costumes	473	Parva Domes—Magna Quies	610
Sea, Driven to Cannibalism at	12	Trade. The Best Markets	429, 590	Passed Away	228
Sea-Sickness	342	Turf Prophets	156	Requiescat	82
Sea, Sufferings of a Crew upon	557	Two Very Old Songs	158	Bewards of Song	348
the Ice at	266	Tybourne Brook	108	Summer Anthem	108
Seaweeds	266	UNDER the Black Beam	428	Three on the Prairie	564
Shark, Story of a	535			Voices in the Air	421
				Wild Flowers	155



THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 181. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

#### CHAPTER V. A LITTLE PARADISE.

THE place which Alice Claxton called her home, of which she was sole mistress, and which she dearly loved, was situate at Hendon. An old-fashioned, dreamy, by-gone kind of village, which, in these latter days, the Midland Railway has discovered to be a metropolitan suburb, and, as such, has brought it into vogue. Until within a very few years, however, it was one of the quietest places in England, visited occasionally in the summer by a few people from town, who found that Hampstead had been already almost swallowed up in bricks and mortar, and who extended their outing to get a little fresher air, and to enjoy the lovely view from Hendon Church. But its inhabitants generally were nothing-doing people, bred and born in the parish, who preferred vegetating on an income which enabled them to keep a pony-chaise, and gave them perpetual leisure for pottering in their gardens, rather than adventuring their little capital in speculations which might be disastrous, and which undoubtedly would be questionable.

The house where Alice Claxton lived was on the right-hand side of the way as you turn from the little main street of the village towards the church. There is no use in looking for it now; it has been pulled down, and on its site have been erected two brand-new stucco villas, with plate-glass windows and brass door-knockers, high flights of door-steps with a stone pineapple on either side, and long strips of garden before and behind, which the land-

scape gardener's art has decorated with beds in the shape of pears, and hearts, and crosses, and various other elegant and appropriate designs. But in Alice's days it was a long, low-roofed, one-storied house, built of bricks of a comfortable warm ruddiness, without being glaringly red, and covered all over with a splendid Virginia creeper, which, at this autumnal time, was just assuming its loveliest hue. The rooms on the ground floor were large, with rather low ceilings, and opening with French windows on to a little paved terrace, verandah-covered. And it had been John Claxton's delight to suit the fittings and the furniture to the place for which they were destined. No modern stoves were to be found throughout it, but open fireplaces inlaid with tiles, and iron dogs; the high-backed chairs, the broad table, and the heavy sideboard of the dining-room, were all in antique black oak, but in the drawing-room he had endeavoured to consult what he considered to be his wife's fancy, and the Venetian mirrors on the walls reflected the sheen of green silk and gold, in which the low quaint chairs and sofa and ottoman were made, and produced endless repetitions of the numerous tasteful specimens of glass and china with which the various *étagères* and whatnots were liberally covered. Alice, who before her marriage had been governess to the children of a Quaker wine-merchant in York, whose drab furniture had done good service during three generations, at the first glimpse of her new home clapped her hands in childish delight, and immediately afterwards turning round, reproved her husband for his extravagance. But John Claxton, catching her in his arms, declared that it was only a little nest just fitted for his bright, shining, sweet little

bird, and he earnestly prayed that she might be happy in it.

And she was happy; so happy that she sometimes felt her happiness was too great to be lasting, and that some reverse of fortune must be in store for her. But these flights of depression only happened when John was away on his business tours, and then only during the first half of his absence, for during the second she was busy in contemplating his return, and in devising all kinds of little expedients to show how welcome he was. See her now on this bright October evening, so neatly and yet so becomingly dressed in her tightly-fitting mouse-coloured velvet gown, fastened round the waist by a narrow black leather belt and buckle, with a linen collar round her pretty throat, and linen cuffs showing off her small white hands. She had filled every available ornament with the remnants of the summer garden produce, the last of the monthly roses, and the scarlet geraniums and calceolarias, and the earliest of the autumnal crop of dahlias, china-asters, and chrysanthemums. The air was chill without, but within the light from the wood logs flickered brightly on the plate and glass set on the snowy tablecloth, in anticipation of dinner, and the very odour of the burning beech-wood was home-like and comforting. After giving a finishing touch to her flowers in the drawing-room, and again peeping into the dining-room to see that all was right and ready, Alice would open the glazed door and peer out into the darkness, would bend her head in eager listening for the sound of wheels entering the carriage-drive. After two or three experiments her patience was rewarded. First she heard the clanging of the closing gate, then the sound of the rapidly approaching carriage, and the next minute she was in her husband's arms.

"Now come in, John, at once, out of that bitter wind," she cried, as soon as she was released, which was not for a minute or two; "it is enough to cut you in two. It has been sighing and moaning round the house all day, and I am sure I was thankful that you were coming home and hadn't to go any sea voyages or other dreadful things."

"Thank you, my darling, I am all right, I shall do very well now," said John Claxton, in a chirping, cheery voice.

Why had Tom Durham called him old? There was a round bald place on the crown of his head to be sure, and such of his hair

as remained, and his whiskers, were streaked with grey. The lines round his eyes and mouth were somewhat deeply graven, and the brow was heavy and thoughtful, but his bright blue eyes were full of life and merriment, the tones of his voice were blithe and musical, his slight wiry figure, though a very little bowed and stooping, was as iron in its hardness, and when away from business he was as full of animal spirits and fun as any boy.

"I am all right, my darling," he repeated, as, after taking off his hat and coat, he went with her into the dining-room; "though I know it is by no means prudent to stand in draughts, especially for people of my age."

"Now, John," cried Alice, with up-lifted forefinger, "are you going to begin that nonsense directly you come into the house? You know how often I have told you that subject is taboed, and yet you have scarcely opened your lips before you mention it."

"Well, my dear," said John Claxton, passing his arm round her and drawing her closely to him, "you know I have an age as well as other people, and a good deal more than a great many, I am sorry to say; talking of it won't make it any worse, you know, Alley, though you may argue that it won't make it any better."

"Silence!" she cried, stopping his speech by placing her hand upon his mouth. "I don't care whether it makes it better or worse, or whether it doesn't make it anything at all; I only know I won't have it mentioned here! Your age, indeed! What on earth should I do with you if you were a dandified petit maitre in a short jacket, with a little cane, or a great hulking yaw-haw fellow in a tawny beard, such as one reads of in the novels."

"I have not the least idea, Alley, but I dare say you would manage to spare some of your sweet love and kindness for me, if I were either of the specimens you have mentioned. As I am neither, perhaps you will allow me to change my coat and wash my hands before dinner."

"That you shall do. You will find everything ready for you, and as you have had a long journey, and it is the first time of your return, I insist on your availing yourself of the privilege which I gave you on such occasions, and on your coming down in your shooting-coat and slippers, and making yourself comfortable, John, dear—and don't be long, for we have your favourite dinner."

When Mr. Claxton appeared in the

dining-room, having changed his coat for a velvet shooting-jacket, and his boots for a pair of embroidered slippers, his wife's handiwork, having washed his hands and brushed up his hair, and given himself quite a festive appearance, he found the soup already on the table.

"You are late, as usual, John," cried Alice, as he seated himself.

"I went to speak to Bell, dear," replied John Claxton; "but nurse motioned to me that she was asleep; so I crept up as lightly as I could to her little bedside, and bent down and kissed her cheek. She is quite well, I hope, dear, but her face looked a little flushed and feverish."

"There is nothing the matter with her, dear, beyond a little over-excitement and fatigue. She has been with me all day, in the greatest state of delight at the prospect of your return, helping me to cut and arrange the flowers, to get out the wine, and go through all the little household duties. I promised her she should sit up to see her papa, but little fairies of three or four years of age have not much stamina, and long before the time of your return she was dropping with sleep."

"Poor little pet! Sleep is more beneficial to her than the sight of me would have been, though I have not forgotten to bring the doll and the chocolate creams I promised her. However, the presentation of those will do well enough to-morrow."

The dinner was good, cosy, and delightful. They did not keep the servant in the room to wait upon them, but helped themselves and each other. When the cloth was removed, Alice drew her chair close to her husband, and according to regular practice poured out for him his first glass of wine.

"Your own particular Madeira, John," she said; "the wine that your old friend Mr. Calverley sent you when we were first married. By the way, John, I have often wanted to ask you what you drink at the hotels and the horrible places you go to when you are away—not Madeira, I am certain."

"No, dear, not Madeira," said John Claxton, fondly patting her cheek; "wine, beer, grog—different things at different times."

"Yes, but you never get anything so good as this, confess that?"

"Nothing that I enjoy so much, certainly; whether it is the wine, or the company in which the wine is drunk, I leave you to guess."

"Oh, it is the wine, I am sure! there is no such other wine in the world, unless Mr. Calverley has some himself. There now, talking of Mr. Calverley reminds me that you never have asked about Tom—about Tom, John—are you attending to what I say?"

"I beg your pardon, dear," said John Claxton, looking upward with rather a flushed face, and emptying his glass at a draught. "I confess my thoughts were wandering towards a little matter of business which had just flashed across me."

"You must put aside all business when you come here; that was a rule which I laid down at first, and I insist on its being adhered to. I was telling you about Tom, my brother, you know."

"Yes, dear, yes, I know—you went to Southampton to see him off."

"Yes, John; that is to say, I went to Southampton and I saw him there, but I did not actually see him off, that is see him sail, you know."

"Why, Alice, you went to Southampton for the express purpose!"

"Yes, John, I know; but you see the trains did not suit, and Tom thought I had better not wait, so I left him just an hour or two before the steamer started."

"I suppose he *did* go," said John Claxton, anxiously; "there is no doubt about that, I hope?"

"Not the least in the world, not the smallest doubt. To tell you the truth, John, I was rather anxious about it myself, knowing that Tom had the two thousand pounds which you sent him by me, you dear, kind, good fellow, and that he is—well, perhaps not quite so reliable as he might be—but I looked in the newspaper the next day, and saw his name as agent to Calverley and Company among the list of outgoing passengers."

"Did he seem tolerably contented, Alice?"

"Oh, yes, John; he went away in great spirits. I am in hopes that he will settle down now, and become a steady and respectable member of society. He has plenty of talent, I think, John, don't you?"

"Your brother has plenty of sharp, shrewd insight into character, and knowledge of the wickedness of the world, Alice," said Mr. Claxton somewhat bitterly; "these are not bad as stock-in-trade for a man of his nature, and I have no doubt they will serve his turn."

"Why, John," said Alice, with head upturned to look at him more closely, "how

cynically you are speaking. Are you not well, dear?"

"Quite well, Alice. Why do you ask?"

"Your face is rather flushed, dear, and there is a strange look in your eyes, such as I have never noticed before. Oh, John! I am certain you work too hard, and all this travelling is too much for you. When will you give it up?"

"When I see my way to settling down here in peace and comfort with you, my darling, and little Bell. Depend upon it when that opportunity comes I shall grasp it eagerly enough!"

"And when will it come, John?"

"That, my child, it is impossible to say; it may come sooner than we expect; I hope it will, I'm sure. It is the one thing now at the close of my life left me to look forward to."

"Don't talk about the close of your life in that wicked way, John. I am sure if you only take care of yourself when you are away on those journeys, and mind that your bed is always aired, and see that you have proper food, there is no question about the close of your life until you have seen little Bell grown up into a marriageable young woman."

"Poor little Bell," said John Claxton, with a grave smile; "dear little Bell. I don't think we did wrongly, Alice, in adopting this little fatherless, motherless waif?"

"Wrong, indeed! I should think not," said Alice, quickly. "Even from a selfish point of view it was one of the best things we ever did in our lives. See what a companion she is to me while you are away; see how the time which I have to spare after attending to the house, and my garden, and my reading, and my music, and all those things which you insist upon my doing, John, and which I really go through conscientiously every day; see how the spare time, which might be dull, is filled up in dressing her, and teaching her, and listening to her sweet little prattle. Do you think we shall ever find out whose child she was, John?"

"No dear, I should say not. You have the clothes which she had on, and the little gold cross that was found round the mother's neck after her death; it is as well to keep them in case any search should be made after the child, though the probability of that is very remote."

"We should not give Bell up, whatever search might be made, should we, John?" said Alice, quickly. "The poor mother is

dead, and the search could only originate with the father, and it is not likely that after leaving the mother of his child to die in a workhouse bed, he will have any long deferred stings of conscience to make him inquire as to what has become of her offspring. Oh, John, when I think of the wickedness that goes on in the world, through men, John, through men alone, for women are but what men choose to make them, I am so thankful that it was given to me to win the honest, noble love of an honourable man, and to be removed in good time from the temptations assailing a girl in the position which I occupied. Now, John, no more wine!"

"Yes," he cried, "give it to me quickly, full, full to the brim, Alice. There!" he said, as he drained it. "I am better now, I wanted some extra stimulant, to-night; I suppose I am knocked up by my journey."

"Your face was as pale then as it was flushed before, John. I shall take upon myself to nurse you, and you shall not leave home again until you are quite recovered, whatever Mr. Calverley may say! You should have him here some day, John, and let me talk to him. I warrant I would soon bring him round to my way of thinking."

"Your ways are sufficiently coaxing to do that with anybody, Alice," said John Claxton, with a faint smile; "but never mind Mr. Calverley just now; what were we saying before?"

"I was saying how pleased I was to be removed from the temptations to which a girl in the position which I held is always exposed."

"No," said Claxton, "I don't mean that—before."

"Yes, yes," said Alice, "I insist upon talking about these old times, John; you never will, and I have no one else who knows anything about them, or can discuss them with me. Now, do you recollect," she continued, nestling closer to him, "the first time you saw me?"

"Recollect it! As you were then, I can see you now."

"And so can I you, you are not altered an atom. You were standing at a book-stall in Low Ousegate, just beyond the bridge, looking into a book, and as I passed by with the two little Prestons you raised your eyes from the book and stared at me so hard, and yet so gravely, that I——"

"That you were quite delighted," said John Claxton, putting his arm round her; "you know that, so don't attempt a bash-

fulness which is foreign to your nature, but confess at once."

"I decline to confess any such thing," said Alice. "Of course, I was in the habit of being stared at by the officers and the young men of the town. Come now, there is the return blow for your impertinent hit just now; but one scarcely expects to create an impression on people whom one finds glozing over bookstalls."

"Elderly people, you should have said, Alice."

"Elderly people, I will say, John, if it pleases you. Much less does one expect to see them lay down the book, and come sailing up the street after one in direct pursuit."

"Oh! you saw that, did you, miss? You never told me that before!"

"Saw it, of course I saw it. What woman ever misses anything of that kind? At a distance you tracked me straight to Mr. Preston's door, saw me and my little charges safely inside, and then turned on your heel and walked away."

"While you went up to your room and sat down before your glass, admiring your own charms, and thinking of the dashing young cavalier whose attention you had just attracted. Was that it?" said John.

"Nothing of the sort, though I don't mind confessing that I did wonder whether I should ever see you again! And then, two days after, when Mrs. Preston told me to take the little girls into the drawing-room in the evening, and to be sure that they practised thoroughly some piece which they would be called upon to play, as there was a gentleman coming to dinner who doted on little children, how could I have the slightest idea that this benevolent Mr. Claxton was to be my friend of the Low Ousegate bookstall? And yet you scarcely spoke to me once during that evening, I remember!"

"That was my diplomacy, my child; but I paid great attention to Mrs. Preston, and was very favourably received by her."

"Yes, I heard Mr. Preston say to Mr. Arthur, as they stood behind the piano, 'He's of the house of Calverley and Company of Mincing-lane. Thee hast heard of it? Its transactions are enormous.'"

"And I won Mr. Preston's heart by a good order for wine," said John Claxton; "and then I threw off all disguise, and I am afraid made it clear that I had only made his acquaintance for the sake of paying court to his governess."

"You need have very little delicacy in

that matter, John," said Alice; "neither Mr. nor Mrs. Preston had the slightest interest in me, and when I left they cared not what became of me. I suited them as a governess, and they were angry when I first told them I was going away; but when they saw that I had fully made up my mind, their sole thought was how best to supply my place. As to what became of me, that was no concern of theirs."

"No," said John Claxton, whose colour had returned, and who seemed to have regained his ordinary composure, "no concern, perhaps, of either Mr. or Mrs. Preston; but what about the young gentleman whom you mentioned just now, Alice, Mr. Preston's nephew, Mr. Arthur, as he was called? Your decision as to the future course of life you intended to adopt was not quite so immaterial to him, was it, child?"

"What do you mean, John?" said Alice, looking down, as the blood began to mount into her cheeks.

"You know well enough what I mean, child; exactly what I say. Mr. Arthur Preston took great interest in you—was in love with you, in point of fact—is not that so?"

"He said so, John; but his actions belied his words. No man who had any real, honest love—nay, more, I will go further, and say respect for a girl—could have spoken or acted towards me as he did."

"Why, Alice," said John Claxton, looking with surprise at her flushed cheeks, "you never told me anything of this before. Why have you kept it secret from me?"

"Because I know, John," said Alice, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "that however outwardly calm and quiet you may appear to be, however sensible and practical you are in most matters, you have a temper which, when anything touching my honour or my dignity is involved, is quite beyond your control. I have seen its effects before, John, and I dreaded any repetition of them."

"Then why do you tell me now?"

"Because we are far away from York, John, and from Arthur Preston and his friends, and there is no likelihood of our seeing any of them again, so that I know your temper can be trusted safely now, John; for however much it may desire to break out, it will find no object on which to vent itself."

"This conversation and conduct then of Mr. Arthur Preston were matters, I am to understand, in which your honour and dignity were involved, Alice?"

"To a certain extent, John, yes," faltered Alice.

"I should like to know what they were?" said John Claxton. "I put no compulsion on you to tell me. I have never asked you since our marriage to tell me anything of your previous life; but I confess I should like to know about this!"

"I will tell you, John," said Alice; "I always intended to do so; it is the only thing I have kept back from you, and often and often while you have been away have I thought, if anything happened to you or to me—if either of us were to die, I mean, John—how grieved I should be that I had not told you of this matter. Arthur Preston pretended he loved me, but he could not have done so really. No man who is wicked and base can know what real love is, John, and Arthur Preston was both. Some little time before I knew you he made love to me—fierce, violent love. I had not seen you then, John; I had scarcely seen any one. I was an unsophisticated country girl, and I judged of the reality of his love by the warmth of his professions, and told him I would marry him. I shall never forget that scene! It was one summer's evening, on the river-bank just abreast of Bishopthorpe. When I mentioned marriage he almost laughed, and then he told me in a cynical, sneering way, that he never intended to be married unless he could find some one with a large fortune, or with peculiar means of extending his uncle's business when he inherited it. But that, meanwhile, he would give me the prettiest house within twenty miles. I need not go on; he would not make me his wife, but he offered to make me his mistress. Was it not unmanly in him, John? Was it not base and cowardly?"

She stopped and looked at her husband. But John Claxton, whose face had become pale again, his chin resting on his hand, and his eyes glaring into the fire, made her no reply.

#### BRINGING HOME A BRIDE.

"At a time when"—as Mr. Barlow would have told Sandford and Merton\*—the claims of the British labourer divide attention with the Alabama claims; when the ruin of the country is predicted for the hundredth time from a threatened rise in that bloated spendthrift's wages; when our concise and simple land-laws, our pa-

tential game-laws, our equitable law of landlord and tenant, are all in danger; when, on the other hand, the urban public believe that a family quarrel on these topics is raging in many country parishes—it may be useful to describe a bright little scene enacted the other day by all these characters (except Barlow), for it affords some timely and pleasant considerations.

It was the home-coming of the squire of Platting-Hugh with his bride. The squire had intended, apparently, to get married "on the quiet," as they say in these parts. But he is the great man of the place, master of the H. B. fox-hounds, landlord of numerous farms, deputy-lieutenant, and all the rest of it; and his modest programme to get married at the country seat of the bishop of the diocese by special license, to be conveyed in a special train to a by-station, and to slip home unobserved, oozing out, the important population of Platting declared itself slighted, and rose as one man. It held public meetings, appointed a reception committee, and proclaimed a general holiday. Tenants on the estate, farmers all over the H. B. country, even the members of that distinguished hunt, declared that they would waylay the happy pair at their own park-gate, and greet them with a hearty welcome.

Upon these urgent representations the Chickabiddy station was abandoned, and the Platting station adopted. Being a stranger, I made for the wrong park-gate on the appointed day—having heard all the above gossip at the inn where my hunter stands—nor could I see a soul on my route to set me right. All the cottages on the Platting-Hugh estate which I passed—numerous and new-looking—were deserted. The one policeman at the Chickabiddy station who opened my way across the rails, knew nothing. Nobody could be observed in the home-farm yard; the lodge was shut up, the gate wide open; not a living creature to be seen, nor a sound to be heard in the park. Cantering over the turf between the trees, I felt like an explorer in some exquisitely planted backwoods. Was I too late? Had I been hoaxed? Had the marriage been put off; or, spiteful conjecture, had it gone off altogether?

The answer was startling. My horse shied: a burst of huzzas pierced by a tally-o or two which might have split, but were not muffled by the tent that covered them! Clear of my screen of trees, no pantomime ever displayed a quicker transfor-

\* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. i. p. 156.

mation scene. Suddenly presented to me were the decorated mansion in a dip of a grassy slope, triumphal arches, carriage-drives lined with Venetian masts and banners, the foreground crowned with an enormous marquee flaunting gaily with flags; crowds of riderless horses lazily led about by holiday labourers; lastly, their riders merrily emerging from the festive tent pulling on their gloves to mount. Previous solitude and silence were at once accounted for. Everybody belonging to the place was there, and nowhere else. Inside the tent everybody was listening to wedding-day oratory that commanded silence, until pent-up enthusiasm burst forth and banished every unhandsome doubt.

Showers of invitations to "just one glass of champagne to wish them joy, you know," dismounted and brought me inside the pavilion to behold an immense and sumptuous wedding-breakfast—Gunter fecit. But there was no time for feasting. An equestrian procession was being marshalled by a host of commanding officers amidst a medley of yeomanry and hunting shouts-of-command. Yet we managed to form fours behind a huge waggonette with magnificent post-boys containing the volunteer brass band, and promptly to obey a confusing order compounded of "Quick march!" and "Forra'd on!"

We presented a strong muster: four hundred horse at least. Our march through best part of a mile of gravelled drive did us real credit. We must have convinced the foreign invader (who, if present, naturally kept in the background) with what remarkable ease the English hunter can be trained into the formidable trooper. A few chargers, however, showed no taste for military music, especially a sturdy white cob, posted in the van, and therefore too near the waggonette. The brazen fanfare and the big drum drove him nearly mad. Yet, although he caused gaps in our ranks here and there, the way in which we halted at the gorgeous arch near to the gate of triumphal entry, deployed twos about, and formed up on the turf in a lane of single lines for the bridal procession to pass through, must have filled our innumerable commanders-in-chief with pride in themselves, admiration of us, and confidence in our horses; all which they showed by promulgating very complicated orders to be executed at the supreme moment. Also, for fear of mistakes, they put us through a distracting preliminary drill, which had the effect of thinning our ranks; large numbers of

scouts telling themselves off to distant coigns of vantage to give notice of the approach of the carriage and (happy) pair.

A high embankment outside the park-gate conducts the railway into Platting. Upon this all eyes were fixed. Something like a shrill view-hallo in remote perspective is discerned. Was it the special whistle? Attention! Another sibilation, more distinct, followed very soon by the special itself. It passes at "slowed" pace. Four hundred of the soundest lungs in two counties discharge a volley of cheers which, drowning the noise of the engine, must have startled the two distinguished passengers who had so recently been made one.

"Surely we shall not have to wait much longer now," I remarked to my left-hand file.

"Ah!" he replied, "you don't know the Platting folks. When once they get hold of 'em" ('em I took to mean the squire and his bride) "they won't part with 'em in a hurry."

This gentleman's further information may be summed up thus. Platting shops shut, streets lined with streamers and people. Band of Royal Horse Guards from London. Procession formed of freeholders, flagholders, and lodge Number Fifteen Hundred and One of the Odd Fellows. School children to sing, in the red-carpeted station, a hymn composed expressly for the occasion by the Platting poet.

Meanwhile, more loud music: white cob next to unmanageable, obliging its accomplished rider

To witch the world with noble horsemanship

more frantically than ever. Gradual reaction into subdued expectation; the merest motion at the gate causing a universal flutter. The first views of a much admired viscountess driving her grand roan, of a one-horse waggonette freighted with back views all chignon and white muslin, of three policemen in three single detachments—each separately greeted with a half-spoken "Here they are!"

But see! The only scout in sight on the margin of the lake capers uneasily. He canters towards the arch. Here comes another, galloping; a third; a dozen; twenty; half a hundred; squadrons of outposts galloping like mad. No mistake now. A faint cheer in the Platting road. Yet no wedding carriage. Delay accounted for by a halted scout breathless and deliquescent. Young ladies at the gate, he



gasps, are showering bouquets on the bride, and more school children are singing more hymns, composed expressly for the occasion by the Platting poet. A sweet musical little cheer is wafted to us—end of hymn, perhaps. Four yeomanry cavalry in full uniform prance into view through the gate. Then (tremendous excitement), seated in an open calèche,

#### THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

The blare of music, even the park artillery is drowned by every form of cheering known to excited mankind. Total military disorganisation and grand concentric charge, until every horse is wedged in tight round the carriage. Dead stoppage. Bride and bridegroom bowing and smiling at large; carriage gradually disentangled, and the mass moves on pell-mell. A shriek! Alarming halt. The white cob has disposed of his rider close under the hoofs of the bridal horses. Shock recovered (no-body hurt), a mobbed and tangled race commences for the near side of the calèche and a sight of the bride. I win. One glance confirms the county verdict to the full. If I said more, superlatives (however truthful) might spur me over the fences of propriety. For this there would be no excuse after the remarkable instance of good taste then displayed. A great open semicircle of turf stretches out in front of the mansion. Here, by a spontaneous instinct, the whole festive army halted, that the squire might alight with his bride at his own door alone. An enormous half-moon of by no means irregular horse was, consequently, drawn up on the outer edge of this huge lawn. But, when the calèche moved empty away from under the portico leaving the handsome spouses standing hand-in-hand on the steps bowing their thanks, an inspired trumpeter sounded the charge, and the dense circle made a fearful rush up to the very pillars of the portico. The bridegroom favoured us with a pleasant thanksgiving speech, the lady took an emotional leave in dumb-show amidst final volleys of ringing acclamation, and, led into the house by her husband, the ceremony of Bringing Home the Bride was completed.

During my return—especially on the crown of the hill outside the park overlooking a broad extent of excellent farming—the spirit of Barlow was drearily supplanted in my soul by the shade of Pinnock. In the vein of that immortal catechist I asked myself a whole sixpenny-

book full of questions. What did this merry, warm-hearted welcome indicate? Was it purse-worship of a millionaire: kow-tow to a golden idol? Was it family worship offered up to the heir of a long line of ancestry? Did it, on the contrary, testify to the results of clean and careful tillage observable as far as the eye could reach, to the well-built home-steadings, to the clusters of comfortable labourers' cottages, and to the fact that where the land is well cared for, human beings are well-cared for also? Would there be starvation, and dissension, and strikes anywhere, if other estates were as well administered as, to the stranger's eye, this Platting-Hugh property appears to be? Would not a great many noble lords and right honourable and honourable gentlemen who sit in parliament under the pretence of managing the affairs of the nation, render the nation more happy, glorious, and (best of all) contented, if they would condescend to give more time and closer attention to their own affairs; or, if they would select land-stewards with higher objects than screwing down wages, screwing up rents, taking everything that can be got off the land, and putting nothing into it or upon it except game?

And so—leaving the answers to wiser heads than mine—ends my catechism.

#### GENERAL TACON'S JUDGMENT.

SINCE the Pearl of the Antilles has adorned the Spanish crown, the island of Cuba has always been governed by a captain-general, a mighty personage, invested with much the same power of authority as that of a monarch in some countries, and like a king could not possibly do anything that was wrong. The Cubans have seldom had reason to be grateful to Spain for the rulers she has appointed over them, because these have been usually selected rather on the score of influence than capacity or merit. There is, however, on record at least one captain-general whose name is held in esteem by the Cuban people, on account of the good he effected during his short reign in Havannah. Captain-General Tacon established some degree of safety for the inhabitants by introducing new laws, and by severely punishing certain social offences which his predecessors had rather overlooked, if they did not themselves set the example. It is said of Tacon that, like Alfred the Great, he promised

the Cubans that they should be able to cast their purses upon the public pavement, and yet find them there again after many days. Stories are current in Cuba of the general's singular mode of administering justice, which in many cases partook of an originality somewhat whimsical of its kind. The most popular story of this sort is that of the Cigar Girl of Havannah, told to the traveller by those who were living in Cuba during General Tacon's administration.

The writer of this paper has gathered the facts of this very romantic tale, which he now offers to the reader, in the following form :

Miralda Estalez was remarkable alike for the beauty of her person and the excellence of her tobacco. She kept a cigar-shop in Havannah, in the Calle del Comercio; a narrow street, with a footpath scarcely wider than an ordinary kerbstone. It was the veriest section of a shop, without a front of any kind; presenting, from the street side, much the same appearance as a burnt-out dwelling would exhibit, or a theatrical scene viewed by an audience. During the hot hours of the day a curtain was suspended before the shop to ward off the powerful rays of the sun, under whose influence the delicate goods within might otherwise be prematurely dried, while the effect would be equally detrimental to their fair vender. The easy mode of egress, assisted by the narrow kerbstone, together with many attractions within the shop, tempted many passers to drop in for a chat and a cigar. There was a little counter, with little pyramidal heaps of cigarette packets and cigars, of the genuine Havannah brand, distributed upon it. Affixed to a wall at the back was a glass showcase, fitted with shelves like a bookcase, and laden with bundles of the precious leaves, placed like volumes side by side, and bound in bright yellow ribbon. Although Miralda was visited from morning till night by every kind of male, black and brown, as well as white, nothing was ever said against the virtue of the young tobaccoist.

Like the cigars she sold, Miralda was of "Calidad superior;" and, in the same manner, age had rather improved her quality than otherwise, for it had ripened her into a charming full-grown woman of sixteen tropical summers. Some merit was due to Miralda for the virtuous life she led; for, besides the temptations to which she was daily and hourly subjected, she was

quite alone in the world, her parents, brothers, and sisters being dead. Miralda naturally found many admirers among her numerous customers; she, however, made no distinction with them, but had a bright smile and a kind word for all who favoured her with their praises and their patronage. One alone, perhaps, held a place nearer her heart than all others. This was Don Pedro Mantanez, a young boatman employed in the harbour near the Morro Castle. Pedro was of good white parentage, though one would not have judged so from the colour of his skin, which, from long exposure to the sun and the weather, had turned a pale coffee colour. Pedro loved Miralda fondly, and she was by no means averse to the handsome creole. But the pretty tobaccoist was in no hurry to wear the matrimonial chains. The business, like herself, was far from old-established, and she thought in her capacity of a married woman the attractions of her shop would diminish by at least one-half, while her patrons would disappear in the same ratio. Miralda once made her lover a promise that she would marry him as soon as he should have won a prize in the lottery; for, with his savings, this would enable Pedro to have a share in her business as well as in her happiness. So, once a month Pedro invested a doubloon in lottery-tickets; but, as he never succeeded in winning a prize, he failed to wed the pretty tobaccoist. Still, the young boatman continued to drop anchor at the cigar-shop as often as his spare time would allow; and as the fond couple always conducted themselves with the strictest propriety, their engagement remained a secret.

Now Pedro Mantanez had a rival, and, to a certain extent, a formidable one. The Count Almante was a noble of Spanish birth, and an officer by profession. He was one of those fortunate gentlemen who, from no inherent talent or acquired ability, had been sent from the mother-country to enrich himself in her prosperous colony. Besides his wealth, which report described as ill-gotten, he gloried in the reputation of being a gay cavalier in Havannah, and a great favourite with the creole ladies. It was his boast that no girl beneath him in station had been yet known to reject any offer he might propose; and he would sometimes lay wagers with his associates that the lady whom he had newly honoured with his admiration would, at a given time, stand entered in his book of amours as a fresh conquest. To achieve any particular ob-

ject the count would never allow anything, human or otherwise, to stand in his path; and by reason of his wealth, his mobility, and his influence with the authorities, his crimes were numerous and his punishments few, if any.

It happened that the last señorita who had taken Count Almante's fancy was Miralda Estalez. The count spent many hours and many pesetas at the pretty tobacconist's counter, where, we may be sure, he used his most persuasive language to attain his very improper purpose. Accustomed to have pretty things poured into her ears by a variety of admirers, Miralda regarded the count's addresses with indifference; and, while behaving with her wonted amiability of manner, gave him neither encouragement nor motive for pressing his suit. One evening the count lingered at the cigar-shop longer than custom allows, and, under the pretence of purchasing and smoking more cigars, remained until the neighbouring shops were closed and the streets were deserted. Alone with the girl, and insured against intruders, Count Almante ventured to disclose his unworthy passion. Amongst other things, he said:

"If you will love me and live with me I will give you as many golden onzas as you require, and I will place at your disposal another and a better shop in the suburbs of the Cerro, where you can carry on your business as before."

The Cerro was situated near the count's palace. Miralda said nothing in reply; but, looking the count steadily in the face, gave him the name of another shop where, she informed him, he would obtain better cigars than those she sold.

Heedless of the significance of her remark, which he attributed to shyness, Almante rose from where he had been seated, and, approaching the girl, endeavoured to place his arm round her waist. Ever guarded against the casualties of insult, Miralda retreated a step, and at the same moment drawing a small dagger from the folds of her dress, warned the count not to touch her. Baulked in his design, Almante withdrew, assuring the girl with a smile that he did but jest; but as he left the shop he bit his lip and clenched his fist with evident disappointment.

When Pedro heard of what had happened, his indignation was great, and he resolved to take summary vengeance; but Miralda begged him not to be precipitate, as she had now no fear of further molesta-

tion from the count; and as days elapsed, and Almante had not resumed his visits, it seemed apparent that he had taken Miralda's advice, and transferred his custom elsewhere.

One evening, as Miralda was about closing her shop for the night, a party of soldiers halted before her door. The commanding officer entered, and, without a word, presented to the astonished tobacconist a warrant for her arrest. Knowing that it was useless to disobey any officer in the employ of the captain-general, Miralda signified her readiness to accompany the military escort, who, accordingly, placed her in their midst, and conducted her through the streets in the direction of the prison. But instead of halting here, the party continued their march until they had reached the confines of the city. Miralda's courage now deserted her, and, with tears in her eyes, she appealed to the officer in command.

"Por la Virgen Santísima!" she exclaimed, "let me know where I am being taken to."

"You will learn when you get there. Our orders strictly forbid us to make any explanation," was the only reply she obtained.

Miralda was not long in learning the worst. Very shortly her escort halted before Count Almante's castle, in the neighbourhood of the Cerro, and, having entered the court-yard of that building, the fair captive was conducted tremblingly into a chamber elegantly fitted up for her reception. After waiting here a few minutes in painful suspense, an inner door was thrown open, and Count Almante stood before her. The scene which then followed may be better imagined than described. We may be sure that the count used every effort in order to prevail upon his prisoner, but without success. Miralda's invariable response was a gleam of her dagger, which never left her hand from the first moment of entering the odious building. Finding that mild measures would not win the pretty tobacconist, the count, as is usual under such circumstances with persons of his nature, threatened her with violence; and he would, doubtless, have carried out his threat if Miralda had not anticipated him by promising to relent and to become his if her persecutor would allow her one short week to reconsider her determination. Deceived by the girl's assumed manner, Almante acceded to her desire, and agreed to wait

the prescribed days. Miralda, however, felt assured that before their expiration her lover would discover her whereabouts, and by some means effect her release. She was not disappointed. Miralda's sudden disappearance was soon made known to Pedro Mantanez, who, confident that his beloved had fallen into the count's clutches, determined to obtain access to Almante's palace. For this purpose he assumed the dress of a monk; and his face being unknown at the castle, he easily obtained an entry, and afterwards an interview with Miralda herself. The girl's surprise and joy at beholding her lover was unbounded. In his strong embrace she became oblivious of her sorrows, confident that the young boatman would now conduct her speedily into a harbour of refuge. She was not mistaken. Pedro sought and obtained an audience with General Tacon. The general was, as usual, immersed in public affairs; but, being gifted with the enviable faculties of hearing, talking, and writing at the same moment, merely glanced at his applicant, and desired him to tell his story. Pedro did as he was desired, and when he had concluded, Tacon, without raising his eyes from the papers over which he appeared intently engaged, made the following inquiry:

"Is Miralda Estalez your sister?"

"No, su excelencia, she is not," replied Pedro.

"Your wife, perhaps?" suggested the general.

"She is my betrothed!"

General Tacon motioned the young man to approach, and then directing a look to him which seemed to read him through, held up a crucifix, and bade him swear to the truth of all that he had stated. Pedro knelt, and taking the cross in both hands, kissed it, and made the oath required of him. Having done so, the general pointed to an apartment, where he desired Pedro to wait until he was summoned. Aware of the brief and severe manner in which General Tacon dealt with all social questions, Pedro Mantanez left the august presence in doubt whether his judge would decide for or against his case. His suspense was not of long duration. In an hour or so one of the governor's guards entered, ushering in Count Almante and his captive lady. The general received the new-comers in the same manner as he had received the young boatman. In a tone of apparent indifference, he addressed the count as follows:

"If I am not mistaken, you have abused your authority by effecting the abduction of this girl?"

"I confess I have done so," replied the count, in a tone intended to assimilate that of his superior; "but," he continued, with a conciliatory smile, "I think that the affair is of such a nature that it need not occupy the attention of your excellency."

"Well, perhaps not," said his judge, still busy over the documents before him. "I simply wish to learn from you, upon your word of honour, whether any violence has been used towards the girl."

"None whatever, upon my honour," replied Almante, "and I am happy in believing that none will be required!"

"Is the girl already yours, then?"

"Not at present," said the count, with a supercilious smirk, "but she has promised to become mine very shortly."

"Is this true?" inquired the captain-general, for the first time raising his eyes, and turning to Miralda, who replied:

"My promise was made only with a view to save myself from threatened violence."

"Do you say this upon your oath?"

"Upon my oath I do!"

The general now ordered Pedro Mantanez to appear, and then carefully interrogated the lovers upon their engagement. Whilst doing so, he wrote a despatch, and handed it to one of his guards. When the latter had departed, Tacon despatched a messenger in quest of a priest and a lawyer. When these arrived, the general commanded the priest to perform the ceremony of marriage between Miralda Estalez and Count Almante, and bid the lawyer prepare the necessary documents for the same purpose.

The count, who had already expressed his vexation at what promised to be an attempt to deprive him of his new favourite by allying her with the boatman, was horrified when he heard what the governor's mandate really was. His indignation was extreme, and he endeavoured to show how preposterous such an alliance would be by reminding the general of his noble birth and honourable calling. Pedro was equally disappointed at being thus dispossessed of his betrothed, and appealed to Tacon's generosity and sense of right. Miralda remained speechless with astonishment, but with the most perfect reliance in the wisdom of her judge. Meanwhile, in spite of all remonstrances, the marriage was formally consummated, and Miralda Estalez

and Count Almante were man and wife. The unhappy bridegroom was then requested to return to his palace in the Cerro, while his bride and her late lover were desired to remain.

Upwards of an hour had passed since the count's departure, and nothing further transpired. The governor had resumed his business affairs, and appeared, as before, utterly unconscious of all present. He was however shortly interrupted by the appearance of the guard whom he had despatched with his missive.

"Is my order executed?" inquired the general, looking up for a moment only.

"Si, mi general, it is," replied the guard. "Nine bullets were fired at the count as he rode round the corner of the street mentioned in your despatch."

Tacon then ordered that the marriage and death of Count Almante should be given every publicity, and that legal steps should be taken for the purpose of showing that the property and name of the defunct was inherited by his disconsolate widow. When the general's commands had been fulfilled, and a decent period after the count's demise had transpired, it need scarcely be added that Pedro Mantanez married the countess, with whom he lived happily ever after.

#### FOOTSTEPS.

*In the quiet hour of gloaming,  
When the hush is upon the earth,  
When the stars gleam out and the low winds moan,  
I sit and listen—listen alone,  
By the side of the desolate hearth.*

*I listen, but not to the homeless leaves,  
As they drift 'gainst the window pane;  
Nor the sighing wind from the fir-crowned hill,  
Nor the sigh and sob of the swollen rill,  
Nor the whisper of careless rain.*

*I listen, I listen, and but to hear  
The footsteps that fall around;  
The footsteps that gladdened my life of yore,  
The footsteps that seek my side no more,  
That fall on no earthly ground.*

*The tiny steps of my first-born  
Come pattering quick and soft;  
He had trod like a man, had he stayed, by this,  
Yet oh I yearn for the baby kiss,  
He tottered to give so oft.*

*His firm tread rings out gallantly,  
Just as it wont to do,  
When I used to spring from this same low seat,  
The corner I loved the best to greet,  
As he strode through the evening dew.*

*Slow and heavy, and quick and light  
The echoes around me come,  
The steps that through youth's gay footpaths ranged,  
Of friends forgotten, of friends estranged,  
Who once made life and home.*

*Ah well, poor salvage from the wreck  
All memory saves and stores,  
Yet the sounds that people the sweet Past's dreams  
Are dearer to me than the light that gleams  
On the lonely Present's shores.*

#### OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

##### DRIVEN TO CANNIBALISM.

I ONCE travelled for seventeen days with a cannibal and found him excellent "company." Why does your hair stand so suddenly on end, my worthy reader? My cannibal was no wild South Sea Islander, with face painted vermillion, a brass ring through his hideous nose, and the thigh-bone of a man stuck horizontally through his matted hair. He was simply a young English sailor, taciturn and somewhat graver than became his years. He spliced the rigging, skipped up the ratlins, and hung on to the great rolls of half-reefed sails, just like his blither companions, and snapped his biscuit, bolted his junk, and tossed off his rum in the ordinary nautical manner, with evidently no more sense of being a Pariah, or an exceptional person in any way, than I, the cabin-passenger in the Levant schooner *Argyroupolos*, experienced.

The man's story was very simple. The trading vessel in which he was five years before I met him, had been wrecked on the shore of New Holland. The captain, a black cook, and three sailors, escaped in a boat with no food but a bag of biscuits, a lump of pork, and a breaker (or small keg) of fresh water; but this last treasure was stove in on landing. The next day, their food all but gone, and no wild animal being visible, the six shipwrecked men began their painful journey through the bush in search of some human habitation. The second day the captain sank from fatigue, and soon after died. The third day one of the men had to be left behind. The fourth day the black cook fell ill, and could go no further. That night the first horrible thought of cannibalism came upon my informant. He described to me with simple pathos his horror at finding the black man dead in the night, his still greater horror, when he stole towards the body at daybreak to cut off a limb, to see his only companion creeping also towards it. Of that unhallowed meal both the starving men ate that day, haunted by a terrible sense of doing an unhallowed thing to which death was almost preferable. It is no fitting place here to describe how each day this horror grew less, or how at

last, at the very time that another victim seemed inevitable, two or three natives appeared, and procured them a meal by collecting a peculiar sort of huge fat grub from hollows in the fallen gum-trees. A day or two after this my informant's friend died of eating some poisonous sort of fish he had caught and cooked against the advice of the natives, and gaunt and worn, the sole survivor, my cannibal companion reached at last, after many sufferings and dangers, a native settlement, and was saved.

It needs little to prove our argument that debased animal natures, unaccustomed, and, after a time, unable to restrain any animal cravings under severe privations, soon sink into cannibalism. An example. The colony of Hobart Town was established in 1803. In 1814, gangs of bush-rangers began to appear. In five years 1822-7, more than one hundred and twenty prisoners escaped from the chain-gangs at Port Macquarie and turned bush-rangers. With few exceptions, the whole of these were either hung, shot by soldiers, starved to death, or were killed and eaten by their comrades. In the year 1822, six convicts escaped from Macquarie; after ten days' hunger two of the men, named Pierce and Greenhill, agreed to kill a third, named Dalton, and eat him, which was done. A few days after, Greenhill butchered another man named Bodenham, and he too was eaten. The next sufferer, John Mather, was allowed half an hour to pray, and then underwent the same terrible fate. After this two men returned to Port Macquarie, surrendered themselves, and in a few days died of exhaustion. Three only were left in the bush; Travers, the weakest, was soon killed, and the survivors dried part of the flesh and took it with them. They had now reached a beautiful country, abounding with kangaroo and emu, but they had no strength to catch them. The two cannibals dragged on glaring at each other, waiting for an opportunity to strike. Pierce, remembering that a dead comrade had said of the monster Greenhill, "that he would kill his own father rather than fast a day," was afraid to sleep or even take a step in advance of him. He kept the solitary axe under his head at night and on his shoulder all day. At last Greenhill fell, either by accident or fatigue, and Pierce, instantly springing on him, struck him dead, and after making a meal travelled on, carrying with him the thigh and arm of his late associate for future use. Pierce afterwards

committed other robberies and murders, but was ultimately captured and hung.

There is no question that at a certain point of starvation there arises the horrible craving for cannibalism. Some brave and staunch men resist the dreadful temptation and die (by preference) voluntarily of hunger. The majority, the weaker natures, succumb. This contrast is strikingly shown in the story of the wreck of the *Medusa*, when, it will be remembered, that the officers were the slowest to yield to cannibalism, and the first to relinquish it. As anger boils over into murder, as avarice often corrupts into theft, so starvation among healthy and vigorous men has a tendency to resort to cannibalism. In New Zealand the detestable practice seems to have originated in a revengeful gratification of a conqueror's hatred, but still more in the utter want of flesh food and the absence of all living animals, till the English brought that savoury food, the pig.

The steps by which men, in the impiety of their despair, driven half mad by starvation, sink into this last resource of suffering humanity, are depicted with astonishing simple force and naïve exactitude in the following narrative of the miraculous deliverance of Captain David Harrison, of the sloop *Peggy*. This unfortunate vessel—a poor rickety, single-decked craft—sailed from New York on the 28th of August, 1765, with a cargo of lumber, staves, beeswax, fish, &c., for the Azores, and arrived safe at Fayal on the 5th of the following October. At Fayal, Captain Harrison, an energetic God fearing man, received on board a cargo of twenty pipes of brandy, seventy-three pipes of wine, and one negro slave, named Wiltshire, who was sent out from New York as an article of merchandise, had failed to find a purchaser, and was now quietly reshipped for America. On the 22nd of October, Harrison, having got his cargo snugly stowed away, eager to start, went ashore for his letters and despatches, being apprehensive, in so small a vessel, of the dangerous Atlantic seas that rage in winter round the coast of America.

It was more haste worse speed with a vengeance in poor Captain Harrison's case. For days after leaving Fayal the wind began to rise, and rip went the only standing jib on board. Still blowing hard, a few days after, away went two parts of the foremast main shrouds, and the next day the continued nor'-wester carried away two fore main shrouds on the starboard side,

and so the good ship the Peggy was plucked feather by feather. Till the 12th of November the weather was raging bad, the seas excessively heavy, and the peals of thunder almost ceaseless. A lull of one day followed, and then it began to blow "black December," and harder than ever; the sea growing mountains high. Straining very hard, but still scudding away, the poor Peggy, on the 17th, lost her last spare sail, and while lying-to, in the same terrible gale, the flying-jib blew away. She still, however, made some little struggling way under easy sail till the 1st of December, when another furious gale attacked her, and a dreadful sea broke two of the main chain-plates, and shattered and rendered useless the foresail. The Peggy was now, indeed, in evil case; she had only one bit of canvas left; she leaked excessively, and Captain Harrison, finding provisions running short, had to limit the crew to two pounds of bread a week each, and a quart of water and a pint of wine a day. The alternative was terrible; if the vessel was saved the food would soon be all gone; while even if the food lasted the vessel would most probably soon sink. To add to the misery and despair of the crew of the Peggy, she sighted two vessels during this storm, one from Jamaica, bound for London, the other from Dublin to New York, but they could only speak and pass on.

With no hope of escape, the worthy captain had long since had to twist the screw closer. The daily allowance of provisions had been lessened, till every crumb and shred were exhausted, and there remained only about two gallons of dirty water at the bottom of one cask. The men, faint with hunger, and worn out with the ceaseless toil at the pumps, became at last mutinous, and told the captain boldly that as nothing else was left, he must not be surprised if they began to broach the wine and brandy. They soon, unfortunately, plunged into excess, cursed and swore all day, and grew deaf to all sense of honour or duty. The honest captain, however, supported by higher feeling, lived "as much as possible" on the dregs of the water-cask, and to that self-denial he owed the fact of surviving the ghastly complication of calamities that followed.

After long hopeless days of tossing at the mercy of winds and waves, the crew of the Peggy, to their extravagant joy, on the morning of the 25th of December, saw a sail to leeward. They all crowded upon deck, and instantly hung out a proper signal

of distress, and about eleven A.M. got near enough to speak and to inform the vessel of their plight, and to obtain a welcome assurance of relief. Their petition was a very humble one, only a little bread—all indeed, as the stranger captain assured them, he could spare them, as his own stock was running very low. They must wait, however, he added, till twelve, when he had to make an observation. Relieved by this momentary gleam of hope, Captain Harrison, not only emaciated with fatigue and fasting, but labouring under three painful diseases, a severe flux, impaired sight, and acute rheumatism in the right knee, went down to his cabin for half an hour's restorative sleep. He had not been many minutes there, however, before the sailors came running down in unutterable despair, informing him in scarcely intelligible words that the vessel was making from them as fast as she could, and that they were now left to inevitable destruction. When Harrison crawled upon deck, he found, to his inexpressible grief, that their statement was only too true. The selfish captain had taken the reef out of his topsails and mainsail, and in less than five hours, with a free breeze in his favour, was entirely out sight. As long as the cruel vessel remained even as large as a fly against the horizon, the Peggy's crew hung about the shrouds, or ran in a perfect frenzy from one part of the ship to the other to collect signals of distress. They pierced the air with their cries, which increased as the ship grew smaller and smaller, and strained their very eyeballs to keep her in sight, in a despairing hope that some sudden impulse of pity might yet induce the captain to turn and stretch out a blessed hand of relief. What renders this man's conduct more detestable was the fact that Captain Harrison had promised if he would take his crew from the doomed vessel not to accept a single morsel of his provisions.

"My people," says Captain Harrison, "being thus unhappily cut off from all assistance, where they were so fully persuaded of meeting with an instant relief, became now as much dejected with their disappointment as they grew formerly transported with their joy. A desperate kind of gloom sat upon every face, which seemed regardless of the horror that was continually expected to burst upon our heads, at the same time that it indicated a determination to put off the fatal moment to the utmost verge of possibility. Actuated, therefore, by a resolution of holding out as



long as we were able, we turned our thoughts upon a pair of pigeons and a cat, which we had not yet destroyed, and which were the only living animals on board besides ourselves. The pigeons we killed for our Christmas dinner, and the day following made away with our cat, casting lots for the several parts of the poor creature, as there were no less than nine of us to partake of the repast. The head fell to my share, and in all my days I never feasted on anything which appeared so delicious to my appetite—the piercing sharpness of necessity had entirely conquered my aversion to such food, and the rage of an incredible hunger rendered that an exquisite regale which, on any other occasion, I must have loathed with the most insuperable disgust. After the cat was entirely consumed, my people began to scrape the barnacles from the ship's bottom; but the relief afforded from this expedient was extremely trivial, as the waves had beaten off the greatest number that were above water, and the men were infinitely too weak to hang over the ship's side to gather them; their continued intoxication seemed, however, in some measure to keep up their spirits, though it hastened the destruction of their health, and every dawn of reflection was carried off in a storm of blasphemy and execration."

Luckily for the brave captain, he had taken such an utter aversion to wine from the constant steam of the liquors the sailors were all day heating in the steerage, that he subsisted entirely on the refuse water in the dirty casks, drinking half a pint of it, with a few drops of Turlington's balsam in it for a flavour, every four-and-twenty hours. In this miserable situation he would have patiently waited for the wave that was to sweep him into eternity, had it not been for the sustaining thought of his wife and young children, who were, perhaps, at that very moment praying for his return.

Matters just then, indeed, appeared hopeless even to the youngest, healthiest, and most sanguine. Harrison was powerless with sickness, the men were either too exhausted or too drunk to keep steady at the pumps, it blew harder than ever, and the last sail had just been torn away by a fresh nor'-wester. The vessel was now a mere unguidable wreck, and, worst of all, there was not a single inch of candle left to cheer the long dark winter nights. It seemed impossible that any new misfortune could render their condition more deplorable, and

even Captain Harrison now abandoned all hope. Unable to hold a pen, he from henceforth ceased to even attempt to keep log or journal, but from time to time made some brief memoranda with chalk on the cabin panels. The climax of these horrors was fast approaching. Their last morsel of meat had been the cat of the 26th of December.

"On the 13th of January following," says the captain, "being still tossed about at the discretion of the sea and wind, my mate came to me in the cabin, half drunk, indeed, but with looks so full of horror as partly indicated the nature of their dreadful purpose, and informed me 'that they could hold out no longer, that their tobacco was entirely exhausted, that they had eaten up all the leather belonging to the pumps, and even the buttons off their jackets, that now they had no chance in nature but to cast lots, and to sacrifice one of themselves for the preservation of the rest.' They therefore expected my concurrence in the measure, and desired me to favour them with an immediate determination. Perceiving them in liquor, I endeavoured to soothe them from their purpose as well as I could, begged that they would retire to rest, and that in case Providence did not interpose in their favour by the next morning, we would consult further on the subject. Instead of regarding my request, however, they swore, with a determined burst of execration, that what was to be done must be done immediately, and that it was indifferent to them whether I acquiesced or not, for, although they had been so kind as to acquaint me with their resolution, they would oblige me to take my chance as well as another man, since the general misfortune had levelled all distinction of persons."

Captain Harrison, who had long expected some act of violence, had daily kept his pistols loaded by him for fear of surprise; but too weak to resist by force, and finding the sailors deaf to all remonstrances, he merely told them that he would on no account either sanction the death of any one of them, nor partake of the horrible repast. They replied roughly that they did not want his consent, and as to eating or not eating he could just do as he liked. They returned to the steerage to cast lots, and in a few minutes returned to say that they had each taken a chance for their lives, but that the lot had fallen on the negro. The short time that they were absent, and the privacy of the lottery, infused

strong suspicions into the captain's mind that the poor black had not had fair play, but on further reflection he only wondered that they had even given him the appearance of a chance.

"The miserable black," says Captain Harrison, "well knowing his fate was at hand, and seeing one of the fellows loading a pistol to despatch him, ran to me, begging I would endeavour to save his life. Unfortunately for him I was totally without power. They therefore dragged him into the steerage, where in less than two minutes they shot him through the head. They suffered him to lie but a very little time before they ripped him open, intending to fry part of him for supper, there being a large fire made ready for the purpose. But one of the foremast-men, whose name was John Campbell, being ravenously impatient for food, tore the flesh, and devoured it raw as it was, notwithstanding the fire at his hand, where it could be immediately dressed. The unhappy man paid dear for such an extravagant impatience, for in three days after he died raving mad, and was, the morning of his death, thrown overboard, the survivors, greatly as they wished to preserve his body, being fearful of sharing his fate, if they ventured to make as free with him as with the unfortunate negro. But to return. The black affording my people a luxurious banquet, they were busy the principal part of the night in feasting on him, and did not retire to rest till two in the morning. About eight o'clock the next day, the mate came to ask my orders, relative to pickling the body, an instance of brutality which shocked me so much, that I grasped a pistol, and mustering all the strength I was master of, I swore, unless he instantly quitted the cabin, I would send him after the negro. Seeing me determined, he withdrew, but muttered, as he went out, that the provision should be taken care of without my advice, and that he was sorry he had applied to me, since I was no longer considered as master of the ship. Accordingly he called a council, where it was unanimously agreed to cut the body into small pieces, and to pickle it, after chopping off the head and fingers, which they threw overboard by common consent.

"Three or four days after, as they were stewing and frying some steaks, as they called the slices which they cut from the poor negro (for they stewed these slices first in wine and afterwards either fried or broiled them) I could hear them say, 'Damn

him, though he would not consent to our having any meat, let us give him some,' and immediately one of them came into the cabin, and offered me a steak. I refused the tender with indignation, and desired the person who brought it, at his peril to make the offer a second time. In fact, the constant expectation of death, joined to the miserable state to which I was reduced, through sickness and fatigue, to say nothing of my horror at the food with which I was presented, entirely took away my desire of eating. Add also to this, that the stench of their stewing and frying threw me into an absolute fever, and that this fever was aggravated by a strong scurvy and a violent swelling in my legs. Sinking under such an accumulated load of afflictions, and being, moreover, fearful, if I closed my eyes, that they would surprise and murder me for their next supply, it is no wonder that I lost all relish for sustenance."

Notwithstanding the drunkenness of the men, they husbanded the negro's carcass with the greatest economy, setting themselves on the strictest allowance. But when it was nearly expended, Harrison could constantly hear the sailors talking among themselves about the necessity of killing him next rather than cast lots among themselves. The captain had slept little before; now, as one may easily imagine, he slept less; and as the negro's flesh decreased day by day, his apprehensions grew more unbearable. Every meal of this seemed to him a fresh step towards his destruction.

So matters went on miserably enough till the 28th or 29th of January, when the drunken mate again entered the cabin at the head of the six sailors, and told him how the negro had been entirely eaten up some days back, and that as no vessel had appeared to give them even a glimmer of hope, it was necessary to cast lots again, as it was at all events better to die separately than all together.

"You are now hungry," the men said, "and will take your chance with us, as you did before when things looked better."

Again the captain warmly urged them to desist. He argued that killing the black had been of no use, for they were as greedy and emaciated as ever. He therefore urged them to submit patiently to the dispensations of Providence, and offered to pray with them for immediate relief or immediate death. The men sullenly replied that when they were hungry was no time to cant or pray; they must have something to eat, and if he did not instantly consent

to cast lots they would at once cast lots without him.

"Finding them thus inflexible," writes the captain, "and having but too much reason to suspect some foul proceedings unless I became a principal agent in the affair, I made a shift to rise up in my bed, ordered pen, ink, and paper, and called them all into the cabin. There were seven of us now left, and the lots were drawn in the same manner as the tickets are drawn for a lottery at Guildhall. The lot, indeed, did not fall on me, but on one David Flatt, a foremast-man, the only man in the ship on whom I could place any reliance. The shock of the decision was great, and the preparations for execution were dreadful. The fire already blazed in the steerage, and everything was prepared for sacrificing the wretched victim immediately. A profound silence for some time took possession of the whole company, and would possibly have continued longer had not the unhappy victim himself, who appeared quite resigned, delivered himself to the following effect: 'My dear friends, messmates, and fellow-sufferers, all I have to beg of you is to despatch me as soon as you did the negro, and to put me to as little torture as you can.' Then, turning to one James Doud (the man who shot the negro), 'It is my desire,' says he, 'that you should shoot me.' Doud readily yet reluctantly assented. The unhappy victim then begged a small time to prepare himself for death; to which his companions very cheerfully agreed, and even seemed at last unwilling to insist upon his forfeited life, as he was greatly respected by the whole ship's company. A few draughts of wine, however, soon suppressed these dawnings of humanity; nevertheless, to show their regard, they consented to let him live till eleven the next morning, in hopes that the Divine goodness would, in the mean time, raise up some other source of relief. At the same time they begged of me to read prayers, promising to join me with the utmost fervency. I was greatly pleased with this notion, and though but little able to go through a task of that kind, I exerted all my strength, and had the satisfaction to observe that they behaved with tolerable decency."

As Captain Harrison lay down, faint with reading and prostrate with despair, he could hear the whole ship's company talking to poor Flatt, hoping that God would interpose for him, promising, though they never could catch a fish, they would drop some hooks over the side at daybreak, to give

their old messmate one chance more. Flatt, however, in spite of this reassurance, grew stone deaf about midnight, and delirious about four in the morning. The men then debated whether it would not be greater humanity to despatch him at once, but the majority agreeing to spare him, as they had promised, till eleven in the next forenoon, they all retired to their hammocks, except the sentinel, whom they always kept up to watch the fire.

About eight the next morning, as Captain Harrison was in his cabin pondering over the fate of poor Flatt, who had now but three hours to live, two sailors rushed down into the cabin, and, without saying a word, seized his hands. The captain at once concluded that the crew, afraid of eating the flesh of a madman, had resolved on sacrificing him. Disengaging himself, therefore, Harrison snatched up his pistols, resolved to sell his life as dearly as he could. The men at once cried out that they had seen a sail to the leeward—a large vessel, and standing in a fair direction. The rest of the crew soon after came down, and said that there was a sail, but that she seemed to be bearing off in quite a contrary course.

The captain was at first so overcome with joy that he could with difficulty give the orders to make signals of distress. The men, once more obedient, leaped about, and soon after begun to cry out, "She nighs us! she nighs us! She's standing this way!"

As the ship grew nearer, the sailors tried to reassure Flatt, but his mind was gone, and he could not understand that his life was now safe. They then began to pass round the can, till the captain had convinced them that the ship might refuse to take them on board if they were found drunk. This sobered them, but the mate refused to listen to any argument, and brutally drank on.

"After continuing for a considerable time," says Harrison, "eagerly observing the progress of the vessel, and undergoing the most tumultuous agitation that could be created by so trying a suspense, we had at last the happiness to see a boat drop astern, and row towards us fully manned, with a very vigorous despatch. It was now quite a calm, yet the impatience with which we expected the arrival of the boat was incredible; the numberless disappointments we had met in the course of our unfortunate voyage filled us with an apprehension that some new accident might frustrate all our hopes, and plunge us again

into an aggravated distress. Life and death seemed, indeed, to sit upon every stroke of the oar; and as we still considered ourselves tottering on the very verge of eternity, the conflict between our wishes and our fears may be easily supposed by a reader of imagination. The boat at length came alongside; but our appearance was so ghastly that the men rested upon their oars, and, with looks of inconceivable astonishment, demanded what we were. Having satisfied them on this point, they immediately came on board, and begged we would use the utmost expedition in quitting our miserable wreck, lest they should be overtaken by a gale before they were able to recover their ship. At the same time, seeing me totally incapable of getting into the boat without assistance, they provided ropes, by which I was quickly let down, and my people followed me—I need not, I believe, observe, with all the alacrity they possessed.”

The drunken mate, almost forgotten, came to the gunwale at the last moment, astonished at the boat and the strange sailors. The sight of Harrison's men, with their hollow eyes, shrivelled cheeks, long beards, and squalid complexions, made the captain absolutely tremble with horror as he led Harrison politely down to his cabin, thanking God for being made the instrument of his deliverance. The rescuing ship proved to be the *Susanna*, bound to London from Virginia, Thomas Evers, captain. She, too, had had a battle with “a hard gale of wind,” and a heavy sea, that at one fell swoop had licked off four hogs, five butts of fresh water, fifty fowls, twenty or thirty geese and turkeys, and the caboose and copper. With seven fresh hands on board, and a long series of foul weather, a head wind, and a leaky vessel, he had to limit the crew to two and a half pounds of bread per week, and a quart of water and half a pound of salt provisions a day to each man.

Harrison, that brave Englishman, who tells his dreadful story with such unaffected piety and naïve simplicity, was three or four days on board before he felt any inclination to do anything but calmly sleep. The fourth day he sipped a little sago, but seemed to have lost all sense of taste. The next day he took some chicken-broth, and began to enjoy food. Soon after this, though unable to face the wind, he could crawl on deck, and the air gave him strength. A surfeit of roast turkey, however, throwing him into a fever, Captain Evers, who acted as his kind physician and nurse, restricted him in food. Though

sadly wanting provisions, the *Susanna* sighted no vessel at all except a Frenchman, from Cape François, as badly off as themselves. Nevertheless, about the 1st or 2nd of March they reached the Land's End safely, and took a pilot off Dartmouth, who guided the long-tormented sloop into the quiet Devonshire harbour, where the sufferers were treated with generous kindness. Next day the wretched mate died, and his watch and trinkets were sold to pay for his funeral. Two others of the sailors also died. Poor Platt still continued out of his senses. Of the six men rescued, only two were strong enough to do any duty.

On arriving in London on the 1st of April, 1760, Captain Harrison, who was insured at New York, lodged a protest in order to secure an indemnity to his owners. The declaration was signed by Robert Shank, “notary and tabellion public,” and sworn to “upon the Holy Evangelist of Almighty God,” by the captain and a passenger of the *Susanna*, before the Right Honourable George Nelson, Esquire, then lord mayor. He also published a short narrative of his sufferings and starvation for two and forty days, to show the “impiety of despair,” at Harrison's, “opposite Stationers' Hall, Ludgate-street.” In the last page, this brave, steadfast fellow, who, like the sailor in Horace, “mox reficit rates,” says, “I am now returning to New York, in the ship *Hope*, Captain Benjamin Davis, where I shortly trust the goodness which I have already experienced at the hand of Providence will be crowned by a joyful meeting of my wife and family.”

When Lord Byron was taunted with having taken his wreck in *Don Juan* from that of the *June*, already given in an early number of this series, he told a friend that he had drawn it from many such narratives, which he named. Among those which he mentioned, the *Melancholy Narrative of the Distressful Voyage and Miraculous Deliverance of Captain David Harrison, of the American Sloop Peggy*, occupies a very prominent place.

## THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “HESTER'S HISTORY.”

### CHAPTER XXXVII. MAY IS BIDDEN TO AN ENTERTAINMENT.

WHEN morning dawned, Bid went into her own little house and stripped the walls of the pictures which had lent them such splendour, carrying with these her chair, table, stool, and basket all to the cave which

held the possessions of her cherished friends. "Sell them wid the rest," she said, "for Bid will be Bid the thraveller to the end o' her days." It was not without a sigh that the old creature thus put out of mind her last earthly dream; but so many earthly dreams had faded from her, that one more seemed easy to forget. Having emptied the cabin, she left the door standing open, so that Simon, or the winds, or the foxes might take possession when they pleased.

Early in the day Simon arrived with some stout ruffians ready for any mischief. It was a very great labour for the old man to climb the hills, but his duty was before him, and he accomplished it. He did not find much trouble in doing the work after all, and he perceived with bitter regret that he could have easily done it alone without the expense of assistants. The people walked out quietly with their bundles in their hands, having already suffered the worst of the evil that had been thrust upon them. They had wept out the blaze of their hearthstones; they had broken their household gods with their own hands; there was only now to pass for the last time across the familiar threshold. In one house indeed there was found a little difficulty; for Simon on pushing into it came face to face with a corpse; the body of the poor consumptive girl, who had died of fear in her mother's arms. Simon retreated in horror before the sight of death; and this house was left in peace.

The woman who could not move was lifted, bed and all, and placed on the hill. Later, friends took her on their shoulders and carried her down the mountain to Miss Martha's barn, where a snug little chamber had been cleared for her in the straw. Her eldest daughter stayed by to take care of her, and the other children were settled among the farmers in the neighbourhood by May, who was now moving about. So this family was disposed of till the father, who was in England, could contrive to find money enough to bring them across the sea.

Miss Martha gave a lodging to many other tired souls that night. In the dusk of the summer evening the partings took place. There was wild wringing of hands and weeping and embracing, for friends gathered from many parts to say good-bye to the wanderers. The band of sad travellers passed away down the road and disappeared like the shadows in a dream. They sang a wild "keen" in chorus as they went, and the shrill note of sorrow hung long and vibrated in the still air. Faintly

and more faintly it echoed in the night, the mountains replying to it as long as they could hear. Then silence and darkness settled down upon the moors, and Simon's work was done. The shepherds and the cattle might come to the mountains when they pleased.

News had come over the hills of great doings at Camlough. It was quite a year since there had been anything like an entertainment given at that place; but the whispers of debt and difficulty which had been multiplying like cobwebs over Sir John's fair fame for hospitality were now to be blown away upon the breath of much dissipation; and Camlough was to witness scenes such as the hills had never dreamed of. Guests were coming from England, the castle was filling rapidly, and a series of entertainments had been devised. In this way were the Archbolds carrying out the doctor's prescription. They were providing amusement for the heir of Tobereevil; and they were bent upon doing it well.

The first piece of gaiety was to be a fancy ball, and guests were invited to it for a hundred miles round. It was a rare idea of Katherine's to send May an invitation. Miss Martha was not invited; nor was May asked to stay longer than just while the ball lasted. No carriage, no escort, no chaperone, no dress! Katherine smiled as she sealed the missive which was meant to make May weep.

It was a sultry evening towards the end of July; the sun had gone down, but the crests of the mountains were still at a red heat. Crimson and yellow were still throbbing in the air, and the woods looked hot and dusty, for the dew had not as yet begun to fall. The garden paths were baked, the roses hung their heads, and May knelt on the ground tying up the rose-trees, and gathering their fallen leaves. The sky made a wall of flame at the back of the Golden Mountain, and May's thoughts were beyond the mountain, and seemed to scorch themselves in the flame. A servant in livery rode up to the gate, and Bridget came down the garden with a note for her young mistress.

May read the note, and as she did so the blood rushed to her cheeks and forehead, till her eyes ached with the heat, and refused to read any more. Then the flush ebbed away again, and she walked into the house as white as a ghost.

"Aunty," she said, "look at this. I am going out for a walk." And before Miss Martha's spectacles were fairly set on her

nose, May was several perches across the heather.

Lines of shadow were tracking out the hollows of the moor, and there were brazen lines beside them. May seemed walking all the way through wreaths of fire, but she noticed nothing of that, having fire within her heart. Castles were burned to cinders in the sky, crags quivered in flames, and were left charred and spectral. The fires were vanquished at last; twilight came, and a veil crept over the brazen brow of the woods. Fevered nature drank the dew, and slept. It was quite dark when May came in from her walk. The fires then were also quenched in her heart; but a daring thought had been moulded into purpose while they burned.

In the morning she had written a note, and burned another before her aunt appeared.

"I thank you, Katherine Archbold, for giving me an idea," she said, solemnly, as she tore the pretty letter, and burned it in little pieces.

"A wilful piece of impertinence," said Miss Martha, entering the room as May held the last fragment to her taper. "So plain that they did not want you when they never mentioned me. They might safely have paid the compliment, not fearing we should go. So plain that they did not want you."

"Very plain, indeed, Aunt. I shall take them by surprise."

"My dear," said Miss Martha, faintly, "what did you intend to say?"

"That I have accepted the invitation," said May. "And I mean to go."

Miss Martha dropped her hand which had been raised to grasp the teapot. She looked astonished, shocked; then pained and angry. For some moments she was speechless.

"My love," she said at last, "you are surely not yourself. You do not know what you are saying. You——"

"Do not say a word till you hear my plan," said May, quickly. "If I fail, you may talk to me in any way you please, or you may scold me if I succeed; but you must not hold me back; for, Aunt, this is the enterprise of my life."

"Tell me what you mean," said Miss Martha, with the air of a person whose mind is made up to the worst. Then May unfolded her plan, and her aunt, with many misgivings, was obliged to allow her to put it in practice.

May, having got her will, began to

follow it in curious fashion. She had first to consider about a costume in which she could appear at a fancy ball, and went about her duties with her mind set on queens and heroines, and especially on their wardrobes. She visited all Miss Martha's ancient stores, lumber-rooms, and closets, deep drawers, and seldom-opened chests, looking for possible treasures of colour and material, and hoping for an inspiration as she went along. There was little to be found that could suit her purpose till Miss Martha at last produced, a little reluctantly, some yards of carefully saved light-blue tawnet which had been part of her own mother's wedding finery; and upon this May seized at once with greedy hands.

"Give it to me," she said, earnestly; "indeed it could not be used for a more sacred purpose."

This fragment of the past, some old black velvet, and some clear-starched muslin, were the best that they could find to suit her purpose. A pair of long gold earrings, with a gold cross to match, presented to Miss Martha while she lived in Normandy, decided May as to the costume which she must assume. She must make the best attempt she could at the dress of a Norman peasant. Miss Martha gave help in designing the apparel; and by the aid of her aunt's memory, and the suggestions of an old water-colour drawing done in Miss Martha's governing days, May cut out the garments, and set to work. When Bid arrived from the mountain she was told that the young lady wanted her, and was taken into her chamber, where Miss May was stitching busily, and with plenty to say to Bid.

In one of Miss Martha's outhouses there stood an odd little vehicle which had been much used in its time, intended to be drawn by a mule, and called a waggon. It was covered with close curtains of a dark green stuff, and had a seat running round the interior supplied with hard green cushions. The floor was matted, and many people have travelled in a less comfortable equipage. On the night of the fête at Camlough this waggon stood in waiting under the thickset hedge at the lower end of the garden at Monasterlea, having found a hiding-place, since its driver wished to escape all observation from the road. There were many strollers abroad on this particular night who watched for a glimpse of the carriages that had been rolling past all the evening. It was now getting late, and the carriages had ceased appear-

ing. They had a long way to drive after they had passed by Monasterlea.

May had been tired that day, and had gone to bed early. Bridget had brought her some tea, and Miss Martha had given orders that she was not to be disturbed again that night. So the servants had gone to bed, and the place was very quiet, though about eight o'clock a young Norman peasant was standing in May's chamber trying, with shaking hands, to fix Miss Martha's long gold ear-rings into her ears. Her short blue quilted petticoat and bodice of black velvet, her shoes, white muslins, and ornaments were complete. Her hair was rolled away tightly under the tall white cap, her cheeks glowing with excitement, her eye flashing from place to place to see that nothing was forgotten. May had a trying time before her, and she was not going to turn coward, but rather to strain every nerve for the accomplishment of her enterprise. Now she was all ready, missal and beads in one hand, and a small black mask in the other. Miss Martha wrapped her closely in a long black cloak, and lastly embraced her; and the old lady was trembling like a thorn-bush on a windy day.

"My darling!" she said, "give it up even now. If anything were to happen to you!"

"Now, Aunt, who are you going to send to do me harm?"

"If only the servants were to find it out—how humiliating that would be."

"But you know the servants are not going to find it out. If there were any chance of this, I'd have done it before them all. We don't want it talked about, and that is the whole thing."

"Well, the day is past when I was mistress: you are your own mistress now. Go, in God's name, and may he hold you in his keeping."

A few minutes afterwards, May was seated close by Bid in the little waggon. Mrs. Kearney's eldest gossoon had taken the management of the mule; he touched her with his whip, and May's adventure began.

It was a hot, still night, and very dark, but the mule and the gossoon knew the road on the Golden Mountain. May kept back her curtains, except when the sound of coming wheels warned her of other travellers on the road. The world seemed a mass of ragged and confused shadows, with here and there a startled light flashing out of a hollow. The stars blinked

drowsily on the edge of the sombre mountains, as if they could scarcely keep their eyes open in the heat. The air was filled with the rich scent of hay, the sweets of many flowers, and of the dew-laden thyme and heath. The journey seemed to May like the whole length of a day and night; and yet the mule did her work bravely. When the travellers caught sight of Camlough, it was just one o'clock in the morning.

Below them in the hollow lay a fairy scene. The illuminated castle stood like a castle of light in the slope of the dark valley; and tents lay spread beneath it, which seemed also made of light. Many-coloured fires encircled the inner rows of the trees, and the foam-curves of the sea just glinted through the distance in the gleam of the late-rising moon. The waggon pulled up in the shelter of a little by-road which led off Sir John's great mountain-road, just above the gates which separated that great road from the drive to the castle. The mule was tied to a tree which hid the waggon, and the gossoon lay down beside him to doze in the grass; for Bid and May had left him, and disappeared behind the brae.

They threaded their way very cautiously at first through bushes and ferns, by little tangled paths that wandered down to the level lawns and gardens, pausing, at last, in one of those long beech-alleys which spread their mazes over part of the grounds. To-night these alleys were lighted with coloured lamps, and here and there a gaily-dressed pair enjoyed their privacy, sauntering together apart from the crowd upon the lawns.

"Now, God A'mighty purtect ye, honey!" said Bid, in a frightened whisper, as she removed May's dark wrappings, and beheld her standing trembling in her strange attire, and about to be left alone. "Ye'll know yer way back to the boreen, avourneen. I'll wait for ye there, for 'fraid we might miss other."

May nodded, and bent back the branch of a tree with both her hands, and the next moment she found herself in the crowd.

For the first few moments she felt sick with fear, but she had not come there without first assuring herself that she had courage for the adventure. The privacy which was insured to her by the wearing of the mask, gave her a certain amount of confidence, and she kept where the crowd was thickest, so that she might not be ob-



served to be alone. A lady or gentleman near her might be presumed to be her protector by any one who took a thought upon the subject; and she felt that she must be safe while she kept her presence of mind.

It was a curious sight even to eyes that were accustomed to festive scenes. If May had ever been "out" in the world, even in the mildest sense of the word, had ever danced at a ball or mixed in any gay crowd, the present experience might not have been so wonderful to her; but after a life spent in solitudes, it was not unnatural that a scene like the present should take away her breath. After a time she controlled her wonder, and drifted along with the crowd, becoming a part of the pageant, which seemed to grow familiar to her, as if in some other life she had shared in it before. She had made acquaintance with such a picture between the leaves of some old romance, and presently she became aware of this truth, which gave a fantastic unreality to all that she heard and saw. This very unreality was an assistance to her enterprise, for she could not feel greatly frightened at people who only seemed part of a dream. She was half carried along by the crowd, her eyes not dazzled but charmed by the subdued colour and glitter of the figures moving along with and around her, her ears not troubled by noise, but soothed with happy murmurs and softened music. The large tents on the lawn were filled with flowers, and refreshment tables were spread in them, and people sat among the flowers, or came in and out at will. A band was playing somewhere, and there was dancing on the lawn; yet from the sounds that came from the castle, and by the flashing of brilliant figures past the open windows, one could see that this outdoor entertainment was only the lesser portion of a curiously splendid whole.

As the crowd shifted about May attached herself first to one group and then to another, and in this manner made her way half across the lawn. She scanned anxiously every face that was uncovered, and every masculine figure that came within reach of her eyes, expecting a change in Paul, yet not knowing what appearance the change might take. She found herself watching the movements of a quadrille, in which Haroun Alraschid was dancing with a gipsy; it was a gay fantastic picture, but Paul did not make part of it. She peered into the last tent, which she had left uninspected; but there was no Paul anywhere as yet to be seen.

What if he were too ill to appear, and shut in some upper chamber of the castle. The thought was not to be entertained, but even in passing through her mind left a trail of horror behind it. She battled off the idea, and renewed her energies in the search. Might he not have escaped from the crowd, and be wandering in some of the dim alleys, or even down by the sea? She gazed towards these quiet places, but dared not venture near them till her search in the crowd had been thoroughly made.

Meanwhile, Paul and Katherine were dancing at this moment in the chief drawing-room of the castle, Katherine having kept her hand on Paul's arm ever since the first guests had made their appearance. May's acceptance of the invitation had caused her great amazement, and no little dread. A hundred times she told herself that it was utterly impossible the girl from Monasterlea could keep her word, yet had all the time a latent conviction that May meant what she had said, and an unacknowledged faith in her power of doing anything that she had deliberately undertaken. And then what change might be wrought in Paul by a sudden meeting with her? Would it bring back his memory all in a moment, and with it his love for May and dislike of herself? These thoughts were not good for Katherine, as she walked about with her hand on Paul's arm, making search through the rooms for May. As soon as she espied the unwelcome guest she would put Paul into safe keeping, and go off and dispose of May, for it must be the business of the night to keep the two apart. So her hand did not leave Paul's arm, and people pointed out Miss Archbold and her very singular lover. Now, while May hesitated outside the walls, uncertain whether to enter in at the door or peep through the windows, Katherine and Paul were dancing in a quadrille. Katherine was dressed like Marie Antoinette, in a robe of white satin, with her fair hair powdered and dressed high above her head, and one could hardly look away from her, she was so beautiful.

All this excitement had a singular effect on Paul. It had certainly driven away his stupid placidity, and his eyes had a wild brilliance. His movements in the dance were quite correct; he did what other people did; yet people watching him closely would say the man was out of his wits. Katherine watched him closely as they danced together; if he happened to turn

his head she turned her head also in the same direction, being not easy in her mind while he crossed the floor in the quadrille. She scarcely breathed freely when he passed out of the reach of her hand.

The reception rooms of the castle led one from another, and the windows came to the ground, and opened like so many doors. They were all flung wide now, with curtains of silk and lace meeting lightly within the opening. May passed along outside, looking through the windows into each room as she went; and she did this very cautiously, for fear of attracting notice to herself. So at last she caught sight of Paul; and Katherine in all her glory by his side. A great blow smote upon her heart, and her impulse was to turn at once and run away, to leave this false lover to a new love, new friends, and new magnificence. Was it not shame for her, May, to come here stealthily looking for him? Let her turn, and go home quickly, and leave these happy lovers to their dance.

But no; he was neither false nor happy, and she would not move an inch. He turned towards her suddenly, and it was not Paul's face, though the face of no other man. Oh, how had they been dealing with him that he had come to look like this? She saw plainly with her eyes the thing that Bid had described to her; Paul, and yet not Paul—a man whose mind was gone.

The dance over, Katherine took Paul's arm again, and moved with him towards May's lurking-place. May's eyes followed the pair, and Katherine looked even more proud and determined than usual. Her face was saying quite frankly that she had always had her way, and intended to have it always. She could break a hundred hearts to get her will. She had now laid aside all fear of seeing May's unwelcome face; it was past one o'clock; impossible that any guest should arrive at so late an hour, and she had taken note of every lady who had until now presented herself. So Katherine made up her mind to put this dread away from her. The rooms were very hot, and she wished for air, and stepped out of a window, still holding by Paul's arm. May, who was watching her movements, followed near as they crossed the lawn.

Katherine sauntered up and down for awhile, had some refreshment, spoke to everybody, and caused a little sensation wherever she went. She made the circuit of the whole lawn, while the poor little

Norman peasant who was following upon her footsteps began to feel her heart beat wildly, for the moon was already setting, and signs of approaching dawn were becoming visible in the heavens. True, it was still dark, but how long would the darkness last?

Katherine at last seated herself in a satisfied way upon a rustic bench under a tree; in a moment was surrounded by flatterers, and relinquished her hold of Paul, who remained standing by her side. People did not mind him much, but they paid eager court to her; one fanning her, another offering a smelling-bottle, and all expressing conviction that she was intolerably fatigued. Katherine yielded herself to the flattery and received the homage which was precious to her, and in her greediness over the feast she forgot her vigilance as to her charge. Paul was pushed a little here and a little there, and by degrees he became separated from her, and strayed, overlooked by the crowd, in the purposeless way now habitual to him. His look of excitement had passed away, his head had sunk on his breast, and he took no notice whatever of the scenes going on around him. May alone watched his movements, and after a time had the happiness of seeing him direct his steps towards those dim quiet alleys which had latterly become his accustomed haunt. He crept under the trees, and was alone in a dark walk walled by high hedges of beech.

He hesitated, as if uncertain where to go, and May's heart died within her as she saw that here was the opportunity which might never occur again. Would he go down towards the sea, or move upward towards the hills? While he wavered, the hum of merriment came swelling through the trees. May expected that at any moment figures might run through the bushes in search of Paul. Not yet—not yet; and meanwhile he walked up the alley which led to the woody hills. May waited then, just a very little longer, till the bushes and young trees had hidden him from the view of the possible seekers in the alley. Then she sprang on lightly and was at his side.

"Paul, Paul!" she said.

He stopped short suddenly.

"Who spoke?"

She put her hand lightly on his arm.

"It is May—it is I. This is my hand. Don't you know me?"

It was so dark here that he could not see her face; but her voice was enough for him.

"Know you?" he cried. "Of course I know you. Where have you been so long?—and I have been so wretched."

He had got her hand now.

"Where are we this moment?" he said. "I do not know—I cannot remember. Oh, God! I cannot remember."

"It doesn't matter about remembering," said May. "You have not been well, and this place is not good for you. I have come to fetch you away. You will not object to come with me?"

"What is not good for me?" said Paul. "And tell me where I have been. I cannot remember anything. My mind is all dark."

He spoke in a wailing tone, very terrible to hear from a man. It shook May's heart, but she only said, "Never mind—hold my hand, and let us keep close together!" He obeyed her readily, and they plunged on through heather and furze-bushes, through trees and loose stones, up the rugged hills, getting every moment higher up into the air, and further removed from the castle lying glittering in the hollow. May trembled, thinking of her light dress, which she feared might attract attention, but she forgot that the merry-makers were surrounded by artificial lights, and their eyes too bedazzled to be caught by a speck of white up on the distant heights.

The fugitives pushed on together towards the rugged part of the hills, climbing slippery rocks and threading mazes of furze. Paul in his helplessness clung to the hand that dragged him on. He knew it was May's hand, and that May was beside him; her voice had aroused him so far as to feel that a great affliction had come upon him, that he had quite lost his memory and powers of thought; but every idea fled away from him as quickly as it was grasped, except that May had long been lost to him, and that he had found and was trying to hold her. The shimmering castle, the fire-wreathed trees, and the tents of light, all danced and shifted very far below them now as they sped along; looking like sparks in burnt-out ashes when the children cry, "Look at the soldiers marching!" By-and-bye the clouds broke up suddenly, and the sky became of a chill and pallid grey. Stones, furze-bushes, and

thorn-trees were to be seen peeping out from the darkness with an ashen look, as of fear upon them. But then May and Paul had reached the road and found their friends ready in waiting for them. They seated themselves, one at each side of Bid, in the vehicle behind the tree; the curtains were closely drawn, the gossoon cracked his whip, and Miss Martha's little waggon set off on its journey home.

The mule trotted well; yet many a time before the journey was over had the waggon to get under a hedge, so that fine carriages might pass it on their way from the ball. The midsummer morning grew rosy above their heads, birds sang blithely, and the peasants whistled and lilted as they went to their work; but the travellers did not enjoy these pleasant signs of life, and would sooner it had been dark till home was reached. May sat in the corner of the waggon, holding Bid's arm, while Paul slept like a child with some straw supporting his head; and in his sleep the marks of a change were very visible upon his face.

Bid saw them as well as May, but she pretended not to think much of them. "He'll be Paul Finiston yet," she said, "in spite o' the devil."

It was about twelve o'clock in the day when the waggon was guided into another by-road, and Paul and May got out to walk to Monasterlea, which was only a mile away. May had stifled her heartache, and talked her old merry clatter as they strolled along through the daisies. Paul heard her with delight, and held her hand fast on his arm; but he did not know where they had come from; nor did he remember anything that had happened. Miss Martha saw them approaching; and so also did Nanny, who was getting vegetables in the kitchen garden.

"Musha, thin," said Nanny, returning to the house, "what for did you tell me Miss May was in her bed? She's comin' down the road wid Mither Paul; an' the hood o' her cloak turned over her head."

"Well!" said Bridget, "I could ha' sworn she didn't lave her room to-day. An' so she met wid Mither Paul. God sees it's nearly time he took a thought o' comin' back to us!"

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 182. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### CHAPTER VI. A SAFE INVESTMENT.

"THE second floor front have come in, Ben," said Mrs. Mogg, of 19A, Poland-street, as she opened the door to her husband on a wet and windy autumnal evening; "she have come and brought her luggage—a green carpet-bag with a poll-parrot worked on it, and a foreign-looking bandbox tied up in a handkerchief—she's French, Ben, that's what she is!"

"Is she," said Mr. Mogg, shortly; "well, I'm hungry, that's what I am, so get me my tea." He had had a long and dirty walk home from the West India Docks, where he was employed as a warehouseman, and chattering in a windy passage about his wife's lodger scarcely seemed to him the most desirable way of employing his first moments at home.

But after despatching two large breakfast-cups of tea, and several rounds of hot salt buttered toast, from which the crust had been carefully cut away, Mr. Mogg was somewhat mollified, and wiping his mouth and fingers on the dirty table-cloth, felt himself in cue to resume the conversation.

"Oh, the new second floor has come, Martha, has she?" he commenced, "and she's French you think; well," continued Mr. Mogg, who was naturally rather slow in bringing his ideas into focus, "Dickson may or may not be a French name; that it's an English one we all know, but that's no reason that it should not be a French one too, there being, as is well known, several words which are the same in both languages."

"She wrote down P. Dickson when she came to take the rooms this morning, and I see P. D. worked on her portmonnaie when she took it out to pay the first week's rent in advance," said Mrs. Mogg.

"Then it's clear enough her name is Dickson," said Mr. Mogg, with a singular facility of reasoning. "What should you say she was now, Martha—you're good at reckoning 'em up, you are—what is the second floor front, should you say?"

"Either a gov'ness or a lady's-maid out of place," said Mrs. Mogg, decisively. "I thought she was a gov'ness until I see the sovereigns in her portmonnaie, and then made up my mind she was a lady's-maid as had given up her place either through a death or the family going abroad, or giving up housekeeping, and these were the sovereigns which she had just got from the wardrobe-shop for the perquisites and etceteras which she had brought away with her."

"You're a clear-headed one, you are," said Mr. Mogg, looking at his wife with great delight. "Has she had anything to eat?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Mogg, giggling with some asperity; "she brought a lettuce in with her I suppose, for when I went up to ask her whether I should get in any little trifle for breakfast, I found her eating of it, and dropping some lumps of sugar into a tumbler of water."

"Well, that's beastly," said Mr. Mogg; "these foreigners are disgusting in their ways, one always heard; but how did you make her understand you about breakfast?"

"Lor' bless yer, man, she speaks English first-rate, so well that when I first see her I thought she was a country-woman of mine from Norfolk."

"Well, so long as she pays regularly, and don't stop out late at night, it don't matter to us where she comes from," said Mr. Mogg, stretching out his arms, and indulging in a hearty yawn. "Now, Martha, get me my pipe, and when you have cleared these things away, come and sit down, and let's have a quiet talk about how we are to get rid of the German teacher in the back attic."

The newly-arrived tenant of the second floor, whom these worthies in the kitchen were thus discussing, was walking up and down her room in much the same manner as she had paced the platform at Lynington, or the Prado at Marseilles. It was very lucky that the occupant of the drawing-room, a gentleman who taught noblemen and senators the art of declamation, had not on that evening one of his usual classes, in which budding orators were accustomed to deliver Mark Anthony's speech over the sofa pillow, transformed for the nonce into the dead body of Cæsar, and where, to encourage his pupils, the professor would set forth that his name was Norval, and proceed to bewail the bucolic disposition of his parent, or the grinding sound of the heels above would have sadly interfered with the lesson. It was well that Pauline was not interrupted, for the demon of rage and jealousy was at work within her. The burning shame consequent on the belief that she had been deceived, and made a fool of, nearly maddened her, and as every phase of the deceit to which she now imagined she had fallen so ready a victim, rose before her mind, she clasped her arms above her head and groaned aloud.

"To think," she cried, "that I, who had known him so long and so intimately, I, who had been his companion, in his plottings and intrigues, who had sat by night after night, and day after day, watching the patience and skill with which he prepared the pitfalls for others, that I should be so blind, so weak, so besotted, as to fall into them myself. Lies from the first, and lie upon lie! A lie to the man Calverley, whose agent he pretended he would be, a lie to the old man Claxton, who obtained the place for him, and sent him the money by the pale-faced woman! Then a lie to me; a cleverer kind of lie! a lie involving some tracasserie, for I am not one to be deceived in the ordinary manner. To me he admitted he intended playing false with the others, and now I am reckoned among those whom he has hoodwinked and befooled!

"The notion that came across me at that place! It must be true! He never meant to come there; he sent me on a fool's errand, and he would never be within miles of the spot! The whole thing was a trick—a well-planned trick from the first, well-planned, and so plausible, too. The flight to Weymouth, then to Guernsey, hours of departure of trains and steamer all noted and arranged. What a cunning rogue! What a long-headed, plausible rascal! And the money, the two thousand pounds; many would be deceived by that. He thought I would argue that if he had intended to leave me, he never would have handed over to me those bank-notes.

"But I know him better! He is a vaurien, swindler, liar; but, though I suppose he never loved me in the way that other people understand love, I have been useful to him, and he has become used to me, so used that he cannot bear to think of me in misery or want. So he gave me the money to set his mind at ease, that my reproachful figure should not rise between him and his new-found happiness! Does he think that money can compensate me for the mental agony that I shall suffer always, that I suffer now? Does he think that it will salve my wounded pride? That it will do away with the misery and degradation I feel? And having been cheated by a shallow artifice, will money deprive me of my memory, and stop the current of my thoughts? Because I shall not starve, can money bereave me of my fancies, or keep away mental pictures as will drive me mad to contemplate? I can see them all now, can see him with her, can hear the very phrases he will use, and can imagine his manner when he talks of love to her! How short a time it seems since I listened to those burning words from the same lips! How well I remember each incident in the happy journey from Marseilles, the pleasant days at Genoa, the long stay at Florence! Where has he gone now, I wonder? To what haunt of luxury and ease has he taken his new toy? Fool that I am to remain here dreaming and speculating, when I want to know, when I must know! I must, and will find out where they are, and then quickness, energy, perseverance—he has praised them more than once when they served him—shall be brought into play to work his ruin!"

At this point in her train of thought Pauline was interrupted by a knock at the door of her room. Starting at the sound, she raised her head and listened eagerly,

but whatever fancy she may have indulged in as to the idea as to who might be her visitor, was speedily dispelled by hearing the short sniff and the apologetic cough with which Mrs. Mogg was wont to herald her arrival, and being bade to come in, that worthy woman made her appearance, smiling graciously. It was Mrs. Mogg's habit to fill up such leisure as her own normal labour and active superintendence of the one domestic slave of the household, known as "Melia," permitted her, in paying complimentary calls upon her various lodgers, apparently with the view of looking after their comforts and tendering her services, but really with the intention of what she called "taking stock" of their circumstances, and making herself acquainted with any peculiarities likely, in her idea, to affect the question of her rent. Having thoroughly discussed the possibility of getting rid of the German teacher with her husband, and it being pleasantly arranged between them that that unfortunate linguist was to be decoyed into the street at as early a period as possible on the ensuing morning, and then and there locked out, his one miserable little portmanteau being detained as an hostage, Mrs. Mogg was in excellent spirits, and determined to make herself agreeable to her new lodger.

"Good evening, ma'am," she commenced, "time being getting late, and this being your first night under our humble roof, I took the liberty of looking in to see if things was comfortable, or there was anything in the way of a Child's night-light or that, you might require."

Almost wearied out with the weight of the wretched thoughts over which, for the last forty-eight hours, she had been brooding, Pauline felt the relief even of this interruption, and answered graciously and with as much cheerfulness as she could assume. "The room was comfortable," she said, "and there was nothing she required; but would not madame sit down? She seemed to be always hard at work, and must be tired after climbing those steep stairs. Perhaps she would not object to a little refreshment?"

Mrs. Mogg's eyes gleamed as from her neat hand-bag Pauline produced a small silver flask, and pouring some of its contents into a tumbler, handed the water-bottle to her landlady, to mix for herself.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Mrs. Mogg, seating herself on one of the two rush-bottomed chairs, and smoothing her apron

over her lap with both her hands. "It is a pull up the stairs after one's been hard at it all day, and a little drop of comfort like this does one no harm, whatever they may say against it, more especially when it's like this, and not the vitriol and mahogany shavings which they sell by the quartern at the Goldsmith's Arms. You didn't bring this from France with you, did you, ma'am?"

"Oh no," said Pauline, with a half smile. "It is a long time since I left France."

"Ah, so I should think," said Mrs. Mogg, "by your civilised ways of going on, let alone your speaking our language so capital. Mogg, meaning my husband, was in France once, at Boolong, with the Foresters' excursion, and thought very high of the living he got during the two hours he was there."

"Ah, you have a husband," said Pauline, beginning to lapse into dreariness.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, and as good a husband as woman could wish, a hard-working man, and taking no holidays save with the Foresters to the Crystal Palace, Easter Mondays, and such like. He's in the docks is Mogg."

"In the docks!" said Pauline; "he would know then all about ships?"

"Oh no, ma'am," said Mrs. Mogg, with a slight toss of the head, "that's the Katherine's Docks you're thinking of, where the General Steam goes from. Mogg is in the West India Docks: he's in the sale-room—horns and hides, and other foreign produce."

"Then he has nothing to do with ships?"

"Nothing at all, ma'am. It would be easier work for him if he had, though more out-door work, but his is terrible hard work, more especially on sale days. He's regular tired out to-night, poor man, for to-day has been a sale day, and Mogg was at it from morning till night, attending to Mr. Calverley's consignments."

"Mr. Calverley!" cried Pauline, roused at last. "Do you know him?"

"Oh no, not I, ma'am," said the landlady, "only through hearing of him from Mogg. He's one of the largest merchants in horns and hides, is Mr. Calverley, and there is never a ship-load comes in but he takes most of it. Mogg has done business for him—leastways for the house, for when Mogg knew it first Mr. Calverley was only a clerk there—for the last thirty years."

"Is Mr. Calverley married?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. He married Mrs. Gurwood, which was Miss Lorraine before

she married Mr. Gurwood, who killed himself with drink and carryings on. A pious lady, Mrs. Calverley, though haughty and stand-offish, and, they do say, keeping Mr. C.'s nose to the grindstone close."

"And Mr. Calverley, what is he like?"

"Not much to look at, ma'am, but the kindest and the best of men. My nephew Joe is light porter in their house, and the way in which Mr. Calverley behaves to him—half-holiday here, half a crown there, Christmas-boxes regular, and cold meat and beer whenever he goes up to the house—no tongue can tell. Likewise most bountiful to Injuns and foreigners of all kinds, Spaniards and that like, providing for children and orphans, and getting them into hospitals, or giving them money to go back to their own country."

"Where is Mr. Calverley's address—his business address; his office I mean?"

"In Mincing-lane, in the City, ma'am. It's as well known as the Bank of England, or the West India Docks themselves. May I make so bold as to inquire what you want with Mr. Calverley, ma'am?" said Mrs. Mogg, whose curiosity, stimulated by the brandy and water, was fast getting the better of her discretion; "if it's anything in the horn and hide way," she added, as the notion of something to be made on commission crossed her mind, "I am sure anything that Mogg could do, he would be most happy."

"No, thank you," said Pauline, coldly; "my inquiry had nothing to do with business."

And shortly after Mrs. Mogg, seeing that her lodger had relapsed into thought, and had replaced the silver flask in her hand-bag, took her departure.

"What that Frenchwoman can want with Mr. Calverley," said she to her husband, after she had narrated to him the above conversation, "is more than I can think; his name came up quite promiscuous, and she never stopped talking about him, while I was there. She'd have gone on gossiping till now, but I had my work to do, and told her so, and came away."

Mrs. Mogg's curiosity was not responded to by her husband, a man naturally reticent and given in the interval between his supper and his bed to silent pipe-smoking. "They're a rum lot, foreigners," he said, and after that he spoke no more.

Meanwhile Pauline, left to herself, at once resumed the tiger-like pacing of her room. "I must not lose sight," she said,

"of any clue which is likely to serve me. Where he is she will be, and until I have found them both and made them feel what it is to attempt to play the fool with me—me, Pauline Durham—I shall not rest satisfied. I must find means to become acquainted with this man Calverley, for sooner or later he will hear something of Tom Durham, whom he believes to have gone to Ceylon as his agent, and whose non-arrival there will of course be reported to him. So long as my husband, and the poor puny thing for whom he has deserted me, can force money from the old man Classon, or Claxton, or whatever his name is, they will do so. But in whatever relations she may stand to him, when he discovers her flight he will stop the supplies, and I should think Monsieur Durham will probably turn up with some cleverly concocted story to account for his quitting the ship. They will learn that by telegraph from Gibraltar, I suppose, and he will again seek for legitimate employment. Meanwhile, I have the satisfaction of striking him with his own whip and stabbing him with his own dagger, by using the money which he gave me to help me in my endeavours to hunt him down. The money! It is there safe enough!"

As she placed her hand within the bosom of her dress, a curious expression, first of surprise, then of triumph, swept across her face. "The letter!" she said, as she pulled it forth, "the letter, almost as important as the bank-notes themselves, Tom Durham called it. It is sealed! Shall I open it; but for what good? To find, perhaps, a confession that he loves me no more, that he has taken this means to end our connexion, and that he has given me the money to make amends for his betrayal of me—shall I—Bah! doubtless it is another part of the fraud, and contains nothing of any value."

She broke the seal as she spoke, opened the envelope, and took out its contents, a single sheet of paper, on which was written:

I have duly received the paper you sent me, and have placed it intact in another envelope, marked, "Akhbar K," which I have deposited in the second drawer of my iron safe. Besides myself no one but my confidential head clerk knows even as much as this, and I am glad that I declined to receive your confidence in the matter, as my very ignorance may at some future time be of service to you,

or—don't think me harsh, but I have known you long enough to speak plainly to you—may prevent my being compromised. The packet will be given up to no one but yourself in person, or to some one who can describe the indorsement, as proof that they are accredited by you.

H. S.

This letter Pauline read and re-read over carefully, then with a shoulder shrug returned it to its envelope, and replaced it in her bosom.

"Mysterious," she said, "and unsatisfactory, as is everything connected with Monsieur Durham! The paper to which this letter refers is of importance, doubtless, but what it may contain, and who 'H. S.' may be, are equally unknown to me, and without that information I am helpless to make use of it. Let it remain there! A time may come when it will be of service. Meanwhile I have the two thousand pounds to work with, and Monsieur Calverley to work upon; he is the only link which I can see at present to connect me with my fugitive husband. Through him is the only means I have of obtaining any information as to the whereabouts of this pair of escaped turtle-doves. The clue is slight enough, but it may serve in default of a better, and I must set my wits to work to make it useful."

So the night went on, and the Mogg household, the proprietors themselves in the back kitchen, the circulating librarian in the parlours, the Italian nobleman, who dealt in cameos and coral, and bric-a-brac jewellery, in the drawing-room, the Belgian basso, who smoked such strong tobacco, and cleared his throat with such alarming vehemence, in the second floor back, and the German teacher in ignorance of his intended forcible change of domicile in the attic, all these slept the sleep of the just, and snored the snores of the weary, while Pauline, half-undressed, lay upon her bed, with eyes indeed half closed, but with her brain active and at work. In the middle of the night, warned, by the rapid decrease of her candle, that in a few minutes she would be in darkness, she rose from the bed, and taking from her carpet-bag a small neat blotting-book, she sat down at the table, and in a thin, clear, legible hand, to the practised eye eminently suggestive of hotel bills, wrote the following letter:

19A, Poland-street, Soho.

MONSIEUR,—As a Frenchwoman domiciled in England, the name of Monsieur Cal-

verley has become familiar to me as that of a gentleman—ah, the true English word!—who is renowned as one of the most constant and liberal benefactors to all kinds of charities for distressed foreigners. Do not start, monsieur, do not turn aside or put away this letter in the idea that you have already arrived exactly at its meaning and intention. Naturally enough you think that the writer is about to throw herself on your mercy, and to implore you for money or for admission into one of those asylums towards the support of which you do so much. It is not so, monsieur, though, were my circumstances different, it is to you I should apply, knowing that your ear is never deaf to such complaint. I have no want of money, though my soul is crushed, and I am well and strong in body though my heart is wounded and bleeding, calamities for which, even in England, there are no hospitals nor doctors. Yet, monsieur, am I one of that clientèle which you have so nobly made your own, the foreigners in distress. Do you think that the only distressed foreigners are the people who want to give lessons, or get orders for wine and cigars, the poor governesses, the demoiselles de magasin, the emigrés of the Republic and the Empire? No, there is another kind of distressed foreigner, the woman with a small sum on which she must live for the rest of her days, in penury if she manages ill, in decent thrift if she manages well. Who will guide her? I am such a woman, monsieur. To my own country, where I have lost all ties, and where remain to me but sad memories, I will not return. In this land where, if I have no ties, yet have I no sad memories, I will remain. I have a small sum of money, on the interest of which I must exist, and to you I apply, monsieur. You, the merchant prince, the patron and benefactor of my countrymen, to advise in the investment of this poor sum, and keep me from the hands of charlatans and swindlers who otherwise would rob me of it. I await your gracious answer,

Monsieur, and am

Your servant,

PALMYRE DU TERTRE.

The next morning Pauline conveyed this letter to the office in Mincing-lane, and asked to see Mr. Calverley, but on being told by a smart clerk that Mr. Calverley was out of town, visiting the ironworks in the North, and would not be back for



some days, she left the letter in the clerk's hands, and begged for an answer at his chief's convenience.

## MODERN SCULPTURE.

### IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

SCULPTURE is one of the few arts in which the moderns have not improved upon the ancients. More even than that, it is an art which has necessarily deteriorated for political, social, and religious reasons, which are inconsistent with such admiration and encouragement as were bestowed upon it by the Greeks under whom it attained its highest perfection. Sculpture is essentially pagan, mythological, and poetical in its origin and progress, and all the masterpieces which the world owes to the sculptors of Greece, as well as those, not few in number, which it owes to the modern professors of the art, derive all their beauty and grandeur from these sources. Without these elements sculpture is little better than image-making. In music, poetry, and sculpture, the divine idea of creation is always latent, otherwise an organ-grinder would be considered a musician, a verse-maker a poet, and a wood-carver a sculptor. In modern sculpture the divine idea has gradually been lost sight of, and threatens, more especially in our public monuments, to be wholly extinguished. The mission of music is to inspire joy, hope, and adoration, and to express courage, love, and a pleasing melancholy. The mission of poetry is to excite the human soul to the love of the beautiful and the true, to exhibit the soul of goodness that may lie in things evil, and to run over the whole range of human thought for the purposes of its elevation. The mission of sculpture is to dignify, to exalt, to ennoble, to spiritualise the human body; that body which we are told is made in the image of its Creator, and than which nothing more beautiful exists on this earth, a body in which no improvement can be suggested or imagined.

Without going back to the first rude attempts at sculpture by savage and semi-civilised races, we shall find that sculpture owes its refinement as well as its origin to religion. Its earliest and best efforts in Greece, its home and school, if not its cradle, were images of the gods and goddesses, personifying the beneficent forces of Nature. These images, as grand, as sublime, as lovely as the imagination of a highly imaginative people could make them,

were erected in the temples set apart for public worship, as well as in the highways and market-places, and in the houses of the wealthy citizens. Next after the gods and goddesses came the heroes and heroines of history and tradition, the conquerors, the lawgivers, the sages, whose memory the people delighted to honour, whose statues were erected by a grateful country, to excite the emulation of the living. In an age when gods, goddesses, and demi-gods are only recognised in mythology and fiction, sculpture must of necessity live upon imitation of its past glories, or accommodate itself to the forms and wants of a new civilisation.

So little in our time is known of the true principles of this divine art, that about a hundred years ago the great lexicographer, Doctor Samuel Johnson, defined sculpture as "the art of carving wood and hewing stone into images." Most, if not all, of his successors, following in the groove he had hollowed out for them, adopted his bald and erroneous definition without attempting an improvement. Doctor Worcester, whose dictionary, imperfect as it is, is about the best which the English language yet possesses, goes into further details than Johnson, and explains sculpture to be "the art of carving or chiselling in wood, stone, or other materials, or of forming images or statues of visible objects from solid substances." If either the first or the second of these definitions could be accepted as correct, it would follow that the men who made children's dolls or rocking-horses, and who carved figure-heads for ships, and the wooden and painted Highlanders that formerly stood at the doors of snuff and cigar shops, were sculptors, and that Madame Tussaud's wax-work exhibition is a gallery of sculpture. It is proverbially difficult to define poetry, wit, or humour, and other great words that represent great ideas, but it ought not to be difficult to define sculpture, as the ancients understood it.

A piece of sculpture, primarily, means something that is carved, cut out, or chiselled, of solid and enduring material. It means in a secondary sense an image, not carved, cut, or chiselled, but modelled in a plastic material such as wax or clay, and then cast into bronze or other metal.

Sculpture, unlike the kindred art of painting, has not an unlimited range. To the painter no subject is alien or inadmissible. Morland is no more prohibited from painting a pig, or Sir Edwin Landseer a

horse or a fox, than Sir Thomas Lawrence from painting a beautiful woman; and whether the painter chooses animate or inanimate nature for the display of his art, the world is alike pleased with his work if it be well executed. To the painter all the realms of nature and humanity in all their moods are open—the grand, the graceful, the solemn, the ludicrous, the grotesque. He can choose what he will, and if he prefers to leave humanity unrepresented, and to confine himself to the lower creation, to the landscape, the sea-scape, the garden and the forest, it is open to him to court, to deserve, and to receive the admiration of the world. Not so the sculptor. It is his function to deal with humanity alone. Underlying the whole scope, purpose, and function of ancient and modern sculpture is the idea of grace, beauty, tenderness, grandeur, and sublimity, as represented in the human form. Sometimes, but only in connexion with a human action or interest, the sculptor is allowed to exercise his art in the inferior creation, and to represent the horse, the lion, the dog, the antelope, or some other animal to whose form or motions the idea of grace, beauty, or power is attached. In the rudest idolatrous times, figures of cows and other animals were set up to be worshipped, but when sculpture really became an art, no sculptor thought of executing a statue of any animal, except in conjunction with some dignified representation of man or woman. Comical, vulgar, and ludicrous figures, whether carved in stone or wood, or cast in molten metal, do not appertain to the sculptor's art. They are mere carving and casting, and are the work of the artificer and the mechanic, and not of the artist and poet.

Although the ancient Greek sculptors sometimes coloured parts of their work, it gradually became recognised by the greater artists that colour was inadmissible. A mere image might be coloured; but a statue depended for its beauty and excellence upon form alone. Sculpture may, therefore, be defined as the art of representing by form alone the noblest and most beautiful objects that exist upon our earth—men, or women—representing them without adornment, and in their highest aspects and most perfect developments—pure, exalted, dignified, idealised, ennobled. The nude statue of a beautiful woman representing all the beauties that are possible in all women, or the nude statue of a man in the prime of his youthful manhood, representing in like manner the

strength, the courage, the wisdom, the virtue, the perfect harmony of a great soul in a noble body, are the most admirable works that a sculptor can produce. It is true that the ancient sculptors represented their deities under these forms of grace and beauty, but the fact remains that the forms were human, and that the sculptor presented to the world in his works the highest ideal of what the human form might be under its noblest aspects. And it is only because the forms are human that they excite our admiration. Next to these, in grace, dignity, and majesty, are the draped or partially draped figures of similar men or women, single or in groups. All other forms of sculpture are inferior to these, for reasons that will be exhibited hereafter.

Modern sculptors can appeal but imperfectly to the religious sentiment of our day. They may give us their ideas in bronze or marble of the majesty of Zeus, the divine beauty of Apollo, the entrancing loveliness of Aphrodite, the martial vigour of Ares, the proud, self-sufficient womanhood of Juno, and the serene wisdom of Hermes; but these, however beautiful, appeal only to classic traditions. They charm the poetic instinct, and gratify the imagination, but they cannot touch the heart. The religious aids of which advantage can be taken by the sculptor in our day are but three, either in Protestant or in Roman Catholic countries. The first is the Crucifixion, which, artistically speaking, is not one that ministers to the feelings which the noblest specimens of the sculptor's genius are calculated to inspire; second, the Virgin Mary and the Apostles, which are of necessity draped forms whenever represented, and which would not be tolerated in the nude; and, third, the figures of cherubim and seraphim, and the angels generally. These last, whether nude or draped, and however beautiful on the painter's canvas, are, when represented by sculpture, monstrosities. The figures of stately men or beautiful women, with wings superadded, are doubtless more pleasing to look at than dragons, griffins, and other outrages upon taste and nature, which we owe to the Heralds' Colleges and the barbaric notions of our ancestors, but they are not to be defended upon any principle of beauty, of anatomy, of nature, of art, or of reason. The lovely proportions of the divine forms of the Apollo Belvidere, of Aphrodite Kallipyge, or of the Venus di Medici, would be utterly destroyed were a sculptor to affix wings to their shoulders. Every

sculptor who moulds the figure of the conventional angel with the superadded pinions forfeits his claim to stand in the front rank of his art; and must be enrolled among the image makers. And not only wings, but all additions to the human form are errors in art. The imagination of man can devise no improvement on the human shape.

As throughout Christendom the highest order of sculpture, the nude-beautiful and the nude-heroic, is no longer under the patronage of the State or the Church, the inducements held out to sculptors to exercise their genius in such masterpieces as we owe to the great artists of ancient Greece is concentrated within narrow limits. It is only the very wealthy who can bestow adequate reward on the production of such works, and comparatively few even among them who possess alike the taste to order, and the house-room to lodge with adequate and appropriate surroundings, such triumphs of art. Unable, except in rare instances, to indulge his sense of beauty by the creation of works of this order, the sculptor who would live by the exercise of his genius, must betake himself to those more remunerative branches of his profession which modern civilisation now allows. These are three; first, the design and execution of statues sometimes, though very rarely, undertaken at the national cost, and more commonly by public or private subscription, to be set up in walhallas, pantheons, cathedrals, or in the highways, to honour the memory of the great and good men illustrious in arms, in science, or in literature; second, the mortuary monuments erected in churches and burial places, by private affection to the memory of the departed; and third, the portrait busts of living men and women, who desire by themselves, or through the intervention of their friends and admirers, to perpetuate their likenesses in this fashion. It cannot be admitted that modern sculpture, either in the British Isles or the European Continent, or in the United States, excels in either of these three departments. The taste of the public at home and abroad is low and uneducated, and too commonly expects from the statue or the bust that which it expects from the portrait and the photograph—literal truth to nature; which in poetic sculpture (and if sculpture be not poetical it is mere image-manufacturing) is undesirable.

In treating seriatim all the branches of sculpture, ancient and modern, which we

have attempted to classify, we shall commence with

#### THE NUDE.

The nude is divisible into the nude-beautiful and the nude-heroic. The modern sculptor, as already stated, is prohibited from meddling with either of these highest developments of his art, unless he goes back to classical antiquity for his subjects. There have, however, been some beautiful exceptions to this otherwise hard and fast rule, and we proceed to enumerate them. The graceful statues by E. H. Bailey, *Eve at the Fountain*, a masterpiece of art, which ancient sculptors may have equalled, but never can have excelled, and *Eve Listening to the Voice*, which would have been as much and as deservedly admired if it had been given to the world before its companion—are the first that suggest themselves to the memory. Here the subject has the advantage of being religious, and the nudity, pure as the mother of mankind in the days of her innocence, when she knew no shame, is as appropriate as it is lovely.

Another example by Mr. E. D. Palmer, an American sculptor, of Albany, in the State of New York, is equally striking. The figure represents a nobly formed Puritan girl, the daughter of one of the "pilgrim fathers," stripped and tied to the stake, preparatory to her cremation by the Indians. In this figure innocence, modesty, beauty, supplication, and terror are inextricably blended, all apparent, but not one overmastering the other in the composition. The whole figure haunts the memory of all who are competent to criticise it as a joy and a sorrow for ever. Here, too, it is the religious element which gives dignity to the work, as may be seen by comparison with the well-known statue of the Greek Slave by Hiram Powers. This last, which was made familiar to the British public by the Great Exhibition of 1851, is nothing more than the image of a girl, who might as well, or better, have been draped, and does not even appeal to the sense of the beautiful, and only appeals to it to compel the verdict of the on-looker that the beauty is not of the highest order, and does not represent that of perfect, healthy, and unsurpassable womanhood, like Palmer's Puritan Girl, or Bailey's incomparable Eve.

The same reasoning applies to the use of the nude heroic, and forbids the modern sculptor to seek his subjects among the heroes of modern times, and compels him to go back to the mythological period. The

late Patrick Park modelled in Edinburgh a gigantic undraped statue, eighteen feet high, of the great Scottish patriot and hero, Sir William Wallace. A friendly critic remonstrated against the nudity. The sculptor defended it. "Wallace," he said, "though he was once a man, has become a myth, and as a myth he does not require drapery." The reasoning would have been correct if the fact had been true. Wallace is a great historical character and not a myth; but if the sculptor had called him Hercules the plea would have been allowed, and the nudity would have excited no unfavourable comment. In consequence of the mistake in which the sculptor persisted, he could induce no one to support him in the design of erecting it in Scotland. It excited the laughter of many, and the reprobation of more, until in a gust of passionate disappointment he seized a hammer and dashed his work to pieces. On a smaller scale, and as the representative of a personage in Greek mythology, the work would have excited universal admiration. In like manner, the sculptor who executed a nude statue of the Great Napoleon, which long stood, and perhaps still stands, at the foot of the staircase in the Duke of Wellington's London residence, committed a grave error. The naked portrait of a man who lived so recently is an offence not only against the principles of high art, but against decency, as perhaps the great Duke of Wellington would have himself admitted, if any sculptor had been daring enough to model a nude statue of Arthur Wellesley.

The nude statues executed by the Greek sculptors, that have come down to our time, are comparatively few in number, but are nearly all excellent, and in accordance with the purest and highest principles of art. There is, however, one, and that perhaps the most celebrated, which if critically considered, in reference to the great rule that nudity to be graceful as well as inoffensive must of necessity be pure and modest, does not merit all the praise that for many centuries has been lavished upon it. The statue is known as the Venus di Medici, and is familiar to most people from the many casts which have been made of it, and exhibited in all the museums and public galleries of the capitals of Europe. Byron says of it in *Childe Harold*:

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,  
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart  
Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there—  
Chained to the chariot of triumphal Art,  
We stand as captives.

So entranced is the poet with the lovely vision that he will not tolerate either the praise or the blame of professional or other critics.

I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream  
Wherein that image shall for ever dwell,  
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream  
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

Yet in spite of this glowing eulogy and bitter deprecation of adverse opinion, and in spite also of the all-prevailing chorus of praise that has been lifted up for ages in reference to this work, it cannot be accepted as a true representation of the divine Aphrodite of the Greeks, the Goddess of Love and Beauty, or even as the highest ideal of a woman. The form is sensual as well as sensuous, which detracts from its perfect beauty; and the attitude of the goddess, which is that of a woman surprised in her nudity by profane or prying eyes, suggests humanity rather than divinity, the sense of impudicity, rather than the bold, fearless, and unsuspecting innocence of one who knows not wrong, and who never wore drapery or clothes, and cannot therefore feel shame in being without them. Bailey's Eve is in this respect far superior to the Venus di Medici. The sensuous beauty, full, complete, and highly spiritualised, exists in the modern work without the shadow of a flaw. The ancient statue suggests Aspasia rather than Aphrodite, and the action of the two hands is such, that the divinity disappears in the mere mortal.

The heroic form of the Apollo Belvidere is so nearly nude that it may be included under this category, and contrasted with the perfectly nude form of the Venus di Medici. The praise bestowed upon it is universal and unanimous, and all concentrated and crystallised in the splendid lines of Lord Byron:

The Lord of the unerring bow,  
The God of life and poesy and light,  
The sun in human limbs arrayed; and brow  
All radiant for his triumph in the fight.

But in this delicate form a dream of Love,  
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast  
Longed for a deathless lover from above,  
And maddened in that vision—are expressed  
All that ideal beauty ever blessed  
The mind with.

The form is strictly and in every respect human, yet the look, the gesture, the attitude, all portray the divinity which the artist intended to represent. Nothing is added to the perfect humanity of the shape. Nothing suggests the unhuman, and everything the superhuman, but in no respect is anything so superhuman as to place it

beyond the sympathetic admiration of the men and women for whose eyes it was intended.

There is another nude or all but nude statue, less celebrated than the Apollo Belvidere, and known as the Mercury or Antinous of the Vatican. This work is esteemed by most critics as not inferior even to the Apollo as a perfect model of human symmetry. The creation—for it is such—is dignified and exalted. It represents man at his very best, his beauty unimpaired in its perfect development by excess, neglect, age, and original or inherited malformation; the admirable progeny of long lines of ancestors, who lived nobly and simply according to the dictates of nature; when the good, the beautiful, and the healthful only mated with the good, the beautiful, and the healthful, and showed by the result what all men might become, if their forefathers and foremothers through countless ages had been exalted in their loves and wise in their selection.

#### PLAYING UPON NAMES.

PUNNING, says a hater of word-twisting, punning is execrable enough, but to pun upon names is worse still. Execrable or no, great wits have not thought it beneath them. Shakespeare, who dearly loved a pun, frequently indulges himself in playing upon a name. Methodically-mad Petruchio calls his termagant lady his

Super dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cates:

and furthermore declares:

I am he, am born to tame you, Kate,  
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate,  
Conformable, as other household Kates.

Falstaff is ever playing upon his swaggering ancient's name, telling him he will double charge him with dignities, charge him with sack, or dismissing him with, "No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol." When Bardolph announces that Master Brook has sent the knight a morning draught, Sir John exclaims: "Call him in; such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow such liquor!" And after his misadventure at Datchet Mead he says: "Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford!" So, examining his pressed men, the fat rogue tells Mouldy it is the more time he was used; Shadow, that he is likely to make a cold soldier, but will serve for summer; Wart, that he is a ragged wart; and finishes

again!" But, like other jokers, honest Jack did not enjoy such humour when he was the butt, for it angered him to the heart when Prince Hal, setting a dish of apple-johns on the table, took off his hat, saying, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights!" When Jack Cade harangues his followers with "We, Jack Cade, so termed of our supposed father," Dick, the butcher, puts in the words, "Rather of stealing a cade of herrings;" and upon his leader's asserting his wife was a descendant of the Laceys, interpolates, "She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces."

Sometimes our great dramatist plays upon a name in most sober sadness, making Northumberland receive the fatal news from Shrewsbury field with the inquiry:

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
Of Hotspur, cold-spur?

and the dying old soldier, John o' Gaunt, plays nicely with his name, to the wonderment of his unworthy nephew, as he gasps out:

Old Gaunt, indeed; and Gaunt in being old;  
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;  
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?  
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;  
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.  
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon  
Is my strict fast—I mean my children's looks;  
And therein fasting, has thou made me gaunt.  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

In his Sonnets, we find Shakespeare twisting his own name about to soften the heart of an obdurate fair one:

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,  
And Will to boot, and Will in overplus.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,  
And Will, thy soul knows, is admitted there.  
Thus far you love, my love suit, love, fulfil.  
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love  
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.

Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
And then thou lov'st me—for my name is Will.

Whether certain lines inscribed to Ann Hathaway were written by her famous husband in his courting days or not, they afford too excellent a specimen of the art of rhythmical punning on names to be passed over. In its way the following stanza stands unsurpassed:

When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth  
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,  
And merit to distress betray,  
To soothe the heart Ann hath a way.  
She hath a way to chase despair,  
To heal all grief, to cure all care,  
Turn foulest night to fairest day,  
Thou know'st, good heart, Ann hath a way;  
She hath a way,  
Ann Hathaway,

As modern burlesque writers hold themselves licensed to distort words out of all recognition in order to produce what they call a pun, so, when complimentary playing upon names was in vogue, literary flatterers allowed themselves strange liberties. Capgrave, the chronicler, did not hesitate at antedating the death of Henry the Fifth to make it fall upon the feast of St. Felix, as most appropriate to a person who was felicitous in all things. Nicholls, the writer of a poem entitled *Virtue's Encomium*, puzzled how to deal with Sir Robert Wroth's name, got over the difficulty in this ingenious fashion:

Worth's chief is dead, since worthy He is gone,  
Who of that name most worthy was alone.  
Ye poor and hungry, all his grave go find,  
That holds the body of so pure a mind.  
There sit ye down and sigh for bounty dead,  
Bounty with that brave knight, to heaven is fled;  
Where since he came, Heaven, as it doth appear,  
Wanting a star to set by bounteous Clame,  
In Wroth did place the o before the r,  
And made it Worth, which since is made a star.

Love is a much better versifier than expectant gratitude. An admirer of a pretty girl named Rain thus gave expression to his feelings:

Whilst shivering beaux at weather rail,  
Of frost, and snow, and wind and hail,  
And heat, and cold complain;  
My steadier mind is always bent  
On one sole object of content—  
I ever wish for Rain!  
Hymen, thy votary's prayer attend,  
His anxious hope and suit befriending,  
Let him not ask in vain;  
His thirsty soul, his parched estate,  
His glowing breast commiserate—  
In pity give him Rain!

Equally happy are the lines on a young lady named Careless:

Oh! how I could love thee, thou dear Careless thing!  
(Oh, happy, thrice happy! I'd envy no king.)  
Were you Careful for once to return me my love,  
I'd care not how Careless to others you'd prove.  
I then should be Careless how Careless you were;  
And the more Careless you, still the less I should care.

When Mrs. Little earned the Queen's guineas, and a friend remarked, "Every little helps!" the reminder was doubtless consoling to the happy father, who otherwise might have thought three times a little rather too much of a good thing. Brougham perpetrated a fair joke in accounting for Campbell's absence from his accustomed place in court, by telling Judge Abbott the missing barrister was suffering from an attack of scarlet fever, when he was really doing the honeymoon with his bride, née Scarlett. Still better was Bishop Philpott's defence of Lord Courtney's marriage with Miss Clack upon a lady objecting to the bride's want of family. "Want of family? Why, the Courtneys may date from the Conquest, but the Clacks

are as old as Eve." When a middle-aged coquette settled down in wedlock with a Mr. Wake, Miss Ansten wrote:

Maria, good-humoured, and handsome, and tall,  
For a husband was at her last stake;  
And having in vain danced at many a ball,  
Is now happy to jump at a Wake.

Miss Holmes, the lady president of an American Total Abstinence Society, gave her hand to a Mr. Andrew Horn, thereby provoking the marriage lines:

Fair Julia lived a temperance maid,  
And preached its beauties night and morn;  
But still her wicked neighbours said,  
"She broke the pledge and took A. Horn."

When a Miss Snowdon became Mrs. White, a rhyming punster wrote of her as a lady:

Who always was Snowdon by night and by day,  
Yet never turned white, did not even look grey;  
But Hymen has touched her, and wonderful sight,  
Though no longer Snowdon, she always is White.

This is pretty fair, but not so smart as the lines commemorating the union of Mr. Job Wall and Miss Mary Best:

Job, wanting a partner, thought he'd be blest,  
If, of all womankind, he selected the Best;  
For, said he, of all evils that compass the globe,  
A bad wife would most try the patience of Job.  
The Best, then, he chose, and made bone of his bone;  
Though 'twas clear to his friends, she'd be Best left alone;  
For, though Best of her sex, she's the weakest of all,  
If 'tis true that the weakest must go to the Wall.

Matrimonial cases apart, your punster rarely has an opportunity of playing upon two names at the same time. In the student days of Campbell the poet, he had such a chance given him, and could not resist the temptation. In the Trongate, Glasgow, Drum, a spirit dealer, and Fife, an apothecary, were next-door neighbours, the latter displaying over his window the inscription, "Ears pierced by A. Fife." One night, Campbell and a couple of chums fixed a long fir board from the window of one shop to that of the other, bearing in flaming capitals the Shakespearian line, "the spirit-stirring Drum, the ear-piercing Fife." A conjunction of names may be disagreeably suggestive; the proprietor of an Illinois newspaper felt obliged to decline an otherwise desirable partnership proposal, from the impossibility of arranging the names satisfactorily, since the title of the firm must read either Steel and Doolittle, or Doolittle and Steel, so he wrote: "We can't join, one partner would soon be in the workhouse, and the other in the penitentiary." When Manners, Earl of Rutland, said to Sir Thomas Stow, "Honores mutant Mores," the chancellor retorted, "It stands better in English—Honours change Manners." The same names were brought

together rather cleverly, when Archbishop More was succeeded by Doctor Manners Sutton, in some lines complimentary to both dignitaries :

What say you ? The archbishop's dead ?  
A loss indeed. Oh, on his head,  
May Heaven its blessings pour,  
But if, with such a heart and mind,  
In Manners we his equal find,  
Why should we wish for More.

Epitaph writers have so often punned, sadly or saucily, upon the dead, that the selection of a few examples is a puzzling matter. An epitaph in Waltham Abbey informs us that Sir James Fullerton, sometime first gentleman of the bedchamber to King Charles the First, "died Fuller of faith than of fears, Fuller of resolution than of pains, Fuller of honour than of days." The connubial virtues of Daniel Tears are recorded in the couplet :

Though strange yet true, full seventy years  
Was his wife happy in her Tears.

Much more dubious in expression are the last lines of the inscription to the memory of Dean Cole, of Lincoln :

When the latter trump of Heaven shall blow  
Cole, now raked up in ashes, then shalt glow.

Of jocular performances of this kind, two odd specimens will suffice :

Here lies Thomas Huddlestone. Reader, don't smile,  
But reflect as this tombstone you view ;  
That Death, who killed him, in a very short while,  
Will huddle a stone upon you !

And this upon an organist :

Here lies one, blown out of breath,  
Who lived a merry life, and died a Merideth,

Vicar Chest turned the bones of Martin, the regicide, out of the chancel of Chepstow Church, an act the vicar's son-in-law resented by inditing the following epitaph for him when he required one :

Here lies at rest, I do protest,  
One Chest within another.  
The chest of wood was very good,  
Who says so of the other ?

General Worsley, the officer to whose charge "that bauble" was given by Cromwell, was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel with great ceremony. The next morning the stone above his grave bore the words "Where never Worse Lay," words written upon it by the dead man's own brother-in-law, Roger Kenyon, member for Clitheroe, who had returned to the abbey after the funeral party (of which he was one) departed, that he might vent his hatred of the Protector by abusing his favourite officer. Party feeling is apt to find savage expression even in our own times ; when Governor Grey and the colonists of the Cape took different views on

the convict question, the following lines appeared :

Mankind have long disputed at the Cape  
About the devil's colour and his shape.  
The Hottentots declared that he was white,  
The Dutchman swore that he was black as night.  
But now all sink their difference, and say,  
They feel quite certain that the devil's—Grey.

A comical instance of a man playing upon his own name sprang out of absent-mindedness. Sir Thomas Strange, calling at a friend's house, was desired to leave his name. "Why," said he, "to tell the truth, I have forgotten it !" "That's strange, sir," exclaimed the servant. "So it is, my man, you've hit it," replied the judge, as he walked away, leaving the servant as ignorant as before.

Swift's friend, Doctor Ash, would have relished Strange's joke infinitely. Soon after the passing of an Act for the protection of growing timber, the doctor turning into an inn for shelter, asked the waiter to help him off with his coat ; the man refused on the plea that it was felony to strip an Ash, an answer so much to the doctor's taste, that he declared he would have given fifty pounds to have made the pun himself.

A gentleman who never had been known to make a pun in his life, achieved one under very peculiar circumstances. Captain Creed and Major Pack were fighting a double duel with Mr. Mathews and Mr. Macnamara. The first named falling before his opponent's sword, Pack exclaimed, "What, have you gone, poor Creed ?" "Yes," cried Mathews, "and you shall quickly pack after him," and with the words he brought the major to the ground by a thrust through the body.

In justice to our readers we must not trifle longer with their patience ; but we cannot resist quoting the lines with which a poetess added grace to her contribution to the fund raised for the widow of Hood :

To cheer the widow's heart in her distress,  
To make provision for the fatherless,  
Is but a Christian's duty—and none should,  
Resist the heart-appeal of Widow—Hood !

a quatrain worthy of the great poet-punster himself.

#### MY CHILD LOVE.

How we played among the meadows,  
My child-love and I.  
Chasing summer gleams and shadows,  
My child-love and I.  
Wandering in the bowery lanes,  
Making rose-tipped daisy-chains.  
Storing fairy treasure trove,  
Tender chestnuts from the grove,  
Juicy berries, sweet and red,  
Violets in their leafy bed,  
Peeping 'neath the old oak tree,  
All for my child-love and me.

How we sped the hours together.  
 My child-love and I,  
 In the blue unclouded weather,  
 My child-love and I.  
 Two gold heads—ah, one is grey,  
 One is pillowed cold in clay;  
 Two bright faces—one is grave,  
 One hid where pale the willows wade.  
 Two laughs—I wot my smiles are few,  
 Do angels sport as mortals do,  
 Or as we did in days gone by,  
 We, my sweet child-love and I?

What infant mysteries we had,  
 My child-love and I.  
 What little things could make us glad,  
 My child-love and I.  
 What fair castles did we build,  
 Every room so gaily filled;  
 With sun and flowers ever new.  
 I so brave, and she so true,  
 Endless pleasures, boundless wealth,  
 Ceaseless joy, and cloudless health,  
 Nought should change, and nought could die,  
 So ruled my child-love and I.

We were parted in our youth,  
 My child-love and I.  
 In our fearless baby truth,  
 My child-love and I.  
 She in virgin freshness died,  
 I stood weeping at her side,  
 Turning to the world again,  
 Gathering many a deepening stain.  
 Other loves their empire held,  
 Fewer dreams such empire quelled,  
 Till far as trackless sea from sea,  
 Seemed my fair child-love from me.

Yet 'twas an idyl that we had,  
 My child-love and I.  
 Ere death dimmed all its glory glad,  
 My child-love and I.  
 Though deeper sorrows deeper pleasures,  
 Fill for me life's foaming measures,  
 Yet, fairest mid my hopes and schemes,  
 Purest of my wandering dreams  
 Is, now when all is past and done,  
 Forfeit paid and pardon won,  
 In some calm sphere there yet may be  
 A home for my child-love and me!

## STROLLING PLAYERS.

It is rather the public than the player that strolls now-a-days. The theatre is stationary—the audience peripatetic. The wheels have been taken off the cart of Thespis: Hamlet's line, "then came each actor on his ass," or the stage direction in the old *Taming of the Shrew* (1594)—"Enter two players with packs on their backs," no longer describes accurately the travelling habits of the histrionic profession. But of old the country folk had the drama brought as it were to their doors, and just as they purchased their lawn and cambric, ribbons and gloves, and other raiment and bravery of the wandering pedlar—the Autolycus of the period—so all their play-house learning and experience they acquired from the itinerant actors. These were rarely the leading performers of the established London companies, however, un-

less it so happened that the capital was suffering from a visitation of the plague. "Starring in the provinces" was not an early occupation of the players of good repute. As a rule it was only the inferior actors who quitted town, and, as Dekker contemptuously says, "travelled upon the hard hoof from village to village for cheese and buttermilk." "How chances it they travel?" inquires Hamlet concerning "the tragedians of the city"—"their residence both in reputation and profit were better both ways." John Stephens, writing in 1615, and describing "a common player," observes, "I prefix the epithet common to distinguish the base and artless appendants of our city companies, which oftentimes start away into rustical wanderings, and then, like Proteus, start back again into the city number." The strollers were of two classes, however. First the theatrical companies protected by some great personage, wearing his badge or crest, and styling themselves his "servants"—just as to this day the Drury Lane troop, under warrant of Davenant's patent, still boast the title of "Her Majesty's Servants"—who attended at country seats, and gave representations at the request, or by the permission of the great people of the neighbourhood; and secondly, the mere unauthorised itinerants, with no claim to distinction beyond such as their own merits accorded to them, who played in barns, or in large inn-yards and rooms, and against whom was especially levelled the Act of Elizabeth declaring that all players, &c., "not licensed by any baron or person of high rank, or by two justices of the peace, should be deemed and treated as rogues and vagabonds."

The suppression of the theatres by the Puritans reduced all the players to the condition of strollers of the lowest class. Legally their occupation was gone altogether. Stringent measures were taken to abolish stage-plays and interludes, and by an Act passed in 1647, all actors of plays for the time to come were declared rogues within the meaning of the Act of Elizabeth, and upon conviction were to be publicly whipped for the first offence, and for the second to be deemed incorrigible rogues, and dealt with accordingly; all stage galleries, seats, and boxes were to be pulled down by warrant of two justices of the peace; all money collected from the spectators was to be appropriated to the poor of the parish; and all spectators of plays, for every offence, fined five shillings. Assuredly these were very hard times for



players, playhouses, and playgoers. Still the theatre was hard to kill. In 1648, a provost-marshal was nominated to stimulate the vigilance and activity of the lord mayor, justices, and sheriffs, and, among other duties, "to seize all ballad-singers and sellers of malignant pamphlets and to send them to the several militias, and to suppress stage-plays." Yet, all this notwithstanding, some little show of life stirred now and then in the seeming corpse of the drama. A few players met furtively, assembled a select audience, and gave a clandestine performance, more or less complete, in some obscure quarter. Play-acting was then, indeed, very much what prize-fighting has been in later times. The "office" was whispered, and the "events" came off, somehow, somewhere, despite the constables. Secret Royalists, and but half-hearted Puritans abounded, and these did not scruple to abet a breach of the law, and to be entertained now and then in the old time-honoured way. The players who had survived the war—naturally the majority of them had taken arms in the king's service, for his foes were theirs also—gathered together during the Commonwealth, and made up a weak troop out of the wreck of several companies. They even ventured upon representations at the Cockpit, in Drury-lane, with much caution and privacy. They remained undiscovered and undisturbed for some three or four days, when the Roundhead troopers beset the house, broke in about the middle of the performance of Fletcher's tragedy of *Rollo, Duke of Normandy*, and carried away the players in their stage dresses to prison. A little later, private performances were given in noblemen's houses, some few miles from town—notably at Holland House, Kensington—when the select and limited audience made a collection for the benefit of the actors. At Christmas and Bartholomew Fair time there was often bribing of the officer in command at Whitehall, and a few representations took place at the Red Bull, in St. John's-street, with the chance always of the armed intervention of the soldiery, and the condign punishment of both players and spectators.

With the Restoration, however, Thespis enjoyed his own again, and sock and buskin became once more lawful articles of apparel. Charles the Second mounted the throne arm-in-arm, as it were, with a player-king and queen. The London theatres reopened under royal patronage, and in the

provinces the stroller was abroad. He had his enemies, no doubt. Prejudice is long-lived, of robust constitution. Puritanism had struck deep root in the land, and though the triumphant Cavaliers might hew its branches, strip off its foliage and hack at its trunk, they could by no means extirpate it altogether. Religious zealotry, strenuous and stubborn, however narrow, had fostered, and parliamentary enactments had warranted hostility of the most uncompromising kind to the player and his profession. To many he was still, his new liberty and privileges notwithstanding, but "a son of Belial"—ever of near kin to the rogue and the vagabond, with the stocks and the whipping-post still in his near neighbourhood, let him turn which way he would. And then, certainly, his occupation had its seamy side. With this the satirists, who loved censure rather for its wounding than its healing powers, made great play. They were never tired of pointing out and ridiculing the rents in the stroller's coat; his shifts, trials, misfortunes, follies, were subjects for ceaseless merriment. What Grub-street and "penny-a-lining" have been to the vocation of letters, strolling and "barn-strutting" became to the histrionic profession—an excuse for scorn, under-rating, and mirth, more or less bitter.

Still strolling had its charms. To the beginner it afforded a kind of informal apprenticeship, with the advantage that while a learner of its mysteries, he could yet style himself a full member of the profession of the stage, and share in its profits. He was at once bud and flower. What though the floor of a ruined barn saw his first crude efforts, might not the walls of a patent theatre resound by-and-bye with delighted applause, tribute to his genius? It was a free, frank, open vocation he had adopted; it was unprotected and unrestricted by legislative provisions in the way of certificates, passes, examinations, and diplomas. There was no need of ticket, or voucher, or preparation of any kind to obtain admission to the ranks of the players. "Can you shout?" a manager once inquired of a novice. "Then only shout in the right places, and you'll do." No doubt this implied that even in the matter of shouting some science is involved. And there may be men who cannot shout at all, let the places be right or wrong. Still the stage can find room and subsistence of a sort for all, even for mutes. But carry a banner, walk in a procession, or form one

of a crowd, and you may still call yourself actor, though not an actor of a high class, certainly. The histrionic calling is a ladder of many rungs. Remain on the lowest or mount to the highest—it is only a question of degree—you are a player all the same.

The Thespian army had no need of a recruiting sergeant or a press-gang to reinforce its ranks. There have always been amateurs lured by the mere spectacle of the foot-lights, as moths by a candle. Crabbe's description of the strollers in his Borough was a favourite passage with Sir Walter Scott, and was often read to him in his last fatal illness :

Of various men these marching troops are made,  
Pen-spurning clerks and lads contemning trade;  
Waiters and servants by confinement teased,  
And youths of wealth by dissipation eased;  
With feeling nymphs who, such resource at hand,  
Scorn to obey the rigour of command, &c. &c.

And even to the skilled and experienced actors a wandering life offered potent attractions. Apart from its liberty and adventure, its defiance of social convention and restraint, ambition had space to stir, and vanity could be abundantly indulged in the itinerant theatre. Dekker speaks of the bad presumptuous players, who out of a desire to "wear the best jerkin," and to "act great parts, forsake the stately and more than Roman city stages," and join a strolling company. By many it was held better to reign in a vagrant than to serve in an established troop—preferable to play Hamlet in the provinces than Horatio or Guildenstern in town. And then, in the summer months, when the larger London houses were closed, strolling became a matter of necessity with a large number of actors; they could gain a subsistence in no other way. "The little theatre in the Haymarket" as it was wont to be called, which opened its doors in summer, when its more important neighbours had concluded their operations, could only offer engagements to a select few of their companies. The rest must needs wander. Whatever their predilections they were strollers upon compulsion.

Indeed, strolling was only feasible during summer weather. Audiences could hardly be moved from their firesides in winter, barns were too full of grain to be available for theatrical purposes, and the players were then glad to secure such regular employment as they could, however slender might be the scale of their remuneration. There is a story told of a veteran and a tyro actor walking in the fields early in the year, when, suddenly,

the elder ran from the path, stopped abruptly and planting his foot firmly upon the green-sward, exclaimed with ecstasy: "Three, by heaven! that for managers!" and snapped his fingers. His companion asked an explanation of this strange conduct. "You'll know before you have strutted in three more barns," said the "old hand." "In winter, managers are the most impudent fellows living, because they know we don't like to travel, don't like to leave our nests, fear the cold, and all that. But when I can put my foot upon three daisies—summer's near, and managers may whistle for me!"

The life was not dignified, perhaps, but it had certain picturesque qualities. The stroller toiling on his own account, "padding the hoof," as he called journeying on foot—a small bundle under his arm, containing a few clothes and professional appliances, wandered from place to place, stopping now at a fair, now at a tavern, now at a country house to deliver recitations and speeches, and to gain such reward for his labours as he might. Generally he found it advisable, however, to join a company of his brethren and share profits with them, parting from them again upon a difference of opinion or upon the receipts diminishing too seriously, when he would again rely upon his independent exertions. Sometimes the actor was able to hire or purchase scenes and dresses, the latter being procured generally from certain shops in Monmouth-street dealing in cast clothes and tarnished frippery that did well enough for histrionic purposes; then, engaging a company, he would start from London as a manager to visit certain districts where it was thought that a harvest might be reaped. The receipts were divided among the troop upon a pre-arranged method. The impresario took shares in his different characters of manager, proprietor, and actor. Even the fragments of the candles that had lighted the representations were divided amongst the company. The inferior actors had the task allotted them of snuffing the candles in the course of the performance; a service of danger sometimes, for rude audiences were apt to amuse themselves by pelting the candle-snuffers. As Shift observes in Foote's farce: "He that dares stand the shot of the gallery in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, may bid defiance to the pillory with all its customary compliments." Permission had always to be sought of the local magnates before a performance could be given; and the best dressed and most

cleanly-looking actor was deputed to make this application, as well as to conciliate the farmer or innkeeper, whose barn, stable, or great room was to be hired for the occasion. Churchill writes:

The strolling tribe, a despicable race,  
Like wandering Arabs, shift from place to place.  
Vagrants by law, to justice open laid,  
They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid;  
And fawning, cringe for wretched means of life  
To Madame Mayoress or his worship's wife.

"I'm a justice of the peace and know how to deal with strollers," says Sir Tunbelly, with an air of menace, in *The Relapse*. The magistrates, indeed, were much inclined to deal severely with the wandering actor, eyeing his calling with suspicion, and prompt to enforce the laws against him. Thus we find in Humphrey Clinker, the mayor of Gloucester, eager to condemn as a vagrant, and to commit to prison with hard labour, young Mr. George Dennison, who, in the guise of Wilson, a stroller player, has presumed to make love to Miss Lydia Melford, the heroine of the story.

In truth, the stroller's life, with all its seeming license and independence, must always have been attended with hardship and privation. If the player had ever deemed his art the "idle calling" many declared it to be, he was soon undeceived on that head. There was but a thin partition between him and absolute want; meanwhile his labour was incessant. The stage is a conservative institution, adhering closely to old customs, manners, and traditions, and what strolling had once been it continued to be almost for centuries. "A company of strolling comedians," writes the author of the *Road to Ruin*, who had himself strolled in early life, "is a small kingdom, of which the manager is the monarch. Their code of laws seems to have existed, with little variation, since the days of Shakespeare." Who can doubt that Hogarth's famous picture told the truth, not only of the painter's own time, but of the past and of the future? The poor player followed a sordid and wearisome routine. He was constrained to devote long hours to rehearsal and to the study of various parts, provided always he could obtain a sight of the book of the play, for the itinerant theatre afforded no copyist then to write neatly out each actor's share in the dialogues and speeches. Night brought the performance, and, for the player engaged as "utility," infinite change of dress and "making-up" of his face to personate a variety of characters.

The company would, probably, be outnumbered by the dramatis personæ, in which case it would devolve upon the actor to assume many parts in one play. Thus, supposing Hamlet to be announced for representation, the stroller of inferior degree might be called upon to appear as Francisco, afterwards as a lord-in-waiting in the court scenes, then as Lucianus, "nephew to the king," then as one of the grave-diggers, then as a lord again, or, it might be, Osric, the fop, in the last act. Other duties, hardly less arduous, would fall to him in the after-pieces. "I remember," said King, the actor famous as being the original Sir Peter Teazle and Lord Ogleby, "that when I had been but a short time on the stage I performed one night King Richard, sang two comic songs, played in an interlude, danced a hornpipe, spoke a prologue, and was afterwards harlequin, in a sharing company, and after all this fatigue my share came to three pence and three pieces of candle!" A strolling manager of a later period was wont to boast that he had performed the complete melodrama of *Rob Roy* with a limited company of five men and three women. Hard-worked, ill-paid, and, consequently, ill-fed, the stroller must have often led a dreary and miserable life enough. The late Mr. Drinkwater Meadows used to tell of his experiences with a company that travelled through Warwickshire, and their treasury being empty, depended for their subsistence upon their piscatorial skill. They lived for some time, indeed, upon the trout streams of the county. They plied rod and line and learned their parts at the same time. "We could fish and study, study and fish," said the actor. "I made myself perfect in Bob Acres while fishing in the Avon, and committed the words to my memory quite as fast as I committed the fish to my basket."

The straits and necessities of the strollers have long been a source of entertainment to the public. In an early number of the *Spectator*, Steele describes a company of poor players then performing at Epping. "They are far from offending in the impertinent splendour of the drama. Alexander the Great was acted by a fellow in a paper cravat. The next day the Earl of Essex seemed to have no distress but his poverty; and my Lord Foppington wanted any better means to show himself a fop than by wearing stockings of different colours. In a word, though they have had a full barn for many days together, our itinerants are so wretchedly poor that the

heroes appear only like sturdy beggars, and the heroines gipsies." It is added that the stage of these performers "is here in its original situation of a cart." In the *Memoirs of Munden* a still stranger stage is mentioned. A strolling company performing in Wales had for theatre a bedroom, and for stage a large four-post bed! The spaces on either side were concealed from the audience by curtains, and formed the tiring rooms of the ladies and gentlemen of the troop. On this very curious stage the comedian, afterwards famous as *Little Knight*, but then new to his profession, appeared as *Acres*, in the *Rivals*, and won great applause. Goldsmith's *Strolling Player* is made to reveal many of the smaller needs and shifts of his calling, especially in the matter of costume. "We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dress them. The same coat that served *Romeo*, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend *Mercutio*; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for *Juliet's* petticoat and pall; a pestle and mortar from a neighbouring apothecary answered all the purposes of a bell; and our landlord's own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety; I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself." Of his own share in the representation the stroller speaks candidly enough: "I snuffed the candles, and let me tell you that without a candle-snuffer, the piece would lose half its embellishments." But of stories of this kind, not always to be understood literally, however, concerning the drama under difficulties, and the comical side of the player's indigence and quaint artifices, there has always been forthcoming a very abundant supply.

A word should be said as to the courage and enterprise of our early strollers. Travelling is now-a-days so easy a matter that we are apt to forget how solemnly it was viewed by our ancestors. In the last century a man thought about making his will as a becoming preliminary to his journeying merely from London to Edinburgh. But the strollers were true to themselves and their calling, though sometimes the results of their adventures were luckless enough. "Our plantations in America have been voluntarily visited by some itinerants, Jamaica in particular," writes Chetwood, in his *History of the Stage* (1749). "I had an account from a

gentleman who was possessed of a large estate in the island that a company in the year 1733 came there and cleared a large sum of money, where they might have made moderate fortunes if they had not been too busy with the growth of the country. They received three hundred and seventy pistoles the first night of the *Beggar's Opera*, but within the space of two months they buried their third *Polly* and two of their men. The gentlemen of the island for some time took their turns upon the stage to keep up the diversion; but this did not hold long; for in two months more there were but one old man, a boy, and a woman of the company left. The rest died either with the country distemper or the common beverage of the place, the noble spirit of rum-punch, which is generally fatal to new comers. The shattered remains, with upwards of two thousand pistoles in bank, embarked for Carolina to join another company at Charlestown, but were cast away in the voyage. Had the company been more blessed with the virtue of sobriety, &c., they might perhaps have lived to carry home the liberality of those generous islanders."

It is to be observed that the strolling profession had its divisions and grades. The "boothers," as they are termed, have to be viewed as almost a distinct class. These carry their theatre, a booth, about with them, and only pretend to furnish very abridged presentments of the drama. With them *Richard the Third*, for instance, is but an entertainment of some twenty minutes' duration. They are only anxious to give as many performances as possible before fresh assemblies of spectators in as short a time as may be. "Boothers" have been known to give even six distinct exhibitions on Saturday nights. And they certainly resort to undignified expedients to lure their audiences. They parade in their theatrical attire, dance quadrilles and hornpipes, fight with broadswords, and make speeches on the external platform of their booth. Histrionic art is seen to little advantage under these conditions, although it should be said that many notable players have commenced the study of their profession among the "boothers." The travelling circus is again a distinct institution, its tumblers and riders only in a very distant and illegitimate way connected with even the humblest branches of the great Thespian family.

But strolling, in its old sense, is fast

expiring. Barns have ceased to be temples of the drama. The railways carry the public to the established theatres; London stars and companies travelling in first-class carriages, with their secretary and manager, visit in turn the provincial towns, and attract all the playgoers of the neighbourhood. The country manager, retaining but a few "utility people," is well content to lend his stage to these dignified players, who stroll only nominally, without "padding the hoof," or the least chance of hardship or privation attending their rustical wanderings. Their travels are indeed more in the nature of royal progresses. Even for the "boothers" times have changed. Waste lands on which to "pitch" their playhouse are now hard to find. The "pleasure fairs" on which they greatly relied for profit, become more and more rare; indeed, there is a prevalent disposition now-a-days to abolish altogether those old-fashioned celebrations. And worse than all, perhaps, the audiences have become sophisticated and critical, and have not so much simple faith and hearty goodwill to place at the disposal of the itinerants. Centralisation has now affected the stage. The country is no longer the nursery and training school of the player. He commences his career in London, and then regales the provinces with an exhibition of his proficiency. The strollers are now merged in the "stars." The apprentice is now the master, which may possibly account for the fact, that the work accomplished is not invariably of first-rate quality.

#### FURNITURE—BAD AND GOOD.

ONE of the happiest results of Mr. Ruskin's teachings has been his indirect influence on the fashion of household furniture. Few persons who find themselves in the warehouses of some great furnishing establishment, surrounded by chairs, tables, sofas and beds of the most varied and sumptuous character, reflect on the conventional, and, sometimes, monstrous shapes and patterns of these articles. They are dazzled by the gilding and varnish, and carvings and stuffs, while the showman descants on the elegance and splendour of his "shaped" articles. To an artistic mind such a show-room is a chamber of horrors, with its grotesque and hideous patterns, and its no less ridiculous titles of "what-nots," "loungers," "Nelson sofas," and the rest. Everything seems made on the worst principles of beauty or use, and, after an un-

meaning fashion, whose sole object seems to be to increase the expense.

Let us take such simple objects as a chair and a table. A round table on a centre leg is a really ugly object, suggesting insecurity from its indifferent balance; sometimes, indeed, liable to be overturned when covered with heavy objects. To guard against such an accident, a heavy circular mass of wood is placed under the leg, which, in its turn, rests on three little feet, whose castors, owing to the weight, are often forced into the carpet. Thus a large round table becomes an awkward, sprawling, monstrous, top-heavy article, often warped out of shape. This is, certainly, making complicated what nature intended to be simple. Now, in furniture, as in everything else, the principle of simplicity and direct practical purpose insures beauty. Four legs, sloped outwards near the ground, and joined together near the floor with bars, produces a pretty and secure effect. There is no more material used than is necessary; the article is light, and there is no need for that hauling and dragging required to move a massive round table. Some furnishing houses have applied the simple principles thus explained, and, obtaining designs from good artists, have revolutionised furniture patterns. Their philosophy is no other than what may be styled that of the "three-legged stool" developed, from which simplicity an elaborate civilisation has led us astray.

A "city madam" furnishing her splendid mansion, selects, of course, some of those vast mirrors whose frames are overlaid with scrolls and twisted horns, an extraordinary mélange of crooks and curves, which has been the traditional way of making such a mirror look magnificent. What these things represent no one can tell. A general idea is that the frame of the glass is enriched and carved. Yet it is a fact that these things are cut out separately and fixed on with needles and nails. No carving could produce such a result; therefore there is a deception to begin with, also an insecurity, as they loosen with time and drop off. What should be the true principle? A great sheet of looking-glass is in itself a handsome object; and the meaning of a "frame" is to preserve the edges; it is, therefore, subsidiary—it should be broad and handsome, and be strong enough to answer its purpose. That sinuous shape at top, into which mirrors are sometimes cut, is unmeaning, and diminishes the idea of size. A simple following the

shape of the glass, with carving on the surface, will have a richness and massiveness of effect that will eclipse innumerable square feet of twists and curves.

Again, a chair is rarely properly made. The shapes we see in drawing-rooms, with carved scroll backs framing a bulging oval of stuffing, are all false taste and uncomfortable. The sitter, leaning back, finds a hard mass pushing into the centre of his spine; if his head drops back his neck comes on the sharp and pointed carving. The legs, too, are bent into graceful curves, with a sensible loss of strength, which has to be supplied by unnecessary thickness. The seat is always too shallow. There are drawing-room chairs called spider-chairs, or some such name, but considered extremely light and elegant—a frail framework, which, under a heavy man, or a sudden effort, would collapse into a bundle of sticks. The purport of a chair is not ornament; therefore, chairs with gilt lattice-work, which, if comfortably sat in, would be rubbed and frayed by the human back, are unsuited. So, too, are the chairs in French palaces, with Gobelin pictures of shepherds and shepherdesses woven on them, which have an odd air when a large man sits down or rises. An artistic chair should be curved or hollowed in the back, with a long seat, strong and nearly straight legs. So with a sofa, the back of which is so often seen to terminate in a favourite shape, like the crook of a stick, for no conceivable object. An average trade sofa, with its covered spring seat high in the centre, so that the occupant finds himself slipping off, and whose feet seem liable to slip off at either side, its miserable sofa-cushion and its scrolled head, is the most straitened, uncomfortable place of repose in the world. A proper sofa should have a level flat seat, contrived in a sort of gentle scoop to the shoulder, so that every part of the figure is supported. Then there are those handsome sitting-sofas, seen in great mansions, which are like a vast arm-chair, made to hold half a dozen. But of all the monstrous objects commend us to the trade mahogany sideboard—the vast hulking mass, with the locker at each side, the clumsy drawers, and the ugly back. For so huge a mass there is very little utility. Now, by simply asking ourselves the purport of a sideboard, we arrive at something more artistic. It is, first of all, a table, and should be made something after the pattern of a table; hence, there should be short feet under it. It is meant to be a sort of convenient store

for holding the necessaries, so that a person coming in to eat would find there all the necessary implements. The useless back, therefore, should be restored to its original purpose, and have light shelves or brackets on which to place the jugs and goblets, or the stray salver, the cruets, &c. The two lockers should be brought together as one in the centre, thus getting rid of those unmeaning and monstrous cupboards, to extract anything from whose recesses the servant must go on his knees. With drawers above and drawers below, the whole affords double the accommodation, and has the air of a handsome cabinet. The space between the two objectionable lockers, when covered with a rich bit of tapestry curtain, has a good effect. So with bedroom furniture. An ordinary cheap washstand, with the hole for a basin, its meagre legs, and skimpy edging of wood running round, is a degrading object. What is wanted is a long, firmly-built table, high, broad, on which a big basin may stand; the top all round should be fenced by a screen, a couple of feet in height, to keep the water from splashing the wall, with no hole for the basin, which is thus raised. Such an article, made with tolerable taste and on principles of common sense, would command respect, instead of contempt, and would be an ornament. In bedsteads there is a vast improvement; and those of brass and iron, now in favour, are handsome enough, though the ornamental work is often very unmeaning. The old wooden bedstead, on four legs, with its rickety framework for supporting white dimity curtains, is only seen in farces, where they are seen to rock unsteadily, as the funny man tumbles in. Every one will recal the footboard, with its corners like rams' horns. Now, a simple brass nail performs this duty picturesquely, and the unpleasant thoughts associated with the inner joinings of the old wooden four-poster, are impossible. If a wooden bedstead is in favour, the solid and handsome French bedstead is a good pattern. The ordinary bracket, hung sometimes by a string from a nail, is a poor object enough, suggesting meanness, poverty, and shifts in the owner. The new school of furniture offers endless shapes; one, that of a little broad gallery with a rail round it, under which are a couple of shelves, the lowest the narrowest. A bedroom cabinet, too, should not be the shallow, skimpy thing we see, but should be broad, with a drawer at top and two doors; a bracket for books should always have a back.

Even such a thing as the toilet-glass, swinging on its two slender supports, is meagre-looking; with its supports made in pyramid shape, growing broad as they get near the table, and dispensing with the heavy lump of wood, which is to keep it balanced, the effect would be improved. Curtains, too, are all astray, running with wooden rings on wooden poles, with a grotesque clatter. Sometimes in drawing-rooms we see sham rings fixed to the gilt poles, while the curtains are moved underneath by a complicated system of cords. Experience and sense suggest the true principle. You wish to draw your curtain back or forward in a complete way, with, perhaps, a single sweep of the hand. The pole should be thin and of metal, and the rings large and not thick; then they will fly. Carpets should be laid so as not to cover all the room, and should have a border. There are a hundred points of this kind, which a little reflection will discover; and it is surprising, when the mind has got into this habit of inquiry, what pleasure it will receive from so simple a thing as a well-made piece of furniture. Mr. Eastlake led the way in this practical reform by his book on Household Taste; and it is gratifying to find that some of our upholstering firms have followed his advice.

## THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE FOOL'S DERELICTION.

THE Kearneys retired to their cave, and Con stayed with them. He made himself a bed of heather and ferns, on which he slept every night, lying across the mouth of the rude dwelling like a mastiff at his master's gate. The cave was as good to him as the cabin had been, and so long as he could carry turf and water for Nan, and get his food from her hand, he cared very little for what was happening in the world. The midsummer days were long and fine, and the nights short and starry, and the mountain just the same mountain as before. Yet Con was seen to look sad when he passed the empty houses of the people who had gone away; would sometimes stop and scowl, and mutter to himself about Simon; and had once been caught flinging stones down the cliff in the direction of the chimneys of Tobereevil. But his queer fits of passion soon spent themselves on the air. The Kearneys were beside him, and he was content; little knowing of the plot which

was being hatched for the destruction of his peace of mind.

The Kearneys, nine in family, were now ready to take the road out into the world; having sold their pigs and furniture, and finding themselves with no longer a pretence for lingering among their mountains. In Galway they had a well-to-do friend, from whom they hoped to borrow money enough, with what they had got, to bring them across the Atlantic. Once in a new country, when their hearts had bled away the sorest throes of grief, they hoped to earn a living, and to build up a new home with the toil of their many hands. Save for the anguish of memory, they would no doubt do very well.

But now a difficulty arose. What were they to do with the loving fool? They could not take him to America; there was no question about that; and to leave him alone in some city to which he might follow them, would be a cruelty of which they could not even think. Hardship and starvation must be his portion in a town, while at home in his familiar mountains he would always have friends enough. So Con must be left behind; but how were they going to escape from him?

He followed Nan everywhere, keeping his eyes on her, as if he feared she would vanish if he closed them. He did not sleep soundly as he had used to do, but lay all night awake and watchful, ready to spring up if any sound alarmed his ear; or when he did fall asleep the slumber was so light that it was broken by the whimper of a plover. His friends knew well that did they try to set out without him he would follow, while he had strength to crawl, were it through flood or fire; and that no man might seek to hold him back. Yet the Kearneys must surely go, and Con be left behind.

At last a plan was hit upon to cheat him. Some lads who lived at a distance came and coaxed him to go with them for a day's climbing in search of an eagle's nest, and Con the fool forgot his vigilance, and fell easily into the snare. After a long and exciting day, scaling high rocks and racing along upper ridges of the mountains, he returned to the cave where he expected to find his friends. He was weary, and his steps lagged as he came along in the ruddy heat, and his fool's heart leaped as he caught sight of the dear hole which was the door of his home. He looked for the gossoons coming to meet him, for if Con did not reason, he knew the habits of every

living thing around him. This evening there were no gossoons about the hills, and Con was disappointed and quickened his lagging steps. He went into the cave, but the place was empty. Neither the Kearneys nor their bundles were to be seen. Con was surprised, and his heart sank, just as a wise man's will sink under the chill of disappointment. He consoled himself in the best way he could by drawing together the embers of the fire, near which had been left for him a heap of turf and a pile of potatoes. He need not be cold or hungry for this night at least, even though his friends who had cherished him were gone away. To-morrow, indeed, he must look for another home; but of this Con knew nothing, while he set to work upon the fire, kindling it up deftly as he well knew how to do. Nan would be coming in to make the supper by-and-bye, and Con laughed in his crowing way to think how glad she would be to see the blaze. She would laugh along with him and pat him on the head. The fool was used to such treatment, and knew what he had to expect.

The fire burned up and down again, and would have burned out too, if Con had let it; and still no steps and no voices came near the cave.

The red hue had fled away from the heath, and the stars had come to light. The mountain was deserted indeed. Con sat, the only human being among the empty cabins, feeling his own loneliness, which horrified him; growing afraid to look out any more through the opening of the cave, and crouching close to the fire, as the only thing that could comfort and protect him. He fed it continually, and trembled when it got low; did not eat nor sleep, but sat clasping his knees, and listening with the vigilance of a hare. But nothing came near him, nothing moved save the ashes that kept crumbling at his feet. The breeze moaned and sobbed through the chinks in the cave, and Con lamented and wept. The tears of his desolation wet his hands and his naked feet.

As soon as the oppressive darkness withdrew from the realm where Con reigned alone, the poor fellow started from his watchfire, and set off in quest of his friends, wandering up-hill and down-hill; calling, whooping, whistling. The sun rose and gave him courage, and he went on confidently, hoping to meet the little crowd of the Kearneys lurking, for mere mischief, behind a heathery knoll, or racing up to

meet him from below ridges of waving broom. He mistook a slender bush for Nan, as it curtsied and becked to him in the morning breeze, and shot forward as if on wings, thinking he saw a group of little black heads nodding, which must surely be the children at their play, but proved to be clumps of loose broom blackened by the fires already kindled in preparation for the shepherds. After each one of these failures, Con lifted up his voice and wept aloud. He met no one all day, so deserted was the mountain. He got up to the highest peaks, higher than he had been the day before when tracking the eagle. Foxes fled, and wild birds cried at his approach; but nothing human did he meet. "Nan! Nan!" he shrieked, and the echoes enraged him, mocking back again with "Nan! Nan!"

Towards evening he came down from the clouds, and made his way back to the cave. The place was as solitary as when he left it, and the fire was dead besides. He took flints from his pocket and struck sparks and made a fire, but silence and desolation still reigned round him as before. He walked round all the cabins, rattled at the locks, and peeped in at the windows, but not so much as a mouse did he find to make response. He returned then to the cave with the sickness of hunger upon him; ate some potatoes, and started again on his quest.

This time he descended to the lowlands, and after sunset was coming along a moor, beyond which lay some green fields, when he met a little girl carrying a milk-pail. She was a lowland lassie, but every one knew Con, and she was touched by the sight of his tear-bedabbled face. She offered him a drink of milk out of a tin which hung to her pail, and Con drank greedily, and then looked eagerly in her face.

"Nan," he cried, "Nan."

"Och, thin, poor boy," said the pitiful little maid, "is that the ways it is wid you? Ye'll be lookin' long for Nan afore ye set eyes on her. Sure Simon has settled wid them all, the creatures. Simon has sint them away."

Con stared at the girl with open mouth and eyes, till the vacant look dropped away from him like a mask, and his face became dark and convulsed with wrath. He uttered a long savage shriek which startled the herds at their evening meal and made the goats look down inquisitively from the cliffs at a little distance. "Simon!" he



screamed, with murder in his voice, and flung himself on the earth, and tore the sod with his hands. The little girl was terrified, and ran away and left him.

All the agony of his desolation fell now on the fool's heart; for the word "Simon" had been enough to suggest to him that Nan had disappeared for evermore. He raged and wept; tore his clothes and his shaggy hair; but by-and-bye got to his feet again and began running towards the woods. Very glorious they looked, decked out in all the hues of the evening sun. Many a summer evening had Con disported himself in their shelter, swinging from bough to bough, laughing and crowing in delicious happiness. Now they flamed with rage at him as his eyes flamed at them.

There lay about two miles of trees between Con and the mansion of Tobereevil; and twilight had begun to fall when he plunged into the thickets, pushing right and left, crashing through the underwood, his pale face livid, and a lurid gleam of purpose burning for once in his vacant eyes. He knew his way well through the darkest labyrinths of the woods, and he went straight to the destination towards which he had set his face. It was wonderful that he did not dash himself against trees, trip over the brushwood, tear his feet with thorns, or cut his hands with piercing brambles as he swept them out of his path, yet no such ill befel him. He passed easily and without scath through savage places from which another would have come forth bruised and bleeding: shot like lightning across the dark spots which Tibbie knew so well, and trod out the baleful life-juice of wicked herbs beneath his feet. The trees groaned and rocked as if they knew that there was a vengeful spirit among them, who, unconscious as he was of the evilness of the evil, was yet possessed of all its power, which he would use for their destruction. Deeper and deeper plunged Con into the woods, and the perpetual roar of the trees arose to a tumult, with a shriek in the voice of many, a frantic wrath in the movement of the swaying multitude, as if the woods, knowing their doom, as also the spirits of wickedness that lurked in them, had found themselves at last and irretrievably undone. Or was it that the breeze was a little livelier than is usual on summer nights? At last a tree stooped down in fury, caught Con by the hair and smote him on the face, breaking some of his teeth and

making the blood start out of his flesh. His heart was full of murder, and he turned to wreak his vengeance on the tree; beat it, smashed the lower branches with his feet and hands; while the foe stood as straight as ever, roaring in malicious triumph over his head. Other trees joined in chorus with it, and they scoffed at him where he stood quivering like a pigmy among giants. But his cunning served him now that he might wreak vengeance on his enemies.

He took flints out of his pockets, and struck sparks, with which he tried to burn the skin and fingers, that is, the bark and little twigs of his stalwart foe. This would not take effect, and then he tried another plan; groping among the feet of the trees till he had swept up in a pile dead leaves, rotten sticks, withered herbs, and bits of bark, all so dry and tindery with the hot breath of the summer that it needed but a spark to kindle them into a blaze. The spark was flung amongst them, spark after spark as Con wrought to make a fire out of them, and triumphed. The fire hissed at his knees, and the rocking of the trees fanned it into intensity, and all the underwood around him became wrapped in flame. Fire was a thing that Con had always loved, and now he laughed as he beheld it do his bidding. He gathered up burning sheaves and flung them into the trees, tied stones among wicked sticks and crackling leaves, and impelled them wrapped in flame into the upper branches. The trees roared and groaned again as the fire went into their hearts, and flung themselves upon each other to try and extinguish it; but the flames ate into the wood, and the scorching breath of the one sent destruction into the bosom of another. When Con saw that his work had taken effect, he dashed from the spot and fled forward as before, with his face towards the mansion of Tobereevil.

The miser was very restless at this time. Even since he had taken things in his own hands, and found that he could do his own work so well, he had grown more impatient of the little progress he made in money-getting, and more feverishly ambitious of doing better in this respect; the event of the shepherds seeking his mountain gave him new and broad ideas as to the amount of capital which might yet be wrought out of the stones and heather. One day people might come asking to make a quarry among his idle rocks, and in anticipation of this moment he marked off many new names

whose owners must be taxed severely in preparation for their departure when the quarry-seekers should arrive. The workers of the quarry would want dwellings for their families, and should pay him a good rent out of their wages. The manager of the works would need a comfortable residence, and the best farm on the estate must be at his disposal. He would doubtless be very rich, and inclined to pay nobly for the accommodation so needful to him. Simon reviewed in his mind the many farms which belonged to him, and decided that the manager of the quarry would prefer to have Monasterlea; it being rich and fertile land which had been cultivated for years, and the master naturally liking to be near to his works. So Miss Martha was written down as having to "flit" as soon as the quarry-seekers should have arrived.

All these plans made Simon very restless. He could not bear to wait while his dreams realised themselves slowly out of the future. He thought that events which were to come ought to come at once, and meantime while they delayed the suspense was a torture which wasted his life.

All that day, on which Con had searched for Nan, and fired the woods, Simon had wandered restlessly about his house; indoors and out of doors; unable to sit still for a moment to reckon his treasures in his memory, or to remember about where he had hidden his keys. He went out gleaning, this being harvest time for Simon, as well as for the farmers his tenants. He knew from day to day what fields were going to be reaped, and followed like a spectre in the trail of the reapers. Some of the richer or more generous would leave ears on the field purposely, so that the wretched old man might not be disappointed in his quest; but to-day he had to glean ground over which he had passed before, and there was little for him to get. Still, with great toil he succeeded in finding a few stray ears, besides sundry little wisps of straw; and had added to these treasures little scraps of rags and down, and some cold potatoes which had been forgotten in a field. With these he was coming home, but his limbs trembled so violently with that anxiety about the quarry-men, that he spilt the best of his spoils, and the breeze carried some of them away. Upon this he wailed and wept, so enfeebled was he by his cares, but was consoled by seeing a fine bird's-nest between two branches of a tree. He

poked it down with a stick, and found it lined with soft wool which had been plucked from the backs of sheep. "What wickedness and waste!" cried the miser as he ripped it up. "It is shocking to think of the robberies which these creatures commit on man!" He found eggs in the nest, however, so that his day did not go for nothing.

He was standing at the foot of the tree picking the nest to pieces, and carefully stuffing the wool into the pocket of his garment. His thin white hair fell on his shoulders, crowned by a hat so frail and discoloured, that it seemed to have been placed on his head more in mockery than for protection. His thin sharp face—long keen nose, greedy eyes, and twitching mouth—was bent over his task with all the avidity of an eagle that has found its prey. The worn and many-coloured garment clung round the skeleton limbs, and the sun laughed over its wretchedness, and pointed out its rents and patches. He was standing close by the cottage of a poor tenant whose field he had been gleaning, and as he tore the bird's-nest a boy sprang suddenly forward.

"Ah, sir! Don't tear the robin's nest, sir! Indeed it is the robin's; I saw her fly out this morning."

"Well, yon young rascal. A useless, thieving bird!"

"Oh, sir; don't do that, sir! The robin that bloodied his breast, sir, when he was tryin' to pick the nails out o' the Saviour's feet!"

The child looked up as he spoke with a face full of earnestness and horror. It was as if he had been begging for the life of a little human playfellow. When he named the Saviour's name, Simon shrank back from him with a look of terror, throwing up his trembling arm with an impulse to screen his face from the child's gaze. He dropped the nest, and the boy picked it up and ran away; but Simon had the wool and the eggs safe in his wallet. Nevertheless it had not been a good day, and he was in a restless and hungry humour. For his dinner he bruised down the ears of wheat into a paste, boiled the bird's eggs, and warmed the cold potatoes; and these, with a draught of water, made a meal which was quite enough. There was a dead thrush in the larder, but that must do for to-morrow. "Now that I have some prospect of doing well at last," said Simon, thinking of the quarry, "I need not spoil everything by extravagance!"

It was quite evening, and he still walked about; strolled some way into the woods, rubbing his thin hands together, and pondering his new scheme. The glorious harvest sunset cast a halo around his wretchedness, and flung after him trails of solemn splendour as he glided into the thickets. He was thinking, as he went, that after all it might be better to have the useless woods cut down. True, there would at first be some expense; but what a heap of money all this timber must produce. These idle giants might gradually be changed into golden pieces; it was not the first time that Simon had thought of the plan, but it had seemed a part of the fate of the masters of Tobereevil to cling with great faithfulness to the trees of the Wicked Woods, and to resist every temptation to lay them low. There was something in the fact that everything which involved expense at the first starting was sure to be shunned; but Simon had gathered confidence from the success of his negotiations with the shepherds, and from the impending success of the quarry. He did really entertain the idea of cutting down the woods.

The air grew more glowing as the sun sank nearer to the hills, and the trees basked in the golden glare. Simon thought not of the beauty of the world, nor of the blessings that fall from heaven, as he tottered in and out of the thickets, planning their destruction. Now that he had made up his mind to the idea he became almost delirious with impatience to have the value of the woods poured in gold into his lap, and walked about feebly, guiding himself by the branches. Thus did Simon take his last walk in the woods of Tobereevil. He had resolved upon their ruin, but another had been before him.

He returned to the house, and again felt the impossibility of sitting down quietly to think of the riches which promised to flow in upon him, so wandered through his melancholy mansion, up the staircase, all aflame with the setting sun, past the black burning nymphs, past the mutilated Flora, with her gay and floating garments, and away through many solitary chambers. He was in a busy mood this evening, and he wanted to see if there was anything under his roof which he could turn to profit, anything which he had overlooked and allowed to go to waste with that carelessness and extravagance of which he had

never been able to cure himself. He looked angrily at the fragments of discoloured velvet which hung above some of the windows. Perhaps from these the birds—robbers who came through broken windows—picked some of the rags and wool with which they lined their nest. Rags were worth money, and these rags must be fetched down and sent to market. He gloated over the few pieces of worm-eaten furniture which remained in the stately rooms, and which he resolved should be sold at a high price to the quarry-master who was to live at Monasterlea. He went up to the lobby where the goblin presses stood, containing those precious heir-looms which the pedlar had forborne to buy, ascertained that the goods were safe, and foresaw that some other merchant would be found wise enough to purchase them. Coming down again through the house in the gathering of twilight, he bethought him suddenly of a third great plan for the increase of his store. He would take down the mouldering mansion of Tobereevil, every stone of it, and turn it also into gold. These quarrymen would need good dwellings, many more than were to be found upon his land; so he would sell them his bricks and beams, his door-frames, and window-frames, and fireplaces; and another heap of gold would be the result. This third vision was too much for him; his head began to reel with the splendour of the hopes which spread before him. By the time he made his way to the lower staircase all the heavenly fires were burnt out for that day, the nymphs released from torture, and sleeping tranquilly, with the stars shining in at them. When at last he sought his chair of rest in his own particular den, he was utterly exhausted with his hopes. He tottered to the stand on which his pistols always lay, examined, and found them loaded, and placed them on the table beside him before he would sit down. The window-shutters were open, that he might have the last lingering light to bear him company as he sat, for neither candles nor fire were to be thought of in such weather. Very soon he would bar the shutters, and go to bed. He sank back in the chair, and closed his eyes, opened them again, and started, with his gaze fixed on the window, seeing Con's white face glaring at him with a dreadful look of meaning through the pane.

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

### "HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 183. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1872. PRICE TWO PENCE.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### CHAPTER VII. IN THE CITY.

THE descriptions of the great house of Calverley and Company, given respectively by Mr. and Mrs. Calverley, though differing essentially in many particulars, had each a substratum of truth. The house had been founded half a century before by John Lorraine, the eldest son of a broken-down but ancient family in the north of England, who in very early years had been sent up to London to shift for himself, and arriving there with the conventional half-crown in his pocket, was, of course, destined to fame and fortune. Needless to say that, like so many other merchant princes, heroes of history far more veracious than this, his first experiences were those of struggling adversity. He kept the books, he ran the errands, he fetched and carried for his master—the old East India agent in Great St. Helen's—and by his intelligence and industry he commended himself to the good graces of his superiors; and was not only able to maintain himself in a respectable position, but to provide for his two younger brothers, who were sipping from the fount of learning at the grammar-school of Penrith. These junior scions being brought to town, and applying themselves, not, indeed, with the same energy as their elder brother, but with a passable amount of interest and care to the duties set before them, were taken into partnership by John Lorraine when he went into business for himself, and helped, in a certain degree, to establish the fortunes of the house. Of these fortunes John Lorraine was the main-

spring and the principal producer; he had wonderful powers of foresight, and uncommon shrewdness in estimating the chances of any venture proposed to him, and with all these he was bold and lucky; "far too bold," his old employers said, with shaking heads, as they saw him gradually, but surely, outstripping them in the race; "far too lucky," his detractors growled, when they saw speculations, which had been offered to them and promptly declined, prosper auriferously in John Lorraine's hands.

As soon as John Lorraine saw the tide of fortune strongly setting in, he took to himself a wife, the daughter of one of his City friends, a man of tolerable wealth and great experience, who in his early days had befriended the struggling boy, and who thought his daughter could not have achieved higher honour or greater happiness. Whatever honour or happiness may have accrued to the young lady on her marriage did not last long, for, shortly after giving birth to her first child, a daughter, she died, and thenceforward John Lorraine devoted his life to the little girl, and to the increased fortune which she was to inherit. When little Jane had arrived at a more than marriageable age, and from a pretty fussy baby had grown into a thin, acidulated, opiated woman (a result attributable to the manner in which she had been spoiled by her indulgent father), John Lorraine's mind was mainly exercised as to what manner of man would propose for her with a likelihood of success. Hitherto, love affairs had been things almost unknown to his Jane, not from any unwillingness on her part to make their acquaintance, but principally because, notwithstanding the fortune which it was known she would bring to her husband,

none of the few young men who from time to time dined solemnly in the old-fashioned house in Brunswick-square, or acted as cavalier to its mistress at the Ancient Concerts, or the King's Theatre, could make up their minds to address her in anything but the most common phrases. That Miss Jane had a will of her own, and a tart manner of expressing her intention of having that will fulfilled; was also matter of common gossip; stories were current among the clerks at Mincing-lane of the "wiggings" which they had heard her administering to her father, when she drove down to fetch him away in her chariot, and when he kept her unduly waiting; the household servants in Brunswick-square had their opinion of Miss Jane's temper, and the tradesmen in the neighbourhood looked forward to the entrance of her thin, dark figure into their shops every Tuesday morning, for the performance of settling the books, with fear and trembling.

Old John Lorraine, fully appreciating his daughter's infirmities, though partly from affection, partly from fear, he never took upon himself to rebuke them, began to think that the fairy prince who was to wake this morally slumbering virgin to a sense of something better, to larger views and higher aims, to domestic happiness and married bliss, would never arrive. He came at last, however, in the person of George Gurwood, a big, broad-shouldered, jovial fellow, who, as a son of another of Lorraine's early friends, had some time previously been admitted as a partner into the house. Everybody liked good-looking, jolly George Gurwood. Lambton Lorraine and Lowther Lorraine, who, though now growing elderly men, had retained their bachelor tastes and habits, and managed to get through a great portion of the income accruing to them from the business, were delighted with his jovial manners, his sporting tendencies, his convivial predilections. When the fact of George's paying his addresses to their niece was first promulgated, Lambton had a serious talk with his genial partner, warning him against tying himself for life to a woman with whom he had no single feeling in common. But George laughed at the caution, and declined to be guided by it. "Miss Lorraine was not much in his line," he said; "perhaps a little given to tea and psalm-smiting, but it would come all right; he should get her into a different way; and as the dear old gov'nor" (by which title George always

affectionately spoke of his senior partner) "seemed to wish it, he was not going to stand in the way. He wanted a home, and Jane should make him a jolly one, he'd take care of that."

Jane Lorraine married George Gurwood, but she did not make him a home. Her rigid bearing and unyielding temper were too strong for his plastic, pliable nature; for many months the struggle for mastery was carried on between them, but in the end George—jolly George no longer—gave way. He had made a tolerable good fight of it, and had used every means in his power to induce her to be less bitter, less furtive, less inexorable in the matter of his dinings-out, his sporting transactions, his constant desire to see his table surrounded by congenial company. "I have tried to gentle her," he said to Lowther Lorraine one day, "as I would a horse, and there has never been one of them yet that I could not coax and pet into good temper; I'd spend any amount of money on her, and let her have her own way in most things if she would only just let me have mine in a few. I have tried her with a sharp bit and a pair of 'persuaders,' but that was no more use than the gentling! She's as hard as nails, Lowther, my boy, and I don't see my way out of it, that's the truth. So come along and have a B and S."

If having a B and S—George's abbreviation for soda-water and brandy—would have helped him to see his way out of his difficulties, he would speedily have been able to perceive it, for thenceforward his consumption of that and many other kinds of liquids was enormous. Wretched in his home, George Gurwood took to drinking to drown care, but, as in most similar cases, the demon proved himself far too buoyant to be overwhelmed even by the amount which George poured upon him. He was drinking morning, noon, and night, and was generally in a more or less muddled state. When he went to business, which was now very seldom, some of the clerks in the office laughed at him, which was bad enough, while others pitied him, which was worse. The story of George's dissipation was carefully kept from John Lorraine, who had virtually retired from the business, and devoted himself to nursing his rheumatism, and to superintending the education of his grandson, a fine boy of five or six years of age, but Lambton and Lowther held many colloquies together, the end of them all being their

both agreeing that they could not tell what was to be done with George Gurwood. What was to be done with him was soon settled by George Gurwood himself. Even his powerful constitution had been unable to withstand the ravages which constant drinking had inflicted upon it. He was seized with an attack of delirium tremens while attending a race meeting at Warwick, and during the temporary absence of the night nurse jolly George Gurwood terminated his earthly career by jumping from the bedroom window of the hotel into the yard below.

Then it was that the investigation of the affairs of the firm, consequent upon the death of one of the partners, revealed the serious state in which matters stood. All the name and fame, the large fortune, the enormous colonial business, the commercial credit which John Lorraine had spent his life in building up, had been gradually crumbling away. Two years more of this decadence, such as the perusal of the firm's books exhibited had taken place during the last ten years, and the great house of Lorraine Brothers would be in the Bankruptcy Court. Then it was that Mr. Calverley, hitherto only known as a plodding, reliable head clerk, thoroughly conversant with all details of business, but never having shown any peculiar capabilities, came forward and made his mark. At the meeting of the creditors he expounded his views so lucidly, and showed so plainly how, by reorganising the business in every department, it could once more be put on a safe and proper footing, and reinstated in its old position as one of the leading houses in the City, that the helm was at once put into his hands. So safely and prosperously did he steer the ship that, before old John Lorraine died, he saw the business in Mincing-lane, though no longer conducted under its old name (Mr. Calverley had made a point of that, and had insisted on claiming whatever was due to his ability and exertions), more flourishing than in its best days; while Lambton and Lowther, who had been paid out at the reorganisation of affairs, and had thought themselves very lucky at escaping being sucked in by the expected whirlpool, were disgusted at the triumphant results of the operations of a man by whom they had set so little store, and complained indignantly of their ill-treatment.

And then John Calverley, who, as one of the necessities involved in carrying out his business transactions, had been frequently brought into communication with the

widowed Mrs. Gurwood, first conceived the idea of making her an offer of marriage. Pretty nearly forty years of his life had been spent in a state of bachelorhood, though he had not been without the comforts of a home. He was thoroughly domesticated by nature, simple in his tastes, shy and shrinking from society, and engrossed by his unceasing labour during the day, that it was his happiness at night to put aside from his mind everything relating, however remotely, to his City toil, and to sit drinking his tea, and placidly chatting, reading, or listening to his old mother, from whom since his childhood he had never been separated. The first great grief of John Calverley's life, the death of this old lady, took place very shortly after he had assumed the reins of government in Mincing-lane, and since then his home had been dull and cheerless. He sorely felt the want of a companion, but he knew nobody whom he could ask to share his lot. He had but rare opportunities of making the acquaintance of any ladies, but Mrs. Gurwood had been thrown in his way by chance, and, after some little hesitation, he ventured to propose to her. The proposition was not disagreeable to Jane Gurwood. For sometime past she had felt the loss of some constantly present object on which to vent her bile; her tongue and her temper were both becoming rusty by disuse, and in the meek, pleasant little man, now rich and well-to-do, she thought she saw a very fitting recipient for both. So John Calverley and Jane Gurwood were married, with what result we have already seen.

The offices in Mincing-lane remained pretty much in the same state as they had been in old John Lorraine's day. They had been painted, of course, many times since he first entered upon their occupation, but in the heart of the City the brilliancy of paint does not last very long, and in a very few months after the ladders and scaffoldings had been removed, the outside woodwork relapsed into its state of grubbiness. There was a talk at one time of making some additions to the building, to provide accommodation for the increased staff of clerks which it had been found necessary to engage, but Mr. Calverley thought that the rooms originally occupied by Lambton and Lowther Lorraine would do very well for the newly appointed young gentlemen, and there accordingly they set up their high desks and stools, their enormous ledgers and day-books. The elderly men, who had been John Lorraine's colleagues

and subordinates in bygone years, still remained attached to the business, but their employer, not unmindful of the good services they had rendered, and conscious, perhaps, that without their aid he might have had some difficulty in carrying out his reorganisation so successfully, took means to lighten their duties and to place them rather in the position of overseers and superintendents, leaving the grinding desk-work to be performed by their juniors. Of these young gentlemen there were several. They inhabited the lower floor of the warehouse, and the most presentable of them were told off to see any stray customers that might enter. The ships' captains, the brokers, and the consignees, knew their way about the premises, and passed in and out unheeded, but occasionally strangers arrived with letters of introduction, or foreign merchants put in a fantastic appearance, and for the benefit of these there was a small glazed waiting-room set apart, with one or other of the presentable clerks to attend to them.

About a fortnight after Pauline's first visit, about the middle of the day, Mr. Walker, one of the clerks, entered the large office, and proceeded to hang up his hat and to doff his coat, preparatory to putting on a sporting-looking garment made of shepherd's plaid, with extremely short tails, and liberally garnished with ink spots. Judging from his placid, satisfied appearance, and from the fact that he carried a toothpick between his lips, which he was elegantly chewing, one might have guessed, without fear of contradiction, that Mr. Walker had just returned from dinner.

"You shouldn't hurry yourself in this way, Postman, you really shouldn't," said Mr. Briscoe, one of the presentable clerks aforementioned. "You will spoil your digestion if you do; and fancy what a calamity that would be to a man of your figure. You have only been out an hour and a quarter, and I understand they have sent round from Lake's to Newgate Market for some more joints."

"Don't you be funny, William," said Mr. Walker, wiping his lips, and slowly climbing on to his stool; "it isn't in your line, and you might hurt yourself."

"Hurt myself," echoed Mr. Briscoe. "I will hurt you, and spoil your appetite too, when I get the chance, keeping a fellow hanging on here, waiting for his luncheon, while you are gorging yourself to repletion for one and ninepence. Only you wait till next week, when it's my turn to go out at

one, and you will see what a twist I'll give you. However, one comfort is, I'm off at last." And Mr. Briscoe jumped from his seat, and proceeded towards the hat-pegs.

"No you're not," said Mr. Walker, who had commenced a light dessert on a half-hundred of walnuts, which he had purchased at a stall on his way; "there's a party just come into the private office, William, and as you're picked out for that berth on account of your beauty and superior manners, you will have to attend to her. A female party, do you hear, William; so brush your hair, and pull down your wristbands, and make a swell of yourself."

Mr. Briscoe looked with great disgust towards the partition through the dulled glass, on which he saw the outline of a female figure, then, stepping across, he opened a pane in the glass, and inquired what was wanted.

"I called here some time ago," said Pauline, for it was she, "and left a letter for Mr. Calverley. I was told he was out of town, but would return in a few days. Perhaps he is now here?"

"Mr. Calverley has returned," said Mr. Briscoe, in his most fascinating manner, a compound of the familiarity with which he addressed the waitresses in the eating-houses and the nonchalance with which he regarded the duchesses in the Park. "I believe he is engaged just now, but I will let him know you are here. What name shall I say?"

"Say Madame Du Tertre, if you please," said Pauline; "and mention that he has already had a letter from me."

Mr. Briscoe bowed, and delivered his message through a speaking tube which communicated with Mr. Calverley's room. In reply he was instructed to bring the lady up-stairs, and bidding Pauline follow him, he at once introduced her into the presence of his chief.

As his visitor entered, Mr. Calverley rose from the desk at which he was seated, and graciously motioned her to a chair, looking hard at her from under his light eyebrows meanwhile.

Pauline was the first to speak. After she had seated herself, and Mr. Calverley had resumed his place at his desk, she leaned forward and said, "I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Calverley?"

"That is my name," said John, with a bow and a pleasant smile. "In what way can I have the pleasure of being of service to you?"

"You speak kindly, Mr. Calverley, and your appearance is just what I had expected. You received a letter from me—a strange letter you thought it; is it not so?"

"Well," said John, "it was not the sort of letter I have been in the habit of receiving, it was not strictly a business kind of letter, you know."

"It was not addressed to you in your strictly business capacity, Mr. Calverley; it was written from the heart, a thing which does not often enter into business matters, I believe. It was written because I have heard of you as a man of benevolence and charity, interested in the fate of foreigners and exiles, able, if willing, to do what I wish."

"My dear madam," said John Calverley, "I fear you much exaggerate any good qualities I may possess. The very nature of my business throws me into constant communication with people from other countries, and if they are unfortunate I endeavour to help them to the best of my power. Such power is limited to the giving away of small sums of money, and helping them to return to their native country, to getting them employment if they desire to remain here, or recommending them to hospitals if they are ill; but yours is a peculiar case, if I recollect your letter rightly; I have it here, and can refer to it—"

"There is no occasion to do that. I can explain more fully and more promptly by word of mouth. Mine is, as you say, a peculiar case. I am the daughter of a retired officer of artillery, who lived at Lyons. At his death I married Monsieur Du Tertre, who was engaged as a traveller for one of the large silk factories there. He was frequently coming to England, and spoke the language well. He taught it to me, and I, to aid an income which was but small, taught it again to several pupils in my native city. My husband, like most Frenchmen of his class, took a vivid interest in politics, and was mixed up in several of the more prominent Republican societies. One day, immediately after his return from a foreign journey, he was arrested, and since then, save on the day of his trial, I have not set eyes upon him. I know not where he is; he may be in the cachots of Mont Saint Michele; he may be kept au secret in the Conciergerie; he may be exiled to Cayenne; I know not. All I know is, I shall never see him again. 'Avec ces gens là il faut en finir,' was all the reply I could get to my inquiries—they must be finished, done with, stamped out,

what you will. There," continued Pauline, brushing her eyes with her handkerchief, "it is not often that I give way, monsieur; my life is too stern and too hard for that. After he was taken from me I could remain in Lyons no longer. It is not alone upon the heads of families that the Imperial Government revenges itself, so I came away to England, bringing with me all that I had saved, all that I could scrape together, after selling everything we possessed, and the result is that I have, monsieur, a sum of two thousand pounds, which I wish to place in your hands, begging you to invest it in such a manner as will enable me to live honestly, and with something like decency, for the remainder of my days."

John Calverley had listened to this recital with great attention, and when Pauline ceased speaking he said to her, with a half-grave smile: "The remainder of your days, madam, is likely, I hope, to be a tolerably long period, for you are evidently quite a young woman. Now, with regard to your proposition, you yourself say it is unbusiness-like, and I must confess it strikes me as being so in the highest degree. You know nothing of me, beyond seeing my name as a subscriber to certain charities, or having heard it mentioned as that of a man who takes some interest in assisting foreigners in distress, and yet you offer to place in my hands what constitutes your entire fortune, and intrust me with the disposal of it. I really do not think," said John Calverley, hesitating, "I can possibly undertake—"

"One moment, Mr. Calverley," said Pauline. "The responsibility of declining to take this money will be far greater than of accepting it, for if you decline to act for me I will consult no one else; I will act on my own impulse, and shall probably either invest the sum in some swindling company, or squander and spend it."

"You must not do that," said John, promptly; "you must not think of doing that. Two thousand pounds is not a very large sum of money, but, properly invested, a lady without encumbrance," said John, with a dim recollection of the formula of servants' advertisements, "might live very comfortably on the interest, more especially if she had no home to keep up."

"But, monsieur, I must always have a home, a lodging, a something to live in," said Pauline, with a shrug.

"Yes, of course," said John Calverley, rather absently, for at the moment a notable plan had suggested itself to him, and he



was revolving it in his mind. "Where are you living now, Madame Du Tertre?"

"I have a lodging—a bed-room—in Poland-street," she replied.

"Dear me," said John Calverley, in horrified amazement. "Poland-street? I know, of course; back of the Pantheon—very stuffy and grimy, children playing battledore and shuttlecock in the street, organ-men and fish-barrows, and all that kind of thing; not at all pleasant."

"No," said Pauline, with a repetition of her shrug; "but beggars have no choice, as the proverb says."

"Did it ever occur to you," said John, nervously, "that you might become a companion to a lady—quite comfortable, you know, and well treated, made one of the family, in point of fact?" he added, again recurring to the advertisement formula.

Pauline's eyes glistened at once, but her voice was quite calm as she said: "I have never thought of such a thing. I don't know whether I should like it. It would, of course, depend upon the family."

"Of course," assented John. "I was thinking of— Do you play the piano, Madame Du Tertre?"

"Oh yes, sufficiently well."

"Ah," said John, unconsciously, "some of it does go a long way. Well, I was thinking that perhaps—"

"Mrs. Calverley, sir," said Mr. Briscoe, throwing open the door.

Mrs. Calverley walked into the room, looking so stern and defiant that her husband saw he must take immediate action to prevent the outbreak of a storm. Since that evening in Great Walpole-street, when John Calverley had plucked up his spirit, and ventured to assert himself, his wife, though cold and grim as ever, had kept more outward control over her temper, and had almost ceased to give vent to the virulent railery in which she formerly indulged. Like most despots she had been paralysed when her meek slave rebelled against her tyranny, and had stood in perpetual fear of him ever since.

"You come at a very opportune moment, Jane," said John Calverley.

"It scarcely seems so," said his wife, from between her closed lips. "I was afraid I might be regarded as an unpleasant interruption to a private interview."

"It is I, madam," said Pauline, rising, "who am the interrupter here. My business with Mr. Calverley is ended, and I will now retire."

"Pray stay, Madame Du Tertre," said

John, motioning her again to her chair. "This lady, Jane, is Madame Du Tertre, a foreigner and a stranger in England."

"But not a stranger to the history of Madame Calverley," said Pauline, rising gracefully; "not a stranger to the beneficence, the charities, the piety of Mademoiselle Lorraine; not a stranger," she added, in a lower tone, "to the sainted sufferings of Madame Gurwood. Ah, madame! though I have been but a very short time in this great City of London, I have heard of you, of your religion, and your goodness, and I am honoured in the opportunity of being able to kiss your hand." And suiting the action to the word, Pauline took Jane Calverley's plum-coloured gauntlet into her own neatly gloved palm, and pressed it to her lips.

Mrs. Calverley was so taken aback at this performance that, beyond muttering "not worthy," and "too generous," she said nothing. But her husband marked the faint blush of satisfaction which spread over her clay-coloured complexion, and took advantage of the impression made to say:

"Madame Du Tertre, my dear Jane, is a French lady, a widow with a small fortune, which she wishes me to invest for her in the best way possible. In the mean time she is a stranger here in London, as I said before, and she has no comfortable lodging and no friends. I thought perhaps that, as I am compelled by business to be frequently absent from home, and am likely to continue to be so, it might break the loneliness of your life if Madame Du Tertre, who speaks our language well, and plays the piano, and is no doubt generally accomplished, might come as your visitor for a short time, and then if you found you suited each other, one might make some more permanent arrangement."

When Jane Calverley first entered the room and saw a lady gossiping with her husband, she thought she had discovered the means of bringing him to shame, and making his life a burden to him. Now in his visitor she saw, as she thought, a woman possessing qualities such as she admired, but for which she never gave her husband credit, and one who might render her efficient aid in her life's campaign against him. Even if what had been told her were false, and that this woman were an old friend of his, as a visitor in Great Walpole-street Mrs. Calverley would have her under her own eye, and she believed sufficiently in her own powers of penetra-

tion to enable her to judge of the relations between them. So that after a little more talk the visit was determined on, and it was arranged that the next day Madame Du Tertre should remove to her new quarters.

"And now," said Pauline, as she knocked at Mr. Mogg's door, whither the Calverley's carriage had brought her, "and now, Monsieur Tom Durham, gare à vous! For this day I have laid the beginning of the train which, sooner or later, shall blow your newly built castle of happiness into the air!"

### NUTS.

NUTS play a more important part in everyday life than most of us are apt to suppose. They are usually little things, yet not little in their usefulness. What a nut really is, is rather a puzzling question. Is it a seed, or a berry, or a fruit, or a seed-pod, or a kernel? The truth seems to be that, in commerce and in manufactures, in familiar discourse and in domestic economy, the name is given, somewhat at random, to all these varieties of vegetable growth. Nevertheless, the true nut is a true fruit. Botanically, a nut (*nux*) denotes "a one-celled fruit, with a hardened pericarp, containing, when mature, only one seed." Popularly, a nut is "a fruit which has the seed inclosed in a bony, woody, or leathery covering, not opening when ripe." When in England we speak simply of nuts, we usually mean hazel-nuts; on the Continent the name more frequently denotes walnuts. Including nuts of all kinds, all countries, and applied to all purposes, the consumption is astonishingly large. Mr. P. L. Simmonds, who has recently collected much information on this nutty subject, tells us that, besides home growth, we import nuts and nut-produce to the value of three to four millions sterling annually, more than half of which is purchased for the sake of the oil contained in the nuts.

Edible nuts, those of which the kernel is eaten as a pleasant fruit, are, so far as English taste is concerned, chiefly the hazel, filbert, walnut, chestnut, almond, and cocoanut. Our hazel-nuts, or Spanish-nuts, are nearly all brought from Spain; we buy them at about ten or twelve shillings a bushel. Among the small rogueries of trade is that of giving a rich colour to inferior Spanish nuts before they leave that country, by means of sulphur fumes. Good and bad

together, we import three hundred thousand bushels of these nuts every year. The Kentish cob-nut is a sort of large round hazel-nut. Most of the filberts sold in London are grown in Kent, the soil of which is in some parts so favourable as to yield thirty hundredweights of filberts per acre—a highly profitable crop to the grower. We grow most of our chestnuts; those imported from France and Spain cost from twelve to sixteen shillings a bushel. The French are so fond of this fruit that they are said to consume six million bushels of them annually—more than half a peck of chestnuts to every man, woman, and child in France. In Spain and North Italy chestnuts form a regular article of food, preserved during the winter in layers of sand or straw, or else husked and dried. Starch is made out of a large kind of chestnut. Walnuts, when young and green, are pickled with the husks; when a little older, either with or without the husks. In the edible state as ripe walnuts, about the month of September or October, they are pronounced by dietetic philosophers to be wholesome when the skin is easily separable from the kernel, but not otherwise. Our importations of this fruit are every year increasing, chiefly from France and Belgium; six shillings a bushel is about an average price. Almonds are increasing in consumption in England very rapidly; they grow luxuriantly in Spain and Barbary; indeed, Spain is, par excellence, the country for nuts. The sweet almond, besides being eaten as a pleasant fruit, is used in confectionery, and for conversion into burnt almonds; while the bitter variety are used in making liqueurs, macaroons, and medicines. Pistachio-nuts are not much eaten as a fruit; they are more used in cooking and confectionery, and in making soap, hair-oil, and cosmetics. The dark-eyed Spanish beauties are said to apply an emulsion of pistachio-nut to their black hair. Brazil-nuts are brought chiefly from the country which gives them their name, whence our merchants obtain them at about ten shillings per bushel. Ground-nuts are found in a peculiar position, just under the surface of the ground, whence their name, *Arachis hypogea*. They grow abundantly in hot climates, chiefly near the west coast of Africa, whence they are exported in thousands of tons every year. The kernel is eaten as a fruit, parched as food, and roasted as a substitute for chocolate. The meal is known to be nutritious—good whether made into a porridge, a custard, or a beve-

rage. The prodigious quantity of half a million bushels of these nuts is said to be imported annually into New York. The French *amande de terre*, a kind of earth-nut, is eaten as a fruit, made into orgeat, and roasted as a substitute for coffee. Pine-seeds are really nuts, eaten in some countries as an occasional fruit, in others as a regular article of food, usually boiled.

It is the oil-yielding property of nuts, however, which constitutes their chief value. Almost every kind of nut contains oil, in small if not in large proportion, obtainable by pressure and by other means. The Brazil-nut, just mentioned, will yield nearly half its weight of a bland oil, useful in cooking and confectionery. The almond-nut is rich in oil, nearly colourless, and applied to many purposes in medicine. Oil obtained from the walnut is much used on the Continent in cooking, as a fuel for lamps, and to mix with artists' colours; the nut yields the oil by cold-pressing and then hot-pressing. The hazel-nut gives up more than half its weight of bland oil, used by perfumers. The cashew-nut yields oil. The beech-nut is utilised in England chiefly as a food for swine, who are allowed to cater for themselves under the beech-trees, especially in the New Forest; whereas the French make coarse bread of beech-nut meal, roast it into a substitute for coffee, and obtain from it an oil useful in culinary concoctions. The candle-nut of the East contains an oil which renders good service in making soap, in lighting lamps, and as a drying oil for painters. The nutmeg, which we import from the Straits' Settlements, is chiefly known to us as a spice; but, on being pressed, it gives forth a concrete oil known as nutmeg-butter; while the oil called oil of mace, is really oil of nutmeg obtained by distillation. The Americans have found out that their hickory-nut is rich in a limpid oil, very serviceable in lubricating machinery and watchwork.

The cocoa-nut eclipses in importance all the kinds hitherto described. Its uses are numerous, valuable, and varied. Our importation of three or four million cocoa-nuts every year may seem large; indeed, it is large, when compared with the trade twenty years back; but it gives us little idea of the luxurious growth of this fruit in intertropical climes. There are said to be two hundred and eighty miles of cocoa-nut trees along the coast of Brazil; Malabar, besides supplying home demand, exports four hundred million cocoa-nuts annually, besides an equal value of copperah or dried

kernels; and there are seven million cocoa-nut trees in Travancore. As for ourselves, we import these nuts almost wholly for eating, as a pleasant fruit, and give from twelve to eighteen shillings per hundred for them; they come mostly from the West Indies and Guiana. The milky liquid contained within the nut is also pleasant to the taste. The oil expressed from the nut is, nevertheless, becoming more important than the fruit as an edible. Even the Fiji Islanders, occupying a tiny spot in the great Pacific, manage to press out several hundred tons of oil from their nuts, and to export it in Australian trading-ships. The copperah, or dried kernel, is the chief source of the oil as usually obtained. A Ceylon cocoa-nut tree will, on an average, yield about a hundred nuts each year for sixty or seventy years. From twelve to sixteen nuts will give two quarts of oil, by boiling, pounding, pressing, and skimming; but when the nuts are exported from the country of their growth for oil-pressing in England or other countries, the kernels are dried over a charcoal fire, then dried in the sun, and, finally, ground into copperah. Hydraulic and steam-presses are now used in Ceylon for pressing cocoa-nut oil; the refuse oil-cake is available as a food for poultry, and as a rich manure. Another valuable product of the cocoa-nut is the coir, the fibre which envelopes the shell. The nuts imported by us would yield half a million pounds of fibre annually, if utilised; but the main supply of coir required by our manufacturers comes to us in bales of fibre, already separated from the shell. In order to effect this separation, each nut is struck sharply on the point of a stake or spike, stuck in the ground; and the fibre, thus loosened, is beaten, soaked, and washed; the tannin contained in it prevents it from rotting. Coir is difficult to twist into yarn; but, when twisted, it makes excellent rope and cordage for ships, strong, light, and elastic. The first use of it made in England was to stuff mattresses; then into rough cordage and mats, brushes, and brooms; but it has gradually come largely into requisition for table-mats, fancy baskets, netting for pheasantries and poultry yards, church cushions and hassocks, clothes-lines, garden-string, horses' nose-bags, mats and bags for seed-crushers and oil-pressers, and even as a component element in the material for womens' bonnets. The hard part of the shell is wrought into cups, baskets, ladles, spoons, and other articles; while, when burnt and pulver-

ized, it yields a rich jet-black. What are called sea cocoa-nuts obtained that name from the circumstance that the nuts were found floating on the surface of the sea in the Indian Ocean. For a long time it was not known whence they came, but at length it was found out that they grew in the Seychelles Islands, where magnificent forests of them exist, and where the nuts profusely strew the ground. These nuts are so large that the shells of some of them will hold two or three quarts each; the shells are carved into baskets, bowls, jars, dishes, grain measures, liquid measures, paint-bowls, and other articles; if divided between the lobes, each half is made to serve as a plate, dish, or cup.

It would be no easy matter to enumerate all the useful services which the cocoa-nut, and the other parts of the tree to which it belongs, render to man, especially in the East. The kernel is not eaten as we eat it, as fruit, but is prepared in a variety of ways for curries and other dishes; the milky juice is relished as a pleasant beverage; the oil is used in making stearine candles and marine soap, and, in tropical countries, lamp-oil, ointment, and an aid to cookery; the resin from the trunk, mixed with the oil from the nut, and melted, forms a substance useful for filling up the seams of ships and boats, covering the corks of bottles, and repelling the attacks of the white ant; the root possesses narcotic properties, and is sometimes chewed like the areca-nut. The terminal bud is esteemed a delicacy, although not easily obtainable without cutting down the tree. The sap, or toddy, is a beverage, and is also fermented to produce palm-wine and arrack-spirit. The dried leaves are used for thatch, and for making screens, mats, baskets, and a kind of plait; while the mid-rib of the leaf serves the natives as an oar. The wood of the lower part of the stem is very hard, takes a beautiful polish, and is known to our turners and ornamental joiners as porcupine wood; the fibrous centre of the older stems is worked like coir into cordage and similar articles. The husk of the ripe nut, when cut across, is used for polishing furniture and scrubbing floors. Within the nut is occasionally found a small stony substance of a bluish white colour, worn by the Chinese as a kind of amulet or charm. In short, the cocoa-nut tree is one of the most useful products of the tropical regions. We must not, however, run into a mistake too often made, that of confounding the cocoa-nut tree

with the cocoa, cacao, or chocolate tree; the former, the *Cocos nucifera*, is from sixty to a hundred feet high; whereas the latter, the *Cacao theobroma*, seldom exceeds twenty feet in height, and is of a very different growth.

The most really important oil-nut, so far as English manufactures, at any rate, are concerned, is the oil-palm of Africa. The cocoa-nut tree is itself one genus of palm, but the kind now under notice is different. Most of the oil is obtained from the pulpy fruit which envelopes the kernel. This pulp, forming about three-fourths of the weight of the fruit, is bruised and boiled, and from it is obtained an oil which, when fresh, has a pleasant odour like that of violets; when removed into colder regions it assumes the consistency of butter. The quantity of this semi-solid oil imported into England is becoming enormously large; last year it exceeded one million hundred-weights, having a wholesale value of nearly eighteen hundred thousand pounds sterling. It is a commodity of much importance to Central Africa, seeing that the natives are provided, through it, with numberless useful articles from England by means of legitimate industry and commerce, in regions which used to be cursed by slave wars and slave trading. Palm oil is used in this country for making many kinds of soap, and the lubricating grease used for the wheels of locomotives and vehicles of various kinds; but its great application is in making candles, for which its introduction has been notably beneficial. The Africans use the oil, when fresh, as butter. The kernels were formerly thrown away; but as they contain a clear and limpid oil, they are now brought profitably into use: the two kinds are distinguished as palm oil and palm-nut oil. The unripe nuts are used in some parts of Africa for making a kind of soup. The trunk yields a sap which constitutes a pleasant and harmless beverage when fresh, but becomes an alcoholic intoxicating liquor when kept even one day.

Our dyers and tanners use so large a quantity of valonia as to cost them nearly half a million sterling annually; it is a portion of the nut, the acorn-cup, of an African tree. Myrobalan, another nut, is used in tanning and in ink-making. The so-called gall-nut, or nut-gall, of which the use in dying and ink-making is extensive, is not really a nut; it is an excrescence formed on the trunks of the oak and other trees in Southern Europe, made by

the punctures of the female gad-fly. Vegetable ivory is the kernel of the nut of a Peruvian palm-tree, white, and exceedingly hard; they come over to England by millions, and are made at Birmingham into buttons, knobs, spindle-reels, umbrella-handles, and small boxes and trinkets; good chemical charcoal can be made from the shavings and waste. Betel-nuts are used in the East for chewing, and in Europe for tooth-powder and tooth-paste. Coquilla-nuts, having a hard kernel, are used for the same purposes as vegetable ivory.

And thus it is that we give ourselves a veritable nut to crack, in attempting to enumerate all the virtues of nuts.

#### SIXPENCE A DAY.

Of all known maxims, in poetry or prose, perhaps the one the least in vogue at the present day is the notion that "Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long." On the contrary, man wants as much as possible here below, in this tragedy-comedy of High Life Below Stairs, and woman sometimes twice as much as possible. Of course, they have it; their doing without it is quite out of the question. They must keep up appearances, must do as other people do, and cannot make themselves the scarecrows of their square or their terrace. The consequence too often is, that they do not have it, however much they may want it, long. A day comes when they disappear; and none of their former friends can tell you whether they are squatting in Australia or semi-starving in the Seven Dials.

Between spending twice your income and reducing your horse to a straw a day—between a house for show, servants for show, extravagant dinners and suppers for show, and miserly deprivation of comforts, even necessities—there assuredly exists a mean. But prodigality is ever more popular than prudence. Economy is held to scorn, as being a mere pretext for penuriousness. "Une poire pour la soif," a something against a rainy day, if ever thought of, are soon forgotten by spendthrifts who, afterwards, when cloudy weather, Ovid's tempora nubila, comes, would thankfully accept the deficient umbrella and pear.

One great proof of common sense is to be able to distinguish between the comforts, even the luxuries, and the absolutely unnecessary expenses of living. It is difficult to

speak of superfluities, because, under differing circumstances, there clearly exist both necessary and unnecessary superfluities. According to some philosophers, everything beyond mere shelter from the storm, and bread and water, with an occasional treat of herbs or vegetables, is superfluous. But for most persons, many superfluities beyond that simple allowance are absolutely necessities. Still, the important fact remains that many, very many superfluities are perfectly unnecessary, and may be dispensed with, without any loss either of personal well-being or of social position, in the eyes, that is, of sensible people whose good opinion is alone worth retaining. For the greatest of all comforts, short of bodily and mental health, is the consciousness of being out of debt, and the firm resolution to keep out of debt is certainly a virtue which ought to raise a household in the estimation of their neighbours and friends.

Example in frugality is better than precept. When the New Poor Law was discussed in the House of Lords, it was objected to it that its dietary was inhumanely insufficient. Whereupon, Doctor Stanley, late Bishop of Norwich, rose and startled the Upper Chamber by stating that he had tried the regulated allowance on his own proper person—that he had strictly followed the union house regimen, confining himself to the pauper diet—and that he found it more than sufficient; he could not eat it all. The argument seemed unanswerable; no test could apparently be stronger than a personal test. And yet it might have been objected that the quantity and quality of the food which sufficed for the intellectual, nervous, indoor-living ecclesiastic, who had taken nutriment at will all his life long, might be insufficient for the stolid, outdoor-working labourer, whose bodily frame was like an empty sponge, ready to absorb and assimilate whatever came uppermost, having never had its fill in the course of his life.

There are two reasons for living on a little, which are quite different, though of nearly equal importance. The first is economy, the wisdom of cutting one's garment according to one's cloth, and the prudence of even leaving a margin and a remnant wherewith to patch and mend accidental wear and tear. The other is the consideration of health; how much and what food, drink, and indulgence are needful to sustain a person's bodily strength, and at what point any excess of that limit becomes injurious. It is clear here that no

strict rule can be laid down, except the general principle of moderation in all things. The whole will depend on the work to be done, the climate dwelt in, and even the sex of the individual; for a mother nursing a vigorous infant and undertaking its entire care herself, will call for a diet different to that of the young lady whose mental and bodily exertions go no further than light literature and carriage drives. The steam must be kept up, the fire well alight, and the human locomotive in full play and action, whether one lives on sixpence, a shilling, or twenty shillings a day. Otherwise, it is starvation by inches and extinction of the lamp for want of oil.

Necessity is the mother of invention. Economical living is naturally the parent of economical travelling. Some ten years since, there came out in Paris the *Voyage d'un Artiste en Suisse, à Trois Francs Cinquante Centimes par Jour*—An Artist's Journey in Switzerland, at Three Francs and a Half (two shillings and elevenpence) per Day. The author, Monsieur A. Desbarrolles, who practised painting and palmistry, acquired greater fame as a professor of and writer on chiromancy than as an artist in any usual acceptation of the word. He was even permitted to inspect an imperial hand, which filled him with wonder and admiration, but the augury derived from which he discreetly refrained from making public. He was not allowed to see the hands either of the imperial lady or of her youthful son. Our business, however, is with the book of travel, which certainly worked great good, by opening up a cheap Switzerland to modest purses. To solve the problem, How to see Switzerland for three francs and a half per day, Monsieur Desbarrolles' means of locomotion are Shanks's mare and the ten-toe carriage. Nothing is allowed for that, not even shoe-leather. Moreover, the traveller must be content with two meals a day; breakfast of coffee, milk, bread, butter, and honey, one franc; dinner, a franc and a half, including such an allowance of wine as he can get for the money; bed one franc, with a stern refusal to pay for candle or bougie. Waiter and chambermaid, nothing. Total, three francs fifty centimes.

This book is amusing from its intense Anglophobia, which we may pardon, considering the service it has rendered. Of course it is no favourite with numberless innkeepers, who would like to see it burnt by the public executioner; nevertheless, it has directed considerable custom to those

who are willing to meet (or even approximate to) the demand for fair accommodation at moderate charges. Monsieur Desbarrolles boldly carried out the ideas which were long ago suggested by Töpffer's charming *Voyages en Zigzag*. His grand arcanum for the economical traveller is to fix his prices beforehand. Nor can it be too strongly insisted on that the whole art of cheap travelling in Switzerland consists in following that recommendation. Have no shame or hesitation in doing it. The innkeeper would think you a fool if you had.

But here comes the crucial question applicable to all screwing systems of living. Is what can be had for this money sufficient to sustain nature under the circumstances? A more substantial breakfast than that allowed by Monsieur Desbarrolles is required by most constitutions while making a walking tour with only two meals a day. Extra fatigue demands extra restoratives. Monsieur Desbarrolles' great merit is his having shown the way to economy in travelling. For most persons his allowance is too scanty. But double, or even triple it, and it is not dear.

Travelling on foot is more than ever the only way to see the wayside incidents and rural life of a country. In the coaching and diligence days you beheld something of them, and caught occasionally characteristic and humorous glimpses of a people. On railroads you get sight of almost nothing, as far as the population and their ways are concerned; and on some railroads, as in certain parts of Northern Italy, they screen that nothing from your view by planting thick acacia-hedges on each side of the rail, so that you might as well be travelling between two walls. To avoid this privation your only help is to take a hired horse-carriage, or to go on foot.

But pedestrian trips imply the possession of strength, sustained by due nourishment. To travel for pleasure, and submit to the privations of a pauper, is a less wise proceeding than to stop at home. A late prelate of the English Church, distinguished alike for his liberal views and his ardent love of mountaineering, before his elevation to the bench, once encountered in the Highlands of Scotland a Cambridge acquaintance who was also exploring their scenery on foot. They joined company for awhile, but, as usually happens, their pace was not equal, one soon outstripped the other. At last the laggard could bear it no longer. "Don't walk so fast," he piteously pleaded. "It is all very well for you, who are rich. You

can take as much out of yourself as you like. But I am travelling on a stinted sum per day, and, to confess the truth, I can't afford to perspire."

A similar fear may deter people from reading *How to Live on Sixpence a Day*.\* They may apprehend the loss of their strength, should they be beguiled into following its frugal precepts. Let them discard such vain alarms. Doctor Nichols's little treatise is a masterpiece, because, besides being written with great good sense, it admits a certain degree of elasticity. Thus it tells us that "pure light wines are the best drink for men, next to water—far better than coffee or tea." But how to get pure light wines while living on sixpence a day it refrains from indicating. Some of its rules read like the celebrated Highgate oath: "Never drink hard or dirty water, if you can get that which is soft and clean." Amplifying the maxim, we might interpret its advice as: "Never live on sixpence a day when you can live on half a crown, unless you like it best."

Doctor Nichols is not one of those cruel ascetics who would rob us of the pleasures of the table, or who thinks that men may merit heaven by making every meal a dose of nauseous medicine. On the contrary, besides striving to show that a simple and cheap diet is not only sufficient for the perfect nourishment of the body, but conducive to strength of mind and serenity of soul, he holds that living on sixpence a day may be made even more delightful to the senses than indulgence in costly and pernicious luxuries, and that a pure and simple diet may be as elegant and delicious as it is healthful and invigorating. The food we eat should be pleasant to the taste, so as to cause a good flow of saliva in the mouth and of gastric juice in the stomach. We should enjoy eating, having a good appetite from a healthy condition of stomach and nerves, and an absence of all excess, a spice of the best sauce—hunger; and our food should have some variety, and be nicely prepared and served. All the better if eaten in pleasant company, gaily and mirthfully, and, in every case, with thanksgiving. What more is wanted to make a true *bon vivant*?

Nor is that all. In another work† he dilates on "æsthetic gastronomy." The æsthetics of eating consist partly in this: In our food and its preparation, the sense

of sight, as well as taste and smell, should be gratified. Every meal should be beautiful as well as fragrant and delicious; set in a clean and orderly apartment, on a table of proper size and shape, and well placed with respect to light and warmth. Let the tablecloth and napkins (which last should be provided at every meal) be clean, fresh, and as nice as you can afford, and the knives and silver bright. Study order and symmetry in placing the dishes, to make the table a picture. A vase of flowers or a dish of fruit, with green leaves, will help, or a vase of cool celery. There is a charm in a nice butter dish. Try not to crowd things. Make every meal a little ceremony and a refreshment to all the senses.

Can we hope for a more agreeable guide to reduced expenditure than the professor who here makes his offers of service? It would be unfair to reveal how he fulfils his task, seeing that to know it costs so little. We may diffidently suggest, however, that he is too hard on pork. "Horses, asses, and mules are sometimes eaten, and swine by many not very particular Christians, though loathed as unclean by Jews and Mahomedans. The hog is an unclean animal, and too liable to be diseased and infested with parasites to be safely eaten. Pork is a coarse and nasty kind of food, fit only for coarse and nasty people."

What would William Cobbett say to that were he still in the flesh? Here is what he did say before his departure: "A couple of fitches of bacon are worth fifty thousand Methodist sermons and religious tracts. The sight of them upon the rack does more to keep a man from poaching and stealing than whole volumes of penal statutes, though assisted by the terrors of the hulks and the gibbet. They are great softeners of the temper and promoters of domestic harmony. They are a great blessing. Now, then, this hog is altogether a capital thing. The butcher cuts the hog up; and then the house is filled with meat! Souse, griskins, blade-bones, thigh-bones, spare-ribs, chines, belly-pieces, cheeks, all coming into use one after the other."

Doctor Nichols shall be spared citations from the *Almanack des Gourmands*, Brillat-Savarin, and other authorities and admirers of charcuterie in its hundred and one forms; he shall hear nothing of Charles Lamb and sucking-pig, in the hope that, after due reflection, he will put a little water into his wine, as the French say, and moderate his choiophobia. In spite of which hatred of the cloven foot, which

\* By T. L. Nichols, M.D. Longmans.

† *How to Cook*. Longmans.

cheweth not the cud, How to live on Sixpence a Day, if it only helps us to do half what it professes, is certainly a good sixpennyworth.

#### ASTEROPE.

THE green leaves rustle in the breeze, the summer sun is low,  
With crimson, and with amethyst, the sky is all a-glow;

The splash of oars comes from the lake, the blackbird on the thorn  
Sings songs of love to cheer his mate. And on the south wind borne,

There comes a sound of tinkling bells from yonder hill-side fold,

What time the sunset gleaming, tips the clover buds with gold.

The lark grows still, his clarion shrill ceases, and to his rest  
Down drops he eagerly to join his brown mate on her nest.

Oh air like balm! Oh stilly calm! Oh peaceful summer night!

There is not in the long June days an hour so sweet and bright,

As when the eve begins with dew the flower-cups to fill,

And lilies float upon the moat; and 'yond the pine-clad hill,

Ariseth up the evening star, with silver lamp on high,  
And 'plaining sephyrs through the leaves of river-poplars sigh;

When from her couch Asterope comes forth, a dark-browed queen,

And draws her purple star-strown veil across the peaceful scene!

### CHRONICLES OF LONDON STREETS.

#### ISLINGTON.

ISLINGTON, scarcely two miles from the centre of Roman London, is situated on what was once the Ermin-street, or great Northern road of the time of Severus (193, A.D. to 211, A.D.), a period when Tacitus describes London as already "illustrious for its widely extended commerce."

The Roman garrison had a summer camp at Highbury, and it is supposed that the old Ermin, or Hermann-street, led from Cripple-gate to Brick-lane, and crossing the City-road passed the east of Islington to Highbury and Hornsey Wood, and so by the Green Lanes to Enfield.

The etymology of the name Islington has been much disputed. It has been traced by some to the British words ishel, lower, and dun, a fortification; by others to Saxon words, signifying a hostage town. The more probable etymology is, however, Eisen-dun, the Saxon and British of iron-town, from its chalybeate springs. The present spelling seems to have been generally adopted about the beginning of the six-

teenth century. It is spelt Islingetuna in Domesday Book. There is also an Islington in Norfolk.

Fitz-Stephen (a friend of A'Becket), who died in 1191, dilates on the fields and pleasant open meadows to the north of London, through which brooks flowed and where mill-wheels made a delightful sound. Barnsbury, as late as 1295, was nearly all laid down in corn. The old northern highways of London were bad and few. There was only the road from Smithfield through St. John's-street, the Goswell-street-road from Aldersgate, and a bridle-way, once an old Roman road, and even these were in winter frequently rendered impassable. The bridle-way was much used by travellers on horseback, and carriers with pack-horses. The road from Smithfield was the chief track between the priories of St. John of Jerusalem, and St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, and was not paved till Richard the Second's time. In 1674, Ogleby describes the road from Holyhead as entering London by Islington, and robberies and murders were frequent about there at that period. In 1415, Sir Thomas Falconer, lord mayor of London, built a postern in the City wall, so that citizens might pass into Moorfields and walk on the causeway towards "Iseldon" and Hoxton. This was the probable origin of the old road leading from Moorgate to the Dog-House toll-bar, near the end of Old-street, a place where the City hounds were once kept, and near where the City huntsman formerly lived.

In the reign of Henry the Second, the scholars and youth of the city took the air abroad in the summer evenings about Clerkenwell, where there were "fountains of water, sweet, wholesome, and clear, streaming forth among the glistening pebble-stones." The scholars went out in bands there to play at ball, and the elder citizens came on horseback to see them disport, or to hunt and hawk. There were also races there every Friday in Lent.

In 1365, Edward the Third, to direct the exercises in the Finsbury and Islington fields, instructed the sheriff to order the citizens on holidays to use bows and arrows and cross-bows, and to abandon stone-throwing, foot-ball, hand-ball, bandy, and cock-fighting, as vain and profitless.

In 1392, the archery laws grew more stringent, for an Act was passed to oblige all men-servants to practise with bows and arrows on holidays and Sundays.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, that burly king, who was himself an archer



(as his father had been), appointed Sir Christopher Morris master of the ordnance, overseer of all mark and butt-shooting, and of the game of the popinjay, in the City and suburbs; and it was decreed that no archer could be sued or molested for shooting a man if, before he fired, he had shouted the warning word "Fast." In the third year of Henry the Eighth, so much was the safety of England supposed to depend on "the crooked stick and the grey-goose wing," that every father was ordered to provide his son with a bow as soon as he reached the age of seven, and in the sixth year of the same reign, all persons, except the clergy and judges, were obliged to shoot periodically at the butts.

On one occasion, at Windsor, King Henry the Eighth, seeing a yeoman of his guard, named Barlow, preparing for a final shot, said to him, "Beat them all, lad, and thou shalt be Duke of Archers." Barlow clove the pin, and was at once created Duke of Shoreditch, the place which he honoured with his residence. Barlow's stalwart rivals were also ennobled as Marquis of Islington, Earl of Pancradge (Pancras), &c.

The Shoreditch duke's title (better earned than many of the peerages in the Upper House) descended for several generations with the captainship of the London archers.

In this same reign (by statute thirty-three, Henry the Eighth), men of the age of twenty-four years were prohibited from shooting at any mark under two hundred and twenty yards. The longest distance at this period seems to have been nineteen score, or three hundred and eighty-six yards, and the shortest, from mark to mark, nine score, or one hundred and eighty yards.

In the sixth year of Henry the Eighth, the London citizens were so enraged at the inclosure of the Islington and Hoxton fields interfering with the archers, and old people who desired a walk, that a riot broke out, and a turner, disguised as a jester, came crying through the city, "Shovels and spades, shovels and spades." A great mob instantly assembling filled up the ditches, and broke down the hedges in an incredibly short time. The rioters then returned quietly to their houses, "after which," says Hall, the chronicler, "those fields were never hedged."

In 1583, there was a splendid shooting-match in Hoxton fields, under the direction of the Duke of Shoreditch and his officers, the Marquises of Islington, Clerkenwell,

Hoxton, and Shacklewell. Three thousand archers assembling in Smithfield, went by way of Shoreditch Church. The tent for the duke and the chief citizens was set up in a fine large green pasture-ground of goodly compass. The shooting lasted two days; on the evening of the second day the champions were led off the field on horseback, escorted by two hundred torch-bearers.

In 1570, the bowyers, fletchers, stringers, and arrow-head makers "petitioned Queen Elizabeth concerning their decayed condition by reason of the discontinuance of archery." In the reign of James the First archery grew still more out of favour; and Stow laments the inclosure of commons, that drove archers to bowling-alleys and dicing-houses. James the First, in 1605, wrote to the lord mayor and other persons, including Sir Thomas Fowler, of Islington, alleging that various landowners had plucked up the old marks, and raised banks, hedges, and dry broad ditches, without bridges, and directing the ground, within two miles' compass of the City and suburbs to be reduced to proper order and condition, as in Henry the Eighth's time.

Charles the First, himself an archer, renewed this edict of his father's, and directed all mounds to be lowered that hindered the view from one mark to another. In 1694, a book was published giving the names of all the marks in Finsbury fields, with the distances. It was sold at the Swan, in Grub-street, then much frequented by fletchers, bowyers, and bowstring-makers. In the book re-edited by James Partridge in 1628, the editor laments the decay of this art in all places, save London, where the citizens still, he says, "resorted to the convenient fields about the City in divers companies." The marks Partridge mentions are more than one hundred and sixty. They were wooden posts of various heights and with variously formed tops, scattered over the fields from Finsbury to Islington Common, beyond the Rosemary Branch, and close to the back of the east of the village. The names of the marks embodying many a good old joke and recording many a fine shot, strike one as peculiarly quaint. We find Sir Rowland Larching, Nelson, Martin's Mayflower, Dunstan's Darling, Beswick's Stake, Lambert's Goodwill, Lee's Leopard, Theifs in the Hedge, Mildmay's Rose, Silkworm, Lee's Lion, &c.

In Cromwell's time men were too busy for archery; but, after the Restoration, Sir William Davenant describes the London

attorneys and proctors as challenging each other to a shooting-match during the long vacation.

Each with solemn oath agree  
To meet in fields of Finsbury;  
With leys in canvas bow-case tied  
Where arrows stick with mickle pride;  
With hats pin'd up and bow in hand,  
All day most fiercely there they stand,  
Like ghosts of Adam, Bell, and Clymme,  
Sol sets, for fear they'll shoot at him.

In 1682, Charles the Second was present at a magnificent cavalcade of the Finsbury archers, when the old titles were bestowed upon the winners; but the day was wet, and the king was seen obliged to leave the field. This same year William Wood published the *Bowman's Glory*. This author lies buried in the churchyard of St. John, Clerkenwell, with an epitaph that begins:

Sir William Wood lies buried near this stone,  
In days of archery excelled by none.

The title "Sir" was, it appears, only a compliment paid to Wood by his admiring brother archers.

A plan of the fields, in 1737, shows only twenty-four of the ancient shooting marks. The rest had been obliterated or removed. In 1746, however, the Artillery Company obliged a cowkeeper, named Pittfield, to renew one of these marks, and inscribed it "Pittfield's Repentance."

The archers revived again in 1753, when targets were erected during the Easter and Whitsun holidays, and the titles of captain and lieutenant given for a whole year to the best shots. In 1788, only two members of the archers' society were living.

The archers have since been incorporated with the Honourable Artillery Company, who still have an archers' division attached to their corps. In 1782, the company, in its march out on the Ascension Day, forced some chained gates near Ball's Pond that hindered their access to one of their stone marks. In 1784, they also marched from Finsbury to Islington Common and removed several obstructions, and in 1786 they gave notice to encroaching landlords to remove obstructions, and their pioneers pulled down several garden-fences, and were about to attack the brick wall of a white-lead mill, between "Bob Peak's mark" and the "Levant," when submission was made; they then shot an arrow over the inclosure as an assertion of the company's right. In 1791, when the long butts in Islington Common were destroyed by digging gravel, the obstructions were removed and the marks replaced. Two old shooting-butts remained till about 1780 on Isling-

ton Common, near the Rosemary Branch, and were sometimes used by the London archers. In 1811 they had given place to an adjoining butt defended with iron plates, for volunteer ball-firing; but vestiges of the old marks still remained in the adjacent fields. About 1791 there was a revival of archery. In that year a great many archery societies met on Blackheath. The members wore green uniforms and half-boots. Some of these societies also frequented a field near Canonbury House. The absurd theatrical dress is now reserved for benefit societies. The stage Robin Hood has grown ashamed of the modern Foresters, and dresses as he should.

In the year 1465, the unfortunate Henry the Sixth, having hidden in caves and woods for a year, after the battle of Hexham, was taken in Lancashire, by Thomas Talbot, and brought to London, with his legs bound to his stirrups. He was met at Islington by the Earl of Warwick, the king-maker, and his gilt spurs taken from his feet. He was then led to the Tower. Edward the Fourth, his conqueror, was shortly after met and congratulated, between Islington and Shoreditch, by the lord mayor and aldermen of London.

In 1487, Henry the Seventh, after defeating Lambert Simnel, was met in the same way in Hornsey Park. He knighted the lord mayor, and, between Islington and London, also dubbed Alderman Percivall knight.

On the third Sunday in Advent, 1557, in the reign of Queen Mary, John Rough, who had been a preacher among the Black Friars at Stirling, afterwards chaplain to the Earl of Arran, and who was the means of persuading Knox, the reformer, to enter the ministry, was apprehended at Islington. Roger Sergeant, a tailor, who had betrayed him, informed the ward that he, Cuthbert a tailor, and others, were praying and reading the Bible at the Saracen's Head, under pretence of learning a play. There was but one way with Bonner. Rough was burnt at Smithfield. But there was always good seed rising from martyrs' ashes. In September of the same year Richard Roth, Ralph Allerton, James Anstor, and Margery Anstor, were all burnt in one fire at Islington. Bonner's fire, however, proved a poor unconvincing argument, for in the very next year forty innocent people were found in a brick-field near Islington, sitting together in prayer and meditating God's word. Presently came a spy to them who saluted them

and observed their purpose. Soon followed a constable with six or seven followers, armed with bows and bills. He, observing their looks, at once arrested them. They were first taken to a beer-house and then to a justice. Of the forty all but twenty-seven escaped. Twenty-two of these were sent to Newgate. There, by the infamous neglect of those cruel times, before Habeas Corpus, the men were detained seven weeks before examination, and then told by their keepers that they would be released if they would only hear a mass. Finally, thirteen of these poor inoffensive pious people were burned—seven in Smithfield, and six at Brentford.

In 1599, the Earl of Essex rode through Islington, from his house in Seething-lane, on his way to Ireland, accompanied by a great train of noblemen and gentlemen on horseback.

In 1562, the queen went from the Tower through Houndsditch to the Spittle, and down Hog-lane over the fields to the Charter House. From thence, a few days later, she went to the Savoy over the fields; and shortly after came from Enfield to St. James's; the hedges from Islington being cut down to make the way nearer for her.

There were many ponderous and tiresome small jokes about Islington introduced at the great Kenilworth masques, in 1575. One of the euphuistic speakers, wearisome as Lely, and as fantastic in his conceits as Sir Philip Sidney, talked much of the "worshipful village that supplied London bridals with furmety for porridge, unchalked milk for flawns, cream for custards not thickened with flour, and fresh butter for pie-paste. "The Islington arms," says the squire minstrel of Middlesex, "should be three plates between three milk-tankards, proper; a bowl of furmety for crest, with a dozen horn spoons sticking in it; supporters, a grey mare and her foal; the motto, 'Lac caseus infans.'" The cry of the milk-wives of London in Shakespeare's time was "fresh cheese and cream;" a grey mare, sometimes followed by her foal, carried the milk tankards.

It was when riding beyond Aldersgate to Islington, one evening in 1581, to take the air, that Queen Elizabeth was disturbed and alarmed by a number of begging rogues from the Islington brick-kilns environing her. That night seventy-four beggars, some blind, others great usurers and very rich, were sent to Bridewell, and from thence the strongest of them to the Lighters.

Elizabeth was fond of Islington, and was often, in her little excursions, in the habit of

calling upon citizens and noblemen who had houses there.

King James, on his arrival in London to accept the crown, was met at Stamford Hill by the lord mayor and aldermen, gorgeous and stately in their scarlet gowns and gold chains. They were followed over the Islington fields to Charing-cross by five hundred grave citizens in velvet coats, and all mounted on horseback.

Charles the First, on his return from Scotland, in 1641, rode across the fields from Newington to Hoxton, and entered the City at Moorgate, accompanied by his queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and a splendid cavalcade. Within the year, the fields that that cavalcade trampled over was lined with trenches and ramparts, for in October, 1642, the committee of the militia of London gave orders to fortify all the roads leading to London and Islington fields, near Pancras Church, Mile-end, &c. Many thousands of men and women went out to work, the common council and train-bands setting the example. May 9th, two thousand porters went out to dig. May 25th there were five thousand cappers and felt-makers. Another day four thousand to five thousand shoemakers. June 5th six thousand tailors volunteered. It was the enthusiasm of old Rome again. During these alarms a battery and breastwork was thrown up in the Goswell-street-road, another at the end of St. John's-street, a large fort with four half bulwarks at the New River upper pond, and a small redoubt near Islington Pound.

In 1653, a plot to assassinate Cromwell was detected, and among those sent to the Tower was Mr. Vowell, a schoolmaster at Islington. Vowell died bravely, at Charing-cross. He professed his adherence to God and the Church; commended his soul and his large family to God's providence; and prophesied a Restoration; then, as there was no ladder there, he swung himself coolly from a stool, fetched by the guard.

Colonel Okey, one of the king's judges, was originally, according to report, a common drayman at an Islington brewhouse. The staunch old colonel left Cromwell when he assumed the supreme power, and fled into Holland. After the Restoration he and Miles Corbet and another were seized at Delft, and sent to London, where they were hung, drawn, and quartered, but Okey's limbs were not hung on the gates, as those of his companions were, because, in his last speech, he had spoken well of the king.

Cromwell himself is said to have once lived in a house at the north side of the Upper Holloway-road. This tradition is not true, but Oliver's great ally, the Leicestershire baronet, Sir Arthur Hasilrigge, resided there; for in May, 1664, he related to the House how the Earl of Stamford and two of his servants, for some old Cavalier grudge, had attacked him, as he was riding along the road leading from Perpool-lane to Clerkenwell, on his way from Westminster to his house in Islington, and had struck him with a drawn sword, and "other offensive instruments," upon which Sir Arthur was calmly enjoined to keep the peace and not send or receive any challenge.

There was a piece of ground in the Back-road, built on about 1811, which was formerly called the Ducking-pond Field, and the reservoir was once an open pool, called the Ducking-pond. Goldsmith alludes to a pond in the midst of the town, probably on the green, or in the front of Pullin's-row. The Wheel-pond of White Conduit House was also famous for this sport; and a duck-hunt was advertised at this place as late as 1810, but prevented by the magistrates.

An old comedy has embalmed for us the charges at Islington inns in 1681. A half-witted knight, two town gallants, and a gentlewoman of no great reputation are paying their reckoning, which comes to nine and elevenpence. The tapster, by request, details the items: Cakes two shillings; ale as much; quart of mortified claret eighteenpence; stewed prunes a shilling; and a quart of cream half a crown. "That is excessive," says Lady Jolt. "Not," says the tapster, "if you consider how many carrier's eggs miscarried in the making it, and the charge of isinglass and other ingredients to make cream of the sour milk." Then come other charges, two threepenny papers of sugar a shilling; bread, and a pound of sausages.

Islington continued to be a great place for country excursions from Queen Anne's days, when Addison visited it for his health, and dated Spectators from the quiet spot whose humours coarse Ned Ward had epitomised, down to the time of Goldsmith and Bonnel Thornton. In 1756, George Colman, in a farce, describes the bustling with which a citizen's wife packs up neat's tongues and cold chickens, preparatory to going down to her husband's country box in the coach-and-three from the end of Cheapside. The feasts of hot rolls, and the tea-drinkings at White Conduit House, the ale-bibbing and the smoking of pipes in snug summer-houses at Islington, have

been frequently sketched by the latter essayist.

Bunbury, that clever but slovenly draftsman, produced, in 1770, a caricature of a London citizen in his country villa, and called it the Delight of Islington. Above it he has written the following series of fierce threats:

"Whereas my new pagoda having been clandestinely carried off, and a new pair of dolphins taken from the top of my gazebo by some bloodthirsty villains, and whereas a great deal of timber has been cut down and carried away from the Old Grove, that was planted last spring, and Pluto and Proserpine thrown into my basin, from henceforth steel-traps and spring-guns will be constantly set for the better extirpation of such a nest of villains.

"By me,

"JEREMIAH SAGO."

On a garden notice-board, in another print after Bunbury, of the same date, is this inscription:

"THE NEW PARADISE.

"No gentlemen or ladies to be admitted with nails in their shoes."

Goldsmith was fond of Islington, and frequently mentions it in his prose works. The reckless, happy poet was fond of occasionally spending there what he called "a shoemaker's holiday." Three or four of his nearest friends rendezvoused at his chambers in the Temple, at about ten A.M., for breakfast. At eleven they marched off up the City-road to dine at Highbury Barn, where there was a good ordinary of two dishes and pastry at tenpence a head, including a penny to the waiter. The company consisted of literary men, a few Templars, and some retired tradesmen. At about six o'clock they adjourned to White Conduit House to drink tea and punch. The expenses of this harmless day's amusement never exceeded a crown each, often only from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings, for which Goldsmith and his party obtained fresh air, exercise, a good dinner, and pleasant conversation.

Islington was then full of gardens. There was Daubeney's, upon the site of Dobney's place, an old house with bowling-green, garden, and ponds, which were laid out in 1767 by a man named Johnson. About 1770, Price, an equestrian performer, exhibited feats of horsemanship at this place, while his rival, named Sampson, performed his exploits in a field behind the Old Hats.

These men are said to have been the only predecessors of Astley.

The Angel, now the great omnibus house, is described in 1811 as possessing very old staircases, and a yard surrounded by galleries. The Lion, which stood in the north-west corner, by White Lion-street, was much used by drovers, and bore on the front a lion rampant gardant in bold relief, with the date 1714. At the opposite corner stood a house with lofty stuccoed ceilings, and a stone chimney-piece with the story of Orpheus charming the brutes, in relief.

Islington had been visited by the plague several times before the great scourge of 1665, when five hundred and ninety-three persons died there of the pestilence, chiefly in the months of August and September. The story of how the plague arrived at Islington is one of the most ghastly episodes of that terrible period. A sick citizen, who had broken out of his house in Aldersgate-street, and come to Islington, was refused admission, both at the Angel and at the White Horse. He then applied at the Pyed Horse, pretending that he was free from all infection, was on his road to Lincolnshire, and only wanted a night's lodging. The people, expecting some drovers next day, had only a garret-bed empty. A servant showed him the room, which he gladly accepted, saying, with a sigh, that he had seldom laid in such a lodging, but would make shift, as it was but for one night, and in a dreadful time. He sat down on the bed, and ordered a pint of warm ale. Next morning one asked what was become of the gentleman. The maid, starting, said, "Bless me, I had forgotten him." When they went up, they found the man dead across the bed, his clothes pulled off, his jaw fallen, his eyes open, and staring frightfully, and the rug of the bed clasped tight in one hand. The alarm was great; the distemper spread instantly to houses round about, and fourteen persons died of the plague that same week in Islington.

## THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER XXXIX. A STRANGE NIGHT.

WHEN Miss Martha saw the condition into which Paul had strangely fallen, she agreed with May that it would be well to remove him to new scenes and leave his restoration to time and Providence. Her anger was at once lost and forgotten in her

pity, and she began to pack her trunk in preparation for a journey which must begin before twenty-four hours should go past. There was no reason to fear that Paul would refuse to accompany her, and every cause for haste, for the mood of his mind had changed since his arrival at Monasterlea. He no longer lived in that quiescent condition which was almost a state of unconsciousness. Things which he saw around him here seemed striving to arouse his memory, and a struggle was beginning between the reason obscured within him, and that power by whose agency he was afflicted; the result being a growing irritability which threatened to increase to wildness did he remain long in the atmosphere which induced it. So Miss Martha made preparations for her journey, while Paul wandered in his restless fashion about the fields and meads; and May hovered between the two, now silently helping her aunt, now seeing that Paul was safe. Her face was white and her eyes had that look in them which we turn upon the dead; yet she was ready with her hands, and had her wits about her, and did not heave a sigh, nor shed a tear.

When the Kearneys, watching their opportunity, had left their cave in the mountain, they had sought shelter for a night with a friend in the lowland, about a mile away on their road from Tobereevil. Here they must wait for the eldest gossoon who had been hired by their friend Bid, to drive her on an errand to Camlough. The Kearneys waited gladly, suspecting that Bid's mysterious journey had something to do with Paul; that she was making an effort to save them though she had not thought fit to inform them of the venture. The errand was one of importance, that the house-mother knew, for had not Bid got a loan of Miss Martha's little waggon-cart for the journey! Now when the gossoon had made the mule a bed in the stables, put the cart in the shed, and left Bid enjoying her breakfast at Monasterlea, he ran off to tell his mother that Mr. Paul had come home at last.

Then Mary, the mother of all the Kearneys, rose up and thanked the Lord for sending her this friend who would take the trouble out of her heart. So easily will people grasp at hope that Mary began to believe that Paul had come all the way from Camlough for the sole purpose of forcing Simon to restore her to her home. She would go to Monasterlea with all her children round her, and relate to young Mr.

Finiston the dismal tale of her distress. But first, ought she not to wait to see if Bid would come and fetch her? She waited till past sunset, and yet Bid had not appeared; the truth being that the old woman was engaged with Miss Martha, and knew that the Kearneys would not think of departing till she went to see them off. Bid would not quit Monasterlea till Miss Martha and Paul were fairly started on their journey.

But Mary Kearney had not patience to wait for this. As soon as twilight began to fall she started with her children and walked to Monasterlea. Paul was walking up and down the road with his head bent on his breast, and his hands clasped behind him in that dreary restless way which was habitual with him now. He stopped now and then and passed his hand over his forehead, and threw up his face with a look of pain, as if he strove to recover his memory at one bound, whereas it would only return to him by slow degrees. Sometimes he stamped his foot in despair, or kicked the pebbles out of his path, as if they had angered him. His mood was indeed changing, and it were well that he was out of the country. Suddenly, Mary Kearney and her children came round him, it being still just light enough for people to see each other dimly. They came lightly along in their bare feet, and surrounded him swiftly and suddenly, Paul starting as if ghosts had risen up to confront him. This sensitiveness in itself was evidence of a change; a few days ago he would not have started if the strangest visions on earth had passed under his eyes.

"God save you, Mистер Paul!"

"Mrs. Kearney!" cried Paul, looking keenly in her face.

"See that now!—how well he knew me, an' it dark!" said the woman. "Lord love you, Mистер Paul! it's you that had the wish for us. We have walked the roads back to get a word wid you."

"What is it?" said Paul, with something of his old air. It seemed as if the start with which he had greeted these old friends had helped him in his struggle, and shaken some of the mists out of his brain.

"It's on'y our little trouble, sir. I mane that Simon—that's the miser—I mane yer uncle, sir, has throw'n a heap o' us out of our houses, Mистер Paul. O' course you know that, sir, an' some o' us is dead, an' undher groun' out o' his road, an' some o' us is gone across the say. Some is gone to

beggary, but I'm here yet mysel', sir, wid the little girshes an' gossoons. An' I made bould to tell mysel' that if I seen a sight o' yer honor you would remember ye had a wish for us, an' d' put a word in wid yer uncle to let us go back to our little house. We built it a'most oursel's, sir, when he throw'n us out before, an' little Nan's gettin a clever han' at the basket makin'. The gossoons'll be men after a bit, please the Lord; an' there's not an idle bone in them, an' they'll pay it back to yer honor."

Paul stood listening, somewhat like a deaf man who suddenly found that he could hear; his eyes fixed on the woman while he devoured all her words.

"Simon put you out!" he said. "Is that what you have told me? Simon, the miser, put you out? You and how many others?"

"Thirty families, sir. Sure I thought yer honor knew'n it."

"I did not know it," said Paul, "or I should have seen to it before. You may go now, my woman, and I will settle with Simon."

He walked quickly up to the cottage; May met him on the garden path, and looked at him in amazement; his eyes were flaming, his mouth was moving nervously. He was walking straight towards the door, and did not see her.

"Paul!" she said. "Oh, what is the matter?"

"Nothing," he said, fiercely, "only I am going to settle with Simon. This has been a long time delayed. I was born to do it; and look at me, a man come to my time of life, and my work still undone! I have been astray this long time; I had quite forgotten my duty; but a messenger has just come to remind me of it. Simon has driven out the people to die about the world. He has repeated the sin of the first Finiston; it now remains for the last one to punish him, and put an end to this foul race!"

He pushed into the hall and took his gun down from the wall.

May said, "What are you going to do? Come in here and tell me." And she drew him into the parlour and turned the key in the lock behind them.

"Do?" cried Paul. "Why, of course, I will shoot him through the heart. I often told you," he said, testily, "that I have got to do this thing, and you would not believe me. But now you shall have proof of it."

"Very well, but you must wait a little: You have nothing to load your gun with; your things have not arrived."

"That is most provoking. How soon will they be here?"

"Oh, in about half an hour; in the mean time you can rest yourself, so as to be better able for your work." She shook up the pillows on the couch, and he flung himself impatiently upon them, taking out his watch to count the minutes; while May, hovering about the room, began telling some laughable story. After a time he gave her his attention and put away the watch. Presently, she began to sing softly a drowsy lullaby, which she had heard mothers singing to their babies in the cabins; and Paul listened to her tranquilly, having quite forgotten his passion as well as the cause of it. At last he lay so still that she turned her head cautiously to observe him, and found that he was asleep. She brought wrappings and covered him, so that he might rest there safely during the night, for it was now eleven o'clock, and she hoped he would not wake till the morning. She locked him in the room, and the household went to rest.

Yet May could not sleep, only lay staring at the little pools of moonlight on the floor, and wondering about the ending of this sad drama, in which she played so sore a part. Would Paul ever get well again? Would he, indeed, seek the miser when he wakened on the morrow, and accomplish in his madness that doom which he had dreaded before the madness came? She could not sleep while there was so much to be prayed for: that Paul might be saved from impending evil, and guided into the keeping of good and faithful hands.

In the midst of her sad thoughts she heard a noise; and sat up and listened intently. Surely that had been the sound of a window opening! She did not wait a moment, for there was but one thought in her mind. She went swiftly to the parlour door and opened it softly, softly. The moon shone into the room; the window was wide open; and Paul was gone.

She dressed herself rapidly and fled out of the house, hurrying down the garden and out on the road. She could see a long way before her in the clear midsummer night, which is scarcely night at all. Paul was not to be seen, but her lively terror could only lead her flying feet in one direction. She sped, like the wind, towards Tobereevill, thinking as she went along of the likelihood of the mansion being well

barred up, so that no one, not even a madman, could make his way inside the walls. She should find Paul wandering about the avenue, or in the woods, or about the windows; would find him and bring him home.

Her heart beat so thickly and her feet went so fast that she had often to pause for breath, leaning against a hedge or tree, straining her eyes everywhere in hopes of seeing a figure, either behind her or before her on the road. At last she was obliged to go more quietly, lest, having utterly exhausted herself, she should faint at the sight of Paul, and be of no further use to him.

The beautiful calm country lay all around her, the hills wrapped in solemn shadow, but with lustrous peaks, majestically crowned with stars in the sky; sad glimmering fields and moors with all their human lights extinct at the moment; the patient and melancholy land that had suffered and smiled and been beautiful under the tread of many afflicted generations, born to a cruel time, but perhaps to a kind eternity. "How long, oh Lord, how long?" seemed written over the wistful face of the valley. The woods had caught no tender glance from the moon, but rolled in black masses against the sky, as if the surges of their wicked restlessness would flood the fair face of the heavens, drowning the innocent stars which grew like blossoms of light therein. Thus appeared the woods in the last hour of their magnificent pride and might, even while there was a red spot in the midst of them that glowed and pulsed like an angry thought in their heart.

May did not notice it, as she pierced her way through the crowding trees to the avenue. She had seen smoke and flames in the distance when she first set out on the road; but fire-wreaths were common on the mountain now, and the sight had been no surprise.

As she drew near the dreary mansion she sickened at the thought of approaching it with such a terrible fear in her mind. Was it not altogether fantastic this journey of hers in the midnight? How could she have allowed terror so to work upon her—knowing Paul as she did, and that he would not hurt a fly? A man quite unarmed! What harm could he do to another, even if Simon's doors and windows were not locked and barred? Perhaps, even now he was safe at home, having returned to his rest after roving a little, in his wild way, about the fields. Admitting

these thoughts, she leaned tremblingly against a tree, and again strained her eyes towards the thickets and across the moors.

The grey early dawn came creeping over the scene; frown after frown dropped from the trees, and groups and masses of unknown something threw off their sombre mystery, and became broken-down fences, clumps of ragged hedge, pieces of ruined wall, or bushes of unsightly shape! The bogs showed their dreariness, the river threw up a steel-like ray, and the marshes gave forth pale glimmers of beautiful hues: a grey look of awe was on the face of the waking world, as if the coming of a new day had been a fearful and unexpected boon. The dull shoulder of the mansion rose above some bristling trees; and there was a great roar in the air coming from the distance. May noticed it without thinking of it, for every one knew of the grumbling of the woods; but the trees of Tobereevil had never made such a sound as this before.

She told herself that she had much better go home, yet could not bear to turn till she had first walked round the mansion to see that the fastenings were all untouched, and that no wandering footsteps, save her own, were about the place. There was a dreadful fascination for her in the nearness of the stern grey walls; she could not turn her eyes away, and began walking quickly towards them.

She had been there but once before, and did not quite know her way among the vagrant bushes and straggling trees to the front of the house. She found herself at the back, and walked round many sides and gables, noticing with relief how well the windows were barred, and thanking God for the miser's caution, which was good for something at last. "When the back is so well guarded," thought she, "it is not likely that the front will be found neglected. The door will be locked and bolted." Then May came stealing round the last corner of the house. But the hall-door was lying open!

A cry of anguish rose in her heart, but the sound of it did not come through her lips, as she drew near the open door hovering, as a blessed spirit might approach the mouth of hell, seeking for some lost one, sorely afraid to enter, yet impelled by the love that is stronger than death. She could not but go in; her feet carried her across the hall, moved by the same fascination which had drawn them towards the trees. Away to the right was the door

through which Paul had passed with Simon on the day when they had first met as uncle and nephew, when Paul had consented to share the miser's interests and to touch the miser's gold. That door led, as she knew, to Simon's sitting-room; and it also lay open. A second threshold was crossed—she advanced a few steps, and did not need to go further. Simon was sitting in his chair; his head lay back so that the face was almost hidden, his arm hanging over the chair, the long skeleton fingers nearly touching the ground. The old man was a corpse; his breast covered with blood, and blood lying round about him on the floor.

This was the ghastly spectacle on which May and the cold dawn looked in through door and window. A terrible cry—of more than fear, of more than horror—rent open May's lips, and made the old house echo as it had never before echoed, even to the cries of the lamenting winds. Simon did not stir—nor was anything startled within the cursed walls except the echoes. May tried to fly, with some vague idea about saving some one spinning round and round in her dizzy head; but, though the spirit might will the body would not obey, and she fell on the floor of the hideous chamber. For a long time she lay there silent, motionless, dead—like a second victim to whatever hatred had spilt an old man's blood on the floor by her side. While the long spell of silence lasted the light grew clear in the room, and the dreadful sight it looked upon became more fully revealed in all its details. It was a colourless, grey morning, the sun had not yet risen, and yet there was a bright red glow lying on the ground outside, and creeping like a gilding round the window frames. It shone in through the panes, and danced with fearful frolic over the awful figure in the chair, glancing on May, and dying her white dress as the feeling of life returned gradually into her body. At the risk of bringing madness with it, consciousness came creeping back to her.

She wakened to life again, struggling with a pain at her heart, which seemed trying to crush it, that she might have death and peace; but her healthful youth would not have it so, and out of her struggle came recollection, and with it the strong will and self-forgetting impulse which had already carried her so far in this adventure. She rose to her feet, and staggering, indeed, and still half-stunned, and covering her eyes with her hands, that she might not behold



again the sight that had nearly killed her, she fled back across the hall and out of the house.

Then she found herself wrapped in the glare of the burning woods; hissing and roaring the fire rolled towards her over the heads of the nearer trees, which were not yet drawn into the furnace, though it shone right behind them. Clouds of smoke blotted the heavens, and were luridly pierced by the savage flames, which seemed to escape with every groan from the hearts of the perishing trees. Now that it had got mastery over the woods, the fire spread with a terrible rapidity, licking up root and branch, devouring oak, and beech, and chestnut, wrapping away in its embraces stalwart trunks and writhing boughs, and opening up such a raging abyss between heaven and earth, that it seemed as if the spirits of fire had been let loose out of their kingdom, and the world having been given up to them, the last day had begun.

May stepped out from the shadow of the grim house into a scorching atmosphere, that made her eyes grow dim and her breath seem to burn. Her dress, her flesh, her hair grew hot, so that she felt as if already wrapped in the flames, while the fire half encircled her at the distance of about a hundred yards. With still the one idea of Paul's madness possessing her, the thought flashed through her mind that this new horror must be in some way owing to it—that he himself was even now buried in yonder furnace. "Paul! Paul!" she shrieked in a high shrill note that pierced the smoke-clouds and reached further than the bellowing of the trees; and, bereft of all reason, she rushed frantically towards the flames.

A few wild steps and her feet stopped again. What was that? Oh! what was it? Not the roaring of the trees nor the hissing of the flames—not the groaning of the newly-attacked giants, whose bodies were girdled by fire—not like to any of these was the sound that made her stop. It was Paul's voice calling to her. "May! May!" it cried, in a loud and ringing voice; and it was not coming from the fire, though if it had summoned her from thence she would have obeyed it. It was coming from behind her—from the side where lay fields and meadows and the river cooling the land.

"May! May!" This time the voice sounded nearer to her—Paul was not far away—he could see her and was calling to her; and it was not the voice of a

murderer nor that of a madman, but the clear, honest voice of Paul Finiston in his senses. May knew it of old; it was a sound sweet and un hoped for, and each echo of it pierced her brain with a state of perilous joy. The revulsion of feeling was so sudden that it almost robbed her a second time of her senses; and as she wheeled round to obey the call she doubted her own sanity, and moaned aloud piteously in the agony of uncertainty. Was she, too, mad, and did she imagine happy sounds which could be heard no more on earth?

She began running towards the direction from which the sound had reached her. When the hot mist that had obscured her eyes cleared away a little and allowed her to see, she perceived Paul coming to meet her, walking rapidly, pushing his way through the bushes from that side of the wood not as yet approached by the fire. It seemed as if he had descended from the mountain. He was quickly at her side, and threw a protecting arm round her.

"You are going to faint," he cried. "What can have brought you out here alone?"

May shuddered and shrank from him.

"Simon is dead!" she said. "Simon is murdered!"

Paul started. "Simon murdered!" he said, awe-struck. "What do you mean? How do you know?"

"I mean—I know—oh God, Paul, oh God!—tell me you did not do it!"

"I?" Paul drew back and looked at her with horror.

"Forgive me! forgive me! I think my senses have left me. Oh Heaven, what I have suffered! Oh this terrible, terrible night!"

"My darling, calm yourself! You are distracted by the sight of this extraordinary fire. It has frightened you out of your sleep. It is very strange and awful; but can be traced, I do not doubt, to some simple cause—the great heat of the weather, or some sparks from the fires on the mountain. You were raving just now, saying that Simon had been murdered; the fire has not reached the house, and he shall certainly be saved. I was hastening to look after him when I caught sight of your white dress."

May looked in his face with a puzzled and wistful gaze.

"Paul!" she said, "are you sure you are in your right senses?"

Paul smiled, though he was uneasy, thinking her a little crazed by fright.

"I think I am," he said. "I feel like a sane man. I am more in my right senses at least than you are!"

Still she looked at him wonderingly and fearfully.

"Do you remember last night?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, smiling, and willing to humour her. "I do remember last night; should you like to hear an account of it? I awakened with the moonlight, where you allowed me to fall asleep on the sofa, in your parlour. I could not go to sleep again, and turned out to enjoy the night, and to think over a crowd of things which came into my head. I got up into the hills, and soon saw that the woods were burning. I watched them for some time, knowing that there was nothing for it but to let them burn themselves to death——"

May shuddered.

"And then I suddenly thought about Simon; and was hurrying down to save him when, as I say, I caught sight of you."

May listened; still looking at him with that pale, unsatisfied gaze.

"But, before all that?" she urged him.

"Do you remember what happened in the evening, and yesterday, and the day before?"

"Of course, I do," he said. "On the day before yesterday I escorted Miss Archbold to Camlough, and returned to Monasterlea yesterday evening. I came home late and very tired, and was allowed to sleep upon your sofa. How this came to be is the only thing I am not perfectly clear about. But why do you question me like this, and what does it all signify?"

May looked half relieved, yet still terrified.

"Paul," she said, "it was April when you went to Camlough with Katherine Archbold, and now it is July."

"May, you are dreaming!" he cried.

"Oh Paul, oh Paul! it is you who have been out of your senses. You went to Camlough, you became ill and lost your mind, and they kept you there. I went and stole you away that you might be cured. While you were gone Simon ill-used the people, and they were in distress. Last night they told you this, and, in your madness, you threatened to murder Simon. I soothed the idea out of your mind, and you fell asleep. Afterwards, when you awoke, I heard you quit the house, and followed you in terror lest the idea of doing harm might still be working in your mind. I found Simon's door open; and, oh God,

Paul! he is lying murdered in his chair! I thought you had done it in your madness. Forgive me, Paul! I thought it was in your madness."

Paul had become deadly pale. "Is this all true?" he said. "Am I dreaming, or are you?"

"Neither, neither—we are both too wide awake. It is all true that I have said. But you did not murder Simon, Paul? Your senses had returned to you when you awakened out of your sleep? You know what you have been doing all the time since you left the house?"

Paul reeled under her words, and leaned heavily against a tree. May stood before him like a figure of snow, and waited for his answer. The fire hissed and roared, and they neither saw nor heard it.

"I remember all distinctly," he said at last; "I have not the slightest doubt. My mind has been sound and clear since I awakened out of my sleep and left the house. I know what I have been doing; and I did not murder Simon. Must I believe all that you tell me?—it is unspeakably strange and awful!"

"He did not do it," said May, speaking to herself in a kind of rapture. "He did not do it at all—he did not even know of it. Stay, Paul; indeed I will not faint. I have turned a little blind, but, indeed, I shall not faint."

He held her up in his arms till the swooning sensation left her. Suddenly a sharp cry broke from her.

"The curse is now at an end," she said; "the last miser is dead! Even the prophecy is fulfilled—murdered!" she shuddered.

"Not by a kinsman of his own," said Paul.

"No," said she, "but still the curse is ended; and you are free and need fear no more."

"I do not fear anything," he said, "unless it be pain for you."

It was very plain, indeed, that whatever mischievous powers had hitherto irritated and maddened Paul, had at last given up their hold of him, and had left him in possession of the faculties that God had given him. He spoke and moved with a calm and self-contained air which May had never noticed as belonging to him. Thoughtful and awe-struck as he was at this moment, there was still no trace of that confusion of trouble—that gloom and nervous dread—which had always been so painfully visible in him when grief or perplexity had thrust themselves in his way. Even in his

joy there had always been a feverishness and uncertainty which had not suggested peace nor any well-grounded happiness. Now, there was a quiet look of strength in his face—an expression of resolved content in his eyes, as if he would say: "Come what may, I will weather this storm;" for he already saw it coming, though May did not as yet. She thought of nothing at the moment but the wondrous change in Paul; and joy, mingled with awe, filled up all her consciousness, leaving no room for anticipation of things to come. Paul was restored to her, or rather given to her newly. As she clung to his arm, and he led her from the spot, she felt him to be at last possessed of that power, strong and fine, on which she could repose, by which he should govern himself and others without hindrance of doubt or fear. What her faith had discerned latent in him, hidden by the overshadowing of some mystery inscrutable, she now beheld manifested to her senses. Truly and indeed she had got matter for joy. Hitherto she had been the stronger—had battled for him and protected him as the man might protect the woman. Now, the God-given strength and dignity of man had appeared and asserted its superiority over her own; and, with a sigh brimful of bliss, the woman fell back into her place.

Paul led her away, with her face to the fields and the cool river. He wanted to bring her home as quickly as possible, so that he might return and have Simon's body carried decently from the house before the flames should get round the walls. As they hurried along they saw numbers of people running from all sides, attracted by the strange spectacle of the burning woods; all the early risers in the neighbourhood having been attracted from their homes by so extraordinary a sight. They were talking and gesticulating as they ran, suggesting causes for the phenomenon, and giving vent to their amazement.

"Oh, good Lord!" cried a woman, "the devil himsel' must ha' whisked a spark out o' hell wid him by mistake when he was night-walkin' as usual in the woods!"

"Whisht wid your blatherin'," said a stout farmer. "The heat o' the weather's jist enough for to do it. A flash o' fork lightnin' when the branches is that dhry!"

"A wheen o' sparkles from yon cursed

fires that the shepherd's has for ever goin' night and day!" suggested a third. "Oh, murder! here's Mither Paul and Miss May hersel'."

"They've been lookin' after Simon," said a fourth. "Bad as he is, a body couldn't see him burnt."

"God knows frizzlin' would be too good for him all the same. Save ye, Mither Paul! This is a terrible night we have."

"Very strange and terrible," said Paul. "But there is something more awful still, up at the house. Simon Finiston has been murdered."

"Murdered!" A hum of horror rose and sank into silence. There was an extraordinary look on every face.

"God knows he deserved it!" cried a woman fiercely, breaking the silence.

"Oh, ay!" said a man, "but some wan be to done it on him."

"That's the point," said the farmer, solemnly, with a sombre look at Paul. "Thou shalt not kill."

Some of the people looked askance at the young couple, and others gazed away from them with grief and embarrassment in their faces. Paul quickly saw the signs of the storm that was coming upon him, and his greatest desire was to see May safely at home.

"I must take this lady home, my men," he said to them, "and then I will return to you. Will you hurry on and remove the body before the flames get up to the walls? There is not a moment to lose."

"Ay, ay!" they said, assenting, and moved slowly on. There was a heavy doubt on their minds, and Paul knew it.

"Till wan o' them be murdered by a kinsman of his own," muttered the farmer to himself. "I did not think Paul Finiston had it in him."

"Oh ye coward!" cried a woman who caught or divined his words. "Oh ye ill-minded man!"

"I didn't say nothin'," said the man. "It's the law's affair, not mine."

---

Now ready, price 5s. 6d., bound in green cloth,

THE SEVENTH VOLUME

OF THE NEW SERIES OF

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

To be had of all Booksellers.

---

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 184. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

#### CHAPTER VIII. THE VICAR OF LULLINGTON.

JOLLY George Gurwood's only child, the little boy whom his grandfather, old John Lorraine, made so much of during the latter years of his life, after having been educated at Marlborough and Oxford, was admitted into holy orders, and, at the time of our story, was Vicar of Lullington, a rural parish, about one hundred and twenty miles from London, on the great Northern road. A pleasant place Lullington for a lazy man. A quiet, sleepy little village of half a hundred houses, scattered here and there, with a chirpy little brook singing its way through what was supposed to be the principal street, and hurrying onwards through great broad tracts of green pasturage, where, in the summer time, the red-brown cattle drank of it and cooled their heated limbs in its refreshing tide, until it was finally swallowed up in the silver Trent.

Lullington Church was not a particularly picturesque edifice, resembling a large barn, with a square, weather-beaten tower at one end of it; nor was the churchyard at all likely to be provocative of an elegy, or of anything but rheumatism, being a damp, dreary little spot, with most of its tombstones covered with green moss, and with a public footpath, with a stile at either end, running through the middle of it. But to the artists wandering through that part of the country (they were not numerous, for Notts and Lincoln have not much to offer to the sketcher), the vicarage made up for the short-comings of the church. It was a square, old-fashioned, red-bricked house,

standing in the midst of a garden full of greenery; and whereas the church looked time-worn and cold, and had even on the brightest summer day a teeth-chattering, gruesome appearance, the vicarage had a jolly, cheerful expression, and when the sun gleamed on its little diamond-shaped windows, with their leaden casements, you were inexplicably reminded of a red-faced, genial old gentleman, whose eyes were twinkling in delight at some funny story which he had just heard.

It was just the home for a middle-aged man with a wife and family; for it had a large number of rooms of all kinds and shapes, square bed-chambers, triangular nooks, long passages, large attics, wherein was accommodation for half a dozen servants, and ramshackle stables, where as many horses could be stowed away. It was just the house for a man of large means, who would not object to devoting a certain portion of his leisure to his parochial duties, but whose principal occupation would be in his garden or his green-houses. Such a man was Martin Gurwood's predecessor, who had held the living for fifty years, and had seen some half-score boys and girls issue from the vicarage into the world to marry and settle themselves in various ways of life. The Reverend Anthony Camden was known as a rose-grower throughout three adjoining counties, and had even obtained special prizes at Crystal Palace and Botanical Garden shows. He was a bit of a fisherman too, and had been in his younger days something of a shot. Not being much of a reader, except of the Field and the Gardener's Chronicle, he would have found the winter evenings dull, had it not been for the excitement of perpetually re-arranging his large collection of moths and butterflies, renewing their corks and pins, and putting

fresh pieces of camphor into the corners of the glazed drawers which contained them. Mr. Camden knew all about crops and manure, and sub-soiling and drainage; the farmers for miles round used to come to the vicarage to consult him, and he always gave them beer and advice, both of the best quality. He played long-whist and preached short sermons; and when he died in a green old age, it was universally voted in Lullington and its neighbourhood that it would be impossible to replace him.

Certainly, there could not have been a more marked contrast than between him and his successor. Martin Gurwood was a man of six-and-twenty, unmarried, with apparently no thought in life beyond his sacred calling and the duties appertaining to it. Only half the rooms in the vicarage were furnished; and, except on such rare occasions as his mother or some of his friends coming to stay with him, only two of them on the ground floor, one the vicar's study, the other his bed-chamber, were used. The persistent entreaties of his old house-keeper had induced him to relent from his original intention of allowing the garden to go to rack and ruin, and it was accordingly handed over to the sexton, who in so small a community had but little work in his own particular line, and who kept up the old-fashioned flowers and the smooth-shaven lawns in which their late owner had so much delighted. But Martin Gurwood took no interest in the garden himself, and only entered it occasionally of an evening, when he would stroll up and down the lawn, or one of the gravel walks, with his head bent forward and his hands clasped behind him, deep in meditation. He kept a horse, certainly—a powerful, big-boned Irish hunter—but he only rode her by fits and starts, sometimes leaving her in the stable for weeks together, dependent on such exercise as she could obtain in the spare moments of her groom, at other times persistently riding her day after day, no matter what might be the weather. And on those occasions the vicar did not merely go out for a mild constitutional, to potter round the outskirts of his parish, or to trot over to the market-town; he was out for hours at a stretch, and generally brought the mare home heated and foam-flecked. Indeed, more than one of his parishioners had seen their spiritual guide riding across country, solitary indeed, but straight, as though he were marking out the line for a steeple-chase, stopping neither for hedge, bank, nor brook, the Irish mare flying all

in her stride, her rider sitting with his hands down on her withers, his lips compressed, and his face deadly pale. "Tek-kin it out of himself, mebbe," said Farmer Barford, when his son described to him this sight which he had seen that afternoon; "for all he's so close, and so meek and religious, there's a spice of the devil in him, as in every other man, and Bill, my boy, that's the way he takes it out of himself." Thus Farmer Barford, and to this effect spoke several of the parishioners in committee assembled over their pipes and beer at the Dun Cow.

They did not hint anything of the kind to the vicar himself, trust them for that! Martin Gurwood could not be called popular amongst the community in which his lot was cast; he was charitable to a degree, lavish with his money, thinking nothing of passing days and nights by the bedside of the sick, contributing more than half the funds necessary for the maintenance of the village schools, accessible at all times, and ready with such advice or assistance as the occasion demanded, but yet they called him "high and standoffish." Old Mr. Camden, making a house-to-house visitation, perhaps once a year, when the fit so seized him, "going his rounds" as he called it, would sit down to dinner in a farm-house kitchen, or take a mug of beer with the farmer while they talked about crops, and occasionally would preside at a harvest-home supper or a Christmas gathering. Martin Gurwood did nothing of this kind; he was always polite, invariably courteous, but he never courted anything like fellowship or bonhomie. He had joined the village cricket club on his first arrival, and showed himself an excellent and energetic player, but the familiarity engendered in the field seemed displeasing to him, and though he continued his subscription, he gradually withdrew from active membership. Nor was his religious ardour particularly pleasing to the parishioners, who, under Mr. Camden's lax rule, had thought it sufficient if they put in an appearance at morning service, and thus cleared off the debt of attendance until the succeeding Sunday. They could not understand what the parson meant by having prayers at eight o'clock every morning: who did he expect would go at such a time, they wondered? Not they, nor their men, who were far away in the fields before that time, not the missuses, who had the dairy and the house to attend to; not the girls, who were looking after the linen and minding the

younger children; nor the boys, who, if not at school, were out at farm-work. It was all very well for the two Miss Dyneley's, the two maiden ladies living at Ivy Cottage, who had money coming in regular, paid them by the government (the Lullington idea of consols was not particularly clear), and had naught to do from morning till night; it filled up their time like, and was a kind of amusement to them! All very well for old Mr. Willis, who had made his fortune, it was said, by being a tailor in London, who had bought the Larches where Squire Needham used to live in the good old times, who could not ride, or drive, or shoot, or fish, or do anything but walk about his garden with a spud over his shoulders, and who was said to be dying to get back to business. These and some two or three of the bigger girls from the Miss Gilks's seminary for young ladies were all that attended at "mattins," as the name of the morning service stood in early English type on the index board in the churchyard, but Martin Gurwood persevered and went through the service with as much earnestness and devotion as though the church had been full and the bishop of the diocese seated in the vicar's pew.

There was the usual amount of squirearchy in the neighbourhood, and on Martin's first introduction into its parish the squire's wives drove over, leaving their own and their husbands' cards, and invitations to dinner, duly arranged for a time when the moon was at its full. Mr. Gurwood responded to these invitations, and made his appearance at the various banquets. Accustomed to old Mr. Camden with his red face, his bald head, his white whiskers, and black suit cut in the fashion of a quarter of a century ago, the county people were at first rather impressed with Martin Gurwood's thin handsome face and small well-dressed figure. It was a relief, the women said, to see a gentleman amongst them, and they were all certain that Mr. Gurwood would be an acquisition to the local society; but as the guests were driving homeward from the first of these feasts, several of the male convives imparted to their wives their idea that the new Vicar of Lullington was not merely unfit to hold a candle to his predecessor, but was likely to prove a meddlesome, disagreeable fellow. It seemed that after the ladies had retired, the conversation becoming as usual rather free, Mr. Gurwood had sat in blank, stony silence, keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the contents of his dessert plate,

and neither by look nor word giving the slightest intimation that he was aware of what was going on. But when rallied from his silence by Mr. Lidstone, a man of low tastes and small education, but enormously wealthy, Mr. Gurwood had spoken out and declared that if by indulging in such conversation, and telling such stories, they chose to ignore the respect due to themselves, they ought at least, while he was among them, to recollect the respect due to him, and to the calling which he represented. He had no desire to assume the character of a wet blanket or a kill-joy, but they must understand that for the future they must choose between his presence and the indulgence in such conversation, and as they had evidently not expected any such demonstration in the present instance, he would relieve them of his company at once, and leave them to decide whether or not he should again come amongst them as a guest. So saying, the parson had walked out of the window on to the lawn as cool as a cucumber, and left the squirearchy gaping in astonishment.

They were Bosotian, these county people, crass, ignorant, and rusted with prejudice from want of contact with the world, but they were by no means bad-hearted, and they took the parson's remonstrance in very good part. Each one who had already sent Martin Gurwood an invitation, managed to grip his hand before the evening was over, and took occasion to renew it, declaring he should have no occasion to reiterate the remarks which he had just made, and which they perfectly understood. Nor had he; he went a round of these solemn festivities, finding each one, both during the presence of the ladies and after their withdrawal, perfectly decorous, but unspeakably dull. He had not been sufficiently long in the neighbourhood for the local gossip to possess the smallest interest to him, he was not sufficient of an agriculturist to discuss the different methods of farming or the various qualities of food; he could talk about Oxford indeed, where some of his hosts or their friends had young relations whom he had known; he could and did sing well certain Italian songs in a rich tenor voice, and he discussed church architecture and decorations with the young ladies. But the old squires and the young squires cared for none of these things. They remembered how old Anthony Camden would sit by while the broadest stories were told, looking, save from the twinkle in his eye and the curling of his bulbous nether

lip, as though he heard them not, with what feeling he would troll out a ballad of Dibdin's, or a bacchanalian ditty, and how the brewing of the bowl of punch, the "stirrup cup," was always intrusted to his practised hand. Martin Gurwood took a glass of cold water before leaving, and if he were dining out any distance always had the one hired fly of the neighbourhood to convey him back to the vicarage. No wonder that the laughter-loving, roisterous squires shook their heads when they thought of old Anthony Camden, and mourned over the glories of those departed days.

Martin Gurwood was not, however, at Lullington just now. He had induced an old college friend to look after the welfare of his parishioners while he ran up, as he did once or twice in the year, to stay for a fortnight with his mother in Great Walpole-street. John Calverley, who had a strong liking for Martin, a feeling which the vicar cordially reciprocated, was anxious that his step-son should come to them at Christmas; being an old-fashioned soul, with a belief in holly and yule logs, and kindly greetings and open-hearted charities, at what he invariably spoke of as that "festive season," and having an intense desire to interpose at such a time a friendly ægis between him and the stony-faced Gorgon, whom it was his lot through life to confront. But Martin Gurwood, regarding the Christmas season in a very different light, urged that at such a time it would be impossible for him to absent himself from his duties, and after his own frigid manner refused to be tempted by the convivial blandishments which John held out to him, or to be scared by the picture of the grim loneliness of the vicarage which his step-father drew for his edification. So, in the early days of November, when the Lullington farmers were getting well into their hunting, and the London fogs, scarcely long enough to embrace the entire length of Great Walpole-street, blotted out its middle and its lower end, leaving the upper part comparatively bright and airy, Martin Gurwood came to town and took up his abode in Mrs. Calverley's best spare bedroom.

The other spare bedroom in the house was occupied by Madame Pauline DuTertre, who had for some time been installed there, and had regularly taken up her position as the friend of the family and confidential adviser to the female head of the house. Immediately on gaining her footing within

the walls, Pauline had succeeded in establishing herself in the good graces of the self-contained, silent woman, who hitherto had never known what it was to have any one to share her confidences, to listen patiently to her never-ceasing complaints, and to be able and willing to make little suggestions which chimed in with Mrs. Calverley's thoughts and wishes. Years ago, before her first marriage, Jane Calverley had had a surfeit of toadyism and flattery from her poor relations and dependents, and from the servants who cringed to and fawned upon the young girl as though they had been southern slaves and she their owner. But in George Gurwood's days, and since her marriage with her second husband, Mrs. Calverley had made no friends, and even those whose interest it was to stand well with her had found it impossible to break through the barriers of icy reserve with which she surrounded herself. They did not approach her in the proper manner, perhaps, they did not go to work in the right way. Commonly bred and ill-educated people as they were, they imagined that the direct road to Jane Calverley's favour lay in pitying her and speaking against her husband, with whom she was plainly at strife. As is usual with such people, they overacted their parts; they spoke strongly and bitterly in their denunciation of Mr. Calverley, they were coarse, and their loud trumpeted compassion for their mistress jarred upon its recipient. Jane Calverley was a proud as well as a hard woman, and her mind revolted against the idea of being openly compassionated by her inferiors, so she kept her confidences rigidly locked in her own breast, and Pauline's was the first hand to press a spring by which the casket was opened.

Before the Frenchwoman had been in the house twenty-four hours, she had learned exactly the relations of its inmates, and as much as has been already set forth in these pages of their family history. She had probed the characters of the husband and the wife, had listened to the mother's eulogies of her saintly son, and had sighed and shaken her head in seeming condolence over the vividly described shortcomings of Mr. Calverley. Without effusion, and with only the dumb sympathy conveyed by her eloquent eyes and gestures, Pauline managed to lead her new-found friend, now that she comprehended her domestic troubles, and would do her best to aid her in getting rid of them, and in many other ways she made herself useful

and agreeable to the cold, friendless woman who was her hostess. She re-arranged the furniture of the dreary drawing-room, lighting it up here and there with such flowers as were procurable, and with evergreens, which she bought herself; she covered the square formal chairs and couches with muslin antimaccassars, and gave the room, what it had never hitherto had, the semblance of a woman's presence. She accomplished what everybody had imagined to be an impossibility, an alteration in the style of Mrs. Calverley's costume; she made with her own hands a little elegant cap with soft blond falling from it, which took away from that rigid outline of the chin, and instead of the wisp of black net round her throat, she induced Mrs. Calverley to wear a neat white muslin handkerchief crossed over her chest. The piano, seldom touched, save when Mrs. Calverley, in an extraordinary good temper, would, for her husband's edification, thump and stum away at an overture to Semiramide and other set pieces, which she had learned in her youth, was now regularly brought into use, and in the evening Pauline would seat herself at it, playing long selections from Mendelssohn and Beethoven, or singing religious songs by Mozart, the listening to which made John Calverley supremely happy, and even brought something like moisture into his wife's stony eyes. It is probable that had Mrs. Calverley had any notion that these songs were the composition of a Roman Catholic, and were many of them used in what she was accustomed to speak of as "Popish ceremonies," she would never have been induced even to listen to them; but with unerring judgment Pauline had at once divined this phase in her employer's character, and, while the particular sect to which she belonged was of no importance to herself, had taken care to make Mrs. Calverley understand that Luther had no more devoted adherent.

"She is a Huguenot, my dear," said Mrs. Calverley to Martin Gurwood, shortly after his arrival, and before she had presented him to the new inmate of the house; "a Huguenot of ancient family, who lost all their property a long time ago by the revocation of the edict of somebody—Nancy, I think, was the name! You will find her a most amiable person, richly endowed with good gifts, and calculated, should she not suffer from the evil effects of Mr. Calverley's companionship, to prove an inestimable blessing to me."

Martin Gurwood expressed himself well pleased to hear this account of his mother's new-found friend; but, on being presented to Pauline, he scarcely found the description realised. His natural cleverness had been sharpened by his public school and university education; and, though during the last few years of his life he had been buried in comparative obscurity, he retained sufficient knowledge of the world to perceive that a woman like Madame Du Tertre, bright, clever, to a certain degree accomplished, and possessing immense energy and power of will, would not have relegated herself to such a life as she was then leading without having a strong aim to gain. And what that aim was he was determined to find out.

But, though these were Martin Gurwood's thoughts, he never permitted a trace of them to appear in his manner to Madame Du Tertre, which was scrupulously courteous, if nothing more. Perhaps it was from his mother that he inherited a certain cold propriety of bearing and frigidity of demeanour which his acquaintances generally complained of. The farmers of Lullington, comparing it with the geniality of their previous pastor, found it insufferable; and his college friends, who had come in contact with him of late years, thought he was a totally changed being from the high-spirited fellow who had been one of the noisiest athletes of his day. Certain it was that he was now pensive and reserved; nay more, that when out of Lullington in company—that is to say, either with any of his former colleagues, or of a few persons who were visitors at the house in Great Walpole-street—he seemed desirous almost of shunning observation, and of studiously keeping in the back-ground, when his mother's pride in him would have made him take a leading part in any conversation that might be going on. Before he had been two days in the house Pauline's quick instinct had detected this peculiarity, and she had mentally noted it among the things which, properly worked, might help her to the elucidation of the plan to which she had devoted her life. She determined on making herself agreeable to this young man, on forcing him into a certain amount of intimacy and companionship; and so skilful were her tactics, that, without absolute rudeness, Martin Gurwood found it impossible entirely to withdraw from her advances.

One night she challenged him to chess, and, during the intervals of the game, she



endeavoured to learn more of him than she had hitherto been able to do in more desultory conversation in the presence of others.

Mrs. Calverley was hard at work at the Berlin-wool frame, putting the final touches to Jael and Sisera; John Calverley, with the newspaper in his lap, was fast asleep in his easy-chair, and the chess-players were at the far end of the room, with a shaded lamp between them.

They formed a strange contrast this couple; he, with his wavy chestnut hair, his thin red and white, clear-cut, whiskerless face, his shifting blue eyes, and his weak, irresolute mouth; she, with her olive complexion, her blue-black hair, her steady, earnest gaze, her square, firm jaw, and the deep orange trimmings of her black silk dress, showing off strangely against her companion's sable-hued clerical dress.

"You are too strong for me, monsieur," said Pauline, at the conclusion of the first game; "but I will not yield you the victory without a further struggle."

"I was going to say you played an excellent game, Madame Du Tertre; but after your remark, it would sound as though I were complimenting myself," said Martin. "I have but few opportunities for chess-playing now, but it was a favourite game of mine at college; and I knew many a man who prided himself on his play whose head for it was certainly not so good as yours."

"You have not many persons in your—what you call your parish—who play chess?"

"No, indeed," said Martin; "cribbage I believe to be the highest flight in that line amongst the farmers."

"Madame Calverley has explained to me the style of place that it is. Is it not wearisome to you to a degree to pass your existence in such a locale amongst such a set of people?"

"It is my duty, Madame Du Tertre," said Martin, "and I do not repine."

"Ah, monsieur," said Pauline, with an inclination of her head and downcast eyes, "I am the last person in the world to rebel against duty, or to allow that it should not be undertaken in that spirit of Christianity which you have shown! But are you sure, Monsieur Martin, that you are acting rightly? However good your intentions may be, with your devotion to the cause you have espoused, and with your great talents, you should be taking a leading position in the great battle of religion; whereas, by burying yourself in this hole, there you lose for

yourself the opportunity of fame, while the Church loses a brilliant leader!"

"I have no desire for fame, Madame Du Tertre; and if I can only do my duty diligently, it is enough for me."

"Yes; but there is another thing. Pardon me, Monsieur Martin, I am a strange woman and some years older than you, so that you must not think me guilty of an impertinence in speaking freely to you. Your Church—our Church—does not condemn its ministers to an ascetic or a celibate life—that is one of the wildest errors of Romanism. Has it never struck you that in consenting to remain amongst persons with whom you have nothing in common—where you are never likely to meet a woman calculated so to excite your admiration and affection as to induce you to make her your wife—you are rather following the Roman than the Protestant custom?"

A faint flush, duly marked by Pauline's keen eyes, passed over Martin Gurwood's handsome features. "I have no intention of marrying," he said, in a low voice.

"Not now, perhaps," said Pauline, "because you have not yet seen any one whom you could love. A man of your taste and education is always fastidious; but, depend upon it, you will some day find some lovely girl of ancient family who——"

"It will be time enough then to speak of it, Madame Du Tertre, would it not?" said Martin Gurwood, flushing again. "Now, if you please, we will resume our game."

When Pauline went to her bedroom that night she locked the door, threw herself into an easy-chair in front of the fire, and remained buried in contemplation. Then she rose, and, as she strolled towards the dressing-table, said, half aloud: "That man is jealousy guarding a secret—and it is his own!"

## MODERN SCULPTURE.

### IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

#### THE SEMI-DRAPED AND DRAPE.

NEITHER the semi-draped nor the draped offer any difficulties to an artist of genius, when he treats ideal and mythological subjects, or represents the illustrious men of Greece or Rome. It is when the artist has to deal with the heroes, sages, statesmen, poets, and other eminent men of modern times, that the employment of drapery becomes a stumbling-block. He cannot represent these figures nude or

even semi-nude, and he cannot drape them in Grecian robes or Roman togas, without an anachronism that not only excites the derision of the multitude, but that detracts from the value of the work, both as a portraiture and a contemporary record. The ancients had no such difficulties, and could be scrupulously correct in costume, without outraging the sense of the beautiful in themselves or their beholders. Every man and woman whom they met was to them a model. They could represent a contemporary hero, or reigning beauty of the day, exactly as they saw them, and the results were of the highest order of art; but the modern sculptor cannot represent a Pompey of the nineteenth century without any drapery at all, or a Brutus or a Cassius of 1872 in the dress-coat, or walking-costume of the period, or exhibit to the world a woman as lovely as the celebrated Venus Kallipyge, looking over her shoulder at her panier or her basque, or whatever be the correct name of that posterior addition to their walking-costume in which our modern belles and dress-makers delight. A man with his hat on, in his usual dress, and a woman attired either in the crinoline of the days not long ago departed, or in the scantier garment à la japonnaise which is now worn, would if faithfully imitated of life size, in freestone, marble, or bronze, be so inartistic and so hideous that they would, if set up in a public place, excite the ridicule of the veriest street Arab that ever "turned a wheel" or picked a pocket. In fact, the realistic, whether wholly or partially draped, belongs to the wax-moulder, the carver, and the silversmith, rather than to the sculptor. How fatal it is to art may be seen in many flagrant examples that disfigure not only the British metropolis, but most of the cities of Europe. One most egregious specimen, a life-like figure of the late Sir Robert Peel, stood for some months, a year or two ago, at the north-west corner of Palace-yard, with its face towards Westminster Hall, where it excited the ridicule of most people, and the disgust of such as had any pretensions to artistic taste. It was too much even for our insular toleration of the monstrous, and was finally removed. The metropolis still possesses the draped figure of William the Fourth, in King William-street, Nelson with his three-cornered hat on the top of the pillar in Trafalgar-square, and the Duke of York on another column in Carlton Gardens, a lopsided figure in robes, of

which no spectator can distinguish the form or fashion, unless he mounts to the top of the column for the purpose. All these statues are so bad in themselves, and so badly placed, that it is difficult to determine which is the worst. And though military is more adapted than civilian costume to the purposes of the sculptor's art, the same distressing tightness and angularity that belongs to all modern dress, except the night-gown, prevents the execution of any noble statue to a hero of our time, unless he be idealised and put back two thousand years in his personal appearance. If we take as examples of the best, or nearly the best, which our sculptors can do in this respect, there are five statues ready to our hand: General Sir Charles James Napier and General Havelock, in Trafalgar-square; General Lord Clyde and Captain Sir John Franklin fronting each other in Carlton Gardens, and General Outram on the Victoria Embankment at Whitehall. Four of these statues, if built into the wall of a large building, so that the spectator could not see behind or on either side of them, or obtain any other than the full front view, would, if not placed too far above the level of the eye, be pleasing objects as works of art, in spite of their modern costumes. The fifth, is the statue of Lord Clyde. This, with its accessories, could not be otherwise than an inferior and disagreeable work, in whatever position it might be placed. It occupies no less than three pedestals; one for the figure of a woman sitting upon a lion, symbolical it is supposed of the British Government of India; a second for the support of a cylindrical column of red granite, and the third the aforesaid red column, on which stands the dapper little figure of the hero who is supposed to be honoured. The effect is painful, though the design, if executed in silver, to be placed on a side-board in a dining-room, or in the centre of a dinner-table, might not be subjected to much adverse criticism.

Captain Sir John Franklin, whose manly effigy stands opposite, is simpler, and therefore better, and if brought six or eight feet nearer to the ground by the lowering of the pedestal, would be recognised as one of the noblest statues in the metropolis. Sir Charles James Napier and Sir Henry Havelock, whose massive figures stand in the western and eastern corners of that place of sculptural horrors, Trafalgar-square, cannot be considered works of high art. Seen from behind, the drapery of both is cumbersome and inelegant in

the extreme, and in the case of the gallant Havelock has to be supported by the trunk of a tree, opportunely brought down to the required height for the purpose. A similar objection applies to the newest erection, that of General Outram. From only one position can a fair and artistic view be obtained. On proceeding towards it from the railway-arch over the Thames Embankment, this figure, with the right leg outstretched, presents a triangular aspect, which only disappears when the spectator is immediately in front of it. The space between the legs is filled up with a mass of armour, for which there is no artistic or any other necessity. The attitude, if represented in an oil painting or an engraving, would be pleasing, but its excessive angularity in the mass destroys all the effect which the sculptor intended. And the height at which the figure stands on the pedestal exaggerates all its defects, diminishes all its beauties, and prevents any possible study or fair view of the features.

Any one with an educated eye who walks through the British Museum or the Crystal Palace, may note numberless instances, both among the ancient and modern works exhibited, of the graceful and ungraceful, the natural and the unnatural employment of drapery in sculpture. It is not every living woman who, if she had to wear the ancient Greek or Roman costume, could arrange it in graceful folds about her body. It is not even every woman who has either natural or acquired taste to wear a shawl or a scarf in a manner that would satisfy a sculptor's eye. Still further, it is not every sculptor who has studied drapery as a portion of his art with sufficient understanding to be able to represent it appropriately in bronze or marble. When Madame Ristori, the eminent Italian actress, was in the height of her popularity in London, sculptors who seldom went to the theatre made it a point of being present at her performances every night, that they might study the exquisite arrangement of her drapery, for which she was as famous as for her dramatic power. Sculptors, for want of efficient models, are therefore driven to the study of Greek drapery on Greek statues, and labour under the disadvantage that all modern sculpture would labour under, if it were impossible or very difficult to study from the life. The mistakes which they make are consequently many. In order to represent the form through the drapery, they resort to an

artifice which suggests that the drapery is wet, and drags to the shape, like a woman's bathing-gown when she emerges from her bath in the sea. Still more objectionably they imitate lace, with which they thinly veil the face or the body behind. When they represent the semi-nude, they too often plaster rather than hang the drapery on the form, and place it in such a manner, that if similar drapery were worn by a living model, it would drop off at the first movement of the limbs, and leave the figure completely exposed, unless it were glued or pasted on; and, even in that case, would crackle and fall off sooner or later, like the magic robe in the well-known ballad of the Boy and the Mantle. An intelligent survey of the statues, good and bad, that are ranged in the Crystal Palace, will afford the spectator many examples of the decadence of the sculptor's art in this important particular. How Phidias, that great sculptor—so few of whose works unfortunately have come down to us—dealt with drapery, as an example to the sculptors of his own and of all other times, may be seen in the Minerva Borghese, a cast of which may be studied in the Crystal Palace. Nothing can be more perfect and more beautiful than this, and sculptors who cannot procure living models who know how to wear and arrange antique drapery, cannot do better than study it.

#### EQUESTRIAN AND MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE.

Equestrian statues—usually employed in modern times to honour, or attempt to honour, the memory of great soldiers or monarchs—were often erected by the Greeks, and are recommended by their example. But they cannot, whether ancient or modern, be considered as belonging to the highest class of art. There are no animals, except man, of which the forms are beautiful enough to be fit subjects for sculpture, though excellently well adapted for carving on a small scale. All animals, whatever may be the idea of grace, dignity, agility, or even of ungainliness and uncomeliness be attached to them, are fit subjects for the display of the painter's genius in the imitation of nature. An elephant, a cow, or a herd of swine, when represented on canvas by a skilful painter, give pleasure to the beholder. Landseer's dogs delight us on canvas and in engravings, but they would not delight us to the same degree if executed in marble and stuck upon pedestals. In paintings and

engravings, the spectator sees those familiar objects under the one aspect that the painter chooses to present; but if the sculptor were to represent either of them in marble or in bronze, the object would be seen under all aspects—some of which would be unpleasing or ungraceful. The painted representation of a pig does not offend, but the sculptural representation of a pig would be disagreeable. In like manner, a cow or an elephant, though admirable in painting, are neither admirable nor admissible in sculpture, for the reason that they lack the dignity which in sculpture is all essential. An exception has been made by sculptors in favour of the horse, the lion, the leopard, the stag; and of such smaller animals as the wolf and the fawn; and among birds the eagle and the dove. But the introduction of these animals detracts from the perfect beauty of the piece of sculpture in which they are mingled. From whatever point of view the nude figure of a perfectly formed man or woman is seen, it is beautiful and admirable; but the figure of the horse is only beautiful from one point—that at which the animal stands when the horseman prepares to mount him, or when the spectator looks at him from the level ground. The belly and legs of a horse on a pedestal ten feet above the eyes of the spectator, do not form a beautiful object. In like manner, a horse's back, as seen from the box-seat of a carriage, has no symmetry or grace sufficient to justify its imitation in stone or bronze of the size of life. A miniature in gold or marble, or a small statuette in marble, would not be disagreeable, but the reverse, nor contrary to the principles of art; for such small objects as can be handled and moved about, can always be placed in positions where they can appear with best effect to the eye. The same reasoning applies to lions, leopards, and other animals which sculptors, both ancient and modern, have taken into favour for the purposes of their art. Their form and outline are only agreeable to the eye from one point of view. They are excellently well fitted for the painter who presents this view, and no other, but for the sculptor they are stumbling-blocks in the way of poetic art. Let any one who does not see the full force of this reasoning stand under the equestrian statue of George the Fourth in Trafalgar-square, and he will at once understand what is meant. A pictorial representation, or a photograph of that statue, taken from the level of the top

of the pedestal on which the horse stands, would convey no idea of the ugly or ludicrous; but the horse's belly and dangling legs of the rider, seen from the only points of view in which the near spectator can regard the object, are grotesque, ungainly, and unpleasant. So also of Sir Edwin Landseer's lions. By making the animals couchant, and thus concealing the least picturesque and graceful parts of their bodies, and by presenting only the front and two side views to the eyes of the spectator, the artist has given a dignity to his work, which it could not have possessed if the animals had been standing, like the smaller lion that overlooks them from the top of Northumberland House. This brute is a disgrace to London, and, unfortunately, only one of many. The statue of Charles the First at Charing-cross is scarcely better than that of George the Fourth. Seen from Trafalgar-square, the front leg of the horse and the tail seem to dangle in the air, with a ludicrous effect, which the artist can never have imagined.

And this brings us to the consideration of the only proper uses to which the horse and all other animals, man excepted, can be applied in sculpture of the highest order. By employing the alto-relievo and the basso-relievo, the sculptor can compete successfully with the painter in presenting his object from a single point of view, and that the best; and when these alti or bassi-relievi are introduced as friezes on pediments of temples, palaces, or other large and important buildings, no valid objection can be raised against them. On the contrary, they dignify as well as ornament the structure of which they form a part. The Duke of Wellington, mounted on his horse on the top of the arch at Hyde Park Corner, is from some points of view a monster of ugliness, quoad man, as well as quoad horse; but if the horse and man, exactly as drawn by the sculptor, were executed in basso or alto-relievo, and made a portion of the wall of a stately edifice, all the deformity and ugliness would disappear. The beautiful western and equally beautiful eastern pediment of the Pantheon are examples in point. Any single horse of those represented, made into a complete statue and put upon a pedestal, to be viewed from the level of the earth, would, instead of being a graceful object, as it appears from the only point of view which the alto or basso-relievo figure allows, would exhibit portions of the form which are not graceful, but, on the con-

trary, gross and unshapely, presenting the ignoble parts rather than the noble entirety of the thing to be portrayed. Therefore the truly great sculptor—the sculptor of the very highest order of genius—whether he create single figures or groups, will and must avoid the horse and all other animals, except in relief. Consequently, if this reasoning be correct, no equestrian statue can be so perfect, so admirable, so faultless as the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus di Medici, or Eve at the Fountain.

The specimens of equestrian sculpture erected in London and throughout the British Isles in commemoration of kings and generals, are in no way creditable to British art. There is not a single equestrian statue in existence amongst us which is not either bad in itself, or rendered bad by misplacement on too high a pedestal. Charles the First at Charing Cross, George the Third in Cockspur-street, George the Fourth in Trafalgar-square, the Duke of Wellington in front of the Royal Exchange in London, and the same figure before the Exchange at Glasgow, and worst of all the Duke on the top of the arch at Hyde Park Corner, would each show to more advantage if their pedestals were lower, and the body of the horse brought to the level of the spectator's eye. The equestrian statues in which the horse is represented in a prancing attitude, as that of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, and the Duke of Wellington before the Registry Office in Prince's-street, Edinburgh—in both of which the horse would inevitably topple over if he were not supported by his tail—are hideous monstrosities, unworthy of an artistic or civilised people. Perhaps the best equestrian statue in Great Britain, and it is by no means of a high order of excellence, is that of the Earl of Hopetoun, in Edinburgh, where the man stands beside, and does not sit upon the horse. Its pleasing effect is partly owing to this circumstance and partly owing to its presentation on a level with the eye of the spectator. The statue of Richard Cœur de Lion by Baron Marochetti, exhibited in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and subsequently erected on the open space between Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, merits greater praise than can be accorded to any other equestrian statue in London. It is a true idealisation of a chivalrous and romantic character in English history, and would be even better than it is if the horse and man were placed on a lower pedestal; better still if there

were no horse in the composition, and the king stood "alone in his glory."

#### THE BUST.

There is not much to be said in favour of the bust, as a means of representing the form and features of the great and the beloved, except that the bust, whether of bronze or marble, is less perishable than the painted portrait or the printed engraving. Without the bust, the medal, or the intaglio, posterity would have known nothing, which verbal description did not convey, of the features of the great men and lovely women of antiquity. Hence the busts of the Cæsars and others that have come down to modern times, either of the life-size in marble or brass, or in relief and in miniature upon coins and medals, are of great interest and value. But notwithstanding all this, the more the bust—and especially the bust of a modern man or woman—partakes of the character of a veritable portrait, the less elevated is its rank as a work of art. A strict fidelity to actual nature, if that is all that is wanted, is more easily attainable in wax with colour, than in marble without colour, as will be evident to any one who compares the works in Madame Tussaud's exhibition with any ancient or modern bust. Photography may do justice to the human form, but not to the human face. If photography approximates to justice, it is justice without mercy. It represents form, but seldom represents expression. In short, there is no soul in photography. Yet photography is to a certain extent true to nature. In like manner, when the sculptor who executes a bust makes it literally as true to nature as he can, he is only a carver and figure-head maker. The bust should represent the face of the person portrayed, in accordance with the underlying idea of all sculpture worthy of the name, with a certain amount of dignity—the face not actually as it is to the common eye, but the face at its very best—the face as it might be when lighted up by noble or inspiring thoughts; not the face of a man as seen in a mirror in his ordinary state of mind, or want of mind, but the face suggestive of a likeness without being one. There are three busts in the hall of the Reform Club, in places which it would have grieved the soul of Sir Charles Barry, the architect of that building, to have seen them, which, better than any other examples that could be cited, exhibit the true principles that should guide the hand of the sculptor

in this department of his art. The first is Oliver Cromwell, the second Richard Cobden, the third Henry Lord Brougham. The bust of Cromwell (by Mr. Noble) is of course imaginative, but the artist has availed himself of all the engraved portraits and other likenesses in existence as the bases of his ideal work, and compounded of these materials a spiritualised resemblance which combines the noblest characteristics of the man, as represented by his deeds and history, and which is at once recognised as an exalted likeness, not contradictory of, but supplementary to, the portraits that have come down to us, and better far than any of them, from the soul which the sculptor has thrown into his marble. Almost equal praise is due to the bust of Mr. Cobden by the same artist. It not only brings instantly to the recollection of the spectator the veritable Cobden as he lived among us, but Cobden transfigured; Cobden with every point and trait of his character represented on the face and brain; Cobden as he might have appeared in the semi-apotheosis of that happy state when mind and body are in healthful and complete accord, and the intellect and the affections are in full play upon the features. The bust of Lord Brougham differs from these in every respect, and affords a flagrant example of faults to be avoided. It is hard, dry, real, literal—a photograph in marble of an ugly old man, with all the hollows and wrinkles of his face represented with more than the fidelity of a mirror, inasmuch as they can be felt, and gauged, and measured. The great object of art is to give pleasure by its representation of nature, and of sculpture as distinguished from carving, to bestow dignity upon its object. This bust supplies neither of these conditions, and suggests an intention to caricature rather than to exalt, and show what an ugly face rather than what a high intellect belonged to Henry Brougham. That such was not the intention of the sculptor, and of those for whom he executed his work, is admitted. There is a beauty in old age as well as in youth and maturity, and if the sculptor who models the bust of a great man, at whatever age he may be represented, cannot infuse the beauty of intellect or of high character into his work, he mistakes his vocation, and should confine himself to wood-carving; or, if he prefer stone, to the production of gargoyles for the waterspouts of Gothic buildings, or other work in which the grotesque rather than the poetical is most appropriate.

## SITES AND PEDESTALS.

It will be seen from a study of the principles we have laid down, if their truth be assented to, that independently of the intrinsic beauty and nobleness of a statue, much of its effect on the imagination and judgment of the beholder must depend on its site and the elevation of its pedestal. The Venus di Medici, standing where Nelson stands, on the top of the column in Trafalgar-square, would be as misplaced as a cheque for thousands of pounds at the bottom of the sea. The Apollo Belvidere surmounting the dome of St. Paul's would waste his divinity on the desert air, and the Laocoon and his sons struggling with the fearful python which enfolds them in its venomous grasp would, if placed on the top of the arch where the Duke of Wellington and his horse now offer to view such a mass of deformity, be as utterly lost to public appreciation as if it were not in existence, and would seem but a lump of stone or bronze. There is but one statue in London good in itself, standing on a perfectly appropriate and unobjectionable site, and on a pedestal which is not too elevated, and that is the statue of Achilles in Hyde Park. The objection to high pedestals applies in a still greater degree to statues perched on the tops of columns, like the two ugly specimens that exist in London, and the one, not quite so ugly, which was overthrown by the Commune in the Place de Vendôme in Paris.

Modern sculpture, as regards public monuments, requires a better understanding, both by artists and the public, of two great essentials. First, that sculpture is not the art of portrait-making, and, secondly, that a good work of art requires to be placed in a position where it can be seen; in other words, our advice to sculptors is twofold: **DIGNIFY YOUR SUBJECTS AND LOWER YOUR PEDESTALS.**

## REQUIESCAT.

More was buried with you, love,  
Than just the beautiful clay  
You left to chill the passionate kiss,  
When you passed from our life away.

More was buried with you, love,  
Than the spring of your young renown,  
And the glow of the fresh green laurel leaves,  
That were weaving to make your crown.

More was buried with you, love,  
Than golden hopes and dreams,  
Than all the glittering halo hung  
Round a true heart's noble schemes.

For oh when the heavy sods lay straight,  
In the black December weather,  
The light of a home and the strength of a life,  
Were left 'neath their weight together.

There were many around your grave, love,  
With an honest tear and prayer,  
But one, as she knelt beside it, knew  
Her youth, too, rested there.

### OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

ALEXANDER PEDEN, ONE OF THE OLD COVENANTERS.

AMONG the many brave, strenuous, and pious men in Scotland that suffered from the cruel religious persecutions in the reign of Charles the Second, there was not one who evidenced a profounder faith in Divine protection than that celebrated preacher, Alexander Peden. Among the stern bands of Covenanters who, in the bleak rainswept hills of Galloway, sang their psalms amid the wind and storm, or, in the spongy mosses and chilling bogs, ground their broadswords ready for "those men of Belial," Claverhouse's Dragoons, no man stood so high as an expounder of "the word," no one was looked upon as so favoured a prophet.

Alexander Peden, who died in 1686 (James the Second), was born in the parish of Lorn, in Ayrshire, in 1626 (Charles the First). On leaving college, previous to entering the ministry, he became schoolmaster, precentor, and session clerk to Mr. John Guthrie, minister of the gospel at Tarbolton. He then became minister at Glen Luce, in Galloway, but when the persecution began was compelled to take to the hills, with "the Lord's people." There was great weeping in the kirk the day Peden preached his farewell sermon, from the text, "Therefore, watch and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one, day and night, with tears." When he closed the pulpit-door he struck it three times with his pocket Bible, saying three times over, "I arrest thee, in my master's name, that none ever enter thee but such as come in at the door as I did." Nor did any one, as it happened, ever enter the pulpit till after the Revolution, when a Presbyterian minister once more ascended the steps consecrated by the feet of the Covenanter prophet.

For our account of Peden, we rely almost entirely on the testimony of that remarkable writer, the zealous Patrick Walker, and his various Scotch and Irish correspondents. Walker himself had, like Peden, been out on the hills with the elect, and is generally supposed to have fired the shot, that, in March, 1682, killed Francis Gordon, a hot-headed dragoon of Airly's

troop, at Moss Plat, near Lanark. He was sentenced to transportation, but, after six months in the Leith Tolbooth and Duncannan Castle, escaped again to the wild places, where the faithful grimly lurked. After the glorious Revolution, Walker kept a shop for the sale of religious tracts, near the Bristo Port, Edinburgh. He afterwards turned packman, to visit old scenes, and collect anecdotes of the saints, and probably died about 1733. The racy and graphic force of his style, and that of the faithful ministers who corresponded with him about Peden, cannot be surpassed, and to Patrick Walker Sir Walter Scott was undoubtedly indebted for some of the finest scenes in *Old Mortality*.

When the troubles began, Peden (says Walker) joined with that honest, zealous handful, in the year 1666, that was broke at Pentland Hills, and came the length of Clyde with them, where he had a melancholy view of their end, and parted with them there.

After this, in June, 1673, Peden was taken by Major Cockburn, in the house of Hugh Fergusson, of Knockdow, in Carrick, who constrained him to tarry all night. Peden told him that it would be a dear night's quarter to both; accordingly they were both carried prisoners to Edinburgh; Hugh Fergusson was fined a thousand marks for reset, harbour, and converse with him; the council ordered fifty pounds sterling to be paid to the major out of the fine, and ordained him to divide twenty-five pounds sterling amongst his party. Some time after examination Peden was sent to the Bass, where he remained prisoner there and at Edinburgh until December, 1676, when he was banished.

While prisoner in the Bass, one Sabbath morning, being about the public worship of God, a young lass, of the age of thirteen or fourteen years, came to the chamber door, mocking with loud laughter; Peden said, "Poor thing, thou mocks and laughs at the worship of God; but ere long God shall write such a sudden, surprising judgment on thee, that shall stay thy laughing, and thou shalt not escape it." Very shortly thereafter, as she was walking upon the rock, there came a blast of wind, and (as Walker relates with gloomy unction) swept the girl off the rock into the sea, where she was lost.

While prisoner there, one day walking upon the rock, some soldiers passing by Peden, one of them cried, "The devil take him." Peden cried, "Fie, fie, poor man,

thou knowest not what thou art saying, but thou wilt repent that." At which words the soldier stood astonished, and went to the guard distracted, crying aloud for fear, saying the devil would immediately take him away. Peden came and spoke to him, and prayed for him; the next morning he came to him again, and found him in his right mind, and under deep conviction of great guilt. The guard having to change, they desired the man to go to his arms; but he refused, and said he would lift no arms against Jesus Christ, his cause, or persecute his people, "I've done that too long." The governor threatened him with death the next day, at ten o'clock; he confidently said, three times, though they should tear all his body in pieces, he would never lift arms that way. About three days after the governor put him out of the garrison, setting him ashore; and he, having a wife and children, took a house in East Lothian, where he became "a singular Christian."

When brought from the Bass to Edinburgh, sentence of banishment was passed upon Peden, in December, 1678, and sixty more fellow-prisoners, for the same cause, to go to America, never to be seen in Scotland again, under pain of death; after this sentence was passed, Peden several times said that that ship was not yet built that would take him or those prisoners to Virginia, or any other of the English plantations in America.

When they were on ship-board, in the road of Leith, there was a report that the enemies were sending down thumbikins to keep them from rebelling; at the report of this they were discouraged; but Peden came on deck and said, "Why are you so discouraged. You need not fear, there will neither thumbikin nor bootikin come here. Lift up your hearts and heads, for the day of your redemption draweth near. When we are over at London we will all be set at liberty." When sailing on their voyage, praying publicly, he said, "Good Lord such is Thy enemies' hatred of Thee, and malice at us, for Thy sake, that they will not let us stay in Thy land of Scotland to serve Thee, though some of us have had nothing but the canopy of Thy heavens above us and Thy earth to tread upon; but, Lord, we bless Thy name, that will cut short our voyage, and frustrate Thy wicked enemies of their wicked designs, and will not get us where they intend; and some of us shall go richer home than when we came from thence."

When they arrived at London, the skipper, who had received them at Leith, was to carry them no further; the skipper, who was to carry them to Virginia, came to see them, they being represented to him as thieves, robbers, and evil-doers; but when he found that they were all grave, Christian men, only banished for Presbyterian principles, he said he would sail the sea with none such. In this confusion, when the one skipper would not receive them, and the other would keep them no longer, being expensive to maintain, they were all set at liberty. Others reported that both skippers got bribes by friends at London; however, it is certain they were safely set free, without any imposition of bonds or oaths; and friends at London, and in their way home through England, showed much kindness to them.

How Peden preached we can judge from the following quotation: In the year 1682, Peden was in Kyle, and preaching upon that text, "The ploughers ploughed upon my back, and drew long their furrows," where he cried, "Would you know who first yoked this plough? It was cursed Cain, when he drew his furrows so long, and so deep, that he let out the heart-blood of his brother Abel; and all his cursed seed has, and will, design, desire, and endeavour to follow his cursed example; and that plough has, and will, gang summer and winter, frost and fresh weather, till the world's end; and at the sound of the last trumpet, when all are in a flame, their theats will burn, and their swingle-trees will fall to the ground, the ploughmen will lose their grip of the plough, and the gademen will throw away their gades; and then, O the yelling and shrieking that will be among all his cursed seed, clapping their hands, and crying to the hills and mountains to cover them from the face of the Lamb, and of Him that sits upon the throne, for their hatred of Him, and malice at his people!"

The following is the most celebrated of Peden's prophecies; it contains a singular prediction of the death of Charles the Second, that bitter persecutor of his church:

On February the 2nd, 1685, Peden was in the house of one Mr. Vernor, in Antrim, at night, he and John Kilpatrick, Mrs. Vernor's father, a very worthy old Christian, and Peden said to him, "John, the world may well want you and me." John replied, "Sir, I have been very fruitless and useless all my days, and the world may well want me; but your death would be a great loss." Peden



replied, "John, you and I will be both in heaven shortly; but though you be much older than I, my soul will get the forestart of yours, for I will be first in heaven, but your body will have the advantage of mine, for ye will get rest in your grave until the resurrection, and die there; but the enemies, out of their great wickedness, will lift my corpse into another place; yet I am very indifferent, John, for I know my body shall lie amongst the dust of the martyrs, and though they should take my old bones and make whistles of them, they will all be gathered together in the day of resurrection; and then, John, you and I, and all that will be found having on Christ's righteousness, will get day about with them, and give our hearty assent to their eternal sentence of damnation." The same night after this discourse, while about family worship, about ten or eleven of the clock, explaining the portion of scripture he read, he suddenly halted and hearkened, then said, three times over, "What's this I hear?" He hearkened again a little time, then clapped his hands, and said, "I hear a dead shot at the throne of Britain; let him go yonder, he has been a black sight to these lands, especially to poor Scotland; we are well quit of him, there has been a many wasted prayer waived on him." And it was concluded by all it was the same hour and the same night that unhappy man Charles the Second died.

Peden on the same night also denounced James the Second as the poisoner of his brother.

On returning from Ireland in "the heat of the killing time" in 1685, Peden and other fugitives were pursued. They went eastward, somewhat contrary to his inclination, and came to the top of a hill, upwards of two miles distant from the house for which they made. Peden then halted, and said, "I will not go one foot further this way, there is undoubtedly danger before us." An herd lad being there, he gave him a groat, and desired him to go to the house, and fetch them meat and news; when the lad came to the house, the good-wife hastened, and gave him meat for them, saying, "Lad, run you hard and tell them that the enemies are spreading, and we are every minute looking for them here." As the lad was going from the house, eighteen of the enemy's foot came, crying, "Stand, dog." The lad ran, and six of them pursued half a mile, and fired hard upon him; the ball

whistling close by his head. All that time Peden continued in prayer for him, and the rest, being twelve men; when praying with them, he said, "Lord, shall the poor lad that's gone our errand, seeking bread to support our lives, lose his? Direct the bullets by his head, and however near, let them not touch him, and, good Lord, spare the lap of Thy cloak, and cover the poor lad." And in this he was heard and answered, for soon a dark cloud of mist parted him and them.

The martyrdom of John Brown, which has been so beautifully and affectingly narrated by Professor Wilson, Peden all but shared. In the beginning of May, 1685 (says Walker), Peden came to the house of John Brown and his wife, Isabel Weir, where he stayed all night; and in the morning, when Peden took his farewell, he came out of the door, saying to himself, twice over, "Poor woman, a fearful warning—a dark misty morning." The next morning, between five and six hours, the said John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going, with a spade in his hand, to make ready some peat ground; the mist being very dark, he knew not, until bloody, cruel Claverhouse had compassed him with three troops of horses. They brought him to his house and there examined him; though he was a man of a stammering speech, he yet answered distinctly and solidly, which made Claverhouse examine those whom he had taken to be his guides through the moors, if ever they heard Brown preach; they answered, "No, no, he was never a preacher." Claverhouse said, "If he has never preached meikle, has he prayed in his time?" and shouted to John, "Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die." When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times. One time that he stopped him, he was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, "I gave you time to pray, and ye're begun to preach." John turned about upon his knees, and said, "Sir, you know neither the nature of preaching nor praying that call this preaching," then continued without confusion. When ended, Claverhouse said, "Take good-night of your wife and children." His wife, standing by, with her child in her arms, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her and said, "Now, Isabel, the day is come that I told you would come, when I spoke first to you of marrying me." She said,

"Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you." Then he said, "That's all I desire, I have no more to do but die. I have been in care to meet with death so many years." He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied upon them. Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him. The most part of the bullets came upon his head, and scattered his brains upon the ground. Claverhouse said to his wife, "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" She said, "I thought ever much good of him, and as much now as ever." He said, "It were but justice to lay you beside him." She said, "If ye were permitted, I doubt not but your cruelty would go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's work?" He said, "To man I can be answerable; and for God, I will take him in my own hand." Claverhouse then mounted his horse and marched, leaving her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there. She set the hairn upon the ground and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straightened his body, and covered him with her plaid, and set down and wept over him; it being a very barren place where never victual grew, and far from neighbours. "It was some time before any friends came to her. The first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman in the Cumberhead, named Jean Brown, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons, Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog, and David Steil, who was suddenly shot afterwards, when taken. The said Isabel Weir, sitting upon her husband's gravestone, told me, that before that she could see no blood, but she was in danger to faint, and yet was helped to be a witness to all this, without either fainting or confusion, except when the shots were let off, her eyes dazzled." His body was buried at the end of his house where he was slain, with this inscription on his gravestone:

In earth's cold bed the dusty part here lies  
Of one who did the earth as dust despise;  
Here in that place from earth he took departure,  
Now he has got the garland of the martyr.

This murder was committed betwixt six and seven in the morning. Peden was about ten or eleven miles distant, having been in the fields all night. He came to a house betwixt seven and eight, and desired to call in the family that he might

pray amongst them. He said: "Lord, when wilt Thou avenge Brown's blood? Oh! let Brown's blood be precious in Thy sight, and hasten the day when Thou'lt avenge it, with Cameron's, Cargill's, and many other of our martyrs; and O for that day when the Lord will avenge all their bloods." When ended, John Muirhead inquired what he meant by Brown's blood. He said, twice over, "What do I mean? Claverhouse has been at the Preshill this morning, and has cruelly murdered John Brown; his corpse is lying at the end of his house, and his poor wife sits weeping by his corpse, and not a soul to speak comfortably to her. This morning, after the sun-rising, I saw a strange apparition in the firmament, the appearance of a very bright clear-shining star fall from the heavens to the earth; and, indeed, there is a clear-shining light fallen this day, the greatest Christian that ever I conversed with."

One day, preaching in the fields, in his prayer Peden prayed earnestly for the preservation of the people, and again and again prayed for that man that was to lose his life; the enemies came upon them the same day and fired upon the people, and there were none of them either wounded or killed, save one man, and he was shot dead.

In the beginning of March, 1685, Peden was fleeing from the enemy on horseback; they pursuing, forced him to ride to a water, where he was in great danger of being lost. When he got out he cried, "Lads, follow not me; for I assure you ye want my boat, and so will certainly drown. Consider where your landing will be; ye are fighting for hell, and running post to it"—which affrighted them to enter the water. Another day, being hard pursued, Peden took to a dangerous bog and a moss before him. One of the dragoons, more forward than the rest, ran himself into that bog, and he and horse were never seen more.

When the day of Peden's death (says Walker) drew near; and he not able to travel, he came to his brother's house, in the parish of Sarn, where he was born; he made them dig a cave, with a saughen-bush covering the mouth of it, near his brother's house; the enemies got notice, and searched the place narrowly many times. In the time that he was in this cave he said to some friends that God should make Scotland desolate; secondly, there should be a remnant in the land whom God should spare and hide; thirdly,

they should lie in holes and caves of the earth, and be supplied with meat and drink; and when they came out of their holes they should not have freedom to walk for stumbling on dead corpses; fourthly, a stone, cut out of the mountain, should come down, and God should be avenged on the great ones of the earth and the inhabitants of the land for their wickedness, and then the Church should come forth with a bonny bairn-time at her back of young ones. If he were but once buried they might be in doubts; but if he were oftener buried than once they might, he said, be persuaded that all he had uttered would come to pass, and he earnestly desired them to take his corpse out to Aird's Moss, and bury him beside Ritchie, meaning Mr. Cameron, that he might get rest in his grave; for he had gotten little through his life. He told them that, bury him where they would, he would be lifted again; but to the man that put first his hand to lift up his corpse four things should befall him. First, he should get a great fall from a house; second, he should sit in adultery; third, in theft; for these he should leave the land; and fourth, make a melancholy end abroad for murder; which accordingly came to pass. This was one Murdoch, a mason to his trade, but then in the military service, who first put his hand to his corpse. A little before his death Peden said, "Ye will all be angry where I will be buried at last; but I discharge you all to lift my corpse again." At last one morning early he came to the door, and left his cave. His brother's wife said, "Where are you going? The enemies will be here." He said, "I know that, alas!" "Sir," she cried, "what will become of you? you must back to the cave again." He said, "I have done with that, it is discovered; but there is no matter, for within forty-eight hours I will be beyond the reach of all the devil's temptations and his instruments in hell and on earth, and they shall trouble me no more." About three hours after he entered the house, the enemies came and found the cave, searched the barn narrowly, cast over the unthrashed corn, searched the house, stabbed the beds, yet entered not the place where he lay. Within forty-eight hours he departed. He died on January the 28th, 1686, being past sixty years, and was buried in the Laird of Affect's Isle. The enemies getting notice of his death and burial, sent a troop of dragoons, lifted his corpse, and carried it two miles to Cummock-

Gallows-Foot, and buried him there, after forty days being in the grave, beside other martyrs. His friends thereafter laid a gravestone above him with this inscription:

"Here lies Mr. ALEXANDER PEDEN, a faithful minister of the gospel, some time at Glenluce, who departed this life, January 28th, 1686, and was raised after six weeks out of his grave, and buried here out of contempt."

So escaped from the axe and sword a man with the courage of Daniel and the faith of Elisha; a man, too, who, like the former, had spent many a dark hour among the lions, and who, like the latter, escaped the hand of many a slaughtering Ahab.

### ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.

"You don't take much interest in the licensing question," said a lady to her daughter, who sat opposite to me in a French railway carriage, "although it has been uppermost of late. But listen to this, in yesterday's Times. 'It is even affirmed that if good wholesome beer and wine were saleable everywhere at low prices and without stint, the general sobriety of the population would be increased, just as there is little or no intoxication in the countries of the vine itself.'"

"Excuse me, madam, as a stranger," I said. "Does the well-informed Times believe that to be the case?"

"I suppose so, sir; for here is the article. And in a land of light wines, like this," she continued, "it must be a great satisfaction to find, as the consequence, drunkenness much less common than it is in England."

"A—h! It would be, madam, a great satisfaction—if it existed. But, however defective the English laws may be, I don't think we can be told, in this respect, 'they manage these things better in France.'"

"Really, sir! Indeed! I always thought a tipsy man here was a rarity."

"Had you been at my elbow only last (Saint) Monday, last New Year's Day, last conscription day, last fair-day, last market-day, you would have been convinced of the contrary. Fermented drinks are too plentiful for that. Strong liquors, madam, are far too cheap and potent, and human nature—male nature—too weak. The government—the Second Empire, followed by the so-called Republic—encourages the

sale of intoxicating liquors as far as lies in its power, for the sake of increasing the revenue derived from 'contributions indirectes,' without any apparent regard to the results. In France some five millions of acres are occupied by the culture of the vine; and, therefore, for the supply of wine, not to mention the spirit distilled from corn and beetroot, and the cider grown, and the beer brewed, which latter is annually increasing in quantity. It is hardly to be expected that such a vast amount of exhilarating fluid should be drawn out of the land and sent away, without the producers taking a pull at it, with the authorities encouraging them to do so. They do often take a long pull and a strong pull, and sometimes, madam, a pull altogether."

"Extraordinary! I thought Frenchmen were so very temperate in their use of fermented or intoxicating beverages."

"Many are, and many are quite the reverse. Those who are the reverse have nothing to restrain them. I had a neighbour—he is dead at last; for, you know, madam, hard work *will* tell—who never took less than a quart of cognac or gin per day. Instances occur where double that quantity is imbibed. Others merely amuse themselves at breakfast with half a pint, or perhaps a pint of gin, to wind up their spirits. It is nothing, with certain of my acquaintances, in the course of an evening, over a game of cards, to sip some thirty, forty, or even fifty 'chopes,' or half-pints of beer, without in the least putting themselves out of the way. The other day I heard, on excellent authority, of four jolly fellows who set themselves round a cask of wine containing one hundred litres—as near as may be, one hundred and seventy-six English pints—and who went on eating and drinking, without any adjournment, until the said cask of wine was finished."

"But those, sir, assuredly, are all low people?"

"Not very elevated, I grant, in any way, although some of them are rich for their station in life. Still, they are human beings, members of the politest nation on earth, which leads the van of civilisation, and so forth."

"If what you say be true, sir—and I do not doubt it—somebody should introduce temperance societies. They attack the evil at its root."

"In the land of the apple and the grape, dear madam, temperance societies (unless they could take the form of a religious con-

fraternity) would be squeezed flat by popular ridicule before they had time to draw their breath. Educated and well-bred people, who, as a rule, are far from intemperate, try to persuade their countrymen to adopt, not abstinence, but moderation. A few years ago there appeared an article in the *Siècle* newspaper which caused Paris to abstain from absinthe (a poison which carries off hundreds of lives annually) for a whole four-and-twenty hours. Scientific and medical men strive hard to enlighten the public mind as to the consequences of abusing fermented drinks. Monsieur Bouchardat has especially done so in his 'entretiens,' or lectures, which I have read attentively with profit. But to escape the abuse, we need not forego the use. Excuse me, madam, but are you yourself a fair personification of pure teetotalism?"

"No, indeed, sir; I don't pretend to that. My doctor, on the contrary, orders me to take wine (for we reside in a neighbourhood subject to fogs), to resist the chilliness and humidity of the climate."

"He is right, madam. In marsh districts, a generous diet, assisted by a fair allowance of good red wine, exercises a protective influence which, if not infallible, is incontestable. Besides, it seems to be clearly demonstrated that alcohol, whether pure or diluted, expending itself in the human system, produces heat, and *that* soon after the alcoholic drink is taken. This physiological effect explains the greater consumption of strong drinks in winter than in summer, as well as its entering more largely into popular habits in proportion as we advance towards the north. It follows, hence, that an abuse of spirituous liquors is more injurious in a mild or warm climate than in a cold one; also in summer than in winter."

"But do fermented beverages give actual strength, as is generally believed?"

"Competent authorities hold that the increase of energy is only temporary, and that meat, properly employed, is the working man's best support. Alcohol excites the nervous system, causing visible but temporary excitement. If the excitement is not utilised at the moment, it is lost. It passes away; a collapse or fit of depression follows, and there is an actual diminution of the original stock of serviceable strength. Who has not felt the agreeable influence of alcoholic stimulants? 'Sorrow is dry,' is a well-known saying; as helps to mental labour, the benefit they give is questionable. It must be employed at the very

moment when produced, or it is lost, evaporated, wasted. The same holds with other excitants of the nervous system, as coffee, tea, tobacco, opium; only, under the influences of tea and coffee, the intellect is cleared as well as awakened, whereas under the effects of spirituous drinks, it is more or less tinged with prismatic colourings, perceives distorted images, and is sometimes obscured with a heavy cloud. It is rare that bacchic stimulation is employed in developing and improving the intellect. A man, the best fellow in the world when sober, may become a perfect monster or demon when drunk. Vide classical literature, general history, and police reports."

"O that men should put an enemy into their mouths, to steal away their brains!"

"Some people laugh, others cry, others are affectionate, others quarrelsome, when the dose has attained a certain amount—when the beer has got well home. To incoherent and absurd ideas succeeds incoherent and unreasonable conduct. Much, however, depends on the daily life of the imbibor and the nature of his occupations. Extra fatigue requires extra restoratives. A man's appetite for, and capability of disposing of, drink as well as meat, is very different while walking over the Oberland, to what it is in a City counting-house. The unwonted supply of fermented drink is consumed and used up by the unwonted exercise. But I fear I am wearing your patience, madam."

"Pray go on, sir."

"You were just now alluding to teetotalism. Whatever worshippers of the pump may say, good alcoholics in moderate doses assist the convalescent exhausted by illness, and also the labourer worn out with fatigue. It is the excess wherein the danger lies. A thing may be very good in itself; but too much of a good thing is good for nothing. In Sweden, where many working-men are able (by great pains-taking and patient training) to swallow as much as a pint of spirit per day, disorders of the brain are extremely common among that class of tipplers, and their term of life is considerably shortened. In Russia, the consumption of alcohol is enormous, and is seemingly encouraged by the farmers of the taxes on spirituous liquors—as it is apparently here by the authorities in France."

"We know how injurious gin is, when administered to infants by unscrupulous nurses, in order to make them sleep. I

have also heard that it is one of the nostrums given to young lapdogs to check their growth, and keep them small. Wine, however, is popularly believed to be old people's milk."

"It is so, with this proviso and distinction. If a person advanced in years can say,

Though I look old, yet am strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood,

he should continue to observe a corresponding temperance. While still in the enjoyment of a green old age, he should take his after-dinner glass at dessert with great caution and moderation; but when he shifts into the lean and slippered pantalon, or into second childishness and mere oblivion, when solid food is difficult of digestion, and the flame of life must be fed at any price, generous wine (as in the well-known case of Louis the Fourteenth) will prove an invaluable resource."

"Your statement then, sir, would go to prove that there is a time to drink fermented beverages, as well as a time to refrain from drinking them."

"Exactly, madam. One common practice (especially on the Continent) to be emphatically warned against, is the morning dram or drop, the whet on an empty stomach, the hair from the dog's tail who bit you yesterday, the 'goutte' of French working-men, the glass of absinthe to give an appetite—which has the contrary effect on healthy constitutions. Alcohol, taken after a meal of solid food, is immediately laid hold of by it, and so diluted. Whereas, when applied to the unprotected coats of the stomach, its strength is exerted in its full concentration. It irritates and inflames the digestive organs, causing thirst, which is often sought to be allayed by other fermented drinks."

"They at least, if weak, can do no harm."

"I am sorry to differ from you, madam, but experience teaches the contrary. Weak fermented liquors are treacherous, in consequence of their very weakness. They seem so innocent, so harmless, so light. They insinuate themselves as mere quenchers of thirst, utterly incapable of such wicked work as the inebriation of their patrons. They are next door to water, it would appear. Indeed, they profess to be merely water, just modified enough to prevent their chilling the stomach. As if anybody could ever be intemperate with them! Such is the popular belief, I think."

"Probably. For I have heard people say, as a joke, that it is a waste of time to try to get drunk with French wines."

"Is it indeed? May be so. But more people in France get drunk with small wines than with those of greater strength and body. From the 'petit bleue,' tipped by Parisian workmen in suburban eating and drinking-houses, to the fluid supplied in the South by hosts who give you the choice, whether you will drink by measure, or at so much per hour, it is the quantity which makes up for the quality. If a man causes a streamlet to pass all day long through his stomach, however small a proportion of alcohol it may contain, in the evening there will be an accumulation of spirit in his body, to an amount he never suspected possible."

"You remind me of a case that came to my own knowledge. A small South Welsh farmer one day said to his medical visitor, 'I cannot think what has come to me, doctor; I can't sleep o' nights, and the least thing sets me all of a quiver. I wish you would give me something to take for it.' 'I wish,' answered the doctor, 'I could take away from you something you take. You have got, or are getting, delirium tremens.' 'Nonsense, doctor,' the other replied, 'that's quite impossible. I have always heard that delirium tremens comes from strong drink. Now I never take anything stronger than our home-made cider, and only this little cupful at a time.' 'True,' said the doctor; 'but how many times in the course of the day do you go with this little cup to the cider-cask, there, close by, under the pantry-shelf? How many times a day? Tell me that!' 'How many times, doctor?' he replied, trying to consult his memory. 'I really don't know, I never counted them, doctor. I never thought of that.'"

"Thank you, madam, for the anecdote. Another important point is, that the habit of swallowing large quantities of fermented liquids is hard to change; and then a trifling increase of the strength of the liquid may bring about serious consequences. In France, the vintages gathered on the same spot vary in strength from year to year. Some years they are twice as strong as the preceding year. Monsieur Bouchardat warned one of his tenants when this had occurred, advising him to take only half of his usual allowance of wine in consequence of its doubled strength. The old man listened, and seemed persuaded. But as soon as he was gone gave his opinion, 'He

will never make me believe that one litre of wine is as good as two.' Before six months were over he was dead."

"All which does not prevent your advocating the use of wine in moderation."

"Rightly employed it is a great blessing. The complexity of the inorganic substances which enter into its composition, and which, in certain respects, resemble those of the human frame, completely explains its restorative effects when administered to patients suffering from insufficient nourishment. For the same reason, for sailors on ship-board, wine is preferable to spirit, which is often obliged to be given instead in consequence of difficulties of storage, as has been shown by a very conclusive instance. Two cruisers, one French the other English, were detained in the South Sea by adverse weather. The French sailors were served with wine, the English with spirit. The latter were attacked by scurvy, the former completely escaped the disease. The inorganic substances contained in the wine, and particularly the salts of potash, supplied what was wanted to complete a healthy alimentation."

"But, surely, other alcoholised beverages besides wine have their special merits. Cider, for instance——"

"Is one of the healthiest and pleasantest of fermented drinks. It may perhaps, too, be not much less ancient than wine. At the epoch of the Roman occupation, the aboriginal Gauls quaffed their cider; and we know that, in 587, perry was the customary draught of Sainte Radegonde, queen of France. Cider is a good drink, which pleases the palate the more we get used to it. In a hygienic point of view, from three to eight per cent of alcohol, combined with the malic acid of the apple and the carbonic acid produced by fermentation, is an excellent mixture. The properties of the alcohol are thereby tempered; nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that good ciders inebriate like wine. If cider be more refreshing than beer, it is also less nutritive, containing, in fact, fewer mixed materials which the animal economy can turn to account. Cider and water is a capital thirst-quencher for field-labourers during the great heats of summer. The most dangerous adulteration of cider is practised in years when the apples ripen badly, and acetate of lead and carbonate of soda are employed to clarify it. The cider is clarified; but enough lead remains to poison those who swallow it. To detect it, pour into the suspected cider a solution of iodide

of potassium; the result is a yellow precipitate of iodide of lead."

"And beer, sir, if you please?"

"Good beer, madam, though not fashionable with high-born dames, is one of the most salubrious of fermented drinks. Its flavour may not please everybody at the outset; but its uninterrupted employment from the most ancient times, and its increasing consumption, are a proof of its excellent qualities. In Egypt the priests of the god Osiris poured out to him libations of beer; and it may be supposed that they did not waste it all in that way. Long before the Roman invasion the Gauls and Germans tipped their daily ale. Barley, malted, its usual foundation, is sometimes replaced by other grains. Faro is prepared with sprouted wheat; sprouted maize is the basis of 'chica,' the wine of the Cordilleras. The addition of hops to any of these infusions forms a very complex mixture, which is thereby rendered suitable for repairing the losses of the animal economy; for there is a happy relation between its principal elements and those which are necessary for the human frame. Beer assists digestion, allays thirst, and has a greater tendency to fatten than wine. But some people indulge in it to such a degree as to cause a notable distension of the stomach, whence arises sluggishness of that organ and difficulty in performing its proper functions. Needless to say that men may get tipsy with beer, as well as acquire inconvenient corpulence. The best remedy for such an abuse is, that it should be regularly consumed, and at the family meals. Such an employment of beer (as well as of cider or wine) is a hundred times more favourable to health than intemperate doses on Sundays or Mondays, and absolute privation during the rest of the week."

## THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER XL. THE FOOL'S SAD FATE.

WHEN Katherine Archbold, sitting on the lawn in the middle of her guests, was able to disentangle her mind from the flatteries which had wound themselves about it, she became suddenly and vexatiously aware that Paul had left her side and was no longer within reach of her hand. As soon as she made this discovery her mood so quickly changed, and seemingly with no reason, that the guests who had been worshipping her withdrew, shrugging

their shoulders, and commenting on her temper. The day broke soon after, and the whole crowd of fantastic creatures fled. Sunrise found Katherine in frantic humour; Paul was not to be heard of; was nowhere to be seen. Her father suggested that he might have strayed out over the hills in his meaningless way, and have hurt or lost himself, very high up in the hills. "Let us go out at once, and look for him!" said Sir John, and Katherine agreed readily, and they went out on the hills and searched.

The party of seekers went this way and that way, taking different paths; they sought for many hours, but in the heat of the day gave up the effort, while Sir John sent messengers to Tobereevil and Monasterlea. In the dawn of the next morning Katherine was out again upon the hills, unable to rest, haunted by a half-formed, ghastly fear that Paul would be found lying dead in some gorge of the hills, or at the foot of some precipice. In the darkness he might have missed his footing, and fallen from a great height. With a mantle thrown over her head, and dress careless for once, with pallid face and frightened eyes, she went clambering up steep rocks and looking over the edges, peering round corners of cliffs, and creeping down into ravines, starting at every black object that came within her vision, as if it had been the thing for which she was seeking. She got at last into a narrow gorge which descended between high cliffs down to a narrow and basin-like valley, hollowed out of the very crown of one of the mountains. It was toilsome work, getting safely to the bottom, and she emerged weary and panting into the open waste which was the valley; hearing as she did so the sound of a human voice weeping, and talking incoherently. A few steps further she came on a spectacle, ghastly enough, if not actually so sad as that which she had feared to see.

It was the corpse of Con the fool, lying bruised and disfigured at the foot of the cliff, with Tibbie bending over him, wringing her shrivelled hands, and mourning into the deaf ear of the dead. Her lamentation was in Irish, but from time to time she raised the dismal sobbing "keen," prolonged it for a few minutes with frantic energy, then dropped it again with a wail of despair, and went on with her incoherent mutterings. It was awful to see and hear this old creature, herself livid as a corpse, talking aloud to the dead in the silence of the wilderness.

Con lay upon his back, having evidently fallen from a great height, for his brow was deeply wounded. Tibbie had straightened his limbs as well as she could; his arms lay by his side, and one hand held a pistol; the fingers clenched on it as if it had been a foe whom he had griped to death. Some force would be needed to remove it from the grasp of those frozen fingers. Katherine stood looking on at this scene in silent amazement. She had been looking for death, and here was death, accomplished by the very means which she had supposed likely to inflict it in such a place. Here, indeed, was somebody who been killed by a fall from those sharp overhanging cliffs. Only it was not Paul the madman, but Con the fool.

Katherine stood gazing with a feeling that she had been tricked by her eyes, or understanding, till Tibbie looked up by chance and saw her. The keen died on the old woman's lips when she beheld the unexpected intruder on her grief, and a harsh growling sound broke from her instead, as she rose quickly to her feet with her eyes fixed on Katherine. She advanced a few steps, tottering, and holding both hands before her, just as the sun rose above the opposite peaks of the valley, lighting up the strange scene with a jubilant splendour.

"It's you!" cried Tibbie, hoarsely; "it's you, is it? Yer come to take yer sport out o' me. You an' the devil that has cheated me betune ye! Look at him there, a corpse; my lad that was to ha' been master o' Tobereevil, wid murder on his soul an' blood upon his face. Con, avourneen, alanna! the purty lady's come to have her laugh over ye now. We'll laugh wid her my darlin'—ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Her wild laughter sobbed itself away into the terrible keen, and the rocks rang their dismal echoes as if in sympathy with her woe.

"How did it happen?" asked Katherine, disgusted at the scene, yet curious all the time.

"Happen!" shrieked Tibbie. "*She* dares to ask me how did it happen! It happened by way o' this," she said, drawing something from her bosom, "the devil that you give me, that was promised to do my will; a devil that worked agin me that ye might get yer laugh at me! Bad luck came down on me from the first day I tuk it out o' yer han's. Take back yer mandrake, lady! an' may curses go back to ye wid it an' light on yer heart!"

So saying she flung something right at Katherine's breast—the mandrake which Katherine had carved for her—half in malice and half in fun. At another time Miss Archbold would have laughed, and flung the thing back to her, but now the terrified young woman had got something in her mind which excluded both mirth and anger, and the mannikin fell unheeded into the grass, to remain there and rot under the sun and rains. Tibbie had said that Con was dead, and with a murder on his soul: Who, then, was also dead? Whom had the fool murdered?

"How did it happen?" she repeated, with a new meaning in her question, thinking that two creatures without reason had met and quarrelled, and that both were dead. "You spoke of murder," said Katherine. "Whom has he murdered?"

"Murder!" screamed Tibbie. "Who said he had murdered any wan? If any wan dares to say it I'll kill them wid this."

She lifted a heavy stone, and rushed towards Katherine, who turned and fled round the corner of the cliff, nor drew breath till she had toiled her way up again through the gorge, and was safe out of reach of her wretched and feeble foe. In fear and trembling she then continued her search, fully persuaded now that Paul had indeed been brought to untimely death, but met nothing on the hills to relieve her suspense. At last, when utterly wearied and unable to go further, she returned to the castle, her face wild and white, her dress torn and disordered, no longer the proud beauty, only a scared and remorseful creature who had forgotten self at last in care for another. Returning to her own dressing-room, however, she was startled to see the spectacle she had become, and the old Katherine Archbold revived within her again.

Come what might there was nothing in the world worth the grief that could transform a woman like that. She would not be haggard and ugly, even if Paul were murdered, and its Tobereevil treasures lost for ever. May must at all events suffer quite as much as herself, and May was a weak creature, and could not get over it as she would do. She dressed herself perfectly, and her vanity thus comforted, she presented herself in the breakfast-room, where her father was already waiting for her. Her mother was ill in bed; but that was not to be thought about at present. Katherine had quite enough on her hands, without thinking about her mother.



Sir John was walking up and down the room in excitement.

"Katherine," he said, as she entered, "have you heard this awful news? You must nerve yourself for a shock. But I have no doubt that you can bear it."

He did not mean to be satirical, for he had believed in Katherine's sincerity for once.

"He is dead, I suppose," said Katherine, and her face was white enough.

"He! Paul? No. But old Finiston, his uncle, has been murdered."

"Well!" said Katherine, eagerly, with Tibbie's words and the truth flashing into her mind at once.

"Paul is suspected of the crime," said Sir John, solemnly; "Paul and that pretty little girl at Monasterlea. It seems he had been paying attentions to her as well as to you. I cannot understand it, I confess. When he left us here he went straight to Miss Mourne's house, and the strangest thing of all is that they say he is now in his proper senses. He was seen about Monasterlea the day after he left us, and the murder was done on the very next night. He and the young girl were met coming from the miser's house at daybreak in the morning, by some people who had run out to see a fire, which, strangely enough, has broken out in the woods, and I believe is burning yet. They say he told them the old man was murdered, and took the matter quite coolly. It is all exceedingly strange. As a magistrate, I am bound to be busy in the affair, and must go to Tobereevil to-morrow, for the inquest."

Katherine stood grasping the back of a chair, and gazing with distended eyes at her father's face.

"And the girl?" she asked presently. "Is she also suspected?"

"Yes," said Sir John, "I believe so. There is something about a spot of blood on her dress."

Katherine sank into a seat and said nothing. It was now all plain to her about the murder.

Con had done it, and Paul and May had discovered it when they went out like the rest to see the fire. Paul was in his right senses, and he and May were just as they had been before she divided them; except that they were under a grievous cloud of suspicion, overwhelmed with disgrace and grief. A word from her would even now divert this trouble from them, leaving them happy in each other, and the possession of wealth untold. And should she have to do this?

She could not do it yet—of that she was very sure. She sat quite still for some time, hating Paul and May with all her heart. "Let them be accused!" she said. "I will not speak." She shuddered a little, and her father bade her take some breakfast. And she went to the table and sat down and ate.

"I shall go with you," she said to her father; "I must see the end of this."

"It would be much better taste for you to stay where you are," said Sir John.

But Katherine was not used to think much about matters of taste.

When May returned to the cottage she found Bridget and Nanny at the gate, watching the fire, and hearing news from the passers-by.

They looked amazed at seeing Paul and May coming quickly down the road. Paul left May a little way from the gate, and hastened back towards Tobereevil, as he had promised he would do. May passed in at the gate.

"Oh, Miss May! Miss May!" cried Bridget, "there's blood on your dress!"

May looked down at it, startled. "Simon Finiston has been murdered," she said, shuddering, and went on into the house.

Her aunt was not awake, for it was only four o'clock, and the cottage was quite still in the early summer sunshine. For dear life, May could not have helped being unutterably happy, in spite of the awful sights which had lately passed before her eyes; that Paul was well and safe was a good which must outweigh all the troubles of the earth. It was true she felt weary and shaken with the recent shocks she had sustained; her head was dizzy and her limbs stiff; but she felt nothing inconvenient to her, not even suffering of the body. She knelt and poured out her thankfulness to Heaven; then sleep and utter weariness overpowered her, and, throwing herself on her bed, she slept soundly until breakfast-time.

On awakening, the horror of the murder, with its attendant and glaring horror of the fire, rose luridly in her mind; but she had left all that with God before sleeping, and this morning she would think of nothing but her joy. Paul met her coming down the hall—pale, certainly, but fair and fresh-robed as a lily, and smiling out of eyes that denied any cause for gloom. Paul looked at her silently, and the love in his heart could not refuse her a smile in answer to her own; but there was sadness in the

smile—not of the old kind, which May now looked no more to see, but a new and reasonable sadness, which had nothing to do with fret or fear. He took her hands in his own, and drew her into the parlour that they might talk.

"What is it, Paul?" she asked, feeling that there was something which she did not yet know.

"You have borne a great deal for me," he said. "Can you still bear something more?"

She blanched a little, for her physical powers were worn somewhat low; but she said firmly, "I can, Paul."

"God bless you," he said, with a solemn passion that made her tremble, knowing there was something heavy, indeed, to be yet borne.

"May," he said, "you and I are suspected of this murder!"

"Are we?—Paul!" She drew a long breath, broken by neither sigh nor sob. Well, we can bear it, till the truth be found out. Why are we suspected?"

"Circumstances are against us—don't you perceive it? We were met coming from the place so early—and—and—there was blood upon your dress!"

"I see; but I shall explain how that got there."

"My love! don't you see that your explanation will tell against us—against me, at least—more than anything else. Then there is that idea in the people's minds about the prophecy that a Finiston would be murdered by a kinsman of his own."

They looked in each other's faces—two poor young creatures—brave in their conscious innocence, but with all the world against them. Paul drew her to his heart, and thus they met their great woe. May quickly recovered herself.

"Of course, we must take this solemnly, Paul, but not too much in earnest. We know we did not do it, neither you nor I; and some one else did. God will reveal all; and, meantime, we must not let ourselves be crushed."

"No, darling; we will not let ourselves be crushed."

He held her hands tightly within his, and felt that thus linked together they must, indeed, stand strong. Heaven could not forsake one so innocent and trustful as the woman who was bound with him in this martyrdom.

"We need not tell Aunt Martha yet, Paul—unless it is unavoidable. It would kill her in an hour."

"No, we need not tell her," said Paul. "Not, at least, till the inquest is over."

When Miss Martha appeared she was enlightened as to the events of the night, but was not informed of the crowning trouble that was impending. A few groans and shudders expressed her horror at the tale, as it was related to her; but she was deeply affected, and sore old spots smarted badly in her heart. She did not complain of these, however, but let them wait till she could see to them in the privacy of her chamber. Her grief could not be such as to deaden her appreciation of the good things which must be the issue of this evil. It was horrible, indeed, that Simon should have been murdered, but an excellent thing for the country that he was dead. It was good for Paul and good for May; and the trouble could not be anything to compare with the delightful comfort of seeing Paul Finiston master of Tobereevil and great wealth, sitting there in his own character, in possession of sound reason and perfect health, by the side of his promised wife.

"And so the old house is burning, you say, Paul! Well, that is no harm; you never could have made use of it, and it is better it should fall. I have never heard of a more singular coincidence—the fire and—and—the other event happening in one night. Does any one know how the fire could have happened?"

"It is thought the heat might have caused it, or sparks falling from the furze-fires on the mountains. The timber being so dry a little thing would do it. God grant it may be a type of the purification of the country from the old evil."

Miss Martha looked at him with great approval.

"The same idea has been in my own mind," she said.

"One could imagine," said May, "that all the evil that has haunted the place had concentrated itself in the heart of the woods, and burnt itself to death out of the heat of its own passion. And with it ends the legend of the curse of Tobereevil."

Miss Martha said nothing, but looked into her teapot. She had always denied that there was any meaning, however shadowy, in the story of the curse. She had just made an admission which seemed inconsistent with her belief, and felt a little confused as to her own position.

The body of Simon Finiston had been carried to the barn of a neighbouring farmer.

"He niver did me a good turn in his

life," said the farmer; "but I'm not goin' to refuse to accommodate him now!"

So Simon was laid in the barn, where the inquest was to be held.

The mansion of Tobereevil was not long in burning to the ground. The woodwork was rotten, the place was full of draughts, and by noon that day it was a heap of smoking ruins. Then it was that the rain began to fall, heavily, like arrows let loose from the clouds, and, after it had descended for some hours, the fire in the woods began to slacken. The mansion was a great mouthful, which seemed to have at last appeased its hunger. The rain fell and fell, and the fire hissed and slackened; it had raged long enough, and now it should rage no more. The flames struggled and writhed in their effort to devour every branch that waved on Tobereevil ground; but the rain said no, and had its way, for a whole sea of water seemed let loose out of the heavens upon the trees. The fire was over-mastered and sank dying in the thickets. Then, for two miles, the land was a charred and desolate waste, with here and there a ghastly trunk standing erect—a black and dismal remnant of the splendours that had been. The densest and grandest, the darkest and most mysterious half of the miser's kingdom of trees was swept as with a breath out of the world. The very heart of the Wicked Woods was burnt to a cinder.

It was hard for May and Paul to live through that day. Paul did not hide himself, being abroad among the people, but May had to sit still and hear her aunt's oft-repeated wonders and speculations as to who could have committed the murder, and who should be suspected of it. "Depend on it," said Miss Martha, "it has been done by some of those poor wretches whom he rooted out of their homes. The murderer is by this time on board ship for America, and will never be heard of more."

May shivered, as she could not but acknowledge to herself that might very possibly be true. Then, how was a foul suspicion to be taken from Paul's name and her own? Must they die for this deed, or live out their lives under a shadow whose gloom could never be lightened? She had also to observe the people passing and re-passing, in spite of the rain, and see their furtive looks of awe cast towards the cottage. To avoid seeing this she turned her back upon the window.

At last she succeeded in escaping from her aunt, and, hiding in her room, she concentrated all the powers of her soul in prayer. When unable to kneel from weariness, she sat on the side of her bed, with clasped hands, still praying. God must send her aid. God would send her aid. She turned her eyes away from her tribulation, finding it impossible to look it in the face and remain calm. She gazed over it, and past it at the One to whom good and evil are known. God must see her appealing eyes looking constantly to Him for help.

A knock came to the door, and old Bid presented herself. May shrank from her a little, knowing the thought that had hold of the people's minds; but the faithful old woman saw the anguish in her eyes, and, creeping to her side, knelt down at her feet and kissed the hem of her dress.

"Honey, honey!" she whispered, "don't you sit there wid that look upon yer face! I'd rather they said I did it myself. If you an' him had a hand in it, then 'twas me that did the deed for ye!"

"God is going to see to it," said May.

"Throth, an' so is Bid! Somebody be to done the thing. We haven't foun' yet what's gone wid Tibbie."

"Tibbie!" May started. "Oh, don't let us do a wrong to any one."

"No more we won't," said Bid; "but Tibbie's not to be seen. Some says she was forgot about and burnt up in the house. I don't think she's burned, an' I won't close my eyes till they ha' seen her. I'm off now to look for her, an' don't you go fret. The people's only dazed like, and can't see where they're goin'. It's the devil's partin' fling has threwn a fistful o' dust in their eyes."

Bid shook her cloak straight, tied her kerchief tight on her head, and grasped her staff in preparation for a ramble. May felt the old creature's sympathy very precious; and Providence might work through Bid as well as through any other. She pressed the brown and withered hand in both her own; and then Bid went away, and May tried to be patient.

Now ready, price 5s. 6d., bound in green cloth.

## THE SEVENTH VOLUME OF THE NEW SERIES OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

To be had of all Booksellers.

*The right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 185. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

#### CHAPTER IX. TOM DURHAM'S FRIEND.

ON the morning after the Reverend Martin Gurwood and Madame Du Tertre had had their game at chess, and held the conversation just recorded, a straggling sunbeam, which had lost its way, turned by accident into Change-alley, and fell straight on to the bald head of a gentleman in the second floor of one of the houses there. This gentleman, who, according to the inscription on the outer door jamb, was Mr. Humphrey Statham, was so astonished at the unexpected solar apparition, that he laid down the bundle of red tape with which he was knotting some papers together, and advancing to the grimy window, rubbed a square inch of dirt off the pane, and bending down, looked up at as much as he could discern of the narrow strip of dun-coloured sky which does duty for the blue empyrean to the inhabitants of Change-alley. The sun but rarely visits Change-alley in summer, and in winter scarcely ever puts in an appearance; the denizens endeavour to compensate themselves for its absence by hanging huge burnished tin reflectors outside their windows, or giving up all attempts at deception and sitting under gaslight from morning till eve. So that what Mr. Statham saw when he looked up was as satisfactory as it was unexpected, and he rubbed his hands together in sheer geniality, as he muttered something about having "decent weather for his trip."

A tall, strongly-built man, and good-looking after his fashion, with a fringe of

dark-brown hair round his bald crown, large regular features, piercing hazel eyes, somewhat overhanging brows, a pleasant mobile mouth, and a crisp brown beard.

Humphrey Statham was a ship-broker, though, from a cursory glance at his office, it would have been difficult to guess what occupation he pursued, furnished as it was in the ordinary business fashion. There was a large leather-covered writing-table, at which he was seated, a standing desk in the window, an old worn, stained leather easy-chair for clients, the usual directories and commercial lists on shelves against the wall, the usual Stationers' Almanack hanging above the mantelpiece, the usual worn carpet and cinder-browned hearth-rug. In the outer office, where the four clerks sat, and where the smaller owners and the captains had to wait Mr. Statham's leisure (large owners and underwriters being granted immediate audience), the walls were covered with printed bills, announcing the dates of departure of certain ships, the approaching sale of others; the high desks were laden with huge ledgers and files of Lloyd's lists; and one of the clerks, who took a deep interest in his business, gave quite a maritime flavour to the place by invariably wearing a particular short pea-jacket and a hard round oilskin hat.

Not much leisure had these clerks; they were, to use their own phrase, "at it" from morning till night, for Mr. Statham's business was a large one, and though all the more important part of it was discharged by himself, there was plenty of letter-writing and agreement copying, ledger-entering, and running backwards and forwards between the office and Lloyd's when the "governor," as they called him, was busy with the underwriters. This year

had been a peculiarly busy one, so busy, that Mr. Statham had been unable to take his usual autumnal holiday, a period of relaxation which he always looked forward to, and which, being fond of athletics, and still in the very prime of life, he usually passed among the Swiss Alps. This autumn he had passed it at Teddington instead of Courmayeur, and had substituted a couple of hours' pull on the river in the evening for his mountain climbing and hairbreadth escapes. But the change had not been sufficient; his head was dazed, he suffered under a great sense of lassitude, and his doctor had ordered him to knock off work, and to start immediately for a clear month's vacation. Where he was to go he had scarcely made up his mind. Of course, Switzerland in November was impossible, and he was debating between the attractions of a month's snipe-shooting in Ireland and the delight of passing his time on board one of the Scilly Islands pilot-boats, roughing it with the men, and thoroughly enjoying the wild life and the dangerous occupation. A grave, plain-mannered man in his business—somewhat over cautious and reserved they thought him at Lloyd's—Humphrey Statham, when away for his holiday, had the high spirits of a boy, and never was so happy as when he had thrown off all the ordinary constraints of conventionality, and was leading a life widely different from that normally led by him, and associating with persons widely different from those with whom he was ordinarily brought into contact. Mr. Statham was, however, in his business just now, and had not thrown off his cautious habits. By his side stood a large iron safe, with one or two of its drawers open, and before him lay a number of letters and papers, which he read through one by one, or curiously glanced at, duly docketed them, made some memorandum regarding them in his note-book, and stowed them away in a drawer in the safe. As he read through some of them, he smiled, at others he glanced with an angry frown or a shoulder shrug of contempt, but there were one or two during the perusal of which the lines in his face seemed to deepen perceptibly, and before he laid them aside he pondered long and deeply over their contents.

"What a queer lot it is!" said Humphrey Statham, wearily, throwing himself back in his chair; "and how astonished people would be if they only knew what a strange mass of human interests these

papers represent! With the exception of Collins, outside there, no one, I suppose, comes into this room who does not imagine that this safe contains nothing but business memoranda, insurances, brokerages, calculations, and commissions; details concerning the Lively Polly of Yarmouth, or the Saucy Sally of Whitstable; or who has the faintest idea that among the business documents there are papers and letters which would form good stock-in-trade for a romance writer! Why on earth do these fellows spin their brains, when for a very small investment of cash they could get people to tell them their own experiences, actual facts and occurrences, infinitely more striking and interesting than the nonsense which they invent? Every man who has seen anything of life must at one time or other have had some strange experience: the man who sells dog-collars and penknives at the corner of the court; the old broken-down hack in the outer office, who was a gentleman once, and now copies letters and runs errands for fifteen shillings a week; and I, the solemn, grave, trusted man of business—I, the cautious and reserved Humphrey Statham—perhaps I, too, have had my experiences which would work into a strange story! A story I may have to tell some day—may have to tell to a man, standing face to face with him, looking straight into his eyes, and showing him how he has been delivered into my hands." And Humphrey Statham crossed his arms before him and let his chin sink upon his breast, as he indulged in a profound reverie.

We will anticipate the story which Mr. Statham imagined that he would some day have to tell under such peculiar circumstances.

Humphrey Statham's father was a merchant and a man of means, living in good style in Russell-square; and, though of a somewhat gloomy temperament and stern demeanour, in his way fond of his son, and determined that the lad should be educated and prepared for the position which he would afterwards have to assume. Humphrey's mother was dead—had died soon after his birth—he had no brothers or sisters; and, as Mr. Statham had never married again, the household was conducted by his sister, a meek, long-suffering maiden lady, to whom hebdomadal attendance at the Foundling Chapel was the one joy in life. It had first been intended that the child should be educated at home; but he seemed so out of place in the big old-fashioned

house, so strange in the company of his grave father or melancholy aunt, that, to prevent his being given over entirely to the servants, whom he liked very much, and with whom he spent most of his time, he was sent at an early age to a preparatory establishment, and then transferred to a grammar school of repute in the neighbourhood of London. He was a dare-devil boy, full of fun and mischief, capital at cricket and football, and, though remarkably quick by nature, and undoubtedly possessing plenty of appreciative common sense and *savoir faire*, yet taking no position in the school, and held in very cheap estimation by his master. The half-yearly reports which, together with the bills for education and extras, were placed inside Master Humphrey's box, on the top of his neatly-packed clothes, and accompanied him home at every vacation from Caneham-bury, did not tend to make Mr. Statham any the less stern, or his manner to his son any more indulgent. The boy knew—he could not help knowing—that his father was wealthy and influential, and he had looked forward to his future without any fear, and, indeed, without very much concern. He thought he should like to go into the army, which meant to wear a handsome uniform and do little or nothing, to be petted by the ladies, of whose charms he had already shown himself perfectly cognisant, and to lead a life of luxury and ease. But Mr. Statham had widely different views. Although he had succeeded to his business, he had vastly improved it since he became its master, and had no idea of surrendering so lucrative a concern to a stranger, or of letting it pass out of the family. As he had worked, so should his son work in his turn; and, accordingly, Master Humphrey on his removal from Caneham-bury was sent to a tutor resident in one of the Rhineland towns, with a view to his instruction in French and German, and to his development from a careless, high-spirited lad into a man of business and of the world.

The German tutor, a dreamy, misty transcendentalist, was eminently unfitted for the charge intrusted to him. He gave the boy certain books, and left him to read them or not, as he chose; he set him certain tasks, but never took the trouble to see how they had been performed, or, indeed, whether they had been touched at all, till he was remarkably astonished after a short time to find his pupil speaking very excellent German, and once or twice

took the trouble to wonder how "Hom-frie," as he called him, could have acquired such a mastery of the language. Had an explanation of the marvel ever been asked of Humphrey himself, he could have explained it very readily. The town selected for his domicile was one of the celebrated art academies of Germany, a place where painters of all kinds flocked from all parts to study under the renowned professors therein resident. A jovial, thriftless, kindly set of Bohemians these painters, in the strict sense of the word, impecunious to a degree, now working from morn till eve for days together, now not touching pencil or maulstick for weeks, living in a perpetual fog of tobacco, and spending their nights in beer-drinking and song-singing, in cheap epicureanism and noisy philosophical discussions. To this society of careless convives Humphrey Statham obtained a ready introduction, and amongst them soon established himself as a *primo* favourite. The bright face and interminable spirits of "Gesellschaft's Englander," as he was called (Gesellschaft was the name of his tutor) made him welcome everywhere. He passed his days in lounging from studio to studio, smoking pipes and exchanging jokes with their denizens, occasionally standing for a model for his hosts, now with bare neck and arms appearing as a Roman gladiator, now with casque and morion, as a young Flemish burgher of Van Artevelde's guard, always ready, always obliging, roaring at his own linguistic mistakes, but never failing to correct them, while at night at the painters' club, the Malkasten, or the less aristocratic Kneipe, his voice was the cheeriest in the chorus, his wit the readiest in suggesting tableaux vivants, or in improvising practical jokes.

A pleasant life truly, but not, perhaps, a particularly reputable one. Certainly not one calculated for the formation of a City man of business, according to Mr. Statham's interpretation of the term. When at the age of twenty the young man tore himself away from his Bohemian comrades, who kissed him fervently, and wept beery tears at his departure, and, in obedience to his father's commands, returned to England and to respectability, to take up his position in the paternal counting-house, Mr. Statham was considerably more astonished than gratified at the manner in which his son's time had been passed, and at its too evident results. About Humphrey there was nothing which could be called slang in the English sense of the term, certainly

nothing vulgar, but there was a reckless abandon, a defiance of set propriety, a superb scorn for the respectable conventionality regulating the movements and the very thoughts of the circle in which Mr. Statham moved, which that worthy gentleman observed with horror, and which he considered almost as loathsome as vice itself. Previous to his presentation to the establishment over which he was to rule, Humphrey's long locks were clipped away, his light downy beard shaved off, his fantastic garments exchanged for sad-coloured, soberly cut clothes, and when this transformation had been accomplished, the young man was taken into the City and placed into the hands of Mr. Morrison, the chief clerk, who was enjoined to give a strict account of his business qualifications. Mr. Morrison's report did not tend to dissipate the disappointment which had fallen like a blow on the old man's mind. Humphrey could talk German as glibly, and with as good an accent, as any Rhinelander from Manheim to Dusseldorf, he had picked up a vast amount of conversational French from the French artists who had formed part of his jolly society, and had command of an amount of argot which would have astonished Monsieur Philarète Chasles himself; but he had never been in the habit of either reading or writing anything but the smallest scraps of notes, and when Mr. Morrison placed before him a four-sided letter from their agent at Hamburg, couched in commercial German phraseology, and requested him to re-translate and answer it, Humphrey's expressive face looked so woe-begone, and he boggled so perceptibly over the manuscript, that one of the junior clerks saw the state of affairs at a glance, and confidentially informed his neighbour at the next desk that "young S. was up a tree."

It was impossible to hide these shortcomings from Mr. Statham, who was anxiously awaiting Mr. Morrison's report, and after reading it, and assuring himself of its correctness by a personal examination of his son, his manner, which ever since Humphrey's return had been frigid and reserved, grew harsh and stern. He took an early opportunity of calling Humphrey into his private room, and of informing him that he would have one month's probation, and that if he did not signally improve by the end of that time he would be removed from the office, as his father did not choose to have one of his name the laughing-stock of those employed by him. The young

man winced under this speech, which he received in silence, but in five minutes after leaving his father's presence his mind was made up. He would go through the month's probation, since it was expected of him, but he would not make the smallest attempt to improve himself, and he would leave his future to chance. Punctually, on the very day that the month expired, Mr. Statham again sent for his son; told him he had discovered no more interest in, or inclination for, the business than he had shown on his first day of joining the house, and that in consequence he must give up all idea of becoming a partner, or, indeed, of having anything further to do with the establishment. An allowance of two hundred pounds a year would be paid to him during his father's lifetime, and would be bequeathed to him in his father's will; he must never expect to receive anything else, and Mr. Statham broadly hinted, in conclusion, that it would be far more agreeable to him if his son would take up his residence anywhere than in Russell-square, and that he should feel particularly relieved if he never saw him again.

This arrangement suited Humphrey Statham admirably. Two hundred a year to a very young man, who has never had any command of money, is an important sum. He left the counting-house, and whatever respect and regard he may have felt for his father had been obliterated by the invariable sternness and opposition with which all his advances had been received. Two hundred a year! He would be off back at once to Rhineland, where, among the painters, he could live like a prince with such an income, and he went—and in six months came back again. The thing was changed somehow, it was not as it used to be. There were the same men, indeed, living the same kind of life, equally glad to welcome their English comrade, and to give him the run of their studios and their clubs and kneipes, but after a time this kind of life seemed very flat and vapid to Humphrey Statham. The truth is, that during his six weeks' office experience he had seen something of London, and on reflection he made up his mind that after all it was perhaps a more amusing place than any of the Rhineland towns. On his return to London he took a neat lodging, and for four or five years led a purposeless, idle life, such a life as is led by hundreds of young men who are hardened with that curse, a bare sufficiency scarcely enough to

keep them, more than enough to prevent them from seeking employment, and to dull any aspirations which they may possess. It was during this period of his life that Humphrey made the acquaintance of Tom Durham, whose gaiety, recklessness, and charm of manner, fascinated him at once, and he himself took a liking to the frank, generous, high-spirited young man. Tom Durham's knowledge of the world made him conscious that, though indolent, and to a certain extent dissipated, Humphrey Statham was by no means depraved, and to his friend Mr. Durham therefore exhibited only the best side of his nature. He was engaged in some wild speculations just at that time, and it was while careering over the country with Tom Durham in search of a capitalist to float some marvellous invention of that fertile genius, that Humphrey Statham met with an adventure which completely altered the current of his life.

They were making Leeds their headquarters, but Tom Durham had gone over to Batley for a day or two, to see the owner of a shoddy mill, who was reported to be both rich and speculative, and Humphrey was left alone. He was strolling about in the evening, thinking what a horrible place Leeds was, and what a large sum of money a man ought to be paid for living in it, when he was overtaken and passed by a girl, walking rapidly in the direction of Headingley. The glimpse he caught of her face showed him that it was more than ordinarily beautiful, and Humphrey quickened his lazy pace, and followed the girl until he saw her safely housed in a small neat dwelling. The next day he made inquiries about this girl, the transient glance of whose face had made such an impression upon him, and found that her name was Emily Mitchell, that her father, now dead, had been a booking-clerk in one of the large factories, that she was employed in a draper's shop, and that she lived with her uncle and aunt in the small house to which Humphrey had tracked her. Humphrey Statham speedily made Miss Mitchell's acquaintance, found her more beautiful than he had imagined, and as fascinating as she was lovely, fascinating, not in the ordinary sense of the word, not by coquetry or blandishment, but by innate refinement, grace, and innocence. After seeing her and talking with her a few times, Humphrey could no longer control his feelings, and finding that he was not indifferent to Emily—his good looks, his

frank nature, and his easy bearing, well qualified him to find favour in the eyes of such a girl—he spoke out plainly to her uncle, and told him how matters stood. He was in love with Emily, he said, and most anxious to marry, but his income was but two hundred a year, not sufficient to maintain her, even in the quiet way both he and she desired they should live; but he was young, and though he had been idle, now that he had an incentive to work he would show what he could do. It was possible that, seeing the difference in him, his father might be inclined to relent, and put something in his way, or some of his father's friends might give him employment. He would go to London and seek for it at once, and so soon as he saw his way to earning two hundred a year in addition to his annuity, he would return and claim Emily for his wife.

In this view the uncle, a practical old north-countryman, coincided; the young people could not marry upon the income which Mr. Humphrey possessed, they had plenty of life before them, and when the young man came back and proved that he had carried out his promise, no obstacle should be made by Emily's friends.

Humphrey Statham returned to London and wrote at once to his father, telling him that he had seen the errors of his youth, and was prepared to apply himself to any sort of business which his father could place in his way. In reply he received a curt note from Mr. Statham, stating that the writer did not know of any position which Humphrey could competently fulfil, reminding him of the agreement between them, and hinting dislike at the reopening of any correspondence or communication. Foiled at this point, Humphrey Statham secretly took the advice of old Mr. Morrison, the chief clerk in his father's office, a kindly as well as a conscientious man, who had endeavoured to soften the young man's lot during the few weeks he had passed in the dull counting-house, and at his recommendation Humphrey established himself as a ship-broker, and for two years toiled on from morning till night, doing a small and not very remunerative business, but proving to such as employed him that he possessed industry, energy, and tact. During this period he ran down to Leeds, at four distinct intervals, to pass a couple of days with Emily, whose uncle had died, and who remained in the house of her helpless bed-ridden aunt. At the end of this time Mr. Statham died, leaving in his will a



sum of ten thousand pounds to his son, "as a recognition of his attempt to gain a livelihood for himself," and bequeathing the rest of his fortune to various charities.

So at last Humphrey Statham saw his way to bringing Emily home in triumph as his wife, and with this object he started for Leeds, immediately after his father's funeral. He had written to her to announce his arrival, and was surprised not to find her awaiting him on the platform. Then he jumped into a cab, and hurried out to Headingley. On his arrival at the little house, the stupid girl who attended on the bedridden old woman seemed astonished at seeing him, and answered his inquiries after Emily inconsequently, and with manifest terror. With a sudden sinking of the heart Humphrey made his way to the old lady's bedside, and from her quivering lips learned that Emily had disappeared.

Yes! Emily had fled from her home, so said her aunt, and so said the few neighbours who, roused at the sight of a cab, had come crowding into the cottage. About a week ago, they told him, she had gone out in the morning to her work as usual, and had never returned. She left no letter of explanation, and no trace of her flight had been discovered; there was no slur upon her character, and, so far as their knowledge went, she had made no strange acquaintance. She received a number of letters, which she had always said were from Mr. Statham. What did he come down there for speering after Emily, when, of all persons in the world, he was the likeliest to tell them where she had been?

Humphrey Statham fell back like a man stunned by a heavy blow. He had come down there to carry out the wish of his life; to tell the woman whom, in the inmost depths of his big manly heart he worshipped, that the hope of his life was at last accomplished, and that he was at length enabled to take her away, to give her a good position, and to devote the remainder of his existence to her service. She was not there to hear his triumphant avowal—she had fled, no one knew where, and he saw plainly enough that, not merely was all sympathy withheld from him, but that he was suspected by the neighbours to have been privy to, and probably the accomplice of, her flight, and that his arrival there a few days afterwards with the apparent view of making inquiries was merely an attempt to hoodwink them, and to divert the search which might possibly be made after her into another direction.

Under such circumstances, an ordinary

man would have fallen into a fury, and burst out into wild lamentation or passionate invective, but Humphrey Statham was not an ordinary man. He knew himself guiltless of the crime of which, by Emily's friends and neighbours, he was evidently suspected, but he also knew that the mere fact of her elopement, or at all events of her quitting her home without consulting him on the subject, showed that she had no love for him, and that, therefore, he had no right to interfere with her actions. He told the neighbours this in hard, measured accents, with stony eyes and colourless cheeks. But when he saw that even then they disbelieved him, that even then they thought he knew more of Emily Mitchell's whereabouts than he cared to say, he instructed the local authorities to make such inquiries as lay in their power, and offered a reward for Emily Mitchell's discovery to the police. He returned to London an altered man; his one hope in life had been rudely extinguished, and there was nothing new left for him to care for. He had a competency, but it was valueless to him now; the only one way left to him of temporarily putting aside his great grief was by plunging into work, and busying his mind with those commercial details which at one time he had so fervently abhorred, and now, when it was no longer a necessity for him, business came to him galore, his name and fame were established in the great City community, and no man in his position was more respected, or had a larger number of clients.

"Too late comes this apple to me," muttered Humphrey Statham, quoting Owen Meredith, as he shook himself out of the reverie into which he had fallen. "Nearly four years ago since I paid my last visit to Leeds; more than three since, as a last resource, I consulted the Scotland-yard people, and instructed them to do their best in elucidating the mystery. The Scotland-yard people are humbugs; I have never heard of them since, and shall never hear of Emily again. Good God! how I loved her; how I love her still! Was it that she stands out in my memory as my first and only real love, lit up perhaps by boyish fancy—the same fancy that makes me imagine that my old bare cock-loft in the Adelphi was better than my present comfortable rooms in Sackville-street. Dans un grenier qu'on est bien a vingt ans. No, she was more than that. She was the only woman that ever inspired me with anything like real affection, and I

worship her—her memory I suppose I must call it now—as I worshipped her own sweet self an hour before I learned of her flight. There, there is an end of that. Now let me finish up this lot, and leave all in decent order, so that if I end my career in a snipe bog, or one of the Tresco pilot-boats goes down while I am on board of her, old Collins may have no difficulty in disposing of the contents of the safe."

Out of the mass of papers which had originally been lying before him, only two were left. He took up one of them and read the indorsement: "T. Durham—to be delivered to him or his written order (Akbar K)." This paper he threw into the second drawer of the safe; then he took up the last, inscribed, "Copy of instructions to Tatlow in regard to E. M."

"Instructions to Tatlow, indeed," said Humphrey Statham, with curling lip; "it is more than three years since those instructions were given, but hitherto they have borne no fruit. I have half a mind to destroy them; it is scarcely possible——"

His reflections were interrupted by a knock at the door. Bidden to come in, Mr. Collins, the confidential clerk, put in his head, and murmured, "Mr. Tatlow, from Scotland-yard."

"In the very nick of time," said Humphrey Statham, with a half-smile. "Send Mr. Tatlow in at once."

### STAGE WIGS.

Wigs have claims to be considered amongst the most essential appliances of the actors; means at once of their disguise and their decoration. Without false hair the fictions of the stage could scarcely be set forth. How could the old look young, or the young look old, how could scanty locks be augmented, or baldness concealed, if the coiffeur did not lend his aid to the costumier? Nay, oftentimes calvity has to be simulated, and fictitious foreheads of canvas assumed. Hence the quaint advertisements of the theatrical hairdresser in professional organs, that he is prepared to vend "old men's bald pates" at a remarkably cheap rate. King Lear has been known to appear without his beard—indeed Mr. Garrick, as his portraits reveal, played the part with a clean-shaven face, wearing ruffles, knee-breeches, silk stockings, and diamond buckles, in strange contrast with his flowing robe of ermine-trimmed velvet; but could the ghost of Hamlet's father ever have defied the poet's por-

traiture of him, and walked the platform of Elsinore Castle without a "sable-silvered" chin? Has an audience ever viewed tolerantly a bald Romeo, or a Juliet grown grey in learning how to impersonate that heroine to perfection? It is clear that at a very early date the players must have acquired the simple arts of altering and amending their personal appearance in these respects.

The accounts still extant of the revels at court during the reigns of Elizabeth and James contain many charges for wigs and beards. Thus a certain John Ogle is paid "for four yeallowe heares for head attires for women, twenty-six shillings and eightpence;" and "for a pound of heare twelpence." Probably the auburn tresses of Elizabeth had made blonde wigs fashionable. John Owgle, who is no doubt the same trader, receives thirteen shillings and fourpence for "eight long white berds at twenty pence the peece." He has charges also on account of "a black fyzician's berde," "berds white and black," "heares for palmers," "berds for fyshers," &c. It would seem, however, that these adornments were really made of silk. There is an entry: "John Ogle for curling of heare made of black silk for Discord's heade (being sixty ounces), price of his woorkmanship thereon only is seven shillings and eightpence." And mention is made of a delivery to Mrs. Swegoo the silkwoman, of "Spanish silke of sundry cullers weighing four ounces and three quarters, at two shillings and sixpence the ounce, to garnishe nine heads and nine skarfes for the nine mazes; heads of heare drest and trimmed at twenty-three shillings and fourpence the peece, in all nine, ten pounds ten shillings."

The diary or account-book of Philip Henslowe, the manager, supplies much information concerning the usual appointments of a theatre prior to the year 1600. In his inventory of dresses and properties, bearing date 1598, is included a record of "six head tiers," or attires. An early and entertaining account of the contents of a theatrical "tiring room" is to be found in Richard Brome's comedy, the *Antipodes*, first published in 1640. Bye-play says of Peregrine, the leading comic character:

He has got into our tiring house amongst us,  
And ta'en a strict survey of all our properties,  
Our statues and our images of gods,  
Our planets and our constellations,  
Our giants, monsters, furies, beasts, and bugbears,  
Our helmets, shields, and vizors, hairs and beards.

With the Restoration wigs came into

voured to compensate for his want of locomotive power by taking snuff with great frequency, and waving energetically in the air a large and soiled pocket-handkerchief. This Pentland, indeed, appears to have been a curious example of the strolling manager of the old school. His company consisted but of some half-dozen performers, including himself, his wife, and his daughter. He journeyed from town to town on a donkey, the faithful companion of all his wanderings, with his gouty legs resting upon the panniers, into which were packed the wardrobe and scenic embellishments of his theatre. On these occasions he always wore his best light comedy suit of brown and gold, his inevitable wig, and a little three-cornered hat cocked on one side, "giving the septuagenarian an air of gaiety that well accorded with his known attachment to the rakes and heroes of the drama; one hand was knuckled in his side—his favourite position—and the other raised a pinch of snuff to his nose; and as he passed along he nodded and bowed to all about him, and seemed greatly pleased with the attention he excited." His company followed the manager on foot. Yet for many years Mr. Pentland was the sole purveyor of theatrical entertainments to several English counties, and did not shrink from presenting to his audiences the most important works in the dramatic repertory.

It is odd to find a stage wig invested with political significance, viewed almost as a cabinet question, considered as a possible provocation of hostilities between two great nations; yet something of this kind happened some forty years ago. Mr. Bunn, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, had adapted to the English stage *Monsieur Scribe's* capital comedy of *Bertrand et Raton*. The scene of the play, it may be stated, is laid at Copenhagen, and the subject relates to the intrigues that preceded the fall of *Struensee* in 1772. The adaptation was duly submitted to George Colman, the examiner of plays, and was by him forwarded to the Earl of Belfast, then Lord Chamberlain, with an observation that the work contained nothing of a kind that was inadmissible upon the English stage.

Suddenly a rumour was born, and rapidly attained growth and strength, to the purport that the leading character of Count *Bertrand* was designed to be a portraiture of *Talleyrand*, at that time the French ambassador at the court of St. James's.

Some hesitation arose as to licensing the play, and on the 17th of January, 1834, the authorities decided to prohibit its representation. Mr. Bunn sought an interview with the chamberlain, urging a reversal of the judgment, and undertaking to make any retrenchments and modifications of the work that might be thought expedient. The manager could only obtain a promise that the matter should be further considered. Already the stage had been a source of trouble to the political and diplomatic world. It was understood that the Swedish ambassador had abruptly withdrawn from the court of the Tuileries in consequence of the production in Paris of a vaudeville called *Le Camarade au Lit*, reflecting, so many held, upon the early life of *Bernadotte*, King of Sweden. That nothing of this kind should happen in London the chamberlain was fully determined. He read the comedy most carefully and, having marked several passages as objectionable, forwarded it to the examiner, from whom, in due course, Mr. Bunn received the following characteristic note:

January 20th, 1834.

MY DEAR B.—With all we have to do, I don't see how I can return the manuscript with alterations before to-morrow. Pray dine with me to-day at half-past five—but come at four. We shall then have time to cut the play before we cut the mutton.

Yours most truly,  
G. C.

Both these "cuttings" were successfully accomplished, and on the 25th of January the comedy was officially licensed. Still the authorities were uneasy. A suspicion prevailed that Mr. Farren, who was to sustain the part of *Bertrand*, meditated dressing and "making up" after the manner of *Talleyrand*. Sir Thomas Mash, the controller of the chamberlain's office, made direct inquiries in this respect. The manager supplied a sketch of the costume to be worn by the actor. "I knew it was to be submitted to the king," writes Mr. Bunn, and he looked forward to the result with anxious curiosity. On the 7th of February came an answer from Sir Thomas Mash. "I have the pleasure to return your drawing without a syllable of objection." On the 8th, *Bertrand et Raton*, under the name of the Minister and the Mercer, was first produced on the English stage.

The success of the performance was un-

questionable, but the alarms of the authorities were not over. Many of the players took upon themselves to restore passages in the comedy which had been effaced by the examiner; and, worse than this, Mr. Farren's appearance did not correspond with the drawing sent to the chamberlain's office. His wig was especially objectionable; it was an exact copy of the silvery silken tresses of Talleyrand, which had acquired a European celebrity. It was plain that the actor had "made up" after the portrait of the statesman in the well-known engravings of the Congress of Vienna. Mr. Bunn had again to meet the angry expostulations of the chamberlain. On the 14th of February he wrote to Lord Belfast: "The passages bearing reference to the Queen Matilda in conjunction with Struensee having been entirely omitted, will, I trust, be satisfactory to your lordship. Until the evening of performance I was not aware what style of wig Mr. Farren meant to adopt, such matters being entirely at the discretion of performers of his standard. I have since mentioned to him the objections which have been pointed out to me, but he has sent me word that he cannot consent so to mutilate his appearance, adding that it is a wig he wore two years ago in a comedy called *Lords and Commons*." If this was true there can be little doubt that the wig had been dressed anew and curling-ironed into a Talleyrand form that had not originally pertained to it. Meantime King William the Fourth had stirred in the matter, despatching his chamberlain to the Lords Grey and Palmerston. "They, said to be extremely irate, instantly attended the performance. In the box exactly opposite to the one they occupied, sat, however, the gentleman himself, *l'homme véritable*, His Excellency Prince Talleyrand, in propria personâ, and he laughed so heartily at the play, without once exhibiting any signs of annoyance at the appearance of his supposed prototype, that the whole affair wore a most absurd aspect, and thus terminated a singular specimen of "great cry and little wool."

A stage wig has hardly since this risen to the importance of a state affair. Yet the chamberlain has sometimes interfered to stay any direct stage-portraiture of eminent characters. Thus Mr. Buckstone has been prohibited from appearing "made-up" as Lord John Russell, and Mr. A. Wigan, when performing the part of a French naval officer some five-and-twenty

years ago, was directed by the authorities to reform his aspect, which too much resembled, it was alleged, the portraits of the Prince de Joinville. The actor effected a change in this instance which did not much mend the matter. It was understood at the time indeed that he had simply made his costume more correct, and otherwise had rather heightened than diminished his resemblance to the son of Louis Philippe. Other stage wig questions have been of minor import—relating chiefly to the appropriateness of the coiffures of Hamlet and others. Should the prince wear flaxen tresses or a "Brutus?" Should the Moor of Venice appear in a negro's close woolly curls, or are flowing locks permissible to him? These inquiries have a good deal exercised the histrionic profession from time to time. And there have been doubts about hair-powder and its compatibility with tragic purposes. Mademoiselle Mars, the famous French actress, decided upon defying accuracy of costume, and declined to wear a powdered wig in a serious part. Her example was followed by Rachel, Ristori, and others. When Auber's *Gustave, ou le Bal Masqué*, was in rehearsal, the singers complained of the difficulty they experienced in expressing passionate sentiments in the powdered wigs and stately dress of the time of Louis the Fifteenth. In the masquerade they were therefore permitted to assume such costumes as seemed to them suited to the violent catastrophe of the story. They argued that "*le moindre geste violent peut exciter le rire en provoquant l'explosion d'un nuage blanc; les artistes sont donc contraints de se tenir dans une réserve et dans une immobilité qui jettent du froid sur toutes les situations.*" It is true that Garrick and his contemporaries wore hair-powder, and that in their hands the drama certainly did not lack vehemently emotional displays. But then the spectators were in like case; and "*explosions d'un nuage blanc*" were probably of too common occurrence to excite derision or even attention.

Wigs are still matters of vital interest to the actors, and it is to be noted that the theatrical hairdressers have of late years devoted much study to this branch of their industry. The light comedian still indulges sometimes in curls of an unnatural flaxen, and the comic countryman is too often allowed to wear locks of a quite impossible crimson colour. Indeed, the head-dresses that seem only contrived to move the laughter of the gallery, yet remain in

an unsatisfactory condition. But in what are known as "character wigs" there has been marked amendment. The fictitious forehead is now often very artfully joined on to the real brow of the performer without those distressing discrepancies of hue and texture which at one time were so very apparent, disturbing credibility and destroying illusion. And the decline of hair in colour and quantity has often been imitated in the theatre with very happy ingenuity. Heads in an iron grey or partially bald state—varying from the first slight thinning of the locks to the time when they come to be combed over with a kind of "cat's cradle" or trellis-work look, to veil absolute calvity—are now represented by the actors with a completeness of a most artistic kind. With the ladies of the theatre blond wigs are now almost to be regarded as necessities of histrionic life. This may be only a transient fashion, although it seems to have obtained very enduring vitality. Doctor Véron, writing of his experiences as manager of the Paris Opera House forty years ago, affirms: "Il y a des beautés de jour et des beautés du soir; un peau brune, jaune ou noir, devient blanche à l'éclat de la lumière; les cheveux noirs réussissent mieux aussi au théâtre que les cheveux blonds." But the times have changed; the arts of the theatrical toilet have no doubt advanced greatly. On the stage now all complexions are brilliant, and light tresses are pronounced to be more admirable than dark. Yet Doctor Véron was not without skill and learning on these curious matters. He discourses learnedly in regard to the cosmetics of the theatre; paint and powder, Indian ink and carmine, and the chemical preparations necessary for the due fabrication of eyebrows and lashes, for making the eyes look larger than life, for colouring the cheeks and lips, and whitening the nose and forehead. And especially the manager took pride in the capillary artifices of his establishment, and employed an "artist in hair," who took almost arrogant views of his professional acquirements. "My claim to the grateful remembrance of posterity," this superb coiffeur was wont to observe, "will consist in the fact that I made the wig in which Monsieur Talma performed his great part of Sylla." But the triumphs of the scene are necessarily short-lived; they exist only in the recollection of actual spectators, and these gradually dwindle and depart as Time goes and Death comes. The wig-maker's fame had but insecure anchorage. Talma has

been dead nearly half a century. Does any living being bear in mind the kind of wig he wore as Sylla?

#### A SUMMER ANTHEM.

A LILY floating down the stream, and borne by silver tide away,  
A gold mote flecked across the leaves of beech-trees on a summer day;  
The dew within the rose's breast, the bloom dust on the clusters rare,  
Of purple grapes; all these are sweet, all these are beauteous and fair.  
The pearl and amethyst upon the gemmed wings of the butterfly,  
The birch-trees quivering in the breeze, low rustling to the south wind's sigh,  
The bumble on the brown-robed bee, the scarlet on the robin's breast;  
All these of Nature's cunning works are mid the brightest and the best.  
The amber of the cowslip's bell, the grandeur of the Alpine snows,  
The gorgeous splendour of the palm, the softer beauty of the rose;  
Are not these all alike from Him, who knoweth when the sparrows fall,  
Who on the unjust, and the just, causeth alike his rain to fall?  
Ah yes! There are no trifles, none, in all the range of God's great store;  
His hand the modest daisy shows; the glowing tropics can no more;  
Nothing so humble but it shares the nurture of God's dews and sun,  
In His all-tender, loving sight, there are no trifles—no, not one!

#### CHRONICLES OF LONDON STREETS.

##### MARYLEBONE (CONCLUDED).

MARYLEBONE is situated in the hundred of Ossulton, the second title of the Earls of Tankerville, who are descended from Sir John Bennet, a faithful follower of Charles the Second, who was knighted at his coronation. The parish derives its name from the bourne, or brook, on which it is situated, the Ty-bourne, which flows from Hampstead into the Thames. In the reign of Edward the First, Tybourne was a village with a church of its own, but in the reign of Henry the Eighth is mentioned as Mary-bourne in government records.

The Tybourne, now no longer a shining brook bordered by flowers, but a black and buried sewer, flows from the south of Hampstead, and, passing through the Park, crosses the New-road at Allsop's-buildings and Oxford-street, and the corner of Stratford-place, Piccadilly, at the lowest part, and passing down the Green Park below the Basin, continues through Buckingham-gate to Charlotte-street, Pimlico, finally crosses the Vauxhall-road, and discharges

itself into the Thames, at a place formerly called King's Scholar Pond, a little above Vauxhall Bridge.

In 1772, north of Portland Chapel, there were only green fields on either side. The highway was irregular, with here and there a boundary bank. Past the New-road there was a turnstile at the entrance of a meadow leading to a little old weather-beaten public-house, known as the Queen's Head and Artichoke, said to have been once kept by a gardener of Queen Elizabeth. A little beyond a nest of small houses was another turnstile, leading into fields which brought you to the Jews' Harp House, tavern and tea-gardens. In the tavern was a large upper ball-room and dining-room, with an outside staircase. At the south front of these premises stood a large semi-circular inclosure for tea and ale-drinkers, guarded by painted wooden soldiers between every box. In the centre of this opening were tables and seats for smokers. On the east end was a trap-ball ground, and on the west a tennis-court and a skittle-ground. Behind the tavern were small tenements and summer-houses, crowned by wooden cannon, and skirted by gardens.

A few more notes of the old Marylebone Gardens before we quit the subject.

In 1772, coaches were allowed to stand in the field at the back entrance, and Mr. Arnold was indicted at Bow-street for letting off dangerous fireworks. There was a grand entertainment this year on the king's birthday, June the 4th, 1772. The king and his queen were painted on transparencies surrounded by fireworks. When these were over, a curtain, which formed the base of a painted Mount *Ætna*, rose and discovered Vulcan and the Cyclops working. To them entered Venus, who begged them to make some arrows for her son. They agreed, and the mountain above instantly appeared in eruption, with lava rushing down the precipices.

In 1773, the gardens were opened for general admission only three evenings in the week. *Acis* and *Galatea* was performed, and *Signor Torre*, the firework-maker, a printseller in the Haymarket, was assisted by *Monsieur Caillot*, of Ranelagh Gardens. On September the 15th, Doctor Arne conducted a concert of his celebrated catches and glees. On the 16th there was a show of fireworks for the benefit of the waiters.

In 1774, the gardens opened on May the 20th. The principal singers were Mr. Dubellany, Miss Wewitzer, and Miss Tre-

lawnly. The gardens were opened for Sunday promenade; admittance, sixpence. Subscription tickets of one pound eleven shillings and sixpence admitted two persons every evening. On Sunday evenings, tea, coffee, and Ranelagh rolls were provided for the guests.

The receipts of one evening, in 1774, amounted to ten pounds seven shillings and sixpence at the town gate, and eleven pounds seven shillings at the field gate. Doctor Kenrick, author of the *Duellist*, once delivered his lectures on Shakespeare at the *Burletta Theatre*, in the gardens. He recited passages of Shakespeare, particularly those relating to Sir John Falstaff, to crowded audiences, and with great success.

In 1776, the gardens opened on May the 11th with the *Forge of Vulcan*. In July, the boxes fronting the ball-room were fitted up to represent a Paris boulevard. There was a print-shop, a milliner's, a lottery-office, a hairdresser's, a fruiterer's, a ginger-bread shop; the proprietor of the last wearing a large bag-wig and dress ruffles. The newspaper of the time alludes to the ladies' head-dresses being as big as a bushel. The ball-room was hung with coloured lamps, and at one end of it women attended selling orgeat, lemonade, and other cooling liquors. The scene was intended to represent the English Coffee House at Paris. There was also a booth representing the booth of Signor Nicola at Paris, in which eight men exhibited a dance and a gymnastic performance called the Egyptian Pyramids. On the 16th the *Fantoccini* was shown; on June the 3rd, Breslaw exhibited his sleight-of-hand; on the 25th Mrs. Smart gave a ball, Signor Rebecca (well known for his productions at the Pantheon) painting some of the transparencies.

Two years after (in 1778), the population of Marylebone increasing, and the inhabitants constantly complaining to the magistrates of the danger of the fireworks, the gardens were finally suppressed, and the site was let to builders.

The Earls of Oxford kept their noble library of books and manuscripts in a mansion not far south of the old Manor House; it was afterwards partly rebuilt, and became a girl's school. The Harleian Library was commenced by that friend of Pope and Swift, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, Lord High Treasurer in Queen Anne's reign, and Governor of the South Sea Company.

On the accession of George the First,

Harley was impeached, but acquitted in 1717. He died at his house in Albemarle-street, in 1724. His son, Edward Harley, married the heiress of the Duke of Newcastle, and left his estates to his only child, afterwards Duchess of Portland.

The library, at the time of the death of Edward, Lord Harley, contained nearly eight thousand volumes of manuscripts, exclusive of loose papers, besides forty thousand original rolls, charters, grants, sign-manuals, &c.

The Harleian manuscripts were purchased by government for ten thousand pounds of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, as a supplement to the Cottonian, and placed in the British Museum. The books, comprising four hundred thousand pamphlets, two thousand works of theology, three thousand one hundred works of philosophy, &c., twenty thousand prints and drawings, and ten thousand portraits, were sold for thirteen thousand pounds to Thomas Osborne, a bookseller of Gray's Inn, whom Doctor Johnson once knocked down with a folio. The binding of only a part of these had cost eighteen thousand pounds.

The interior of the dilapidated old choir of the church of St. John the Evangelist, at Tyburn, is the wedding scene of Plate Five of Hogarth's inimitable Rake's Progress. The cracked table of commandments and the spider's web over the poor-box, are exquisite touches of satire. The complacent inscriptions in the picture were copied by Hogarth in 1735. The blundering lines marking the vault of the Forset family are still preserved with great care, the letters raised in wood on panel being placed in front of a pew facing the altar. The two first lines are original, the others were renewed in 1816. The vault is now used by the Portland family. The lines that Hogarth's keen eyes searched out run thus:

These pews unscrewed and ta'en in sunder  
In stone ther's graven what is under,  
To wit a vault for burial there is  
Which Edward Forset made for him and his.

The new church, opened in 1742, is an oblong brick building, with a small bell-tower at the west end. It has three galleries, and contains several of the monuments of the older church. In 1818 it was converted into the parish chapel.

The Marylebone workhouse was erected in 1775. The building was designed gratuitously by John White, Esq., the Duke of Portland's architect, the designer hav-

ing implicit belief in the advantages of such establishments. He died in 1813, fully satisfied, however, that such congregations of poor were mischievous. In 1793, Lieutenant M'Culloch died in this workhouse. This unlucky man planned the reduction of Quebec, in the way successfully attempted by General Wolfe, after the failure of a plan of his own at Montmorency. He was also the means of capturing the *Félicité*, a French man-of-war; his grateful country allowed him to remain a lieutenant of marines, and die in a workhouse.

Marylebone Church contains a tablet to the memory of James Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and the Radcliffe Library. The sturdy Aberdeen man's name is indissolubly associated with the dark ages of architecture. There is also a tablet, cut by Banks, to Mark Anthony Josefe Barretti, the son of a Turin architect, who died in 1789. He came to London as an Italian master, and became acquainted with Doctor Johnson. In 1769, being jostled by some one in the Haymarket, he stabbed one of his supposed assailants in his fear and excitement. On the founding of the Royal Academy, Barretti became their foreign secretary, and about the same time was pensioned by the crown. Barretti compiled an Italian dictionary, defended Italian writers against Voltaire, and Italian manners against Sharpe. He was buried in the cemetery on the north side of Paddington-street, and was followed to his grave by Sir William Chambers and several members of the Academy. His letters (including several from Doctor Johnson) were burnt by his executors.

The tablet to Caroline Watson, an engraver, who died in 1814, was inscribed with some vapid lines by Cowper's friend, Hayley. The two last lines are decidedly the best:

God gave thee gifts, such as to few may fall,  
Thy heart to Him who gave devoted all.

In the churchyard adjoining the church is a monument to James Ferguson, the self-taught astronomer, and his wife and eldest son. This singular genius, who died at his house in Bolt-court, in 1776, was originally a farmer's servant at Banff. He came to London in 1743, and delivered lectures on the orrery, in his lodgings in Great Salisbury-street, living, in the mean time, by painting Indian-ink portraits for half a guinea. He was a fellow of the Royal Society, and was allowed fifty pounds a year out of the king's privy purse. His public rewards were not great.

The parish registers record the following interments :

James Figg, the prize-fighter (died in 1734). Hogarth has introduced him twice into his pictures, once in the second plate of the *Rake's Progress*, and again in Southwark Fair, where the redoubtable bullet-headed man sits, stark and gaunt on horseback, sword-in-hand, a true "Figg for the Irish."

John Vanderbank, a careless and extravagant portrait-painter, in the reigns of George the First and George the Second, who died in 1739, in the prime of life, of a consumption. He must have been of Dutch extraction. "A bold free pencil," says Vertue, and "masterly drawing." He illustrated Lord Carteret's edition of *Don Quixote*. Vanderghucht engraved his drawings. Hogarth's designs for the same work were paid for, but rejected, though, also, finally engraved.

Archibald Bower, born at or near Dundee, in 1686. He became a Jesuit, but finally fled from Italy, as he said, to avoid the Inquisition. In 1726, he came to London, conformed to the Church of England, wrote a *History of the Popes* and a *Universal History* for the booksellers, and took pupils. When three volumes of the *Popes* had come out, it was discovered that Bower had again become a Jesuit. He died in 1766, with these charges against his honesty still unexplained.

Edmund Hoyle, the lawgiver of whist. He died in 1760, aged ninety, no sufferer from late hours, or the anxieties of the intellectual game which he had so well studied.

John Michael Rysbrach, who died in 1770. He was the son of a landscape painter at Antwerp, who came to London in 1720, and was farmed by Gibbs, the architect, who contracted for public monuments. Rysbrach executed the monument of Newton and that of the Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim, also the bronze King William at Bristol, for which he received one thousand eight hundred pounds. His best busts were those of Pope, Gibbs, Sir Robert Walpole, and the Duchess of Marlborough. Thrown into the shade by Scheemacher and Kent's Shakespeare, in Westminster Abbey, Rysbrach produced a Hercules, the arms of which were from Broughton, the breast from a pugilist coachman, and the legs from Ellis, the painter. It is now at Stourhead. Rysbrach lived in High-street, Marylebone, and died in humble circumstances.

William Guthrie, who died in 1770, and

was buried on the south side of Paddington-street. He was originally, Churchill says, a Scotch schoolmaster. He compiled histories for the booksellers, lent his name to a geographical grammar, and, succeeding Doctor Johnson as parliamentary reporter to *Cave's Gentleman's Magazine*, defended the Broad Bottom ministry. There is also a record here of Allan Ramsay, the fashionable portrait-painter to King George, and son of the Edinburgh barber, author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, the best modern Scotch pastoral. Ramsay wrote a pamphlet on the Elizabeth Canning case. He died in 1784.

John Dominick Serres, a marine painter of eminence, who died 1793, was also buried here.

The register of baptisms contains the following entry: 1803, May 13th, Horatia Nelson Thompson, born 29th October, 1800. This is said to be Nelson's daughter by that mischievous syren, the ex-housemaid and painter's model, Lady Hamilton.

There are two large cemeteries attached to this church, one on the south side of Paddington-street, consecrated in 1733, the other on the north, consecrated in 1772. It is computed that more than eighty thousand persons have been interred in one of these cemeteries alone. In the southern cemetery is interred the father of George Canning. The stone and its inscription (dated 1777) are fast mouldering into dust.

The old church becoming shamefully inadequate for the great district that had grown around it, Mr. Portman, in the year 1770, offered to give the parish a piece of ground on the north side of Paddington-street, three thousand pounds being forfeited if the church was not built. Sir William Chambers made a design for the building, which was rejected as too expensive, and the fine paid. The Duke of Portland, about the same time, offered five thousand pounds towards building a church on the site of Upper Harley-street, but this offer was also allowed to drop.

In 1807, when the population amounted to above seventy thousand, the outcries about the religious destitution of the parish grew more violent. There was no font for baptism, and no room to place dead bodies during the funeral service but on the pews. A common basin was used for baptisms, and the people waiting for christenings were kept standing among the corpses.

In 1813, the Treasury granted land for a new church on the south side of the new road, near Nottingham-place. It was originally intended for a chapel, but the vestry



changed its mind, as vestries have been sometimes known to do, and not always wisely.

The church was designed by Thomas Hardwick, a disciple of Sir William Chambers. The front is a miracle of bad taste; it is called Roman Corinthian, and the tower is a circular temple, crowned with a dome and loaded with caryatic angels. There are eight columns to support the portico, the pediment of which is imitated from a supposititious Pantheon. Above the central doorway is an empty panel, intended to have been adorned with a bas-relief of the entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem, but the zeal of the vestry, exhausted by the eighty thousand pounds paid for the church, has never supplied this work of art. The interior is rich, and the Ionic pilastered altar-screen is adorned by a Holy Family, presented by West, that most trivial of all religious painters, and two galleries.

In the new church is buried John Hugh, eldest son of John Gibson Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's handsome and sarcastic son-in-law, the well-known editor of the Quarterly. This clever little boy, the favourite grandson of Sir Walter, was the little historical student for whom Sir Walter wrote his delightful *Tales of my Grandfather*. "Whom the gods love die young." He was snatched away in his eleventh year.

Here, also, lies shrewd old Northcote, Reynolds's pupil. Shall we ever know whether his conversations, that Hazlitt took down, were printed by his own wish or not?

We will not attempt to venture into the great region of houses north of Oxford-street, but leave that for other opportunities. Sufficient to mention that the New-road, from Paddington to Islington, was cut in 1757, and that Cavendish-square was first planned and laid out in 1717. The whole of the north side was bought by the great Duke of Chandos, who had become enormously wealthy as paymaster to Marlborough's armies, in Queen Anne's time. The duke lost enormously by the South Sea Bubble, and the square remained unfinished for several years.

Portman-square was begun about 1764, and Manchester-square in 1776. Montague-square was building at the jubilee to celebrate the fiftieth year of George the Third's reign. It was built on a place called Ward's Field, near which stood a cluster of cottages, called Apple Village, at which

one of Mr. Steele's murderers resided. The Regent's Canal was begun in 1812, and opened 1820.

### FLOWER FACTORIES.

WHERE do they all come from, those innumerable multitudes of plants, which we see everywhere, in-doors and out, in pots, in beds, in ribbon-borders, in windows, brackets, and jardinières, not one in a thousand of which leaves a lineal descendant to continue its race, in the shape of seedling, sucker, cutting, or offset? And if such be the case with plants which, like dogs, do have their day—which appear in public, gladdening the universal eye, and enjoying their allotted seasonal term—what must it be with the plants which disappear—which retire into private life and are heard of no more? Not one in a million of these would ever become a *plante mère*, a parent plant. How then is their place supplied? How many ladies per cent get their over-year's camellias to flower, or even to live? Do not countless window gardeners grow semi-aquatics in mould as dry as brickbats, while they drench tropical succulents with water? Do they not think to get geraniums through the winter in dark closets, musty cellars, freezing garrets, and dusty corners? Is any plant so hard to kill that amateurs cannot overcome its obstinacy? In large towns and cities, the waste of plants, as of infant life, must be enormous; and yet the supply never falls short. Where do they all come from?

On popping these questions to my practical friend Hortulus, who makes a considerable consumption of the article plant, he quietly answered, "I am going there next Tuesday, to fill up my vacancies. Come with me, and see." Going and seeing being one of my weaknesses, I accepted the invitation with a jump of joy. On the appointed morning, we took the branch of the *Chemin de Fer du Nord* which carries wayfarers into Belgium. The pleasant glide to Lille has been described. Inside Lille station, until the other day, a poster gruffly intimated, "No traveller, of whatever nationality, can pass the frontier into Belgium without a passport à l'étranger." My passport, an old campaigner, bearing a strong resemblance to the famous flag which has braved so long the battle and the breeze, bore old permissions to go to Switzerland and Italy, and more recently an authorisation to cross over to England.

England is à l'étranger. Let us try if that won't do.

Under this delightful system, at the last station before the frontier, as soon as the train stops, a gendarme gives the word of command at each carriage door, "Prepare your passports." Forthwith appears the commissaire of police, to examine these documents and their owners. I fancy he pays as much attention to the faces as to the papers. Mine seems to puzzle him by the multitude of its stamps, seals, and signatures. Spying in a residual corner the words, "Bon pour se rendre en Angleterre," he returns it, observing, "You are going to traverse la Belgique." A few minutes afterwards, I'm o'er the border and awa'. I have performed the feat of getting out of France into Belgium. How many hundreds of people in France would have been glad, not so long ago, to do the same! The triumph is chilled by the consideration, how am I to get back again? We'll think of that to-morrow morning. Sufficient for the day is the passport thereof.

From Lille to Ghent, or Gand, the same pastoral strain continues, with a new note introduced—patches of cultivated tobacco, which in France can only be grown under surveillance and restrictions which render its culture next to impossible. And the music becomes fuller, that is, the crops are heavier. You see enough to convey a clear notion of what is meant by "living on the fat of the land." Gand is noted for its "vigilantes," roomy hackney-coaches which convey you cheaply from the railway station to your hotel. You may use them all day long at the moderate rate of two francs per hour—no trifling convenience; because Gand, besides covering an extensive area, is one of the easiest cities in which *not* to find your way. It is a town of monotonously white-painted houses, every one of them with looking-glass spy-mirrors fixed outside at such angles as to catch the reflection of every coming or retreating passenger. Not a few of the windows attract your gaze with very respectable horticultural shows. But the streets themselves are neither crooked nor straight; they are warped to the right or to the left, in such gentle curves as to baffle the possessor of the most highly-developed organ of locality. You fix the points of the compass in your mind, and resolve to reach your goal with inflexible directness. This is easy enough to do in rectilinear-streeted and rectangular-cornered towns: but in Gand, with corners like wedges cut out of a cheese,

and with streets bulging this way and that, like a whalebone walking-stick under a fat man's pressure, while making for the north you find yourself tending to the west, or desiring to become a southerner, you discover that you are one of the wise men of the east. Your only guarantee for surety is a vigilante.

Hortulus proposes to do the little gardeners first. Of course I have only to follow my leader. We wend our way through Gand, vast and quiet; not idle and stagnant, but slow and steady in its motions like the water that slides through its own canals. On the way, I note the amusing resemblance with English of Flemish wall-bills and trade-names over doors. Twalf Kamer Strasse, Rue des Douze Chambres, Twelve Chamber Street. Zwem School, Ecole de Natation, Swimming School. They were to give a grand ball, a Grooten Bal, die zal beginnen om four and a half ure; the reader shall not be insulted by a translation of this invitation to dance by daylight. On the Boulevard, there is, in French and Flemish letters of iron, the *Defense de circuler avec Cheveaux, Voitures, et Brouettes*, on the foot-paths; *Verboden te Ryden*—'tis forbidden to ride—met *Peerden, Rytuigen, en Kruitvagens*—with horses, carriages, and wheelbarrows.

We further note, upon compulsion, that the frontiers created by language are more impassable than those devised by the rulers of men. In an inconspicuous lane, we enter an inconspicuous door, without name, sign, or other indication of its occupant and his pursuits, and discover within a little nursery whose speciality is azaleas and camellias. The nurseryman and his son are out, leaving the wife alone at home. Madame speaks neither French nor English, but Flemish only, which is Hebrew to us. Hortulus tries his French, in vain. I essay English, with a glimpse of hope, because all the naughty words are the same in English and Flemish; if you want to call a Fleming, man or woman, bad names, nothing is easier; but good words, it seems, do not enjoy the same privilege. I then try bad German, which I have occasionally found efficacious, just as people make themselves intelligible to babies by negro talk; but in this case it proves an utter failure. Madame then rattles out her Flemish louder than before, to make us understand it better, as if we were deaf; but the deafness is of the mind, and not of the ear. We are about to retire, when a hand-barrow

changed its mind, as vestries have been sometimes known to do, and not always wisely.

The church was designed by Thomas Hardwick, a disciple of Sir William Chambers. The front is a miracle of bad taste; it is called Roman Corinthian, and the tower is a circular temple, crowned with a dome and loaded with caryatic angels. There are eight columns to support the portico, the pediment of which is imitated from a supposititious Pantheon. Above the central doorway is an empty panel, intended to have been adorned with a bas-relief of the entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem, but the zeal of the vestry, exhausted by the eighty thousand pounds paid for the church, has never supplied this work of art. The interior is rich, and the Ionic pilastered altar-screen is adorned by a Holy Family, presented by West, that most trivial of all religious painters, and two galleries.

In the new church is buried John Hugh, eldest son of John Gibson Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's handsome and sarcastic son-in-law, the well-known editor of the *Quarterly*. This clever little boy, the favourite grandson of Sir Walter, was the little historical student for whom Sir Walter wrote his delightful *Tales of my Grandfather*. "Whom the gods love die young." He was snatched away in his eleventh year.

Here, also, lies shrewd old Northcote, Reynolds's pupil. Shall we ever know whether his conversations, that Hazlitt took down, were printed by his own wish or not?

We will not attempt to venture into the great region of houses north of Oxford-street, but leave that for other opportunities. Sufficient to mention that the New-road, from Paddington to Islington, was cut in 1757, and that Cavendish-square was first planned and laid out in 1717. The whole of the north side was bought by the great Duke of Chandos, who had become enormously wealthy as paymaster to Marlborough's armies, in Queen Anne's time. The duke lost enormously by the South Sea Bubble, and the square remained unfinished for several years.

Portman-square was begun about 1764, and Manchester-square in 1776. Montague-square was building at the jubilee to celebrate the fiftieth year of George the Third's reign. It was built on a place called Ward's Field, near which stood a cluster of cottages, called Apple Village, at which

one of Mr. Steele's murderers resided. The Regent's Canal was begun in 1812, and opened 1820.

### FLOWER FACTORIES.

WHERE do they all come from, those innumerable multitudes of plants, which we see everywhere, in-doors and out, in pots, in beds, in ribbon-borders, in windows, brackets, and jardinières, not one in a thousand of which leaves a lineal descendant to continue its race, in the shape of seedling, sucker, cutting, or offset? And if such be the case with plants which, like dogs, do have their day—which appear in public, gladdening the universal eye, and enjoying their allotted seasonal term—what must it be with the plants which disappear—which retire into private life and are heard of no more? Not one in a million of these would ever become a *plante mère*, a parent plant. How then is their place supplied? How many ladies per cent get their over-year's camellias to flower, or even to live? Do not countless window gardeners grow semi-aquatics in mould as dry as brickbats, while they drench tropical succulents with water? Do they not think to get geraniums through the winter in dark closets, musty cellars, freezing garrets, and dusty corners? Is any plant so hard to kill that amateurs cannot overcome its obstinacy? In large towns and cities, the waste of plants, as of infant life, must be enormous; and yet the supply never falls short. Where do they all come from?

On popping these questions to my practical friend Hortulus, who makes a considerable consumption of the article plant, he quietly answered, "I am going there next Tuesday, to fill up my vacancies. Come with me, and see." Going and seeing being one of my weaknesses, I accepted the invitation with a jump of joy. On the appointed morning, we took the branch of the *Chemin de Fer du Nord* which carries wayfarers into Belgium. The pleasant glide to Lille has been described. Inside Lille station, until the other day, a poster gruffly intimated, "No traveller, of whatever nationality, can pass the frontier into Belgium without a passport à l'étranger." My passport, an old campaigner, bearing a strong resemblance to the famous flag which has braved so long the battle and the breeze, bore old permissions to go to Switzerland and Italy, and more recently an authorisation to cross over to England.

England is à l'étranger. Let us try if that won't do.

Under this delightful system, at the last station before the frontier, as soon as the train stops, a gendarme gives the word of command at each carriage door, "Prepare your passports." Forthwith appears the commissaire of police, to examine these documents and their owners. I fancy he pays as much attention to the faces as to the papers. Mine seems to puzzle him by the multitude of its stamps, seals, and signatures. Spying in a residual corner the words, "Bon pour se rendre en Angleterre," he returns it, observing, "You are going to traverse la Belgique." A few minutes afterwards, I'm o'er the border and awa'. I have performed the feat of getting out of France into Belgium. How many hundreds of people in France would have been glad, not so long ago, to do the same! The triumph is chilled by the consideration, how am I to get back again? We'll think of that to-morrow morning. Sufficient for the day is the passport thereof.

From Lille to Ghent, or Gand, the same pastoral strain continues, with a new note introduced—patches of cultivated tobacco, which in France can only be grown under surveillance and restrictions which render its culture next to impossible. And the music becomes fuller, that is, the crops are heavier. You see enough to convey a clear notion of what is meant by "living on the fat of the land." Gand is noted for its "vigilantes," roomy hackney-coaches which convey you cheaply from the railway station to your hotel. You may use them all day long at the moderate rate of two francs per hour—no trifling convenience; because Gand, besides covering an extensive area, is one of the easiest cities in which *not* to find your way. It is a town of monotonously white-painted houses, every one of them with looking-glass spy-mirrors fixed outside at such angles as to catch the reflection of every coming or retreating passenger. Not a few of the windows attract your gaze with very respectable horticultural shows. But the streets themselves are neither crooked nor straight; they are warped to the right or to the left, in such gentle curves as to baffle the possessor of the most highly-developed organ of locality. You fix the points of the compass in your mind, and resolve to reach your goal with inflexible directness. This is easy enough to do in rectilinear-streeted and rectangular-cornered towns: but in Gand, with corners like wedges cut out of a cheese,

and with streets bulging this way and that, like a whalebone walking-stick under a fat man's pressure, while making for the north you find yourself tending to the west, or desiring to become a southerner, you discover that you are one of the wise men of the east. Your only guarantee for surety is a vigilante.

Hortulus proposes to do the little gardeners first. Of course I have only to follow my leader. We wend our way through Gand, vast and quiet; not idle and stagnant, but slow and steady in its motions like the water that slides through its own canals. On the way, I note the amusing resemblance with English of Flemish wall-bills and trade-names over doors. *Twaelf Kamer Strasse, Rue des Douze Chambres, Twelve Chamber Street. Zwem School, Ecole de Natation, Swimming School.* They were to give a grand ball, a *Grooten Bal, die zal beginnen om four and a half ure*; the reader shall not be insulted by a translation of this invitation to dance by daylight. On the Boulevard, there is, in French and Flemish letters of iron, the *Defense de circuler avec Cheveaux, Voitures, et Brouettes*, on the foot-paths; *Verboden te Ryden*—'tis forbidden to ride—*met Peerden, Rytuigen, en Kruitwagens*—with horses, carriages, and wheelbarrows.

We further note, upon compulsion, that the frontiers created by language are more impassable than those devised by the rulers of men. In an inconspicuous lane, we enter an inconspicuous door, without name, sign, or other indication of its occupant and his pursuits, and discover within a little nursery whose speciality is azaleas and camellias. The nurseryman and his son are out, leaving the wife alone at home. Madame speaks neither French nor English, but Flemish only, which is Hebrew to us. Hortulus tries his French, in vain. I essay English, with a glimpse of hope, because all the naughty words are the same in English and Flemish; if you want to call a Fleming, man or woman, bad names, nothing is easier; but good words, it seems, do not enjoy the same privilege. I then try bad German, which I have occasionally found efficacious, just as people make themselves intelligible to babies by negro talk; but in this case it proves an utter failure. Madame then rattles out her Flemish louder than before, to make us understand it better, as if we were deaf; but the deafness is of the mind, and not of the ear. We are about to retire, when a hand-barrow

changed its mind, as vestries have been sometimes known to do, and not always wisely.

The church was designed by Thomas Hardwick, a disciple of Sir William Chambers. The front is a miracle of bad taste; it is called Roman Corinthian, and the tower is a circular temple, crowned with a dome and loaded with caryatic angels. There are eight columns to support the portico, the pediment of which is imitated from a supposititious Pantheon. Above the central doorway is an empty panel, intended to have been adorned with a bas-relief of the entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem, but the zeal of the vestry, exhausted by the eighty thousand pounds paid for the church, has never supplied this work of art. The interior is rich, and the Ionic pilastered altar-screen is adorned by a Holy Family, presented by West, that most trivial of all religious painters, and two galleries.

In the new church is buried John Hugh, eldest son of John Gibson Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's handsome and sarcastic son-in-law, the well-known editor of the *Quarterly*. This clever little boy, the favourite grandson of Sir Walter, was the little historical student for whom Sir Walter wrote his delightful *Tales of my Grandfather*. "Whom the gods love die young." He was snatched away in his eleventh year.

Here, also, lies shrewd old Northcote, Reynolds's pupil. Shall we ever know whether his conversations, that Hazlitt took down, were printed by his own wish or not?

We will not attempt to venture into the great region of houses north of Oxford-street, but leave that for other opportunities. Sufficient to mention that the New-road, from Paddington to Islington, was cut in 1757, and that Cavendish-square was first planned and laid out in 1717. The whole of the north side was bought by the great Duke of Chandos, who had become enormously wealthy as paymaster to Marlborough's armies, in Queen Anne's time. The duke lost enormously by the South Sea Bubble, and the square remained unfinished for several years.

Portman-square was begun about 1764, and Manchester-square in 1776. Montague-square was building at the jubilee to celebrate the fiftieth year of George the Third's reign. It was built on a place called Ward's Field, near which stood a cluster of cottages, called Apple Village, at which

one of Mr. Steele's murderers resided. The Regent's Canal was begun in 1812, and opened 1820.

### FLOWER FACTORIES.

WHERE do they all come from, those innumerable multitudes of plants, which we see everywhere, in-doors and out, in pots, in beds, in ribbon-borders, in windows, brackets, and jardinières, not one in a thousand of which leaves a lineal descendant to continue its race, in the shape of seedling, sucker, cutting, or offset? And if such be the case with plants which, like dogs, do have their day—which appear in public, gladdening the universal eye, and enjoying their allotted seasonal term—what must it be with the plants which disappear—which retire into private life and are heard of no more? Not one in a million of these would ever become a *plante mère*, a parent plant. How then is their place supplied? How many ladies per cent get their over-year's camellias to flower, or even to live? Do not countless window gardeners grow semi-aquatics in mould as dry as brickbats, while they drench tropical succulents with water? Do they not think to get geraniums through the winter in dark closets, musty cellars, freezing garrets, and dusty corners? Is any plant so hard to kill that amateurs cannot overcome its obstinacy? In large towns and cities, the waste of plants, as of infant life, must be enormous; and yet the supply never falls short. Where do they all come from?

On popping these questions to my practical friend Hortulus, who makes a considerable consumption of the article plant, he quietly answered, "I am going there next Tuesday, to fill up my vacancies. Come with me, and see." Going and seeing being one of my weaknesses, I accepted the invitation with a jump of joy. On the appointed morning, we took the branch of the *Chemin de Fer du Nord* which carries wayfarers into Belgium. The pleasant glide to Lille has been described. Inside Lille station, until the other day, a poster gruffly intimated, "No traveller, of whatever nationality, can pass the frontier into Belgium without a *passport à l'étranger*." My passport, an old campaigner, bearing a strong resemblance to the famous flag which has braved so long the battle and the breeze, bore old permissions to go to Switzerland and Italy, and more recently an authorisation to cross over to England.

England is à l'étranger. Let us try if that won't do.

Under this delightful system, at the last station before the frontier, as soon as the train stops, a gendarme gives the word of command at each carriage door, "Prepare your passports." Forthwith appears the commissaire of police, to examine these documents and their owners. I fancy he pays as much attention to the faces as to the papers. Mine seems to puzzle him by the multitude of its stamps, seals, and signatures. Spying in a residual corner the words, "Bon pour se rendre en Angleterre," he returns it, observing, "You are going to traverse la Belgique." A few minutes afterwards, I'm o'er the border and awa'. I have performed the feat of getting out of France into Belgium. How many hundreds of people in France would have been glad, not so long ago, to do the same! The triumph is chilled by the consideration, how am I to get back again? We'll think of that to-morrow morning. Sufficient for the day is the passport thereof.

From Lille to Ghent, or Gand, the same pastoral strain continues, with a new note introduced—patches of cultivated tobacco, which in France can only be grown under surveillance and restrictions which render its culture next to impossible. And the music becomes fuller, that is, the crops are heavier. You see enough to convey a clear notion of what is meant by "living on the fat of the land." Gand is noted for its "vigilantes," roomy hackney-coaches which convey you cheaply from the railway station to your hotel. You may use them all day long at the moderate rate of two francs per hour—no trifling convenience; because Gand, besides covering an extensive area, is one of the easiest cities in which *not* to find your way. It is a town of monotonously white-painted houses, every one of them with looking-glass spy-mirrors fixed outside at such angles as to catch the reflection of every coming or retreating passenger. Not a few of the windows attract your gaze with very respectable horticultural shows. But the streets themselves are neither crooked nor straight; they are warped to the right or to the left, in such gentle curves as to baffle the possessor of the most highly-developed organ of locality. You fix the points of the compass in your mind, and resolve to reach your goal with inflexible directness. This is easy enough to do in rectilinear-streeted and rectangular-cornered towns: but in Gand, with corners like wedges cut out of a cheese,

and with streets bulging this way and that, like a whalebone walking-stick under a fat man's pressure, while making for the north you find yourself tending to the west, or desiring to become a southerner, you discover that you are one of the wise men of the east. Your only guarantee for surety is a vigilante.

Hortulus proposes to do the little gardeners first. Of course I have only to follow my leader. We wend our way through Gand, vast and quiet; not idle and stagnant, but slow and steady in its motions like the water that slides through its own canals. On the way, I note the amusing resemblance with English of Flemish wall-bills and trade-names over doors. Twaelf Kamer Strasse, Rue des Douze Chambres, Twelve Chamber Street. Zwem School, Ecole de Natation, Swimming School. They were to give a grand ball, a Grooten Bal, die zal beginnen om four and a half ure; the reader shall not be insulted by a translation of this invitation to dance by daylight. On the Boulevard, there is, in French and Flemish letters of iron, the *Defense de circuler avec Cheveaux, Voitures, et Brouettes*, on the foot-paths; *Verboden te Ryden*—'tis forbidden to ride—met *Peerden, Rytuigen, en Kruitvagens*—with horses, carriages, and wheelbarrows.

We further note, upon compulsion, that the frontiers created by language are more impassable than those devised by the rulers of men. In an inconspicuous lane, we enter an inconspicuous door, without name, sign, or other indication of its occupant and his pursuits, and discover within a little nursery whose speciality is azaleas and camellias. The nurseryman and his son are out, leaving the wife alone at home. Madame speaks neither French nor English, but Flemish only, which is Hebrew to us. Hortulus tries his French, in vain. I essay English, with a glimpse of hope, because all the naughty words are the same in English and Flemish; if you want to call a Fleming, man or woman, bad names, nothing is easier; but good words, it seems, do not enjoy the same privilege. I then try bad German, which I have occasionally found efficacious, just as people make themselves intelligible to babies by negro talk; but in this case it proves an utter failure. Madame then rattles out her Flemish louder than before, to make us understand it better, as if we were deaf; but the deafness is of the mind, and not of the ear. We are about to retire, when a hand-barrow

rumbles on the stones in the lane, and stops. She seizes us by the arms to retain us, vociferously shouting "Kommen, kommen, kommen!" or some similar sound. Immediately enter the father and son, simple workmen shod with sabots. The son alone, of these three, speaks French; and the intellectual mist clears up, as if the sun had burst through a London fog.

Neither of our friends has the slightest pretensions to be master gardeners, heads of houses, or chiefs of horticultural establishments. Themselves are the only labourers they employ; consequently, they are excellently well served. They make no secret either of their management or their manipulation. As to the former, the whole surface earth of their little plot of ground is annually thoroughly renewed with beath-mould. The latter is as simple as fiddle-playing, when you are used to it. As Paganini might have said, after executing his Carnival of Venice, "It's only that!" You have only to stick and fasten a little bit of this upon a little bit of the other, in such a way that it shall grow, and grow vigorously too, and the thing is done. Look! A cut or two with the knife, an opening of a cleft with a bit of blunt stick, and a binding up the wound with a ligament. That's all. If it were longer or more elaborate, how could we turn out our thousands of camellias and azaleas in the given time? There are only twelve months from the 1st of January to the 31st of December. To be sure, the operation is not everything. As bottles, after blowing, have to be annealed, in heat, in ovens, so these plants, after grafting, must be étouffées or stifled, under glass and in green-houses, in an atmosphere constantly maintained in certain thermometrical and, above all, hygrometrical conditions. But all that, like the grafting, is mere A B C, when you have been in the way of it for years.

Hortulus has long known all these details, but I have not; so he kindly gives me time to inquire. On what are the finer kinds of flowering plants grafted? Well; that depends. When the seed of some one species of certain genera is easily procured, young plants are raised from it as sauva-geons, wildlings, on which to graft scions of their more ornamental brethren. Thus, the common evergreen spurge-laurel, *Daphne laureola*, serves largely as a stock for the choicer and rarer species and varieties of *Daphne*. You see the seedlings in rows, established in little pots, ready to receive the slips intended to metamorphose their

individuality. Young acacia plants perform a similar duty; so do those of the common laburnum. But they are not the speciality of this particular factory of flowering plants.

Cuttings of the single-flowered camellia are struck to furnish stocks for grafting the innumerable double-flowered varieties. Cuttings of the double kinds will strike not unfrequently, and with care; but they make less thrifty and handsome plants than these established on the wilding stock—for such the single camellia may be assumed to be. They are also longer in becoming fit for market; which is all-important in a commercial point of view. After striking root, the camellia cuttings are potted off, to harden—such little infantile, baby-like things! Can it be possible to put a graft on such a straw-like stem as that? The question is answered by a practical affirmative. Here are some, with stems no bigger, on which a fresh graft is putting forth young leaves.

Double camellias are beautiful flowers, and the season when they come renders them so welcome; but I have a weakness for the single camellia, because years ago I saw in the royal gardens of Caserta, near Naples—may it still be continuing to flourish there—a big old bush of that species—not a tree with a stem, but a regular bush—covered with hundreds, probably thousands, of scarlet flowers. The ground around it was carpeted with red. By the way, even the fallen flowers of the single camellia render good service to bouquet-makers. They last, mounted, without fading, several days.

I do not want a photograph of that camellia bush; I have it fixed in my mind's eye, in its natural colours; but I was glad to seize the opportunity of possessing one, perhaps, of its progeny by extension. Could I have one of those little youngling plants, to keep as it is, without any grafting?

"Assuredly."

"But when will it flower?"

"Possibly in two or three years."

"Ah! I can't afford to wait two years. Have you not one that will flower next year?"

"Take this, a well-shaped pretty plant."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five centimes; twopence half-penny."

"Have you another that will make the pair?"

"This looks as if it would match it very

well, if you will take the trouble to train them alike."

"Thank you much."

I get (note that, owing to Hortulus's presence, I am treated as a wholesale customer) my couple of single camellias for fivepence sterling, plus of course my share of the package and the railway carriage home.

Indian azaleas are treated much in the same way, except that, after the graft has taken, they are planted without pots in the open ground, to be potted at the approach of autumn. The young azaleas are thus raised in rows; dutiful pupils (élèves they call them), who never break the ranks, nor play truant, nor disobey orders. And it is curious to see choice flowering plants considered as mere merchandise, manufactured by grafting and pricked out like cabbage plants, vegetable live-stock bred and propagated for popular consumption. Patient as little lambs do the rooted azalea cuttings wait their turn, ready to receive their graft—the training which is to fit them for their future course of life.

These small special nurseries are good to visit, because they show how certain plants (which we only see in their advanced and flowering state, in shops, greenhouses, and exhibitions) are brought up from their earliest infancy. They also disclose the life-routine of a very worthy class of persons, who rarely work isolated or alone, but in small family associations or partnerships, such as father and son or sons, two or three brothers, brothers and sisters, mother and children. The month of August is the time when they expect their customers' visits, and for these they prepare during the whole previous twelvemonth. Needless to say that ready money is very acceptable, and exerts considerable influence on the terms of a bargain. For most things, the time of delivery is early autumn, when the camellia and azalea buds are well set and apparent. Speaking French, as most of them do, as a foreign language—for few visitors can answer "Yes" to their eager question, "Do you speak Flemish?"—their conversation has often a certain quaintness.

Some of these humbler horticultural establishments have their approaches and entrances so undiscernible, that you would say they intended to baffle rather than invite the intrusion of strangers. "It must be somewhere here," says Hortulus. "Last year I had difficulty in finding it, and I am not sure that I can find it now." On search-

ing close, we discover a sort of hole-in-the-wall or open sesame trap-door, defying all but the initiated to discover and open it. We enter and begin business with the usual routine salutation.

"Cela va bien?"

"Oui, je vous remercie; comme ça. Et vous?"

"Pas mal. Comme vous voyez. Have you got anything new this year?"

"Not much. Comme ça. Azaleas frozen in spring, comme ça. Plenty of standard laurustinus, comme ça, if you want them. Standard sweet bays, comme ça, the biggest of them gone to Russia. Never have enough of them for Russia, comme ça. Variegated-leaved plants, comme ça, the fashion; obliged to grow them, comme ça, but won't last, comme ça."

"And this new-old thing?" asks Hortulus, looking at me. It was a George the Third pelargonium, a bric-à-brac plant, harmonising with perukes, pigtales, chintz gowns, and silk socks that will stand alone without any wearer inside to support them.

"Pelargonium tricolor, comme ça. You like it, comme ça. Have only seven plants, comme ça; must keep one, comme ça. You can take the other six, comme ça, at fifty centimes apiece, comme ça."

Another clever individual, who has been a botanical collector in his day, and knows what tropical forests are, instructs us, and at the same time amuses us by pronouncing all the mute e's in his French.

"Doucement, doucement; gently over the stones. If you go so fast you won't see all the pretty things I want to show you. Here is a new fraxinelle, another species, not variety, of Dittany of Crete. I have it quite nouvellement. Like the other, the vapour round it will catch fire on a warm summer's evening. I often do it for my amusement. Those other novelties are only rubbish; they are tout bonnement, good for nothing at all. That's a nice elephant's foot (Tamus or Testudinaria elephantipes); but I am expecting some smaller and cheaper ones. You know they get them, like the zamias, by setting fire to the forests. That squat euphorbia, a green candelabra stuck on the top of a peg-top, is at least a hundred and fifty years old. I could let you have it for fifty francs, which makes it cost only threepence a year. But réellement I don't care to part with it. As I brought it home myself, and have taken great care of it ever since, I am fond of it, très naturellement."



Some pot or tub plants, like carriage horses, go in pairs; and the better the match, the higher the price and the greater unwillingness to separate them. Indeed, the seller will never part them; the buyer may do as he pleases, pocketing the loss and prepared for the diminished value of the divided companions. To be perfect pairs, plants must be reared as such from their earliest infancy. Like twin children, they are dressed in the same fashion, fed with the same food, washed with the same water, have their hair and nails cut on the same day and in the same degree, and are sent out of doors and put to bed at the same hour. Many pair plants have an almost indefinite term of existence—myrtles, sweet bays, cycases, dracænas, yuccas, agaves, bonaparteas, cactuses, euphorbias, tree and other ferns, laurustinuses trained with a head and a stem. Consequently, the process is long, occupying years, sometimes lifetimes. The small horticulturists, with patient labour, devote daily attention to this class of nurslings, and assiduously train them in the way they should grow.

Unmatched plants belonging to this category are comparatively cheap, being sometimes to be had for half what they would fetch if paired. Their owners well know the difficulty of providing them with a mate endowed with the required compatibility of disposition. This repetition of forms in ornamental plants is called for by the architectural requirements of terraces, galleries, and greenhouses, which must have vegetable decorations, like statues and vases, alike though not exactly the same. Some positions, however, are not symmetrical, and are content with *one* attractive botanical specimen. Hortulus wants one *Araucaria excelsa*, to make the central figure in a group. We find a beauty in a large establishment, cheap, because single. It was either taller or shorter than the rest of its carefully coupled sisterhood; and it stood in the ranks, commanding admiration, for sale, like an unveiled beauty in an Oriental slave market. It is ours at once; entered on our list of acquisitions at the price demanded.

But there are slips between cups and lips. Next morning comes a billet-doux from the very regretful horticulteur. "Exceedingly sorry, but my brother had sold in the morning the *araucaria* you chose in the afternoon, without my knowing it. If you leave it to me, I will select another."

No you won't. We smell a Gantois

trick. The get-off may be bosh, or it may not. Has your brother, perchance, found up for his plant an unsuspected partner on the premises? Without vouchsafing an answer, we go elsewhere. Soon after our entry, without receiving a hint, the proprietor points to a pyramidal tuft of green.

"Those are my unmatched *araucarias*. What I am to do with them, I don't know. I would let you have that fine fellow for five-and-twenty francs; and really it is——"

"Bon! Done! We'll relieve you of that difficulty."

They say that few women marry the man they love. Few gardeners cultivate the plants they like; they are obliged to conform to horticulture *de convenance*, as their fair customers are compelled to make marriages *de convenance*. The more outspoken amongst the fraternity avow the constraint put upon their affections.

"Is it not *assommant*, when one really loves good plants, to be obliged to work from morning till night at producing such heaps of rubbish as this," giving the pots a contemptuous kick, "bedding-out stuff by the train-load and the milliard? One gets sick of the very sight of all these zonals, nose-gays, *irisenes*, *perillas*, and the rest of the lot. It is for ever and ever the same *balançoire*, the same *boutique*, the same *pacotille*. Now and then a good new thing, or a good old thing renewed, comes in to vary our monotonous diet; but it soon either disappears, or becomes itself one of the monotonies. But we must live; so we are everlastingly making materials for rubans and *massifs*. I have a few nice things here, which I keep more for myself than the public," coaxing their leaves tenderly with the tips of his fingers; "they take at least four years to come to this; and then if I try to sell them for a franc and a half each, people scream out and call it dear. You may well call my *heliotrope* bushes ugly, with their crooked rough stems and their shabby straggling heads; but they have helped to make the pot boil for many a year. I sell the flowers wholesale to the bouquet-makers, and in winter they fetch remunerative prices. Ah! If I were only rich, I would still continue to be horticulteur; but then I would grow the plants that pleased me and not be the slave of such *cochonnerie* as this."

Another contemptuous kick at the offending bedders-out concludes the harangue. We retire, leaving the giant nurseries for another day.

Our horticultural acquisitions made, we look out for things to offer to our belongings at home. We buy gingerbread, mother-o'-pearl studs, pocket handkerchiefs, cocoa-nut thimble-cases. Hortulus, who is blessed with a jealous scolding wife, makes a point in front of a sewing-machine shop, and gravely says, "There are two things I ought to take back; a padlock and a sewing-machine."

"What can you possibly want a sewing-machine for?"

"To sew up my wife's mouth when she is in her tantrums."

Were I to tell this on our return, what a sharp and shrill riot there would be! But madame, shrewd as she is, cannot read English, so there is no harm done by printing it.

## THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER XL. THE LAST TROUBLE.

THE rain ceased early next morning, and the day proved as lovely a day as ever midsummer brought to the world. As May walked down the garden the roses that brushed her gown were all fresh and laden with dew. Birds were singing blithely, the sun shining goldenly, the world was beautiful, and seemed to call on human nature to rejoice; yet the shadow of a great crime was lying upon it, and the black charred trees away to westward were the witnesses that bore testimony to its reality. May was going to the inquest. Could it be that God had willed that she should never more be glad while she lived in this beautiful world. This was a wicked and horrible fear that arose in her mind as she breathed the happy air, and felt her youth leaping within her; but she banished it on the instant.

Aunt Martha could not understand why May should want to be present at such a very painful scene.

"It is every way unseemly," she said; "Paul, do not let her go."

But May said, "Give me my own way. I have a reason, which I shall tell you by-and-bye."

Of all that might have to be told she did not dare to think.

As May and Paul walked across the fields between the blooming dykes and singing hedges they were overtaken by Sir John Archbold and his daughter, who were riding to make part of a crowd which was

assembling at the farmer's house. Katherine bowed haughtily; Sir John was more courteous, yet there was something in his manner which gave Paul to understand that here was no all-trusting friend. Paul let the riders pass, and walked on with his head high. Many people had assembled at the barn. There were two other magistrates besides Sir John Archbold, who were come from a distance, full of curiosity about Paul Finiston and his story, and who had quite made up their minds as to the likelihood of his guilt. The whole history of the family, as they knew it, was a romance, and this murder made the culminating incident of the tale. For an excitable and whimsical young man, come of a bad race, tried beyond endurance by one so intolerable as the miser, nothing could be more natural than that he should end a violent quarrel by a crime like this. They pitied him a good deal, and hoped that at his trial the jury who should find him guilty would also recommend him to mercy. As to May, they simply wondered and could guess nothing.

The people divided and stood back respectfully to let her pass, and the women began to weep when they looked in her face.

"She niver had act nor part in it," said one; "I wouldn't believe it if her han's was covered wid blood."

"Whisht, whisht," said another, "sure the angels is takin' care o' her."

They stood together within the doorway with all eyes fixed on them; looking grave but fearless, so that their accusers found themselves silent and ashamed. Katherine had not dismounted from her horse, but was only a few yards distant from them, and could have touched them with her whip. All the way as she rode down from Camlough the thought had been present to her mind that it was she who must save these lovers, and bestow on them perfect joy; must give them each other, an unsullied name, the world's sympathy, and boundless wealth. She had thought she would try and do it, after she had first seen their pain, beheld them crushed and terrified, and humbled to the dust; but here she saw no terror nor any anguish of shame. They faced their fellow-creatures serene, and almost happy. From time to time they looked in each other's eyes; and Katherine shut her lips, and the day's business began.

Witness after witness came up and told his story. It appeared from the evidence that one of Simon's well-known pistols was

missing, and it was believed that with this weapon the murder had been done. Paul was about to be questioned, when Sir John took him aside and spoke to him.

"Finiston!" he said, "I am deeply sorry for you. Things are telling very plainly against you in this matter. I must say I perceive that you are now acting and speaking like a reasonable man, but quite lately I saw you otherwise. Take my advice and plead insanity."

"I will plead nothing but the truth," said Paul; "and on the night of the murder I was in possession of all my senses."

Sir John was puzzled, and said no more, believing that Paul had committed the crime while his mind was astray, and that the shock of all its consequences had restored him to his senses. Paul was now allowed to tell his story. He gave a sketch of his whole life, confessing his horror of the miser, and of the curse which was attached to the family inheritance. He had felt an especial dread of being driven to commit that crime with which he stood charged to-day. He had struggled against the feeling, which was simply a nervous horror, had despised it, and wondered at its hold upon his mind. In the early part of the last six months a fitful gloom had taken possession of him, and since then he had suffered from a mysterious disorder of the mind, which deprived him of his memory and deadened all his faculties. From this affliction he had been set free in a strange and sudden manner, and he did not attempt to account for either the disorder or the cure. Had the crime been committed while he was in a state which rendered him not accountable for his acts, then would he not have presumed to declare that he was innocent of the deed. Of much that had happened to him during the months lately past, of much that he had said and done, he was utterly forgetful; but on the night of Simon's murder he had been in possession of his reason. He described his waking in Miss Martha's parlour, his going out to walk and to think over matters which pressed into his mind, his first sight of the woods on fire, and meeting with May, who told him about the murder. He was listened to attentively; but his story sounded improbable, and he knew it.

When May's turn came she spoke up bravely, feeling as if Paul's credit depended on her courage. She was obliged to confess the reason of her anxiety when she found that he had left the house; and

the terror that had urged her to follow him to Tobereevil in the night. She described her finding the murdered man, and her swoon on the floor of the blood-stained chamber, her amazement at the fire, and entire satisfaction when she met Paul coming to look for her in perfect possession of his senses. "And I know that he did not do it," she said, "and that the murderer will be found." There was deep pity for her in every face, but her story told terribly against Paul.

Sir John bore witness to the young man's strange state while staying at his house. Two days ago he should have described him as a person utterly unaccountable for his actions. Katherine was also called upon to give evidence, and looked white and sullen, as she made her statement. One might have supposed from her face that she was the person who had been accused of the murder, as she glanced towards May and Paul, who stood together, neither stricken nor overwhelmed, but only grave and very quiet, as if they waited breathlessly for the word of truth that should turn their sorrow into joy. She was not going to speak it for them. Let things take their course! She stated that Paul had been an insane man during the whole time of his visit at Camlough, and that he had left that place strangely, on the night of the entertainment. All evidence having been taken, the coroner addressed the jury. He spoke pityingly of the young man who had been afflicted as described by so many witnesses, but it was plain that he had no doubt as to Paul's having committed the crime. The jury were quite of his way of thinking; men who had suffered bitterly under the dead man's rule, and believed nothing could be more natural than the impulse that should lead a man to shoot such a wretch when provoked, in the heat of quarrel. Nevertheless, they considered the matter for fully half an hour, during which time May sat on a heap of straw, gazing out of the barn, past the people, with still that steadfast expectant look in her eye which had scarcely left it since this sore trouble began. Paul stood beside her with folded arms, looking destruction in the face, like a brave but condemned soldier waiting the signal that shall send his comrade's bullet through his heart.

The crowd had been very quiet within and without the barn, but suddenly there was a movement, and Katherine, who was on horseback, uttered a cry, and reeled in her saddle as if she would fall. Some men

were approaching, followed by a little crowd of women and children. The men carried a bier! As the procession came nearer and crossed the fields, it was seen that a cart followed the bier, and that somebody was lying on the cart. There was great excitement immediately; people ran out to meet the unexpected new-comers, and a little storm of cries and groans arose upon the air when the two crowds met and explanations had been made. Then there was a great tumult in the barn, so that when the jurors appeared to give their verdict they were not attended to, and the words "wilful murder against Paul Finiston" were only heard by a few. As the words were spoken the crowd burst up to the door of the barn, swayed, divided, and fell back, and the bier which the men had carried was laid on the floor; bearing the wounded body of Con the fool.

"My God, another!" said the coroner, and the noise of the crowd ceased, and the silence of horror fell upon the place. Two or three women broke out crying and were hustled away into a corner; while all eyes were turned to the door again as the cart stood before it, and another surprise was expected. The men were lifting some one out of the cart—a living body, wrapped in blankets—and this they also carried into the barn and placed on a heap of straw. Bid was beside them, and directed them where to lay their burden; and, when the creature who had been thus carried was placed lying in the straw, there was seen the weird and ugly face of Tibbie, the miser's housekeeper, pinched and drawn with agony, and wet with the dews of approaching death. She opened her dim eyes and gazed around her, then closed them again and groaned dismally.

"Aisy, woman, aisy!" said Bid, soothingly, as she settled her head more comfortably in the straw. "Don't be unpatient. Spako up like a Christian an' the pain'll soon be done."

Then Bid turned to Paul: "Would yer honor step to wan side a little bit?" she said, curtsying with deep respect, "so as how Tibbie don't see you where you stan'."

Paul moved away, and then the deep, breathless silence of expectation reigned in the barn.

"What does all this mean?" asked the coroner, looking from one to another of the new-comers. A stout man from a distant part of the mountains answered him.

"It's wan Tibbie—this poor woman ye

see, sir, that has to make some kind o' a statement afore she goes. This other ould woman, Bid the thraveller, yer honor—a decent sowl—she foun' Tibbie lying her lone upon the mountain, an' the body o' this poor fool-boy at her side. So we brought them all down here, yer honor, for there's a long story to tell."

"The statement had better be made," said the coroner, "for the woman has not many hours to live."

A groan from Tibbie followed his words. "I will not die bad," she whispered—"I will not go to the divil. He niver did nothin' for me, an' I won't stan' to him now. I always said I would turn to good in the latter end."

Then she began her confession. It was rambling and disjointed, and spoken between gasps and moans, while Bid supported her head and comforted her with little words of sympathy as she went on. By dint of patience and questioning, her story was at last clearly put upon paper.

On the evening before the discovery of the murder she had heard a noise in her master's sitting-room, and reached the door just in time to hear the report of fire-arms, and to see Con the fool rush past her flourishing one of her master's pistols in his hand. He fled shrieking out of the open half-door. Finding her master dead, she became terrified lest people should think that she had done the deed, and fled after Con, hoping to overtake him and hide him with herself in some of the caves in the hills. After long toiling and running she came upon him in the mountains, dancing and singing as he went along, and waving the pistol above his head. As soon as he saw her he uttered a cry and dashed on without looking where he was going. Following as well as she was able she saw him suddenly disappear over a ridge of cliffs, and when she came up to these and looked down a steep precipice she beheld him lying, as he now lay, on the grass far beneath her. She made her way to his side, and remained there till the lady from Camlough found her. "Her that has the fine goold hair," said Tibbie, "an' give me the mandhrake." The lady found her first and talked to her, but she frightened her away. Afterwards Bid came to her, and then she was very ill and glad enough to be looked after. The running had been too much for her; and then the rain, she thought, had killed her. Cramps had got hold of her and a terrible illness. She had sworn to Bid to

tell the truth if she would promise to get Con decently buried.

When Katherine was mentioned, all eyes were turned on the proud lady who had known somewhat of all this and had been silent. Katherine's face was not pleasant to look at, but she sat calmly on her horse without wincing.

After this the Kearneys made their appearance and told of the fool's grief at parting with them, and his rage at the miser when the people were turned from their houses. Next came the little girl who had given him a drink out of her pail, and had been terrified at his fit of frenzy when she told him that Simon had sent Nan out of the country. Many tears were shed for Con as these simple facts were stated; for the poor loving fool who had been so harmless and so kind. When all had at last been told the sick woman was carried to a neighbouring cabin, and the jury put their heads together and returned another verdict.

Then there broke out a buzz of joyous excitement in the barn. The magistrates and the coroner stepped forward to shake Paul by the hand. Farmers and mountaineers, cotters and labourers, cheered him, and looked in his face, half laughing and half sobbing. The women wept wildly and struggled to kiss his hand. As their suffering had been deep, while forced to believe him guilty, just so was their joy extravagant at being able to make him a hero. He was their master, their landlord—the man who had banished the curse for ever from their land, and who was now going to rule over them in peace and kindness.

May had laid her head against some friendly sheaves of straw, and was not seen or heard of till the first tumult had subsided. Then she whispered to Paul, "Let me rest a little;" and Paul and the farmer's wife carried her into the farmhouse, where she lay on a homely bed in a little shaded bedroom and rested perfectly, knowing that now her troubles were at an end. Afterwards, when the crowd had gone, Paul and she walked home together.

No one had congratulated Paul more heartily than Sir John Archbold. He now remembered that the young man was a millionaire, and that he had looked upon him as his future son-in-law. He would fain have viewed him again in that light, but

did not quite see how that might be, since he had heard May spoken of as his promised wife. Katherine only could enlighten him as to this mystery.

"My dear," he said to her, "you are, no doubt, delighted to find our friend so fully acquitted. We may now look on him with favour. It remains for you to tell me—shall I ask him to come to Camlough."

"No," said Katherine, angrily, and rode on with her dark face turned away from the people.

Sir John insisted on stopping at Monasterlea to announce to Miss Martha the happy acquittal of Paul. Much against his daughter's wish he reined in at the gate, and the old lady came fluttering down the garden-path, in her cap-ribbons, to meet him.

"Well, madam!" he said, "this day has ended better than it began. I suppose you have heard that the mystery is cleared up, and the young man acquitted."

Miss Martha started; but she was a little in awe of Sir John and did not like to question him. She concluded that she had misunderstood him, and answered:

"Ah, I am sorry for the poor fool, but God has great mercy for such as he."

Sir John thought she took the matter coolly, but that was not his affair.

Miss Martha could not let these friends pass her door without inviting them to partake of some refreshment. Sir John agreed readily to her wishes in this respect, but Katherine sullenly declined the proffered kindness.

"Well then, my dear," said Sir John, "I must allow you to wait for me where you are, for I feel utterly famished, and we are a long way from home;" and he followed Miss Martha, and left Katherine sitting disconsolate on her horse near the gate. She was very angry at this treatment; but her father had lately shown her that if she would have her will on all occasions so also would he. So she had to wait under the shelter of a bush of honeysuckle, and her reflections were not pleasant as she did so.

Now ready, price 5s. 6d., bound in green cloth,

**THE SEVENTH VOLUME**  
OF THE NEW SERIES OF  
**ALL THE YEAR ROUND.**

To be had of all Booksellers.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 186. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

#### CHAPTER X. MR. TATLOW ON THE TRACK.

"MR. TATLOW?" said Humphrey Statham, as his visitor entered.

"Servant, sir," said Mr. Tatlow, a somewhat ordinary looking man, dressed in black.

"I had no idea this case had been placed in your hands, Mr. Tatlow," said Humphrey. "I have heard of you, though I never met you before in business, and have always understood you to be an experienced officer."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Tatlow, with a short bow. "What may have altered your opinion in that respect now?"

"The length of time which has elapsed since I first mentioned this matter in Scotland-yard. That was three years ago, and from that day to this I have had no communication with the authorities."

"Well, sir, you see," said Mr. Tatlow, "different people have different ways of doing business; and when the inspector put this case into my hands, he said to me, 'Tatlow,' said he, 'this is a case which will most likely take considerable time to unravel, and it's one in which there will be a great many ups and downs, and the scent will grow warm and the scent will grow cold, and you will think you have got the whole explanation of the story at one moment, and the next you'll think you know nothing at all about it. The young woman is gone,' the inspector says, 'and you'll hear of her here, and you'll hear of her there, and you'll be quite sure you've got hold of the right party, and

then you'll find it's nothing of the sort, and be inclined to give up the business in despair; and then suddenly, perhaps, when you're engaged on something else, you'll strike into the right track, and bring it home in the end. Now, it's no good worrying the gentleman,' said the inspector, 'with every little bit of news you hear, or with anything that may happen to strike you in the inquiry, for you'll be raising his spirits at one time, and rendering him more wretched in another, and my advice to you is, not to go near him until you have got something like a clear and complete case to lay before him.' Those were the inspector's words to me, sir—upon which advice I acted."

"Very good counsel, Mr. Tatlow, and very sensible of you to follow it," said Humphrey Statham. "Am I to understand from this visit that your case is now complete?"

"Well, sir, as complete as I can make it at present," said Mr. Tatlow.

"You have found her?" cried Humphrey Statham, eagerly, the blood flushing into his cheeks.

"I know where the young woman is now," said Mr. Tatlow, evasively; "but do not build upon that, sir," he added, as he marked his questioner's look of anxiety. "We were too late, sir—you will never see her again."

"Too late!" echoed Humphrey. "What do you mean? Where is she? I insist upon knowing!"

"In Hendon churchyard, sir," said Mr. Tatlow, quietly; "that's where the young woman is now."

Humphrey Statham bowed his head, and remained silent for some few moments, then, without raising his eyes, he said: "Tell me about it, Mr. Tatlow, please; I

should like to have all details, from first to last."

"Don't you think," said Mr. Tatlow, kindly—"don't you think I might look in some other time, sir?—you don't seem very strong just now; and it's no use a man trying his nerves when there is no occasion for it."

"Thank you," said Humphrey Statham, "I would sooner hear the story now. I have been ill, and am going out of town, and it may be some little time before I return, and I should like, while I am away, to be able to think over what has — to know about — tell me please at once."

"The story is not a long one, sir," said Mr. Tatlow, "and when you see how plain and clear it tells, I dare say you will think the case was not a difficult one, for all it took so long to work out; but you see this is fancy-work, as I may call it, that one has to take up in the intervals of regular business, and to lay aside again, whenever a great robbery or a murder crops up, and just as one is warm and interested in it, one may be sent off to Paris, or New York, and when you come back you have almost to begin again. There was one advantage in this case, that I had it to myself from the start, and hadn't to work up anybody else's line. I began," continued Mr. Tatlow, after a momentary pause, taking a note-book from his pocket and reading from its pages, "at the very beginning, and first saw the draper people at Leeds, where Miss Mitchell was employed; they spoke very highly of her, as a good, industrious girl, and were very sorry when she went away. She gave them a regular month's notice, stating that she had an opportunity of bettering herself by getting an engagement at a first-class house in London. Did the Leeds drapers, Hodder by name, say anything to Miss M.'s friends? No, they did not," continued Mr. Tatlow, answering himself; "most likely they would have mentioned it if the uncle had been alive—a brisk, intelligent man—but he was dead at that time, and no one was left but the bedridden old woman. After her niece's flight she sent down to Hodder and Company, and they told her what Miss M. had told them, though the old woman and her friends plainly did not believe it. It was not until some weeks afterwards that one of Hodder's girls had a letter from a friend of hers, who had previously been with their firm, but was now engaged at Mivenson's, the great drapers in Oxford-street, London, to say that Emily Mitchell

had joined their establishment; she was passing under the name of Moore, but this girl knew her at once, and agreed to keep her confidence. Now to page forty-nine. That's only a private memorandum for my own information," said Mr. Tatlow, turning over the leaves of his book. "Page forty-nine. Here you are! Mivenson's, in Oxford-street—old gentleman out of town—laid up with the gout—saw eldest son, partner in the house—recalled Miss Moore perfectly, and had come to them with some recommendation—never took young persons into their house unless they were properly recommended, and always kept register of reference. Looking into register found Emily M. had been recommended by Mrs. Calverley, one of their customers, most respectable lady, living in Great Walpole-street. Made inquiry myself about Mrs. C., and made her out to be a prim, elderly, evangelical party, wife of City man in large way of business. Emily M. did not remain long at Mivenson's. Not a strong girl; had had a fainting fit or two while in their employ, and one day she wrote to say she was too ill to come to work, and they never saw her again. Could they give him the address from which she wrote? Certainly. Address-book sent for; 143, Great College-street, Camden Town. Go to page sixty. Landlady at Great College-street perfectly recollected Miss Moore. Quiet, delicate girl, regular in her habits; never out later than ten at night; keeping no company, and giving no trouble. Used to be brought home regular every night by a gentleman—always the same gentleman, landlady thought, but couldn't swear, as she had never made him out properly, though she had often tried. Seen from the area, landlady remarked, people looked so different. Gentleman always took leave of Miss Moore at the door, and was never seen again in the neighbourhood until he brought her back the next night. Landlady recollected Miss Moore's going away. When she gave notice about leaving, explained to landlady that she was ill and was ordered change of air; didn't seem to be any worse than she had been all along, but, of course, it was not her (the landlady's) place to make any objection. At the end of the week a cab was sent for, Miss Moore's boxes were put into it, and she drove away. Did the landlady hear the address given to the cabman? She did. 'Waterloo Station, Richmond line!' That answer seemed to me to screw up the whole proceedings;

trying to find the clue to a person, who, months before, had gone away from the Waterloo Station, seemed as likely as feeling for a threepenny-piece in a corn-sack. I made one or two inquiries but heard nothing, and had given the whole thing up for as good as lost when—let me see, page two hundred and one.

"Here you are! Memoranda in the case of Benjamin Biggs, cashier in the Limpid Water Company, charged with embezzlement. Fine game he kept up, did Mr. Biggs! Salary about two hundred a year, and lived at the rate of ten thousand. Beautiful place out of town, just opposite Bobbington Lock, horses, carriages, and what you please. I was engaged in Biggs's matter, and I had been up to Bobbington one afternoon—for there was a notion just then that Biggs hadn't got clear off and might come home again—so I thought I'd take a lodging and hang about the village for a week or two. It was pleasant summer weather, and I've a liking for the river and for such a place as Bushey Park, though not with many opportunities of seeing much of either. I had been through Biggs's house, and was standing in Messenger's boat-yard, looking at the parties putting off on to the water, when a voice, close to my ear, says, 'Hallo, Tatlow! What's up?' and looking round I saw Mr. Nether-ton Whiffle, the leading junior at the Bailey, and the most rising man at the C. C. C. I scarcely knew him at first, for he had got on a round straw hat instead of his wig, and a tight-fitting jersey instead of his gown, and when I recognised him and told him what business I had come down upon, he only laughed, and said that Biggs knew more than me and all Sootland-yard put together; and the best thing that I could do was to go into the Anglers and put my name to what I liked at his expense. He's a very pleasant fellow, Mr. Whiffle, and while I was drinking something iced I told him about my wanting a lodging, and he recommended me to a very respectable little cottage kept by the mother of his gardener. A pretty place it was too, not looking on the river, but standing in a nice neatly-kept garden, with the big trees of Bushey Park at the back of you, and the birds singing beautiful! I fancy when I am superannuated I should like a place of that sort for myself and Mrs. T. Nice rooms too, the lodgings, a bedroom and sitting-room, but a cut above my means. I was saying so to the old woman—motherly old creature she was—

as we were looking round the bedroom, when I caught sight of something which fixed my attention at once. It was an old black box, like a child's school-trunk, with, on the outside lid, 'E. M.' in brass letters, and a railway label of the G. N. R., 'Leeds to London,' still sticking on it. Something told me I had 'struck ile,' as the Yankees say, and I asked the old woman to whom that box belonged. 'To her,' she said, 'she supposed, leastways it had been there for many months, left behind by a lodger who had gone away and never sent for it.' It took a little hot rum-and-water to get the lodger's story out of that old lady, sir; not a refreshing drink on a summer's day, but required to be gone through in the course of duty, and it was worth it, as you will see.

"In the previous summer the rooms had been taken by a gentleman who gave the name of Smith, and who, the next day, brought down the young lady and her boxes. She was pretty, but very delicate-looking, and seemed to have very bad health. He came down three or four times a week, and then she brightened up a bit and seemed a little more cheerful; but when she was alone she was dreadfully down, and the landlady had seen her crying by the hour together. They lived very quietly; no going out, no water-parties, no people to see them, bills of lodging paid for every week; quite the regular thing. This went on for two or three months; then the gentleman's visits grew less frequent, he only came down once or twice a week, and, on more than one occasion, the old woman sitting in the kitchen thought she heard high words between them. One Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Smith had gone away, about an hour after his departure, the lady packed all her things, paid up the few shillings which remained after his settlement, and ordered a fly to take her to the station. There was no room on the fly for the little box which I had seen, and she said she would send an address to which it could be forwarded. On the Monday evening Mr. Smith came down as usual; he was very much astonished to find the lady gone, but, after reading a letter which she had left for him, he seemed very much agitated, and sent out for some brandy; then he paid the week's rent, which was demanded instead of the notice, and left the place. The box had never been sent for, nor had the old woman ever heard anything further of the lady or the gentleman.

"The story hangs together pretty well,



don't it, sir? E. M., and the railway ticket on the box (I forgot to say I looked inside, and saw the maker's name, 'Hudspeth, of Boar-lane, Leeds'), looked pretty much like Emily Mitchell, and the old woman's description of Mr. Smith tallied tolerably with that given by the lodging-house keeper in Camden Town, who used to notice the gentleman from the area. But there we were shut up tight again! The flyman recollected taking the lady to the station, but no one saw her take her ticket, and there was I at a standstill.

"It is not above a fortnight ago, sir," said Mr. Tatlow, in continuation, "that I struck on the scent again, not that I had forgotten it, or hadn't taken the trouble to pull at anything which I thought might be one of its threads when it come in my way. A twelvemonth ago I was down at Leeds, after a light-hearted chap who had forgotten his own name, and written his master's across the back of a three-and-sixpenny bill-stamp, and I thought I'd take the opportunity of looking in at Hodder's, the draper's, and ask whether anything had been heard of Miss M. The firm hadn't heard of her, and was rather grumpy about being asked, but I saw the girl from whom I had got some information before—she, you recollect, sir, who had a friend at Miverson's, in Oxford-street, and told me about E. M. being there—and I asked her and her young man to tea, and set the pumps agoing. But she was very bashful and shamefaced, and would not say a word, though evidently she knew something; and it was only when she had gone up to put her bonnet on that I got out of the young man that Emily Mitchell had been down there, and had been seen in the dusk of the evening going up to the old cottage at Headingley, and carrying a baby in her arms."

"A baby!" cried Humphrey Statham.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Tatlow, "a female child of a few weeks old. She was going up to her aunt, no doubt, but the old woman was dead. When they heard at Hodder's that Emily was about the place, and with a child too, the firm was furious, and gave orders that none of their people should speak to or have any communication with her; but this girl—Mary Keith, she's called, I made a note of her name, sir, thinking you would like to know it—she found out where the poor creature was, and offered to share her wages with her and the child to save them from starvation."

"Good God!" groaned Humphrey Statham. "Was she in want, then?"

"Pretty nearly destitute, sir," said Tatlow; "would have starved probably, if it had not been for Mary Keith. She owned up to that girl, sir, all her story, told her everything, except the name of the child's father, and that she could not get out of her anyhow. She spoke about you too, and said you were the only person in the world who had really loved her, and that she had treated you shamefully. Miss Keith wanted her to write to the child's father, and tell him how badly off she was; but she said she would sooner die in the streets than ask him for money. What she would do, she said, would be to go to you—she wanted to see you once more before she died—and to ask you to be a friend to her child! She knew you would do it, she said, though she had behaved to you so badly, for the sake of the old days."

"I shan't have to try you with very much more, sir," said Tatlow, kindly, as he heard a deep groan break from Humphrey Statham's lips, and saw his head sink deeper on his breast. "Miss Keith advised E. M. to write to you; but she said no—she wanted to look upon your face again before she died, she said, and she knew that event was not far off. So she parted with her old friend, taking a little money, just enough to pay her fare up to town. She must have changed her mind about that, from what I learned afterwards. I made inquiries here and there for her in London in what I thought likely places, but I could hear nothing of her, and so the scent grew cold, and still my case was incomplete. I settled it up at last, as I say, about a fortnight ago. I had occasion to make some inquiries at Hendon workhouse about a young man who was out on the tramp, and who, as I learned, had slept there for a night or two in the previous week; and I was talking matters over with the master, an affable kind of man, with more common sense than one usually finds in officials of his sort, who are for the most part pig-headed and bad tempered. The chap that I was after had been shopman to a grocer in the City, and had run away with his master's daughter, having all the time another wife, and this I suppose led the conversation to such matters, and I, always with your case floating in my head, asked him whether there were many instances of fondlings, and such like, being left upon their hands? He said no, that they had been very lucky—

only had one since he had been master there, and that one they had been lucky enough to get rid of. How was that, I asked him, what was the case? Case of a party"—and here Mr. Tatlow referred to his note-book again—"found the winter before last by Squire Mullins's hind, lying against a haystack, in the four-acre meadow, pressing her baby to her breast—both of them half frozen. She was taken to the workhouse, but only lived two days, and never spoke during that time. Her shoes were worn very thin, and she had parted with most of her clothing, though what she kept had been good, and still was decent. No wedding-ring, of course. One thing she hadn't parted with—the master's wife saw the old woman try to crib it from the dead body round whose neck it hung, and took it from her hand. It was a tiny gold cross—yes, sir, I see, you know it all now—incribed, 'H. to E., 30th of March, 1864'—the very trinket which you had described to our people, and when I heard that, I knew I had tracked Emily Mitchell home at last."

Mr. Tatlow ceased speaking, but it was some minutes before Humphrey Statham raised his head. When at length he looked up there were traces of tears on his cheeks, and his voice was broken with emotion as he said, "The child—what about it—did it live?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tatlow, "the child lived, and fell very comfortably upon its legs. It was a bright, pretty little creature, and one day it attracted the notice of a lady who had no children of her own, and, after some inquiries, persuaded her husband to adopt it."

"What is her name, and where does she live?" asked Mr. Statham.

"She lives at Hendon, sir, and her name is Claxton. Mr. Claxton is, oddly enough, a sleeping partner in the house of Mr. Calverley, whose good lady first recommended E. M. to Mivenson's, as you may recollect."

There was silence for full ten minutes—a period which Mr. Tatlow occupied in deep consultation with his note-book, in looking out of the window, at the tips of his boots, at the wall in front of him; anywhere rather than at the bowed head of Humphrey Statham, who remained motionless, with his chin buried in his chest. Mr. Tatlow had seen a good deal of suffering in his time, and as he noticed, without apparently looking at the tremulous emotion of Mr. Statham's hands,

tremulous despite their closely interlaced fingers, and the shudder which from time to time ran through his massive frame, he knew what silent anguish was being bravely undergone, and would on no account have allowed the sufferer to imagine that his mental tortures were either seen or understood. When Humphrey Statham at length raised his head, he found his visitor intently watching the feeble gyrations of a belated fly, and apparently perfectly astonished at hearing his name mentioned.

"Mr. Tatlow," said Humphrey, in a voice which, despite his exertions to raise it, sounded low and muffled, "I am very much your debtor; what I said at the commencement of our interview about the delay which, as I imagined, had occurred in clearing up this mystery, was spoken in ignorance, and without any knowledge of the real facts. I now see the difficulties attendant upon the inquiry, and I am only astonished that they should have been so successfully surmounted, and that you should have been enabled to clear up the case as perfectly as you have done. That the result of your inquiries has been to arouse in me the most painful memories, and to—and to reduce me in fact to the state in which you see me—is no fault of yours. You have discharged your duty with great ability and wondrous perseverance, and I have to thank you more than all for the delicacy which you have shown during the inquiry, and during the narration to me of its results."

Mr. Tatlow bowed, but said nothing.

"For the ordinary charges of the investigation," continued Humphrey Statham, "your travelling expenses and such like, I settle, I believe, with the people at Scotland-yard; but," he added, as he took his cheque-book from the right-hand drawer of his desk, "I wish you to accept for yourself this cheque for fifty pounds, together with my hearty thanks."

He filled up the cheque, tore it from the book, and pushed it over to the detective as he spoke, at the same time holding out his hand.

Mr. Tatlow rose to his feet, looking somewhat embarrassed. It had often been his good fortune to be well paid for his services, but to be shaken hands with by a man in the position of Mr. Statham, had not previously come in his way. He was confused for an instant, but compromised the matter by gravely saluting after the military fashion with his left hand, while he gave his right to his employer.

"Proud, sir, and grateful," he said. "It has been a long ease, though not a particularly stiff one, and I think it has been worked clean out to the end. I could have wished—but, however, that is neither here nor there," said Mr. Tatlow, checking himself with a cough. "About the child, sir; don't you wish any farther particulars about the child?"

"No," said Humphrey Statham, who was fast relapsing into his moody state; "no, nothing now, at all events. If I want any further information I shall send to you, Tatlow, direct; you may depend upon that. Now, once more, thanks, and good-bye."

Half an hour had elapsed since Mr. Tatlow had taken his departure, and still Humphrey Statham sat at his desk buried in profound reverie, his chin resting on his breast, his arms plunged almost elbow-deep into his pockets. At length he roused himself, looked away the cheque-book which lay fluttering open before him, and passing his hands dreamily through the fringe of hair on his temples, muttered to himself:

"And so there is an end of it! To die numbed and frozen in a workhouse bed! To bear a child to a man for whom she ruined my life, and who in his turn ruined hers—my Emily perishing with cold and want! I shall meet him yet, I know I shall! Long before I heard of this story, when I looked upon him only as a successful rival, who was living with her in comfort and luxury, and laughing over my disappointment, even then I felt convinced that the hour would come when I should hold him by the throat and make him beg his miserable life at my hands! Now, when I know that his treatment of her has been worse even than his treatment of me, he will need to beg hard indeed for mercy if I once come across his path! Calverley, eh?" he continued, after a moment's pause, and in a softer voice, "the husband of the lady who has adopted the child is a partner in Calverley's house, Tatlow said. That is the house for which Tom Durham has gone out as agent. How strangely things come about? For surely Mrs. Calverley, doubtless the wife of the senior partner of the firm, is the mother of my old friend Martin Gurwood? What two totally different men! Without doubt unacquainted with each other, and yet with this curious link of association in my mind. Her child! Emily's child within a couple of hours' ride! I could easily find some

excuse to introduce myself to this Mrs. Claxton, and to get a glimpse of the girl—she is Emily's flesh and blood, and most probably would be like her! I have half a mind to— No, I am not well enough for any extra excitement or exertion, and the child, Tatlow says, is happy and well cared for; I can see her on my return—I can then manage the introduction in a more proper and formal manner; I can hunt up Martin Gurwood, and through him and his mother I can obtain an introduction to this partner in Calverley's house, and must trust to my own powers of making myself agreeable to continue the acquaintance on a footing of intimacy, which will give me constant opportunities of seeing Emily's child. Now, there is more than ever necessity to get out of this at once! All clear now, except these two packets; one, Tom Durham's memorandum, which must be kept anyhow, so in it goes into the safe. The other, the instructions for Tatlow—that can be destroyed—no, there is no harm in keeping that for a little, one never knows how things may turn out—in it goes too." And as he spoke he placed the two packets in the drawer, closed and locked the safe. "Collins!" he called, and the confidential clerk appeared. "You have all that you want—the cheques, the duplicate key of the safe, the pass-book?"

"Yes, sir," said Collins; "everything except your address."

"By Jove!" said Humphrey Statham, "I had forgotten that; even now I am undecided. Tossing shall do it. Heads the Drumovara snipe-bag, tails the Tresco pilot-boat. Tails it is! the pilot-boat has won. So, Collins, my address—never to be used except in most urgent necessity—is, 'P.O., Tresco, Scilly,' left till called for. Now you have my traps in the outer office; tell them to put them on a hansom cab, and you will see no more of me for six weeks."

As the four-fifty "galloper" for Exeter glided out of the Paddington Station, Humphrey Statham was seated in it, leisurely cutting the leaves of the evening paper which he had just purchased. The first paragraph which met his eye ran as follows:

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)

Gibraltar.

The captain of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship *Massilia*, just arrived here, announces the supposed death, by drowning, of a passenger named Durham,

agent to Messrs. Calverley and Company, of Mincing-lane, who was proceeding to Ceylon. The unfortunate gentleman retired to rest on the first night of the vessel's sailing from Southampton, and as he was never seen afterwards, it is supposed that he must have fallen overboard during the night, when the *Massilia* was at anchor off Hurst Castle.

## OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

### A SLAYER OF INDIANS.

DANIEL BOONE, one of the bravest and most sagacious of those intrepid pioneers who first widened the dominions of America, was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in 1733. His father, who came from Bradninch, near Exeter, in 1717, with his wife and nine children, purchased land in various parts of Maryland and Virginia.

When Daniel was a mere boy his father removed to a part of Pennsylvania, not far from Reading, at that time a frontier settlement, swarming with deer and Indians. Here, amid the rough log-cabins in the clearings, surrounded by blackened pine-stumps and small plots of corn, Daniel grew up, keen of eye, swift of foot, strong of hand, and rapidly became a mighty hunter. Constant danger soon made the young rifleman patient, persevering, and sagacious. His mind became vigorous, his apprehension quick: and in self-possession, self-control, and promptitude he was equalled by none of his companions. When Daniel was about eighteen years old, his father removed the family to North Carolina, and settled near the waters of the Yadkin, a mountain stream in the north-western part of that state. Here young Daniel formed an acquaintance with Rebecca Byran, whom he married.

For several years after his marriage Boone lived quietly as a farmer in North Carolina, hunting only when there was no field-work to do. In the mean time, settlers began to spread along the banks of the Yadkin and the tributary streams, and the woodman's axe soon resounded along the valleys of the Holston and Clinch rivers. The Cherokee Indians being pacified by degrees, several companies of hunters from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina, hearing of the abundance of game along the head waters of the Tennessee river, pushed on across the wilderness. At the head of one of these enterprises was Daniel Boone, who explored the valleys at the head

waters of the Holston, in the south-west part of Virginia. The young pioneer was soon employed by land speculators to report on the country along the Cumberland river, within the present boundaries of Kentucky, which was to prove the scene of his chief exploits. Boone, although relentless against an enemy, was by nature gentle, humane, charitable, generous, frugal, and ascetic. He had grown disgusted with the Scotch adventurers who filled North Carolina, and with the English officials who oppressed the people with taxes, and eventually drove them to insurrection. His mind, naturally daring and ambitious, was fired by the narratives of a hunter named Finley, who had traded with the Indians along the Kentucky river, and had brought home stories of the rich cane-brakes there that swarmed with all kinds of game. In 1769, Boone joined Finley and four others in an exploring expedition to the new paradise. He tells the story in his autobiography, which Filson, the narrator, has, however, done the best to spoil by the addition of his own bombast:

"It was on the 1st of May, 1769," he says, "that I resigned my domestic happiness, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin river, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America in quest of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, John Stuart, Joseph Holden, James Money, and William Cool.

"On the 7th of June, after travelling in a westerly direction, we found ourselves on Red River, where John Finley had formerly been trading with the Indians, and from the top of an eminence we saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky. For some time we had experienced the most uncomfortable weather. We now encamped, made a shelter to defend us from the inclement season, and began to hunt and reconnoitre the country. We found abundance of wild beasts in this vast forest. The buffaloes were more numerous than cattle in our settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on those extensive plains. We saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing. In this forest, the habitation of beasts of every American kind, we hunted with great success until December.

"On the 22nd of December, John Stuart and I had a pleasing ramble, but fortune changed the day at the close of it. We passed through a great forest, in which

stood a myriad of trees, some gay with blossoms, others rich with fruits; and numberless animals presented themselves perpetually to our view. At sun-down, near Kentucky river, as we ascended the brow of a small hill, a number of Indians rushed out of a cane-brake and made us prisoners. They plundered us, and kept us in confinement seven days. During this time we discovered no uneasiness or desire to escape, which made them less suspicious; but in the dead of night, as we lay by a large fire in a cane-brake, when sleep had locked up their senses, my situation not disposing me to rest, I gently awoke my companion. We seized this favourable opportunity and departed, directing our course towards our old camp, but found it plundered, and our company dispersed. About this time, as my brother and another adventurer who came to explore the country shortly after us were wandering through the forest, they accidentally found our camp. Notwithstanding our unfortunate circumstances and our dangerous situation, surrounded by hostile savages, our fortunate meeting in the wilderness gave us the most sensible satisfaction.

"Soon after this, my companion in captivity, John Stuart, was killed by the savages, and the man who came with my brother was soon after attacked and eaten by the wolves. We were now in a dangerous and helpless situation, exposed daily to perils and death, among savages and wild beasts, and not a white man in the country but ourselves.

"Although many miles from our own families, in the howling wilderness, we did not continue in a state of indolence, but hunted every day, and prepared a little cottage to defend us from the winter. On the 1st of May, 1770, my brother returned home for a new recruit of horses and ammunition, leaving me alone, without bread, salt, sugar, or even a horse or a dog. I passed a few days uncomfortably, and the idea of a beloved wife and family, and their anxiety on my account, would have disposed me to melancholy if I had further indulged the thought."

At this time buffaloes were very numerous along the Red River, and hundreds could be seen together in the cane-brakes and glades, or gathered round the salt-licks. Boone hunted till December and never saw a single Indian, though the Shawanoes, Chickasaws, and Cherokees had all claims to portions of the territory. Two years after this Boone sold his farm

on the Yadkin, and removed his family to the hunting-grounds of Kentucky. One of his despatches about this time will serve to show the curt Spartan style of writing which was peculiar to the man.

April 1st, 1775.

DEAR COLONEL,—After my compliments to you, I shall acquaint you with our misfortune. On March the 28th, a party of Indians fired on my company, about half an hour before day, and killed Mr. Twitty and his negro, and wounded Mr. Walker very deeply; but I hope he will recover.

On March the 28th, as we were hunting for provisions, we found Samuel Tate's son, who gave us an account that the Indians fired on their camp on the 27th day. My brother and I went down and found two men killed and scalped, Thomas M'Dowell and Jeremiah M'Peters. I have sent a man down to all the lower companies in order to get them all to the mouth of Otter Creek. My advice to you, sir, is to come or send as soon as possible. Your company is desired greatly, for the people are very uneasy, but are willing to stay and venture their lives with you; and now is the time to flusterate their (the Indians') intentions and keep the country whilst we are in it. If we give way to them now, it will ever be the case. This day we start from the battle-ground for the mouth of Otter Creek, where we shall immediately erect a fort, which will be done before you can come or send; then, we can send ten men to meet you, if you send for them.

I am, sir, your most obedient,

DANIEL BOONE.

N.B.—We stood on the ground and guarded our baggage till day, and lost nothing. We have about fifteen miles to Cantuck, at Otter Creek.

In 1775, Boone erected a stockade fort on the bank of the Kentucky river, two hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and seventy-five feet broad. The redskins soon became troublesome. On the 14th of July, 1776, three of Boone's young daughters, crossing the river near the fort in a canoe, were seized by five Indians, and carried away. Colonel Floyd, one of the party who recaptured them, has left an account of what happened. He says:

"Next morning by daybreak we were on the track, but found the Indians had totally prevented our following them, by walking some distance apart through the thickest canes they could find. We ob-

served their course, and travelled upwards of thirty miles. We then imagined that they would be less cautious in travelling, and made a turn in order to cross their trace, and had gone but a few miles before we found their tracks in a buffalo path; pursued and overtook them on going about ten miles, just as they were kindling a fire to cook. Our study had been more to get the prisoners, without giving the Indians time to murder them after they discovered us, than to kill them. We discovered each other nearly at the same time. Four of us fired, and all rushed on them, which prevented them from carrying away anything except one shot-gun, without ammunition. Mr. Boone and myself had a pretty fair shot, just as they began to move off. I am well convinced I shot one through, and the one Boone shot dropped his gun—mine had none. The place was very thick with canes; that, and being so very much elated on recovering the three little broken-hearted girls, prevented our making further search. We sent the Indians off without their moccasins, and not one of them with so much as a knife or a tomahawk."

The fort being now in much danger from Indians, and salt running short, Captain Boone and thirty men undertook to make an armed foray, and bring a supply from the Lower Blue Licks, but when the pack-horses, with salt, had just been despatched to the fort, a party of a hundred and two Indians fell on Boone, and made him their prisoner. Although the British governor of Detroit offered one hundred pounds for his ransom, the Indians determined that Boone should become a member of their tribe, and Blackfish, a great chief among the Shawanoes, adopted him as his son.

The forms of the ceremony of adoption are often severe and ludicrous. The hair of the head is plucked out by a tedious and painful operation, leaving a tuft, some three or four inches in diameter, on the crown, for the scalp-lock, which is cut and dressed up with ribbons and feathers. The candidate is then taken into the river, and there thoroughly washed and rubbed, "to take all his white blood out." The captive is next taken to the council-house, where the chief makes a speech, in which he expatiates upon the distinguished honour conferred on him, and the line of conduct expected of him. His head and face are painted in the most fashionable style, and the ceremony is concluded with a grand feast and smoking.

Boone bided his time. His rifle-balls being always counted by the Indians, he contrived to split several bullets, and so laid up a store for future use. Finding at Chillicothe four hundred and fifty warriors in their war-paint, prepared to march against the fort, he at once resolved on escape. Secreting some jerked venison, he struck out one morning for his home, and reached it in less than five days, only eating one regular meal during the forced march of one hundred and sixty miles. A few days after, four hundred and forty-four Indians arrived at the fort, with British and French colours flying. Boone's force was only between sixty and seventy men. The cows and horses had already been driven inside the walls, and water had been collected in every available vessel.

Duquesne, the commander of the Indians, proposed a parley. Though suspecting treachery, it was determined, after consultation, to accede to the proposition of Duquesne, and hold a treaty. Nine persons were selected for the hazardous and responsible duty—four of them being Flanders Callaway, Stephen Hancock, William Hancock, and Squire Boone. The parties met on the plot of ground in front of the fort, and at the distance from it of about sixty yards. The terms offered were exceedingly liberal; too liberal, as Boone and his associates saw, to come from honest intentions. The propositions were, that they should remain unmolested, and retain all their property, only submitting to the British authorities in Canada, and taking the oath of allegiance to the king. At the conclusion, the Indians proposed, that, on so great an occasion, "to make the chain of peace more strong and bright," they should revive an ancient custom, and that two Indians should shake hands each with a white man, and that this should be the token of sincere friendship. Captain Boone and his associates were from the first prepared for treachery. Before they left the fort, twenty men were stationed with loaded rifles, so as to command a full view of all the proceedings, and ready for the slightest alarm. The parties on the treaty ground had no weapons, and were divested of all outside garments. As they had agreed to hold the treaty, it would have been regarded as a breach of confidence, and a direct insult, to refuse the proffered ceremony at the close. When the Indians approached, each pair grasped the hand and arm of their white antagonist. A scuffle ensued, for the Indians at once attempted

to drag them off as prisoners. The Kentuckians, however, either knocked down, tripped, or pushed off their antagonists, and fled into the fort. The fire from the vigilant guard at the same time threw the enemy into confusion. The Indians then rushed from their camp, and made a vigorous attack on the fort. Squire Boone was wounded, but not severely. The siege lasted from the 7th to the 20th of December. The Indians then retreated, having lost thirty-seven killed, while the Kentuckians had only two killed, and four wounded. According to the statement of Captain Boone, a hundred and twenty-five pounds of musket-balls were picked up round the fort, besides those that penetrated and were made fast in the logs.

During the siege, Jemima, the eldest daughter of Boone, afterwards Mrs. Callaway, received a contusion in her hip, from a spent ball, while she was supplying her father with ammunition. While the parley was in progress, an unprincipled negro man deserted, and went over to the Indians, carrying with him a large, far-shooting rifle. He crossed the river, ascended a tree on its bank, and so placed himself that he could raise his head, look through a fork of the tree, and fire into the fort. One man had been killed, and another wounded, from that direction, when Captain Boone discovered the negro, by his head peering above the fork. The old hunter fired, and the negro was seen to fall. After the Indians had retreated, his body was found; his forehead was pierced with the ball, fired at the distance of a hundred and seventy yards. The Indians, who burned or carried off their own dead, would not touch his body. In a subsequent fight with Indians the Kentucky militia were defeated, and Boone had the agony of having his son killed by his side.

After the defeat, when General Clarke, with whom Boone served, was burning some Indian towns, a small party of southern Indians attacked a settlement called Crab Orchard. A party of savages approached a single cabin, in which were a woman, her children, and a negro, from whom they expected no resistance. One of the number entered in advance of the rest, thinking, doubtless, to secure the whole as prisoners, or, at least, to obtain their scalps. He seized the negro man, expecting no resistance from the others. In the scuffle both fell, when the children shut and bolted the door, and with an axe the mother cut off the Indian's head. The rest of the Indians hearing the scuffle rushed at the door, which

they found barricaded against them, and assailed it with their tomahawks. But the mother seized an old rusty gun, without a lock, which lay in a corner, and put it through a crevice in the logs, which so alarmed them that they left the place.

In 1783, Kentucky became more settled, and the town of Danville was founded. At a short distance from his cabin Boone had raised a small patch of tobacco for the use of his neighbours, for he himself never smoked. As a shelter for curing it, he had built an inclosure of rails, a dozen feet in height, and covered with cane and grass. Stalks of tobacco are usually split and strung on sticks about four feet in length. The ends of these are laid on poles, placed across the tobacco-house, and in tiers, one above the other, to the roof. Boone had fixed his temporary shelter in such a manner as to have three tiers. He had covered the lower tier, and the tobacco had become dry, when he entered the shelter for the purpose of removing the sticks to the upper tier, preparatory to getting in the remainder of the crop. He had hoisted up the sticks from the lower to the second tier, and was standing on the poles that supported it, while raising the sticks to the upper tier, when four stout Indians, with guns, entered the low door and called him by name. "Now, Boone, we got you. You no get away more. We carry you off to Chillicothe this time. You no cheat us any more." Boone looked down upon their upturned faces, saw their loaded guns pointed at his breast, and recognising some of his old friends, the Shawanoes, who had formerly made him prisoner near the Blue Licks, coolly and pleasantly responded, "Ah, old friends, glad to see you!" Perceiving that they manifested impatience to have him come down, he told them that he was quite willing to go with them, and only begged they would wait where they were, and watch him closely, until he could finish removing his tobacco. While parleying with them, inquiring after old acquaintances, and proposing to give them his tobacco when cured, he diverted their attention from his purpose, until he had collected together a number of sticks of dry tobacco, and so turned them as to fall between the poles directly in their faces. At the same instant he jumped upon them with as much of the dry tobacco as he could gather in his arms, filling their mouths and eyes with its pungent dust, and blinding and disabling them from following him, rushed out and hastened to his cabin, where he had the means of de-

fence. Notwithstanding the narrow escape, he could not resist the temptation, after retreating some fifteen or twenty yards, to look round and see the success of his achievement. The Indians, blinded and nearly suffocated, were stretching out their hands and feeling about in different directions, calling him by name, cursing him for a rogue and themselves for fools. The old hunter, when telling the story, used to imitate their gestures and tones of voice with great glee.

Boone next removed to the Kenhawa, in Virginia, and from there, seeking more elbow-room, he pushed on to the Femme Osage settlement, in the district of St. Charles, about forty-five miles west of St. Louis. There he received a grant of ten thousand arpents of choice land on the north side of the Missouri, and became commandant of a district. Even in old age he continued his hunting expeditions in search of deer and beaver, and ventured with only a negro boy in the wildest parts of the Osage territory. On one occasion, soon after preparing his camp and laying in his supplies for the winter, he was taken sick and lay a long time in camp. The horses were hobbled out on the range. After a period of stormy weather, there came a pleasant and delightful day, and Boone felt able to walk out. With his staff, for he was quite feeble, he took the boy to the summit of a small eminence, and marked out the ground in shape of a grave. He instructed the boy, in case of his decease, to wash and lay his body straight, wrapped up in one of the cleanest blankets. He was then to construct a kind of shovel, and with that instrument and the hatchet to dig a grave exactly as he had marked it out. He was then to drag the body to the place, and put it in the grave, which he was directed to cover up, placing pebbles at the head and feet. Poles were to be placed around and over the surface; the trees to be marked, so that the place could be easily found by his friends; the horses were to be sought, the blankets and skins gathered up, and he gave some special instructions about his old rifle, and various messages to the family. All these directions were given, as the boy afterwards declared, with entire calmness. But the old man soon recovered, broke up his camp, and returned homeward without the usual spoils of a winter's hunt.

At the age of fourscore, and without a rod of land, the old hunter petitioned Congress for a confirmation of the Spanish

grants. The lonely fort he had once built was now surrounded by four hundred thousand souls, yet he had to carve a little earth for charity. In March, 1818, Boone lost his wife at the age of seventy-six, and in 1820 the old pioneer expired in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

For years before exaggerated stories about Boone had been circulated by the American press, one especially, the wildest of the set, had gained wide credence. A traveller from Chilliotoe, Ohio, visited the Missouri territory, in the summer of 1818. On his return, an editor of a weekly paper in that town questioned this gentleman for news from Missouri, this territory being then a frontier in the Far West. In a waggish humour, the traveller replied, "I do not recollect anything new or strange, except one event that occurred while I was in the territory. The celebrated hunter, Daniel Boone, died in a very singular manner while I was there." The story, given by the narrator was, that the old pioneer had encamped at a salt lick, watching the deer, as customary; the next morning he was found dead, lying on his breast, with his rifle to his shoulder, and the eyeball glazed in death, as though he was taking sight, or, as a hunter would say, "drawing a bead" upon a deer. The Missouri Gazette noticed the fiction and contradicted the story; but truth always lags behind falsehood. A few weeks after this story had obtained currency, a friend told the old pioneer the tale which the newspapers had made about him. With his customary pleasant smile, Boone said, "I would not believe that tale if I told it myself. I have not watched a deer's lick for ten years. My eyesight is too far gone to hunt."

The Reverend John M. Peak, who has written an excellent biography of Daniel Boone, has described a visit he paid to the old Leatherstocking. In boyhood he had read of Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, the celebrated hunter and Indian-fighter; and imagination had portrayed a rough, fierce-looking, uncouth specimen of humanity. But in every respect the reverse appeared. Boone's high, bold forehead was slightly bald, and his silvered locks were combed smooth; his countenance was ruddy and fair, and exhibited the simplicity of a child. His voice was soft and melodious, and a smile frequently played over his features in conversation. His clothing was the coarse, plain manufacture of the family; but everything



about him denoted that kind of comfort which was congenial to his habits and feelings, and evinced a happy old age. His room was part of a range of log-cabins, kept in order by his affectionate daughter and grand-daughters.

The Reverend James C. Welch has sketched Boone at the age of eighty-three. "I gazed," he says, "at the old colonel with no ordinary interest, having heard my parents in Kentucky speak of him with admiration from the time of my earliest recollection. He was rather low of stature, broad shoulders, high cheek-bones, very mild countenance, fair complexion, soft and quiet in his habits and manners, having but little to say unless spoken to, amiable and kind in his feelings, very fond of retirement, of great self-possession, and indomitable perseverance. He never made a profession of religion, and yet he was what would be called by the world a very moral man. He listened to the preaching with apparent interest. I asked the old colonel about the tales I had heard of his digging a large hole in the hill-side, near the Kentucky river, as a habitation for himself and family, and calling it Boonesburrow. "Oh! sir," said the colonel, "I dug no hole in any hill; I built my cabin and stockaded it around as a defence from the Indians, as all new-comers were in the habit of doing. That was all I did."

To the end of his life Boone lived in a log cabin, and his trusty rifle was the most valuable chattel he left behind him. His last words were prophetic of the destiny of the great nation to which he belonged:

"Too crowded, too crowded; more elbow-room."

In the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, over the door of the chamber of the House of Representatives, there is a relief representing Boone in deadly grapple with an Indian, while another lies trampled under his feet. The redskin is raising his tomahawk, but Boone's heavy hunting-knife is already at his heart. This is founded on a fictitious adventure, but it serves at least to preserve the memory of a brave man.

#### MIDSUMMER EVE.

A *SUNSET* glory lines the west  
With streaks of crimson. In the pine,  
The ring-dove murmurs on her nest;  
And myriad golden starlets shine.

Upon the fair, calm hour of night,  
As she her sable veil lets fall,  
The swallows from the dizzy height  
Of ivied steeple twittering call.

As twilight fades, and darkness grows,  
Upon the landscape, and the leaves  
Of dew-filled flowers, slowly close,  
And martins gather 'neath the eaves.

And on the breast of silver stream,  
The lilies quiver, whilst the sigh  
Of rustling night-breeze, like a dream,  
Stirs their white blooms, and passes by.

The sleeping swans, with ruffled wings  
And head reposing, slow drift on;  
The nightingale melodious sings  
The blossom-laden bough upon.

The plashing of the mill-wheel falls  
Like music on the farm-boy's ear:  
As homeward trudging, blithe he calls,  
And whistles when his cot is near.

The lights go out, in cottage homes,  
The labours of the daytime cease;  
Abroad, the king of slumber roams,  
And in his train are—Rest and Peace!

#### PIC-NICS AND CLAM-BAKES.

THE pic-nic flourishes in England; the home of the clam-bake is in America. The two institutions, as the Americans would call them, are identical in their nature and purposes, though so dissimilar in name, and neither of them is likely to fall into disuse so long as there are young people in the world, or old people who prize a day's leisure and enjoyment in the fresh air of the country. Modern civilisation has so irresistible a tendency to encourage the growth of great cities, that such crowded hives of hard-working people as Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Newcastle, Glasgow, Paisley, and Dundee, in the Old World, and New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Boston, Chicago, and others in the New, would be little better than suffocating prisons if the toiling people could not now and then make their escape, to feel their feet on the grass, see the blue sky above their heads, and breathe the fragrant air blowing freshly around them, scented with the odour of the new-mown hay. But more than all these crowded marts of commerce and manufacture, that mighty congerie of towns, boroughs, and cities, which is called London, needs, and must have, more frequent outlets and holidays for its people than all the other cities combined. Its parks, though they are called lungs, are not sufficient for the purpose of healthful respiration. The industrious, and the over-wrought people, or such of them as are not too deeply sunk in squalor and the apathy that grows out of it, are compelled by sheer necessity every now and then to lose sight altogether of streets and houses, and to go further afield for needful air that will freshen and

revive their lungs. And thanks to the railways, aided by co-operation and management among themselves, the pic-nics of the working and middle classes increase every year in number and in volume, and spread themselves over a greater extent of the beautiful country that stretches around the metropolis to a radius of thirty miles on every side.

The pic-nic derives its name from France, where, however, it is not much practised. The Parisian Frenchman finds more enjoyment in his café, or restaurant, than in the free air of the open country, and the sights and sounds of nature. The London Englishman, having no elegant café to resort to, betakes himself, when he has a chance, to the roadside inn in Kent, Surrey, or Hertfordshire, or to Brighton for nine hours at the seaside. The pic-nic differs from the mere excursion, in the fact that the main part of the enjoyment consists in the lunch or dinner upon the grass, or under the shadow of trees, or upon the sea-beach—anywhere except in a covered room; and that each member of the party is expected to contribute something towards the feast and the expense. There is considerable doubt among etymologists as to the origin of the word. "In theory," says Doctor Scadding, quoted in Wheatley's Dictionary of Reduplicated Words in the English Language, "pic-nic has taken the place of coterie in its etymological sense, suggesting an *al fresco* repast on cold fowl, or similar contributed victuals." A pic-nic, however, was something more spiritual in its primary association. It appears to have been a sort of tournament of wit, a gentle passage of repartees, of retorts counter and polite, in which it was "tu me piques—je te niques." In other words, if one person "piqued" another by saying a smart thing, the person addressed "niqued" it by saying something better. If this were the original idea, which is doubtful, it would never have answered in England, where the wit of the Anglo-Saxon, if such a thing can be said to exist, is apt to take the rude and vulgar form of what is called chaff; and where it would be much easier for the participators in the festival to contribute bread, beef, salt, or mustard, than the Attic salt of conversation. In Mr. Wright's England under the House of Hanover, 1848, the origin of the word is referred to the commencement of the present century, when he says, "a society of private, or as they termed themselves dilettante actors, was formed in

London, and assumed the name of the Pic-Nic Society, from the manner in which they were to contribute mutually to the general entertainment. That old meteor of London fashion, Lady Albina Buckinghamshire, is understood to have been the originator of the scheme, in which, besides the performance of farces and burlettas, there were to be feasts and *ridottos*, and a variety of amusements, each member drawing from a silk bag a ticket which was to decide the portion of entertainment which he was expected to afford."

Enough, however, of the word. Let me come to the thing signified, in whatever way it acquired its name. Among the various lovely spots that invite the presence of the Londoners in the fine season, that may be said to commence annually at or near Whitsuntide, none is a greater favourite or offers more attractions, than Boxhill. It stands between the pleasant little village of Mickleham and the town of Dorking, and is but twenty-two miles from the metropolis by rail. But the great majority of the many thousand pic-nickers, who annually visit its airy heights and shady groves, prefer the road and the excitement and advantage of a splendid drive all the way through Sutton, Cheam, Ewell, Epsom, Leatherhead, and the lovely vale of Mickleham. No pic-nic party can visit Boxhill without my cognisance and my observation, if I choose to be a spectator, a fact which makes me well posted—as our American friends would say—on the physiology and philosophy, and the humours of an English rural holiday, as enjoyed alike by the young and old of the industrial classes. It is not to be wondered at that Boxhill is such a favourite. It ascends gradually from the road, about a mile beyond Mickleham, to a height of three hundred and fifty feet above the bed of the Mole, which winds around its base. On the summit, where it immediately overlooks the little town and one solitary spire of Dorking, it forms an almost perpendicular precipice of three hundred and twenty feet. The ascent from the Mickleham road over the green back of the hill, covered with short herbage, amid which stand a few hawthorn trees, wild roses, sweet-briers, and dark yews, is easy, and scarcely tires the feeblest pedestrian. The top is covered with a perfect forest of box-trees, intermingled with a few oaks and beeches, amid which shady avenues and arcades, leading into yet thicker groves of teeming vegetation, stretch on every side,

seeming to be as remote from civilisation and the crowded haunts of men as if they were in the backwoods of America or Australia. Five hundred pic-nic parties might be on the hill together without interfering with the privacy of each other, so multitudinous are the shady nooks, the dells, the dingles, the copses, the open meads or lawns that the top and the sides of the hill afford. The panoramic view over Surrey and Kent, which is obtainable from almost every point that is not imbedded in the thick wilderness of box and yew, is as beautiful as that from the Crystal Palace, or from Hampstead Heath, or from the terrace at Windsor Castle; and would be unrivalled in England if the landscape possessed the additional and softening grace of a river or large sheet of water to diversify it.

The pic-nic parties that enliven Boxhill in the spring and summer, and that are enlivened and refreshed by it in return, may be divided into three classes: the school children of the poorer districts of London, that sometimes come down six or seven hundred strong; the work-people or clerks, and other employes of great establishments, who give themselves, their wives, and children an annual holiday, and pay their own expenses in whole or part, being sometimes aided by a contribution from, and sometimes by the presence of their employers; last, the private parties of friends and acquaintances, not by any means so numerous as the other two, but quite as merry and as eager to enjoy themselves. It gives me pleasure to see all these people, especially if the day be fine, and it pains me if the rains rain and the winds blow, as they too often do in our climate, in the flowery month of May and the leafy month of June. Some superstitious people assert that we have only to appoint a day, a month or a fortnight in advance, for a great pic-nic party, to bring down the rain, as a matter of course. But this is a libel on the climate of England, which, taken all in all, advantages and drawbacks, good and evil, is the most enjoyable climate in the world, and permits of more out-door recreation than any other, in whichever of the five great divisions of the world it may be situated.

On a fine day, upon Boxhill, no sight can be pleasanter to a lover of nature and of human kind than a pic-nic party of little girls from Whitechapel, Bethnal-green, Poplar, Marylebone, or other over-peopled districts, ranging from six to

twelve or fourteen years of age, brought down, most likely, by the parson or the school-teachers from the crowded alleys and squalid thoroughfares, where their young lives are passed. To them the vision of the green hills, the trees, the daisies, the buttercups, the cowslips, the distant landscape, seems like a foretaste of the paradise of which they have doubtless heard. They shout with delight when the hill first bursts upon their view, and are soon scattered all over it in groups, all to meet again at an appointed spot, to partake at the appointed hour of the great feast of the day—the plum-cake and tea, or it may be ginger-beer or lemonade, or milk-and-water; and, greatest treat of all, to partake of it upon the grass. The first thing that nine-tenths of them set about doing is to gather daisies and buttercups, or other wild flowers—the wild thyme abounds on the hill—or to strip off twigs of yew, hawthorn, box, wild brier, or wayside bushes of every kind, and form them into garlands. If they are to have tea, and have brought a large pot down with them in the van along with the other materials of the feast, the great enjoyment is to collect dry sticks, and kindle a fire, gipsy fashion, to provide boiling water. It is questionable whether any joy of their future lives will ever equal the joy of helping to make that pot-boil under the trees upon the grass, or of eating the too rare plum-cake in the sunny open air. The boys of the same age scarcely seem to take the same delight in these proceedings as the girls, but commence climbing the trees after birds' nests, or jumping over each other's backs at leap-frog. Another pleasure is to lie upon the grass, and roll over and over down the side of the hill, as if that species of locomotion were the noblest, or, as they call it, the jolliest in the world. They don't seem to care so much for the flowers, unless they can clamber up the fences around a gentleman's garden, and break off branches of blooming lilac or laburnum, caring nothing for the sacredness of the private property which they invade, and thinking nothing of the damage which they do. But there is room enough on the hill, and to spare, even for these; and when the riotous crowds—riotous with life and happiness and the sense of unwonted freedom—arrive under the shadow of the great trees, they can do so harm, and enjoy themselves almost as much as if they could. Next to climbing up the trees, or rolling down the hill like a stone,

the London boy's dearest pleasure seems to be to strip off his shoes and stockings, and wade, knee-deep, in the water, which, except in the rare seasons when the Mole is in flood, after heavy rains, and rushes, ten feet deep, all the way from Batchworth to the Thames, he can safely do at most places if he will but avoid the pools. But as there are pools, this is a practice that is discouraged, not without difficulty, by their elders and teachers, for the sight of the water is tempting, and its contact delicious. As the children contribute nothing to these parties but their presence and their happiness, they are not to be called pic-nics proper; but whatever they may be called, they are occasions of genuine, healthful, and inexpensive enjoyment, which the rich, who make their money out of wealthy and too squalid London, cannot do better than encourage whenever opportunity presents itself, or their spirits are moved to do good by those who know and feel for the wants of the poor.

The second class of pic-nics is the true and genuine pic-nic, when hard-working men, whether they work with the hand or the brain, give themselves the needed holiday, and take their wives and families beyond the smoky limits of the town, for a few hours' enjoyment. As many as from two to five or six hundred persons, all in the service of, or maintained by, one firm of employers in the great metropolis, sometimes arrive to make a day of it. If the bulk of these merry-makers come by the rail, the managers of the festival generally contrive to travel by the road, sometimes in a van, such as the cookney heart delights in; or if of a higher grade, as regards means or pretensions, in a coach and pair, with an amateur bagger or French-horn player behind to enliven them on the road. In any case there are generally flags and music, in company with the cold fowls and pies, the bread, the cheese, the condiments, and the drinkables. If there be ladies of the party there are sure to be lobsters, and if lobsters, in all probability champagne, or something sparkling that may be innocent of the grape, but which, nevertheless, is honoured with the name of wine. Gentlemen's parties manage to do without these delicacies, but if there are ladies both are de rigueur, and not to be dispensed with. And the joy of these grown-up people is almost as great as that of the children. The exuberant laughter of the girls and young women rings loudly in the clear air, and the men, like boys let loose from school,

revel in the free use of their limbs, and run and shout as if the mere sense of animal life in the invigorating atmosphere were a stimulant and an intoxicant. Yet nine out of ten of them—old and young—seem not to enjoy the pure fresh air unless they taint it with tobacco smoke, and act as if there could be no pleasure, even amid the trees and flowers, unless they had a pipe or a cigar in their mouths. Some who are too old and staid—fathers and grandfathers perhaps, who do not care to dance attendance upon or pay court to the ladies—take a quiet and drowsy delight in stretching themselves on their backs at full length upon the grass, shading their eyes with their hands to gaze up at the beautiful blue sky, or the sailing white clouds, which are nowhere seen in greater and more varied beauty than in England. Others reverse the attitude, and, needing no shade from the sun, contemplate the grass amid which they lie, doubtless allowing their thoughts to revel in the dolce far niente, and in the half-consciousness, not expressed or formulated, but perhaps felt, that for one day at least they have left work behind them, and may be as careless of all but the passing minute as if they were bees or butterflies, or the blades of grass they are stretched upon.

But these contemplative and quiet men are in the minority. The smokers and the roysterers, the runners and the leapers, form the greater majority of the young; and even the middle-aged sometimes catch the contagion from their juniors, and run riot in the welcome liberty which comes to them so seldom. In the autumn of 1871, one poor fellow, a confidential clerk in a lawyer's office, who had not enjoyed the blessing of a holiday for more than twenty years, was the hero of a very mournful tragedy on the slope of the hill. Forgetting that he was no longer a boy, but feeling as delighted as if he were one, and as if the last twenty years without holidays had passed over his head without leaving their mark, he challenged a youth to run a race with him down the hill, where it slopes to the road at an angle of at least forty-five degrees. Once in motion he was powerless to help himself, and ran full tilt with his head against the upright of the wicket-gate at the foot, and never spoke more. The stunning blow produced unconsciousness from which he never revived, but expired within less than an hour afterwards. Sadly and sorrowfully

Prosecutor: "It was quite in the regular course of things, you see, that those persons should have fallen out with each other." The eloquence, too, when it came to the Commissary of the Government's reply, was amazing. Here is a choice specimen: "You, it is you who dare to say that the French army is wanting in loyalty and generosity towards its enemies. Were there need, and without passing beyond France, I would appeal to the shades of all those who have laid down their lives in battling with us, and I would say, 'Rise up, you English and Spaniards, who saw us at Toulouse. Rise up, you Russians and Austrians, who met us in a hundred battles, at Montmirail and Champaubert. Rise up, even you Prussians, of all men, who have seen us so often, alas! at Sedan, Coulmiers, and other places, come to this bar and say if ever the French soldier, whether conquered or conquering, was wanting in loyalty or generosity towards his enemy.'" Outbursts of this sort were invariably followed by enthusiastic applause from the audience. When Monsieur Chevrien had stated that he had seen one of the accused at the execution, and a question of disputed identity arose, our prosecutor was again equal to the occasion. "What!" said this fervid orator, "when a witness like this inspector of the Lyceum—a man who refused the noble offer made him by one of the missionaries to take his place; a man fostered in a university, and with a past history worthy of being compared to the most splendid achievements of Greek and Roman history, when a man like this steps on this platform and says, 'I recognise him, he was there, I saw him from my cell,' I defy any mortal to have the least doubt of his sincerity." This was very well in its way, though, unfortunately, wholly beside the question, which was whether this witness might not have been mistaken. And very awkwardly for the eloquence of the prosecutor, it turned out that he *was* mistaken. One of the most exciting and dramatic episodes that ever occurred during a trial was connected with this incident, and is worth recording in this place.

A certain Pigerre was among the prisoners, and lay under the serious accusation of being one of the officers of the party told off for shooting the hostages. This was supported by the testimony of several witnesses, and above all by several of the accused. The prosecutor fairly enough considered that he had secured this prey, whose

fate might be considered certain. The man, indeed, denied the charge, and said he was fighting in a different part of the town at the time, but this was only too common a form of defence. Witness after witness came up. Romain recognised him distinctly as the leader who had threatened him with the sabre. "He is the cause," he added, "of my being in this place." Vattier, who carried the light for the dismal procession, recalled his face at once. Latour did the same. Then Pigerre, being interrogated, spoke out, and told his story frankly. He said he had never even known of the execution of the hostages until he was taken up and put in prison. "Picon, one of my fellow-prisoners, came up to me one day and said, 'Is it possible that you don't know what took place at La Roquette on the 24th of May?' 'No,' I answered; 'for the five months that I have been here, I have seen no one from outside.' 'And you don't know that they shot the archbishop and five others?' I was thunderstruck. He then called over Vattier, and asked him if he knew me. To my amazement the other replied, 'Yes, he commanded the firing party.' I thought this was a joke, and took no notice of it. But two days later Vattier came again, and sat down by me. 'So you weren't at the prison on the 24th?' he asked. I said, 'No.' 'You are Jean Baptiste Pigerre, ain't you?' 'Of course I am.' 'Well, then, it was you who commanded the firing party?' My arms fell to my side, my tongue seemed paralysed. They had all made a plan to destroy me." He then questioned the witnesses against him, and asked them all if they recollected how he was dressed and how he wore his beard. One said he had a cap; another that he had more beard than he had at present; a third that he had moustaches. "Now," said Pigerre, "I think I can show the court that there is a mistake. I never had a hair upon my upper lip in my life, as doctors can prove, if they examine it." The president said, dryly, that "the court would give its value to the fact." Then another witness came up, the respectable Monsieur Chevrien before alluded to. "I was particularly struck," he said, "by the face of an officer, in the dress of a National Guard, with a scabbard trailing after him, marching with a curious nonchalant expression, and appearing to take the least interest in what was going on, and I shall never forget him. The face was fixed in my memory. My duty is to tell the court

that it was very like his (Pigerre's)." When he had finished his evidence Pigerre begged of him to come close to look at him again. The other did so, and after a fixed stare adhered to the opinion he had given. "Then," said the accused, "as he recognised the sabre, I notice a member of the court with one exactly like mine." (Laughter). He was asked what officer. "Captain Reporter," said our prisoner, "would you be kind enough to show your sabre?" (Loud laughter). The President: "Silence! gentlemen, there is nothing to laugh at in all this." But the sabre led to nothing, and Pigerre was in a worse condition than before. Another witness, Soisson, a police-officer, came up, and swore he saw the prisoner with the firing party. Again Pigerre tried to shake him—what dress, what cap was he wearing? He could not say—he had only noticed his face. Well, let him look again, say at the profile. The police-officer stepped forward, and after a moment's gaze, said, "No mistake, that's the man!" The unfortunate Pigerre could only say, "You are confounding me with some one else;" at which audacity loud murmurs broke from the audience; more witnesses came, each yet more positive, and whenever he, poor prisoner, proposed that his face should be scrutinised closely, the audience burst into loud laughter. It was becoming rather a good joke for everybody, except, it may be presumed, for poor Pigerre himself.

But now was to come a dramatic incident. Genton, the Communist judge, proved to have brought the order for executing the hostages, had found the evidence gradually closing round him; and, after some explanation, relative to his own case, broke out with much earnestness: "As regards myself," he said, "it is all one. You can shoot me if you like. But as to Pigerre, I tell you he is innocent. I would wish to save you from a judicial blunder. He had nothing to do with it—it was a man called Verig, and another fair-haired one, who commanded." The prosecution argued with him calmly. If this were so, how was it Pigerre was accused? They on their side knew nothing of him until he was denounced by his own side. "I tell you," answered Genton, "you should make every exertion to find out a man that resembles this Pigerre. Set him before me once, and I will tell you he is the man, though I know not his name. I do you a service in letting you know this; find him speedily before I am put out of the way." This

earnestness was met coldly. He was reminded that there were seven witnesses against his testimony; and that, after all, his testimony, if accepted as true, only amounted to this, that he had seen the firing-party return under the leadership of Verig, and that Pigerre was not with them. However, all the witnesses were made to stand up again and look at the prisoner, and then persisted that he was the man. After this there was no more to be said; the trial went on, the prosecutor summed up in a fervent speech, requiring the conviction of Pigerre among others. The advocates for the prisoners delivered short appeals for their clients, and the case was all but over when a fresh dramatic incident occurred.

All through the trial reference had been made to a man named Jarraud, who had figured in this tragedy, and of whom every one spoke. To have brought him forward it was felt would have cleared a great deal up; but it was believed that he had been shot by the soldiers. To the surprise of every one he turned up at this moment. The trial was suspended. Genton must have turned pale as he saw him appear, for this man was to seal his doom. He told his story with an extraordinary fullness of detail, and a natural manner that recommended its truth to all. The leader of the band, he said, was a man called Sicard; there were two in command, the other was, of course, Verig. Pigerre was ordered to stand forward. "That's not the man who commanded. Oh, no, it is not he at all!" This was so far satisfactory; and on that evening a diligent search being made, it was discovered that there was a dying man named Sicard in the prisons of Paris. He was carried into court; he could hardly speak, and it was plain that he had only a few days to live. As he was placed in a chair, every one remarked a strange likeness to Pigerre. His evidence was not much to the purpose, for he, of course, denied that he himself was at the execution; but still he declared that Pigerre was not the man. Jarraud was then called in, and, after looking at Sicard closely, declared he was the leader. And the truth of this assertion was more than confirmed by a little incident. All through the trial it had been stated that the leader of the party, whoever he was, had come without a sword, and had borrowed one, so as to give the word of command with due effect. The dying witness not knowing this, answered, unconscious of

the effect, that he had no sword that day. Finally, the witnesses who had sworn to Pigerre were brought forward, one by one, and confronted with the new witness. It was most interesting to see how first one and then another began to hesitate, save the three Communist prisoners, who adhered firmly to their first statement, that Pigerre *was* there. After this "incident was emptied," to use a favourite phrase of the judge's, the prosecutor, in a theatrical speech, in which he made himself appear as if he were doing some noble thing, withdrew the charge against Pigerre; or, in his own phrase, demanded "that the accusation that he had formulated against Pigerre should be annihilated," which was done accordingly.

Never was there such a narrow escape. Everything seemed to hang on a thread, or on many threads. There was the loyalty of Genton, so honourable to him, and of which none of the other Communists had shown instances, they being rather anxious to make others share their fate. There was the case of the man supposed to have been shot, turning up, and, finally, the production of Sicard, who might have died before he could have been produced, and whose visible presence was absolutely necessary to establish the likeness.

## THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER LXII. CONCLUSION.

MEANTIME Paul and May quitted the farmhouse, and were walking slowly across the fields, as exquisitely happy as two people could be, in spite of all the shocks which had lately tried their courage. It could not be a laughing, gleeful happiness to-day; but that also would doubtless come by-and-bye. There was plenty of time for mirth. Life was sunny before them.

Just as they left the last field-gate and came on the road, their eyes were attracted by the sight of a heavy vehicle rolling to meet them from the distance, preceded by a cloud of dust. They stood by the dyke to wait till it should pass, for it was thundering along at such a pace that it seemed likely to overrun them. As it came nearer they saw that it was a four-in-hand coach, and that a gentleman was driving with a lady by his side. The gentleman took off his hat and waved it high above his head. He waved it to May and Paul. Who could the gentleman be?

"It is Christopher Lee!" cried May, in astonishment. The next moment the coach was pulled up before them, and there sat Christopher, bare-headed and smiling at them, as if this meeting was the happiest thing in the world. Another moment and he vaulted to the ground and was shaking May and Paul each by a hand, and introducing them to the lady who sat aloft on the coach.

"My wife, Miss Mourne. Mr. Finiston, my wife." The lady was a pretty, bright creature, who leaned down from her high place and squeezed May's hands, and looked with eager gaze into the faces of her husband's friends. She was an artless, fresh young thing, all glittering in pretty clothes, which were rich enough for a duchess. There had scarcely been time to say "Welcome" and "How do you do" before a large face was thrust out of the interior of the coach, and a voice of complacent melancholy was heard expostulating with them all:

"Let me out I say, Christopher, my son! Am I already forgotten in my old age. A-a-ah! the young will ever push the old people aside. My dear Miss May! I am waiting to embrace you. You were always as a daughter to me. Lucy will not be jealous—I told her so long ago."

As it was known to be a work of some difficulty to get Mrs. Lee out of the coach, May stood upon the steps and allowed herself to be kissed. Afterwards, that the servants on the back seat might not be too much entertained by Mrs. Lee's fond expressions, Christopher handed his wife and May into the coach to bear her company, while Paul mounted beside him on the box, and the party moved slowly onward.

"You wonder at all this, eh?" asked Christopher, unable to withhold his news from a sympathising friend. "There was nothing about it in my last letter."

"No," said Paul, "but it is a long time since you wrote to us."

"Yes," said Christopher, "I have been very much occupied, and besides I wanted to give you a surprise. To tell the truth at once, I am in possession of that property which I once lost by my folly. My wife—bless her!—is the person who was enriched by my misfortune. I could not rest a moment till I confessed this to you. I have much more to tell you when there is time. It is a very odd story; but don't think badly of me."

"I know you too well for that," said Paul, kindly, for Christopher looked em-

barrasted. "I congratulate you warmly—with all my heart."

The ladies were not losing their time inside the coach. Little Mrs. Christopher was chattering gleefully about the goodness of her husband, his gratitude to his friends, and her own intense desire to be May's dearest friend for life; and what with her pretty rapid speeches, interrupted by Mrs. Lee's long complacent sighs and explanatory remarks, May had scarcely to do more than smile in the two faces that were beaming at her.

So this coachful of very happy people dashed up to the gate at Monasterlea. And there sat Katherine on her horse, waiting for her father under the honeysuckle bush. Nobody noticed her at first, for the sun was in the eyes of the two young men, and she was in the shade. As for her, she was taken by surprise; had been gazing in another direction from that by which they had come, and was in too bad a humour to turn her head for a moment to glance at passing travellers. The sudden stopping of the vehicle made her first start and look at it. Her amazement was extreme, as she saluted the two young men with a haughty bow, and all her old triumphant spirit flashed from her eyes as she beheld Christopher. What could bring him back to these wilds where he had suffered, if not to look again upon her face?

Truly, the infatuation of man was a very curious thing. With an effort she prepared to be more gracious, seeing that Christopher rapidly descended from his seat as if to approach. He first turned to the carriage door, however, and handed out a lady whom Katherine had never seen; a lovely and dainty lady, as she saw at a glance.

There was mischief in Christopher's eye as he drew his wife's arm through his own, and led her a few steps, so that she stood with him by the side of Katherine's horse.

"Miss Archbold, allow me to present to you my wife. Lucy, you have heard me speak of Miss Archbold, a lady who did me a service, for which I can never be sufficiently grateful.

Katherine gazed down at them both, with astonishment and chagrin both visible in her face. The young wife gazed at her with eyes that were trying to express nothing but polite interest; yet betrayed fear and a little disgust, and worse than all, pity. The two ladies exchanged a bow, and then May and Paul joined the group; so happy were both, that they could afford to be kind to Katherine. They begged her

to dismount and accompany them in-doors; but at every smile and gracious word Katherine's face became darker, till at last she turned on them and said abruptly, "I wish you a good morning," plucked her horse's mouth, and rode away. Her father joined her soon afterwards, and the Archbolds were forgotten at Monasterlea.

A very happy party met now within Miss Martha's walls. The Lee family were so full of their own delight with the world that they did not notice any shadow upon their friends, and so catching was this mirth that under its influence all remains of that shadow melted away. Of course, they had heard nothing of the terrible events which had lately happened in the neighbourhood, and May and Paul felt this ignorance a relief, and were not at all eager to drag painful news under the notice of their guests. When, in the evening, the whole group, including the two old ladies, went out to sit in the open air and enjoy the sunset under shelter of the ruin, something of the story was told in order to account for a change in the landscape. The woods had been burned, and the miser was dead. This news did not tend to make the guests at all less merry. They only found that Paul must now be rich, which pleased them greatly, seeing that they had found their own wealth to be rather convenient.

Mrs. Lee had been overflowing all day with certain intelligence of her own, which only a sense of propriety had restrained her from pouring forth long ago. She waited a propitious moment, however, when the men were conversing together about mannish things, and Miss Martha was fully occupied with the bride; and then did Mrs. Lee withdraw May under cover of her own umbrella, and tell her the pleasant sequel of her son's harrowing love-story.

"A-a-ah, my dear!" she said, "who could have imagined it would all end so happily? The world was very dark to me and Christopher on that day when we last took leave of this hospitable dwelling. My poor boy was not used to work, and, though he did his best, I feared that he would be disappointed and broken down all his life. You know he went to work in an attorney's office, and looked forward to earning a maintenance for himself."

Mrs. Lee sighed heavily, as if the earning of his maintenance were the greatest affliction that could be laid upon a man. She dwelt on the memory of this calamity with



a blissful sadness, as if making a luxury out of past trouble. Finally, she nodded her head, once, twice, thrice; a different nod every time; the first expressing resignation, the second contentment, and the third delight of the most triumphant character.

"Now, I can tell you," she said, "there is nothing more to fret about. My son has got his property."

"Indeed!" said May. "The property we thought he had lost?"

"My dear ma'am! we must allow that he did lose it, through the wickedness of a woman; but it has been restored to him by the conscientiousness of another member—as I may say—of the same sex. And, my dear, there never was such a love-match in the world!"

"Then the property belongs to his wife?" said May.

"*Did* belong, my dear, till she made a present of it to her husband. The sweetest little creature! I will tell you about her. She is a Canadian, a distant connexion of our own, but we never had seen and knew nothing about her. The property went to her when Christopher failed to fulfil his conditions. Her parents were Irish, and when fate made her wealthy she persuaded her guardian to bring her across the ocean to visit her 'native country,' as she calls it. We met her in Dublin at the house of a friend, who had told me of the dear child's pity for the poor gentleman who had been so robbed and maltreated. His loss did not trouble her the less because the gain had been all her own. She made me such a pretty speech that night, that I took her to my heart at once and invited her to visit me. We became the best of friends, and you may imagine that through the feelings of a mother I mixed up a good deal of my son with my conversation, especially as she was such a sympathetic creature. It seemed she never could hear enough about his troubles and misfortunes.

"Oh, Mrs. Lee," she said one day, 'if I had been in her place I'd have given him all the fortune, and gone without myself, sooner than have played him such a wretched trick!'

"My dear," said I, 'she could not have done that; but she could have given him the fortune along with herself, and she would not do it. There is no generosity left in the world.'

"Oh yes there is!" she said, and looked as if she were going to cry. 'The worst

is that the people who would have the will to be generous are not those that get the opportunity.'

"Another time she said she hoped she might die young in order to leave the fortune to Christopher in her will. 'For,' she declared, 'I feel like a robber, and yet, I suppose, he would not take it if I were to make him a present of it.'

"Indeed I think not, my dear, except under certain conditions," I said.

"She hung her head, and would talk no more on that occasion; but I soon saw that the little good-hearted creature could think of nothing but Christopher and his beggary from morning till night. I did not neglect to point it out to my son—indeed, when have I ever failed in my duty to him?—but he only got cross about it, and asked me did I want him to cap his former follies by turning fortune-hunter. 'The girl is a charming girl,' he said, 'and many will love her. She shall not be made a victim to her own kindness of heart. She will be wiser by-and-bye, and choose a husband for herself.'

"I believe she would choose nobody but you, if the truth were known," I said.

"My dear ma'am, he flew in a passion, and I got nothing but ill-usage for my pains; but when that had cooled down a little, I persuaded the sweet creature to come on a visit to our humble dwelling, where she made herself as happy as a bird, just attending on an old woman, and getting little enough attention from a very sullen host. At last, however, she lost her spirits and got pale, and then she told me she must leave us, as she had outstayed her welcome and was giving annoyance to Christopher. He had taken a dislike to her, she said, and nothing would induce her to remain longer in the house. Of course, I had to give in, and angry enough I was, to be sure, when I saw her go down the stairs with her bonnet on and her trunks waiting in the hall. Christopher was in his study, and she turned to go in and bid him good-bye, not wishing, as she said, to part in anger. She put her hand on the door and took it away again—she would and she wouldn't—but at last went in in earnest, and did not come out again in a hurry. How it happened, and what they suddenly found out to say to each other at the last moment, I never could make out; but they met as ill-humoured with one another as two people could be, and they came out of the room—I was going to say man and wife—but, my dear ma'am, it's

the same thing, I believe, when people are true."

"And now they have the property between them," said May. "Nothing could be fairer; and it's a very pretty story!"

"I consider it is, my dear; though some people are so ill-minded as to think differently."

"If we fret for what people will think," said May, "we might never lift a finger either for our own happiness or for that of another. Purity and honesty of intention ought to need no applause from the world."

The woods having been destroyed and the miser murdered by a kinsman of his own, it was proved, beyond doubt, that the curse must be removed from the race of Finiston for evermore. In order to make sure of this fact, some people took the trouble to inquire into the parentage of Con the fool, and ascertained that, in truth, he had been the son of Simon's brother.

The trees were not all destroyed, only the thickest and most sombre part of them; but they were known no longer as the Wicked Woods. The charred trunks and ashes of once-spreading boughs were cleared away, and the plough went over the earth that had borne them. The blackened walls of the old mansion were taken down, a careful search being made the while for the miser's strong-box, which did not appear among the rubbish. This box contained his gold—the accumulated gold of generations. It was well known to have existed; but no trace of any such treasure has as yet been found.

There was great consternation in the country when it became known as a certainty that the much talked of treasure of the misers of Toberreevil had vanished out of the world and was never more to be seen. The wonder-loving had food for a year's gossip, and many curious stories were long in circulation as to the mysterious disappearance of the fortune. Some averred that the Evil One himself had carried it off, with the miser's soul, as part of his booty; while others, less uncharitable, suggested that the good angel who keeps watch over even the reprobate had bartered it with Satan for leave to retain possession of his immortal charge, and had borne away the sin-oppressed and long-suffering spirit to regenerate it in the cleansing waters that wash the shores of Eternity. According to this fancy the treasure had been given over as a kind of hostage to the powers of evil, securing peace to the happy

descendants of a race no longer accursed. The natural idea that the strong-box had been buried in the earth for perfect safety was accepted by a few, and many searches were made with spade and pickaxe, to end invariably in disappointment. Long after Paul had given up the quest, little bands of spontaneous seekers would spring up from time to time, and be seen digging about the roots of trees and burrowing under stones, still dreaming of the reward that success must bring them. Even to this day a treasure seeker occasionally appears in the neighbourhood, possessed by a sort of madness, which is the hope of finding the forgotten gold of the Finistons. But the earth obstinately refuses to give up its golden secret.

So Paul was heir to an impoverished estate, and a tenantry, the most of whom were little better than paupers. He was disappointed at first, thinking that, had the money come into his hands, he might have purified it by using the greater part of it for the good of the poor. But when time proved that the treasure had been mysteriously removed out of reach of his hand, he allowed May to persuade him that this deprivation was a blessing.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am of it!" said May. "I suppose we could not have been exactly justified in carrying the money ourselves; yet it would have been a load about our necks so long as we lived."

"Perhaps so," said Paul; "but I could have been glad to build a handsome house for my wife, to dress her like a lady, and give her the good things of the world, after the trouble she has had with me."

"I forget all about that lady she won't care for handsome houses. Now, just tell me, sir! how could I love any damp, cold, new-built mansion, all smelling of paint and mortar, as well as I do this dear old shanty, where we have been so happy among the owls and ivy? As to clothes, I expect you will be able to afford me a clean calico gown in the summer, and a warmer one in winter, and for food—why there's the potato field!"

"And the pigs!" said Paul, laughing, "and the cabbage garden! We shall have to be content with these for many years, as most of the income must go to set the poor people right upon their feet at last."

"I declare," said May, "what with hams and vegetables, to say nothing of fowls and fresh eggs, which I foresee will be always coming to table, we are likely to have a very hard time of it."

"I warn you that my appetite will be dreadful," said Paul. "It has increased alarmingly since I took my first step towards restoring happiness to Tobereevil. Let all our ill-luck go with the money! And if an honest man's effort can make the wilderness flourish around us, and put crooked ways straight, that effort shall not be wanting. And who knows but after all we may have riches yet."

"And have them without a curse. At present we have got our poverty with a blessing."

In this spirit Paul and May began their married life, working together through sunshine and gloom, through hard times and good times, till after a few years the face of the country became changed, and prosperity began to shine upon the little world of Tobereevil. Land had been reclaimed, houses built, and gardens cultivated. The Kearneys' little farm was one of the best managed in the neighbourhood, and Bid had a home of her own under the hedge of her friends' potato field. A village sprang up with its small shops and trades, and the spire of its pretty church made a pleasant feature in the landscape. On the river-side a mill hummed its thrifty song, and corn waved on the site of the ancient mansion. Enough of the woods remained to beautify the country, but the noxious weeds and evil spirits had vanished with Tibbie and her haunts. No one now feared the neighbourhood of the trees since the burial-place of the famished had been inclosed as holy ground, marked by a cross.

People visited the spot on Sunday evenings, and the children decked it with flowers; the legend lost its ghastliness, and took new and tender outlines. The country had been chastened, maybe, for its sins; but the curse had departed from the land. The dead had got their rest, and the living were happy and at peace.

Paul's unexpected poverty revived Katherine Archbold's spirits, and caused her to think that she had had a lucky escape. This young lady lived to enjoy the triumph of marrying a duke, and becoming a leader of the fashionable world; but a sketch of her after-life would not make pleasant reading. Sir John, like many other men, paid the penalty of pride and extravagance, and the castle of Cam-

lough passed away into new hands. His wife did not live to see this change.

In due time, Miss Martha having gone to her rest beside Father Felix, the cottage in the ruins was given over to the parish priest, who being a scholar and antiquarian knew how to prize the quaint abode; and who, being likewise tender-hearted, kept the graves in his care, scattering prayers over the sod thick as the dew or the daisies. By this time the master of Tobereevil had built a dwelling of his own, on a sheltered bit of the land, not grand nor ostentatious, but a nest of prettiness and comfort. There he lived with his wife May, as long as it is good for a man to live, and as happy as it is allotted to most men to be. No trace of the cloud that had rested on him ever appeared to trouble him again. So brave and wise and genial was his nature in its maturity, that his children would laugh when "father" assured them that in his youth he had been a coward and a fool.

Yet when Paul Finiston, a man of weight in the country, a member of parliament; "a little odd in his notions; a bit of a philanthropist you know, but as honest a man as ever lived"—when this Paul Finiston and his faithful wife sat hand-in-hand at their fireside, in their old age, and looked back over the years they had spent together, they always lowered their voices and looked wistfully in each other's eyes, when they spoke of one year in their lives when the man had been attacked by the evil that had destroyed his forefathers, and the woman had done battle for him because his hands were tied. But they are now both fast asleep under the roses at Monasteries; and few remember vividly the story of the Wicked Woods of Tobereevil.

---

Now ready, price 5s. 6d., bound in green cloth,

**THE SEVENTH VOLUME**  
OF THE NEW SERIES OF  
**ALL THE YEAR ROUND.**  
To be had of all Booksellers.

---

The Back Numbers of the PRESENT SERIES of  
**ALL THE YEAR ROUND,**  
Also Cases for Binding, are always kept on sale.

The whole of the Numbers of the FIRST SERIES of  
**ALL THE YEAR ROUND,**  
CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,  
Are now in print, and may be obtained at the Office,  
26, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C., and of all Booksellers.

---

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 187. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### CHAPTER XI. L'AMIE DE LA MAISON.

THE breakfasts in Great Walpole-street, looked upon as meals, were neither satisfactory nor satisfying. Of all social gatherings a breakfast is perhaps the one most difficult to make agreeable to yourself and your guests. There are men at other periods of the day, bright, sociable, and chatty, who insist upon breakfasting by themselves, who glower over their tea and toast, and growl audibly if their solitude is broken in upon; there are women capable of everything in the way of self-sacrifice and devotion except getting up to breakfast. A breakfast after the Scotch fashion, with enormous quantities of Finnan-haddy, chops, steaks, eggs and ham, jam and marmalade, tea and coffee, is a good thing; so is a French breakfast, with two delicate cutlets, or a succulent filet, a savoury omelette, a pint bottle of Nuits, a chasse, and a cigarette. But the morning meals in Great Walpole-street were not after either of these fashions. After the servants had risen from their knees, and shuffled out of the room in Indian file at the conclusion of morning prayers, the butler re-entered, bearing a hissing silver urn, behind which Mrs. Calverley took up her position, and proceeded to brew a tepid amber-coloured fluid, which she afterwards dispensed to her guests. The footman had followed the butler, bearing, in his turn, a dish containing four thin greasy strips of bacon, laid out side by side in meek resignation, with a portion of kidney keeping guard over them at either end. There was a rack

filled with dry toast, which looked and tasted like the cover of an old Latin dictionary; there was a huge bread-platter, with a scriptural text round its margin, and a huge bread-knife with a scriptural text on its blade; and on the sideboard, far away in the distance, was the shadowy outline of what had once been a ham, and a mountain and a promontory of flesh, with the connecting link between them almost cut away, representing what had once been a tongue. On two or three occasions, shortly after Madame Du Tertre had first joined the household, she mentioned to Mrs. Calverley that she was subject to headaches, which were only to be gotten rid of by taking a sharp half-hour's walk in the air immediately after breakfast—the fact being that Pauline was simply starved, and that if she had been followed she would have been found in the small room of Monsieur Verrey's café in Regent-street, engaged with a cutlet, a pint of Beaune, and the *Siccle* newspaper. To John Calverley, also, these gruesome repasts were most detestable, but he made up for his enforced starvation with a substantial and early luncheon in the City.

On the morning after Humphrey Statham's departure for Cornwall, the breakfast-party was assembled in Great Walpole-street. But the host was not among them. He had gone away to his ironworks in the North, as he told his guest: "on his own vagaries," as his wife had phrased it, with a defiant snort: and Mrs. Calverley, Madame Du Tertre, and Martin Gurwood were gathered round the festive board. The two ladies were sipping the doubtful tea, and nibbling the leathery toast, while Mr. Gurwood, who was an early riser, and who, before taking his morning constitutional in Guelph Park, had solaced himself

with a bowl of bread-and-milk, had pushed aside his plate, and was reading out from the Times such scraps of intelligence as he thought might prove interesting. On a sudden he stopped, the aspect of his face growing rather grave, as he said:

"Here is some news, mother, which I am sure will prove distressing to Mr. Calverley, even if his interests do not suffer from the event which it records."

"I can guess what it is," said Mrs. Calverley, in her thin acid voice. "I have an intuitive idea of what has occurred. I always predicted it, and I took care to let Mr. Calverley know my opinion—the Swartmoor Ironworks have failed?"

"No, not so bad as that," said Mr. Gurwood, "nor, indeed, is it any question of the Swartmoor Ironworks. I will tell you what is said, and you will be able to judge for yourself how far Mr. Calverley may be interested." And in the calm, measured tone habitual to him from constant pulpit practice, Martin Gurwood read out the paragraph which had so startled Humphrey Statham on the previous evening.

When Martin Gurwood finished reading, Madame Du Tertre, who had listened attentively, wheeled round in her chair and looked hard at Mrs. Calverley. That lady's placidity was, however, perfectly undisturbed. With her thin bony hand she still continued her employment of arranging into fantastic shapes the crumbs on the table-cloth, nor did she seem inclined to speak until Pauline said:

"To me this seems a sad and terrible calamity: if I, knowing nothing of this unfortunate gentleman, am grieved at what I hear, surely you, madame, to whom he was doubtless well known, must feel the shock acutely."

"I am glad to say," said Mrs. Calverley, coldly, "that I am not called upon to exhibit any emotion in the present instance. So little does Mr. Calverley think fit to acquaint me with the details of his business, that I was not aware that it was in contemplation to establish an agency at Ceylon, nor did I ever hear of the name of the person who, doubtless by his own imprudence, seems to have lost his life."

"You never saw Mr.—Mr.—how is he called, Monsieur Gurwood?"

"Durham is the name given here," said Martin, referring to the newspaper.

"Ah, you never saw Mr. Durham, madame?"

"I never saw him; I never even heard Mr. Calverley mention his name."

"Poor man, poor man," murmured Madame Du Tertre, with downcast eyes; "lost so suddenly, as your Shakespeare says—'sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head'! It is terrible to think of, is it not, Monsieur Martin?"

"To be cut off with our sins yet unexpiated," said Martin Gurwood, not meeting the searching glance riveted upon him, "is, as you say, Madame Du Tertre, a terrible thing. Let us trust this unfortunate man was not wholly unprepared."

"If he were a friend of Mr. Calverley's," hissed the lady at the end of the table, "and he must have been to have been placed in a position of trust, it is, I should say, most improbable that he was fitted for the sudden change."

That morning Madame Du Tertre, although her breakfast had been of the scantiest, did not find it necessary to repair to Verrey's; when the party broke up she retired to her room, took the precaution of locking the door, and having something to think out, at once adopted her old resource of walking up and down.

She said to herself: "The news has arrived, and just at the time that I expected it. He has been bold, and everything has turned out exactly as he could have wished. People will speak kindly of him and mourn over his fate, while he is far away and living happily, and laughing in his sleeve at the fools whose compassion he evokes. What would I give to be there with him on the same terms as those of the old days. I hate this dull British life, this ghastly house, these people, precise, exact, and terrible, I loathe the state of formality in which I live, the restraint and reticence I am obliged to observe! What is it to me to ride in a carriage by the side of that puppet down-stairs, to sit in the huge dull rooms, to be waited upon by the silent solemn servants!" And her eyes blazed with fire as she sang in a soft low voice:

*"Les gneux, les gneux,  
Sont les gens heureux;  
Ils s'aiment entre eux.  
Vivent les gneux!"*

As she ceased singing she stopped suddenly in her walk, and said, "What a fool I am to think of such things, to dream of what might have been, when all my hope and desire is to destroy what is; to discover the scene of Tom Durham's retreat, and to drive him from the enchanted land where he and she are now residing. And this can only be done by steady continuance in my present life, by passive en-

durance, by never-flagging energy and perpetual observation. Tiens! Have I not done some good this morning, even in listening to the bêtise talk of that silly woman and her sombre son? 'She had never seen Tom Durham,' she said, 'had never heard of him, he has never been brought to the house;' this then gives colour to all that I have suspected. It is, as I imagined, through the influence of the old man Claxton that Tom was nominated as agent of the house of Calverley. Mr. Calverley himself probably knows nothing of him or he would most assuredly have mentioned the name to his wife, have asked him to dinner, after the English fashion, before sending him out to such a position. But no, his very name is unknown to her, and it is evident that he is the sole protégé of Monsieur Claxton—Claxton, from whom the pale-faced woman who is his wife, his mistress—what do I know or care—obtained the money with which Tom Durham thought to buy my silence and his freedom. Not yet, my dear friend, not yet! The game between us promises to be long, and to play it properly with a chance of success will require all my brains and all my patience. But the cards are already beginning to get shuffled into their places; and the luck has already declared on my side."

A few mornings afterwards Mrs. Calverley, on coming down to breakfast, held an open paper in her hand; laying it on the table and pointing at it with her bony finger, when the servants had left the room, she said, "I have an intimation here that Mr. Calverley will return this evening. He has not thought fit to write to me, but a telegram has been received from him at the office; and the head clerk, who, I am thankful to say, still preserves some notion of what is due to me, has forwarded the information."

"Is not this return somewhat unexpected?" asked Pauline, looking inquisitively at her hostess.

"Mr. Calverley's return is never either unexpected or expected by me," said the lady; "he is immersed in business, which I trust may prove as profitable as he expects, though in my father's time——"

"Perhaps," interrupted Martin Gurwood, cutting in to prevent the repetition of that wail over the decadence of the ancient firm which he had heard a thousand times, "perhaps Mr. Calverley's return has on this occasion been hastened by the news of the loss of his agent, which I read out to you the other day? There

is more about it in the paper this morning."

"More! What more?" cried Pauline, eagerly.

"Nothing satisfactory, I am sorry to say. The body has not been found, nor is there any credible account of how the accident happened; the further news is contained in a letter from one of the passengers. It seems that this unfortunate gentleman, Mr. Durham, had even, during the short time which he was on board the ship, succeeded in making himself very popular with the passengers. He had talked to some of them of the importance of the position which he was going out to fill, of his devotion to business, and to his employer; and it is agreed on all sides that the well-known firm of which he was the agent will find it difficult to replace him, so zealous and so interested in their behalf did he show himself. He was one of the last who retired to rest, and when in the morning he did not put in an appearance, nothing was thought of it, as it was imagined—not that he had succumbed to sea-sickness, as he had described himself as an old sailor, who had made many voyages—but that he was fatigued by the exertions of the previous day. Late in the evening, as nothing had been heard of him, the captain resolved to send the steward to his cabin, and the man returned with the report that the door was unlocked, the berth unoccupied, and Mr. Durham not to be found. An inquiry was at once set on foot, and a search made throughout the ship, but without any result. The only idea that could be arrived at was, that finding the heat oppressive, or being unable to sleep, he made his way to the deck, and, in the darkness of the night, had missed his footing and fallen overboard. Against this supposition was the fact that Mr. Durham was not in the least the worse for liquor when last seen, and that neither the officers nor the men on duty throughout the night had heard any splash in the water, or any cry for help. The one thing certain was that the man was gone, and all that could be done was to tranship his baggage at Gibraltar, for return to England, and to make public the circumstances for the information of his friends."

"It seems to me," said Martin Gurwood, as he finished reading, "that unless the drowning of this poor man had actually been witnessed, nothing could be much clearer. He is seen to retire to rest in the night, he is never heard of again, there is no reason why he should attempt self-de-

struction; on the contrary, he is represented as glorying in the position to which he had been appointed, and full of life, health, and spirits."

"There is one point," said Mrs. Calverley, "to which I think exception may be taken, and that is, that he was sober. These sort of persons have, I am given to understand, a great tendency to drink and vice of every description, and the fact that he was probably a boon companion of Mr. Calverley's, and on that account appointed to this agency, makes me think it more than likely that he had a private store of liquor, and was drowned when in a state of intoxication."

"There is nothing in the evidence which has been made public," said Martin Gurwood, in a hard caustic tone, "to warrant any supposition of that kind. In any case, it is not for us to judge the dead and——"

"Perhaps," said Pauline, interposing, to avert the storm which she saw gathering in Mrs. Calverley's knitted brows, "perhaps, when Mr. Calverley returns to-night, he will be able to give us some information on the subject. A man so trusted, and appointed to such a position, must naturally be well known to his employer."

The lamps were lit in the drawing-room, and the solemn servants were handing round the tea, when a cab rattled up to the door, and immediately afterwards John Calverley, enveloped in his travelling-coat and many wrappers, burst into the apartment. He made his way to his wife, who was seated at the Berlin wool frame, on which the Jael and Sisera had been supplanted by a new and equally interesting subject, and bending down, offered her a salute, which she received on the tip of her ear; he shook hands heartily with Martin Gurwood, politely with Pauline, and then discarding his outer garments, planted himself in the middle of the room, smiling pleasantly, and inquired, "Well, what's the news?"

"There is no news here," said Mrs. Calverley, looking across the top of the Berlin wool frame with stony glance; "those who have been careering about the country are most likely to gather light and frivolous gossip. Do you desire any refreshment, Mr. Calverley?"

"No, thank you, my dear!" said John. "I had dinner at six o'clock, at Peterborough—swallowed it standing—cold meat, roll, glass of ale. You know the sort of thing, Martin—hurried, but not bad, you know—not bad!"

"But after such a slight refreshment, Monsieur Calverley," said Pauline, rising and going towards him, "you would surely like some tea?"

"No, thank you, Madame Du Tertre, "no tea for me. I will have a little—a little something hot later on, perhaps—and you, too, Martin, eh?—no, I forgot, you are no good at that sort of thing. And so," he added, turning to his wife, "you have, you say, no news?"

"Mrs. Calverley does herself injustice in saying any such thing," said Pauline, interposing; "the interests of the husband are the interests of the wife, and, when it is permitted, of the wife's friends; and we have all been distressed beyond measure to hear of the sad fate which has befallen your trusted agent."

"Eh!" said John Calverley, looking at her blankly, "my trusted agent? I don't understand you."

"These celebrated Swartmoor Ironworks are not beyond the reach of the post-office, I presume?" said Mrs. Calverley, with a vicious chuckle.

"Certainly not," said John.

"And telegrams occasionally find their way there, I suppose?"

"Undoubtedly."

"How is it, then, Mr. Calverley, that you have not heard what has been in all the newspapers, that some man named Durham, calling himself your agent, has been drowned on his way to India, where he was going in your employ?"

"Drowned!" said John Calverley, turning very pale, "Tom Durham drowned! Is it possible?"

"Not merely possible, but strictly true," said his wife. "And what I want to know is, how is it that you, buried down at your Swartmoors, or whatever you call them, have not heard of it before?"

"It is precisely because I was buried down there that the news failed to reach me. When I am at the ironworks I have so short a time at my disposal that I never look at the newspapers, and the people at Mincing-lane have strict instructions never to communicate with me by letter or telegram except in the most pressing cases; and Mr. Jeffreys, I imagine, with that shrewdness which distinguishes him, saw that the reception of such news as this would only distress me, while I could be of no possible assistance, and so wisely kept it back until my return."

"I am sure I don't see why you should be so distressed because one of your clerks

got drunk and fell overboard," said Mrs. Calverley. "I know that in my father's time—"

"This Mr. Durham must have been an especially gifted man, I suppose, or you would scarcely have appointed him to such an important berth? Was it not so?" asked Pauline.

"Yes," said Mr. Calverley, hesitating. "Tom Durham was a smart fellow enough."

"What I told you," said Mrs. Calverley, looking round. "A smart fellow, indeed! but not company for his employer's wife, whatever he may have been for—"

"He was a man whom I knew but little of, Jane," said John Calverley, with a certain amount of sternness in his voice; "but he was introduced to me by a person of whom I have the highest opinion, and whom I wished to serve. On this recommendation I took Mr. Durham, and the little I saw of him was certainly in favour of his zeal and brightness. Now, if you please, we will change the conversation."

That night, again, Madame Du Tertre might have been seen pacing her room. "The more I see of these people," she said to herself, "the more I learn of the events with which my life is bound up, so much the more am I convinced that my first theory was the right one. This Monsieur Calverley, the master of this house—what was his reason for being annoyed, contrarié, as he evidently was, at being questioned about Durham? Simply because he himself knew nothing about him, and could not truthfully reply to the pestering inquiries of that *anatomie vivante*, his wife, as to who he was, and why he had not been presented to her, the reigning queen of the great firm! Was I not right there in my anticipations? 'He was introduced to me,' he said, 'by a person of whom I have the highest opinion and whom I wished to serve; that person, without doubt, was Claxton—Claxton, the old man, who, in his turn, was the slave of the pale-faced woman, whom Tom Durham had befooled! A bon chat, bon rat! They are well suited, these others; and Messrs. Calverley and Claxton are the dupes, though, perhaps"—and she stopped pondering, with knitted brow—"Mr. Calverley knows all, or rather half, and is helping his friend and partner in the matter! I will take advantage of the first opportunity to press this subject further home with Monsieur Calverley, who is a sufficiently simple *bonhomme*, and perhaps I may learn something that may be useful to me from him."

The opportunity which Pauline sought occurred sooner than she expected. On the very next evening, Martin Gurwood being away from home, attending some public meeting on a religious question, and Mrs. Calverley being detained in her room finishing some letters which she was anxious to despatch, Pauline found herself in the drawing-room before dinner, with her host as her sole companion.

When she entered she saw that Mr. Calverley had the newspaper in his hand, but his eyes were half closed and his head was nodding desperately. "You are fatigued, monsieur, by the toils of the day," she said. "I fear I interrupted you?"

"No," said John Calverley, jumping up, "not at all, Madame Du Tertre; I was having just forty winks, as we say in English, but I am quite refreshed and all right now, and am very glad to see you."

"It must be hard work for you, having all the responsibility of that great establishment in the City on your shoulders."

"Well, you see, Madame Du Tertre," said John, with a pleasant smile, "the fact is I am not so young as I used to be, and though I work no more, indeed considerably less, I find myself more tired at the end of the day."

"Ah, monsieur," said Pauline, "that is the great difference between the French and English commerce as it appears to me. In France our *négociants* have not merely trusted clerks such as you have here, but they have partners who enjoy their utmost confidence, who are as themselves, in fact, in all matters of their business."

"Yes, madame, but that is not confined to France; we have exactly the same thing in England. My house is Calverley and Co.; Co. stands for 'company,' *vous savez*," said John with a great dash at airing his French.

"Ah, you have partners?" asked Pauline.

"Well, no, not exactly," said John, evasively, looking over her head and rattling the keys in his trousers-pockets.

"I think I heard of one Monsieur Claxton."

"Eh," said John, looking at her disconcertedly, "Claxton, eh? Oh, yes of course."

"And yet it is strange, that intimate, *lié*, bound up as this Monsieur Claxton must be with you in your affairs, you have never brought him to this house—Madame Calverley has never seen him. I should like to see this Monsieur Claxton, do you know? I should——"



But John Calverley stepped hurriedly forward and laid his hand upon her arm. "Stay, for God's sake," he said, with an expression of terror in every feature; "I hear Mrs. Calverley's step on the stairs. Do not mention Mr. Claxton's name in this house; I will tell you why some other time—only—don't mention it!"

"I understand," said Pauline, quietly; and when Mrs. Calverley entered the room she found her guest deeply absorbed in the photographic album.

That night the party broke up early. Mr. Calverley, though he used every means in his power to disguise the agitation into which his conversation with Pauline had thrown him, was absent and embarrassed, while Pauline herself was so occupied in thought over what had occurred, and so desirous to be alone in order that she might have the opportunity for full reflection, that she did not as usual encourage her hostess in the small and spiteful talk in which that lady delighted, and none were sorry when the clock, striking ten, gave them an excuse for adjournment.

"Allons donc," said Pauline, when she had once more regained her own chamber, "I have made a great success to-night, by mere chance work too, arising from my keeping my eyes and ears always open. See now! It is evident, from some cause or other—why I cannot at present comprehend—that this man, Monsieur Calverley, is frightened to death lest his wife should see his partner! What does it matter to me—the why or the wherefore? the mere fact of its being so is sufficient to give me power over him. He is no fool; he sees the influence which I have already acquired over Mrs. Calverley, and he knows that were I just to drop a hint to that querulous being, that jealous wretch, she would insist on being made known to Claxton, and having all the business transactions between them explained to her. Threaten Monsieur Calverley with that, and I can obtain from him what I will, can be put on Tom Durham's track, and then left to myself to work out my revenge in my own way! Ah, Monsieur and Madame Mogg, of Poland-street, how can I ever be sufficiently grateful for the chance which sent me to lodge in your mansarde, and first gave me the idea of making the acquaintance of the head of the great firm of Calverley and Company!"

The next morning, when, after breakfast, and before starting for the City, Mr. Calverley went into the dull square apart-

ment behind the dining-room, dimly lighted by a window overlooking the leads, which he called his study, where some score of unreadable books lay half reclining against each other on shelves, but the most used objects in which were a hat and clothes-brush, some walking-canes and umbrellas, he was surprised to find himself closely followed by Madame Du Tertre; more surprised when that lady closed the door quietly, and turning to him said, with meaning:

"Now, monsieur, five words with you."

"Certainly, madame," said John, very much taken aback; "but is not this rather an odd place—would not Mrs. Calverley think—?"

"Ah, bah," said Pauline, with a shrug and a gesture very much more reminiscent of the *dame de comptoir* than of the *dame de compagnie*. "Mrs. Calverley has gone down-stairs to battle with those wretched servants, and she is, as you know, safe to be there for half an hour. What I have to say will not take ten minutes—shall I speak?"

John bowed in silence, looking at the same time anxiously towards the study-door.

"You do not know much of me, Monsieur Calverley, but you will before I have done. I am at present—and am, I fancy, likely to remain—an inmate of your house; I have established myself in Mrs. Calverley's good graces, and have, as you must know very well, a certain amount of influence with her; but it was you to whom I made my original appeal; it is you whom I wish to retain as my friend."

John Calverley, with flushing cheeks, and constantly recurring glance towards the door, said, "that he was very proud, and that if he only knew what Madame Du Tertre desired——"

"You shall know at once, Monsieur Calverley: I want you to accept me as your friend, and to prove that you do so by giving me your confidence."

John Calverley started.

"Yes, your confidence," continued Pauline. "I have talent and energy, and, when I am trusted, could prove myself a friend worth having; but I am too proud to accept half-confidences, and where no trust is reposed in me I am apt to ally myself with the opposite faction. Why not trust in me, Monsieur Calverley—why not tell me all?"

"All—what all, madame?"

"About your partner, Monsieur Clax-

ton, and the reason why you do not bring him——"

"Hush! pray be silent, I implore you!" said John Calverley, stepping towards her and taking both her hands in his. "I cannot imagine," he said, after a moment's pause, "what interest my business affairs can have for you; but since you seem to wish it, you shall know them all; only not here and not now."

"Yes," said Pauline, with provoking calmness, "in the City, perhaps?"

"Yes; at my office in Mincing-lane."

"And when?"

"To-morrow week, at four o'clock; come down there then and I will tell you all you wish to know."

"Right," said Pauline, slipping out of the room in an instant. And before John Calverley let himself out at the street door, he heard the drawing-room piano ringing out the grand march in the *Prophète* under her skilful hands.

Three days afterwards a man came up from the office with a letter for Mrs. Calverley. It was from her husband, stating he had a telegram calling him down to Swartmoor at once, and requesting that his portmanteau might be packed and given to the messenger. This worthy was seen and interrogated by the mistress of the house. "He knew nothing about the telegram," he said, "but when his master gave him the letter he looked bothered and dazed-like."

Mrs. Calverley shook her head, and opined that her prophecies anent the downfall of the Swartmoor Ironworks were about to be realised. But Pauline did not seem to be much put out at the news. "It is important, doubtless," she said to herself, "and he must go; but he will return in time to keep his appointment with me."

The day arrived and the hour, and Pauline was punctual to her appointment, but Mr. Calverley had not arrived, though one of the clerks said he had left word that it was probable he might return on that day. That was enough for Pauline; she would await his arrival.

An hour passed.

Then there was a great tearing up and down stairs and hurrying to and fro, and, presently, when a white-faced clerk came in to get his hat, he stared to see her there. He had forgotten her, though it was he who had ushered her into the waiting-room.

"There was no use in her remaining

there any longer," he said; "the head clerk, Mr. Jeffreys, had been sent for to Great Walpole-street, and, though nobody knew anything positive, everybody felt that something dreadful had occurred."

## ROUND THE TEA-URN IN CENTRAL RUSSIA.

"THAT's right, barin;\* just in time! Masha (Mary), my little dove, bring out the samovar (tea-urn) if it's ready; I've got the black bread and sausage, and the salted cucumbers, all laid out; and now there's nothing wanting but the guests!"

So vociferates, with a grin of welcome at my approach, a tall, wiry, bearded man (my host for the time being), in a coarse red shirt of cotton print, and baggy blue trousers tucked into the huge boots that reach to his knee. We are going to have an open-air tea-party in front of our hut, and I have returned from my afternoon "constitutional" just in time to see the guests arrive.

This is just the time to hold an out-door feast, and just the place in which to spread it. The air is cool and fresh after the scorching heat of the day, and up here, on the brow of the hill, the sweet evening breeze comes to us pleasantly. Along the green incline, and in the greener valley below, the little white log-huts lie dotted like scattered dice, each with its tiny plot of garden and its low square palisade. To the northward mile after mile of forest lies outspread in the glow of the sunset, tree-top after tree-top catching the light, till all is one blaze of glory; while far away on the south and west the soft, dreamy, sunny uplands of Central Russia melt, in curve after curve of smooth green slope, into the golden haze of the sky.

Just the evening for an *al fresco* repast, if ever there was one; but in any season, should you happen to be living in a Russian village, it is better (if possible) to take your meals out of doors than in. In summer, it is true, when windows and doors can be left open, matters are not quite so bad; but in winter, what with the barred doors and doubled casements, the stifling heat of the stove, the cracking and groaning of the timbers; what with the spiders, that make a gymnasium of the cross-beams of the roof, and the "tarakans" (black-beetles), which run races across the paste of straw and mud called by courtesy

\* Answering to our "sir," literally "master."

a floor; what with the reek of animal warmth from the cows, dogs, pigs, and fowls, crammed into the adjoining shed, and the concert of lowing, barking, grunting, and screaming, which serves the human inmates both for matins and even-song, the whole building might pass for Noah's first attempt at an Ark, over-crowded by a false alarm of the Deluge.

But here, at length, come our guests, all five of them; Ivan Miasoff, the butcher, and Alexey Sapogin, the shoemaker, and Vasili Petroff, my host's brother-in-law, with his wife, Pelageya Grigorievna (Pelagia, the daughter of Gregory), a bright, cheery little body, but, like all Russian peasant women, prematurely aged by hard work and exposure; and, last but not least, Sergei Bikoff, the watchman, a huge, red-haired fellow, who has lost, by a frost-bite, what little nose he ever had. Each in turn doffs his cap, and crosses himself before the little gilt-edged picture of Saint Nicholas (my host's patron), which, with a small lamp burning before it, is seen in a corner of the hut through the open door. This done, they seat themselves (I being literally voted into the chair) anywhere and anyhow, one on a low bench, another on a stool, a third on a tub, and my host and hostess upon their "soondook," a huge chest clamped with iron, and painted bright red, which is the pride and glory of every Russian peasant who can afford it, and is bought with sore pinching by many who cannot.

For a time the meal proceeds with silent industry, and one can survey the picturesque group at leisure. These are the famous "Mujiks" of Russia, men superstitious as the ancient Athenians, ignorant as Australian savages, inured to hardships from which a mediæval anchorite would have shrunk; at once gluttons and ascetics; peaceful even to sluggishness, yet capable of the most frightful revenge; able to sustain life on a pittance of food that would starve a British seaman, and to pass whole nights in the depth of winter, wrapped in a sheepskin, outside their master's door; intensely susceptible of kindness, yet ungovernable save by extreme severity; the strangest and most incomprehensible of all the waifs and strays left by the ebb of Asiatic barbarism upon the shore of Europe. Each and all of our guests displayed the broad, flat, sallow, low-browed type of the genuine Russian, except my host, whose tall gaunt frame and prominent features argue an admixture of Cos-

sack blood; but the one thing about them which strikes one at the first glance is their defective physique, the utter want of that solid strength which untravelled writers ignorantly ascribe to them. Broad and bulky, indeed, they are; but the strong outline is poorly and shakily filled in. Whatever might be the natural strength of the Muscovite, it is sapped from the very first by bad diet, by drink, by overwork, and by the constant alternation of fasting and gluttony produced by the ordinances of the Greek Church. His average length of life is barely half that of Western Europe. The total number of able-bodied men, drawn from a population of sixty millions, is not a whit greater than that furnished by the thirty-eight millions of France. The weakness in productive age is such that, whereas in Great Britain the proportion of persons alive between fifteen and sixty is five hundred and forty-eight per thousand (and in Belgium five hundred and eighteen), in Russia it falls as low as two hundred and sixty-five. In a word, I have seen the physical power of the Russian tested in every possible way, and his hardihood tried by every variety of climate, from the Niemen to the Ural Mountains, from the Gulf of Bothnia to Kamiesch Bay. I have taken part in his favourite sports, and measured my strength with his again and again; but all my experience only confirms the original conclusion, that the average Russian, though capable of a passive endurance bordering upon the incredible, possesses little more than half the muscular power of the average Englishman.\*

But all this while the feasting has been going vigorously on; the various good things are now disposed of, and the exercise of tongues succeeds to that of teeth. For a time the talk runs chiefly on local matters; how troublesome the wolves were last winter, and what a famous crop of rye there is likely to be this year; how old Oicipoff, the corn-dealer, is going to marry his third wife, and Feodor Nikeetin's eldest boy has been drawn for the conscription; how soon the weather is likely to change, and whether Father Alexander Nikolaievitch (the Emperor) will give us the railway that folks have been talking of making

\* I could easily accumulate proofs ad nauseam, but one will suffice. In 1868 out of the total number of conscripts sent up to the various recruiting centres, to supply the annual contingent of eighty-four thousand men, no fewer than forty-four thousand were rejected for disease and other physical defects, not inclusive of short stature.

in these parts. But after a time my host lets drop a remark which tells his guests that I have made the two journeys which are the ne plus ultra of the Mujik—to Kiev and Jerusalem; and forthwith they begin to overwhelm me with questions about the far-away places which they never saw, nor shall see. I describe to them the splendid barbarism of many-towered Constantinople; the broken necklace of the Archipelago, with all its scattered jewels; the lifeless grandeur of the Pyramids; the blank dreariness of the Suez Canal, and the vast rampart of rock that bucklers the naked shore of Arabia; pyramidal Jaffa, bending moodily over the chafing sea; the funereal beauty of the Dead Sea, and the grim loneliness of the Desert of Moab; the fragrant shadow of the countless orange-groves which curtain imperial Damascus; and, lastly, the Holy City itself, clustering within its huge grey rampart, environed by the life-guard of mountains which "stand round about Jerusalem." As the story proceeds, it is a treat to watch how the hard faces brighten with childlike pleasure, and the rough figures bend forward in eager expectation. This is perhaps the first real and tangible conception of the world around them which has ever reached these brave, simple, untaught souls, to whom their newly-acquired freedom has as yet brought nothing, save the consciousness of their own helplessness. To the poor Mujik everything beyond the narrow circle of his daily wants and occupations is a hopeless blank. His own country is as strange to him as the deserts of Central Africa. Moscow and St. Petersburg are mere names, vaguely suggesting a dim idea of vast and shadowy grandeur, countless leagues away. Upon everything without the frontier of Holy Russia he looks with the same mysterious awe with which the Greek and the Roman regarded that unknown waste of waters which rolled beyond the Pillars of Hercules. In a word, the influence of Western civilisation (despite the fanfaronnades of Russian optimists) has hitherto merely trickled over the surface of the great empire; the mass is still to be penetrated. When I stood, five months ago, upon the verge of the plain of Jericho, and watched the black swirl of the Jordan rushing headlong into the pulseless crystal of the Dead Sea, I looked upon a perfect symbol of the two great divisions of the European family. The energy of the Teutonic races flows like a strong current, turbid, perhaps vio-

lent, overbearing, dark with war and revolution, but still fertilising, full of life, for ever moving onward. The Slavonian world lies like a tideless lake, fenced in on every side—vast, deep, beautiful to look upon, but inert and useless as a buried treasure. That their common work may be done, the two must thoroughly amalgamate; but the time for such fusions is not yet.

"And is Arabia, too, a country of unbelievers?" asks Petroff, as I pause in my recital.

"Yes, they're all Mahometans down there," answer I, "and a queer-looking set they are, too—long, lean, brown fellows, with nothing on but cotton drawers and white skull-caps, and every other man an eye out with the sand and the flies. But they've got a splendid climate, for all that: fine weather all day long, and—no winter."

At this terrible announcement, thrown in by me out of malice prepense, the whole circle exchange glances of horror.

"No winter!" exclaims old Bikoff, the watchman, to whose deep tones the loss of his nose adds a double solemnity; "how the devil do they manage to live, then? Well, it's God's judgment upon them, the accursed heathens—they don't deserve to have a winter."

"Ah, Sergei Mikhailovitch!" whispers Miasoff, "don't you see that the barin's making fun of us? No winter! why the thing's impossible."

A kind of silence now falls upon the party, in the midst of which I notice Sapogin sidling up to my host, and whispering something in his ear.

"Ay, you are right, Alexey Feodorovitch—I had almost forgotten it. Barin," he added, turning to me, "you can read, can't you?"

"Yes, brother, I can read. What then?"

"Why, you see, Dmitrie Ivanoff, the postman, has left us a newspaper, with a capital story in it (so he says) of something that's been done up in 'Mother Moscow;' but, you know, we poor fellows are all "negrámotni" (unlettered), and Father Arkádi, the priest, can't come to us to-night: so perhaps you will graciously condescend to read it to us yourself."

I graciously condescend to do so, and, picking out the marked passage, read the following story—a perfectly true one, be it remarked:

"SCRUPULOUS ACCURACY.—One of the celebrities of the Moscow ballet lately

called upon a local official with a request that he would give her the usual formal permission to take a month's tour in the provinces for the benefit of her health, retaining her salary during the time of furlough. The man in office received her very politely, and asked for her 'written petition.'

"'I have no written petition,' answered the artiste; 'I had no idea that such a thing was necessary!'

"'Not necessary, madam? Why, nothing can be done without it!'

"'What am I to do, then?'

"'Nothing easier. Here are pens, ink, and paper; be so good as to sit down and write while I dictate.'

"The lady obeyed; the petition was written, signed, and folded.

"'And now,' said the representative of justice, 'you have only to deliver it.'

"'To whom?'

"'To whom?' repeated the official, with a slight smile at her simplicity. 'To me, of course!' And taking the petition which he had himself dictated, he produced his spectacles, wiped them carefully, adjusted them upon his nose, read over the whole document as though it were perfectly new to him, docketed and filed it in due form, and then, turning to the impatient danseuse, said, with the utmost gravity, 'Madam, I have read your petition, and regret extremely that I cannot grant it!'

When the general laughter has subsided (for the Mujik is fond of a quiet joke, sub rosa, at the expense of native officialism), I assert my prerogative as chairman by calling upon our entertainer for a song.

"'I'm no singer,' answers the founder of the feast; 'but here's my brother-in-law will do it for you. Vaaker, my lad, give us that song you learned up at Peter (St. Petersburg) in the carnival time.'

And Petroff, nothing loth, clears his throat, and trolls out in a deep, and not unmusical voice, the bold, dashing, ungallant song which Lermontoff has made familiar to every reading man in Russia:

#### THE CIRCASSIAN'S COUNSEL.

Maidens throng our hills, I wot,  
Starry night is in their eyes;  
Life with them—an envied lot!  
But our freedom more we prize.  
(CHORUS) Wed not, wed thee not, good youth,  
Well my counsel heed!  
Here is gold for thee, good youth,  
Buy thyself a steed!

He who takes himself a wife  
Ill hath chosen, wretch forlorn!  
Never rides he to the strife.  
Why? because his spouse would mourn!  
Wed not, &c.

Fair and false are women all,  
Gold will buy thee spouses twain;  
He who trusts in them shall fall,  
But a steed is priceless gain!  
Wed not, &c.

He betrays not—thy good steed!  
Blood nor fire with him we fear;  
Like the desert blast, his speed  
Makes the farthest distance near.  
Wed not, &c.

It would startle a stranger to observe with what skill these rough fellows, not one of whom can write his own name, or read it when written, take up their several parts in the chorus, and what a mellow volume of sound they pour forth; but through all the grand swell of the refrain runs that weird undercurrent of melancholy which is characteristic of all Russian music—the wail of an oppressed people, sending up its unspoken prayers, age after age, to the God and Father of all.

"'Well done!' say I, as the chant ends: 'that's something like a song. But you know the saying, 'After a feast, a song; after a song, a story.' Which of you knows a good one?'

"'If you want stories, here's your man,' answered old Birkoff, pointing to my host, 'he's got a famous stock of 'em. Pavel Ivanovitch (Paul, the son of John,) be good now, and give us the story of Ilya Murometz, Vladimir's champion.'

I start involuntarily at the mention of this old acquaintance, the simplest and noblest of the old Slavonic traditions, which every man of our party probably knows from beginning to end. But a Russian will gladly hear the same story ten times over, provided it be a good one; and all dispose themselves to listen attentively, while our chronicler begins as follows:

"'Long ago, in the days when Prince Vladimir reigned over Holy Russia, there lived near the town of Murom, in the village of Karatcharovo, a certain peasant, by name Ivan; and he had a son called Ilya, upon whom God had sent a sore sickness, so that he could move neither hand nor foot, but lay like a felled tree. All the village called him 'Ilya the Cripple;' and when any one fell sick, or was struck down by wounds, they used to say, 'He is no more good now than Ilyanovitch.' And when men spoke of the great deeds they had done in battle, Ilya hung his head; and when they told of hunting, or wrestling, or running swiftly through the forests, he turned his face to the wall and wept. And so the time went by, and great wars were

waged; and great battles fought, and the warriors of Holy Russia went forth and smote the hosts of the pagan; but Ilia lay helpless in a corner of his hut all the weary, weary, weary year.

"Now, when thirty years were past and gone, Ilia lay outstretched in the sunshine at the door of his hovel one summer evening, and wondered why God had made him so miserable, when everything around him was bright and happy. And as he lay there came towards him three men, dusty and foot-sore, dressed like the beggars who roam from village to village; and the foremost said to him, 'Ilia Ivánovitch, rise up and give us to drink, for we are thirsty!'

"And Ilia answered wondering, 'Brothers, how am I to rise up? neither hand nor foot can I stir!' But the stranger said, again, 'Rise up, I say, and stand upon your feet; for this day God gives you back your strength, and henceforward you shall be no longer Ilia Ivánovitch the Cripple, but Ilia Muzometz, the Champion of Holy Russia.'

"His voice was very low and sweet, but it filled the air like the blast of a hurricane through the forest in autumn; and at the sound of it Ilia started up like one aroused from sleep, and brought up from the cellar a cask such as five oxen could not draw, and gave them to drink.

"Do you feel your strength, Ilia?" asked they. And Ilia answered, 'I feel my strength, and it is as though I could lay one hand upon Kiev, and the other upon Great Novgorod, and turn the whole land of Russia upside down.' But the strangers said, one to another, 'This strength is too great for a mortal man; we must lessen it;' and they gave him to drink also. Then they asked again, 'Feel you your strength, Ilia?' And Ilia answered, 'I feel my strength, and it is but half what it was before.' "Enough!" said the strangers, and turned to go away.

"But Ilia begged them to tell him at least who they were, that he might give thanks for them to God. And lo! the face of him who stood on the right became as that of an old white-haired man, on whose head was a crown of glory; and he said, 'I am he who died for the true faith, and my name is Peter.' And he on the left looked up, and showed a firm, dark face, above which hung a crown of glory like the other; and he said, 'I am he who preached to the heathen, and my name is Paul.'

"And then the third laid his hand softly upon Ilia's head, and said to him, 'The next time you go into the church to pray, look at the great picture above the altar, and you will know what my name is.'

"And suddenly, as He spoke, on His forehead shone a fiery cross, which dazzled Ilia so that he shut his eyes; and when he opened them again the three strangers were gone."

And so the story proceeds through all the great deeds and wild adventures of the Slavonian Hercules, while at every word the hard features of the listeners soften more and more into a glow of genuine enjoyment. To these poor labourers, whose whole life has been one long struggle with hardship and want, it is no light comfort to be told of a Power which, in the form of one poor and unknown as themselves, once walked the earth to help the helpers and give strength to the weak. Rough and uncultured as he is there are noble qualities in the Russian peasant. His native sluggishness and coarse vices are the fruit of the benumbing system under which he has been reared; his frank hospitality and simple childlike piety are all his own. For him and for his there remains yet another emancipation from the tyranny, not of principalities and powers, but of grovelling ignorance, and brutal excess, and debasing superstition; an emancipation as far above the mere material enfranchisement of 1861 as the soul is above the body.

#### WILD FLOWERS.

FAIR apple blossoms and red flowers,  
Anemones and tulips tall,  
Which light with flaming torch the showers  
Of slim green leaves which round them fall,

Are smiling here, and through the rift  
Of vanished years what thoughts arise,  
As on each glowing bud, I lift  
Dazzled and dim my wearied eyes.

The sweet-brier fragrance of your youth,  
A wild, free blossom, tender, pure,  
Yet rich with promise (such in truth,  
Ever, to rancid fruit, mature).

The glory of our Tuscan spring,  
Transparent, warm, with bloom divine,  
From leaf and flower and vine which cling  
From tree to tree with tendrils fine.

The teeming splendour of our plain,  
A sea of verdure lost in blue;  
Our curving hills, the ripening grain,  
With fireflies glittering through and through,

Our old tower\* whence the owls would call  
Oft and again their one sweet note;  
The wealth of roses on our wall,  
By summer, spring, and autumn brought,

\* Hawthorne lived for three months at the Tower of Montanto, Bellosguardo, and there began Transformation.

All in this pictured panel lives,  
And like a charm unseals my eyes;  
A spell divine a fairy weaves,  
To clothe the earth with rainbow dyes.

The moonlight and the sunlight clear,  
The hope, the joy which nature wore,  
Life, youth, and passion, all are here,  
And Italy is mine once more.

### AMONG THE TIPSTERS.

I NEVER saw a race run in my life, and pretend to not even a rudimentary knowledge of horse-racing, but I confess to a great partiality for easily-earned money. A short time ago a copy of one of the sporting newspapers chancing to fall in my hands, I read in it a series of advertisements (inserted by persons who, for the most part, claimed infallibility in the selection of the winner of the Derby) of so glowing a sort, that I determined to write for their "tips," as the utterances of these prophets are styled in sporting parlance. It is not necessary that I should confess whether or no I acted on the information communicated through these channels. My experience, at all events, cost me the postage stamps which the tipsters asked as the price of their information. I leave it to the reader to judge for himself whether it was worth the money; and I leave him also the alternative of laughing at my simplicity if I went further, or of congratulating me on my caution if I let the postage stamps stand as the sum-total of my unremunerative outlay.

The following advertisement was the first that caught my eye. There was a mysterious El Dorado seeming about the figures with which it commences which was very alluring.

5059L.—GRATIS! GRATIS!! GRATIS!!!

JAMES CARTWRIGHT sent 184 winners last season to his subscribers, winning for them 5059L. Circular now ready (two stamped envelopes) containing my great double event over the Derby and Oaks at 400L. to 1L.—Address, James Cartwright, 19, Gloucester-road, Peckham, London, S.E.

I received the following reply to my application for information respecting the "great double event:"

"If you look at my advertisement again you will see my terms are eighteen stamps, for which I send six winners per week for the whole season."

The reader can "look at my advertisement again," and see for himself if there is any mention in it of eighteen stamps.

The promise of long odds, the assertion of genuineness, and "one of the best things

ever known for the Derby," combined, tempted an outlay of half a crown for a reply to the following advertisement:

F. MAXWELL has one of the best things ever known for the Derby, and at long odds. The favourites will all be beaten by his selection.—Send thirty stamps and directed envelope to F. Maxwell, Carshalton, Surrey. N.B.—This being strictly genuine requires no puff.

The reply was at once emphatic and affectionate. "My dear sir," it ran, "you cannot do better than back the Sunbeam Colt and Queen's Messenger, and lay against Prince Charlie and Cremorne, as I am perfectly satisfied they have no chance."

The name of Fordham is familiar to the veriest griff in turf matters; and there was, besides, something so seductive about the "rank outsider" for a place that I had no hesitation in answering the following advertisement:

CHARLES FORDHAM wishes his subscribers to go for a raker on his selected one for the Derby. Those who are not on should send at once (inclosing thirteen stamps and directed envelope), and get on at once. C. F. will also send a rank outsider for a place, whose owner and trainer are sanguine of winning; but he will be found unequal to the task of beating C. F.'s selected one, but will certainly be in the first three.—Address, C. Fordham, Newmarket, Cambs.

The valuable selection I received for my thirteen stamps was as follows: "Back Prince Charlie to win, and Drummond a place for the Derby, to win a good stake, and please put me on a present." This must have proved awkward advice to any confiding sportsman who complied with Mr. Fordham's wishes, and went a "raker."

INVERESK! INVERESK!! SOUCAR!!!—ARTHUR WEBB'S success.—On Saturday picked Inveresk at 33 to 1 and Soucar to win the Chester Cup; Prince Charlie for Two Thousand ever since November last. Subscribers, we are as certain to win both Derby and Oaks. A horse at 10 to 1 for a place in the Derby; York winners included; six stamps.—Address, Mr. A. Webb, 292, Waterloo-road, Lambeth, London.

For such a certainty as this six stamps were a bagatelle, and I sent them, receiving, by return, a printed circular entitled The Racing Guide, in which Mr. Webb states that his information "comes from a private and confidential source, and can always be relied on." Whether, in point of fact, Mr. Webb's information is invariably to be relied on, the reader may judge from the fact that the Derby selections sent by this gentleman were "Queen's Messenger to win. Bertram, one, two, three."

He must be a poor clinker—whatever a "clinker" may be—that is dear at a penny, and I lost no time in responding to the following advertisement:

**AN OUTSIDER WINS THE DERBY.**—A certain dinker now at a tremendous price has just won an extraordinary trial. The trainer considers it good enough to win the Derby in a canter. The advertiser, well known on the turf, has got full particulars from a person connected with the stable. Send stamped address immediately to Mr. Alfred Day, 8, Westmoreland-road, London, S.E.

The reply (lithographed) was as follows: "I do not usually send my advice gratis; but lay the odds to one pound against Prince Charlie for the Derby (he has not the remotest chance of winning), and send and joia my list. I regret to say my outsider broke down badly yesterday, and will not run; I therefore advise you to put a good stake on the undermentioned at once, knowing it to be a certainty—Sunbeam Colt, win and place. Please put me on five shillings."

**GRATIS.**—JOHN BURLEY guarantees to send the winners and place-horses in the Derby and Oaks, with several certainties at York and Doncaster, for four stamps and envelope. Reward me from winnings.—J. Burley, 16, Canal-street, Albany-road, Camberwell, London. Established 1865.

There was an enticing lavishness of promise in this that "fetched" my four stamps readily. The reply, having stated that "the inclosed names of horses are real good things, and ought not to be neglected if you wish to win money, and have a good start for the season," gives Queen's Messenger to win the Derby, and the Sunbeam Colt for a place. It proceeds: "Any person sending ten shillings to put on the double event of Derby and Oaks, we guarantee (by Burley's system) to return a hundred and twenty-five pounds. Mr. Burley wishes it to be understood that he does not put money on in the common every-day system, as other commission men do (whereby you would ruin the Bank of England), but on an entirely new and honourable system originated by him. No other person knows the secret. Burley's betting club system is on the same principle as practised by the leading racing men of the day." It is to be hoped—I will not say for their own, but for Mr. Burley's sake—that but few sent a remittance to be put on the double event named.

One may be shy of professional tipsters, but how was it possible to refrain from an outflow of confidence toward one advertising in a style of such pretension as this?

**A GENTLEMAN** of position in Turf circles will give to private gentlemen the benefit of a bonâ fide Turf secret. 10,000*l.* may be realised. Stamped address to C. H. Rawson, 8, Chatham-place, Old Kent-road, London. Derby winner, 1000*l.* to 30*l.*

Besides, the revelation of the secret pos-

sessed by the "gentleman of position" cost but a penny stamp. I sent the stamp, and got the following reply:

Drummond has only to run up to his trial to win the Derby in the commonest of canters, he having been tried many lengths better than Prince Charlie's public form: this alone should be sufficient for you to back him to win a fortune, but in addition the horse is improving daily, and belongs to the most straightforward sportsman on the Turf, and will be ridden by the most accomplished jockey of the day, G. Fordham; therefore this golden opportunity should not go by without benefiting you to the tune of a thousand. Being desirous of extending my connexion amongst sporting gentlemen residing in the country, if, after the Derby, you can introduce a few of your select friends, I shall feel greatly obliged. Terms of subscription, whole season, two guineas, including postage and telegrams.

I have not as yet seen my way to introduce any of my "select friends" to the "gentleman of position."

The next advertisement which attracted my notice was a long and florid one of the Premier Racing Circular, proprietors, Messrs. James Rawlings and Co., 65, York-place, Edinburgh." Concerning the Derby this advertisement contained the following glowing paragraph:

Over this race now-a-days it has become usual for every Briton to sport his "fiver" or "pony," and those who would land a heavy sum by so doing must stand our selection and nothing else for this event, as he will as surely cut down his field over Epsom Downs, and land the Blue Ribbon of 1872 in a common canter, as we are now penning these lines. Conscious that the probability—nay possibility—of defeat does not exist, we can consequently recommend our selection as an infallible investment alike to large and small speculators, in the full confidence that he will triumphantly carry us through in selecting our tenth Derby winner in succession. Not an hour should be lost in sending to us for these selections, as the remainder of the stable commission may go into the market at any moment, after which it will be well-nigh impossible to get on at any price, though at the present moment a good price is obtainable.

The charge for this Midas-like circular was but six stamps, in return for which I received quite a batch of documents. I quote from the Circular as follows: "Were we to write pages we could only sum up as now in four words: He, Prince Charlie, cannot be beaten; and we would use every power of persuasion we possess to induce every reader of these lines to back him to win them as large a sum as they can possibly afford, satisfied as we are that such an absolute moral certainty was never previously known in the history of the Turf. . . . The Derby is the greatest certainty for Prince Charlie ever known in the history of the Turf. . . . No one must neglect to stand this moral, as such a 'dead certainty' does not often occur." To prevent any such neglect on my part, an elaborate voucher—so much resembling a cheque that my mouth watered—was in-



closed, stating that my correspondents had taken for me the bet of "one hundred pounds to twenty pounds Prince Charlie to win the Derby." Although this was an unsolicited favour, I venture to trust that it has not inconvenienced my zealous and emphatic correspondents.

#### TO NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN BACKERS WHO INVEST LARGELY.

Messrs. H. WILSON and DEXON, commission agents of Hull and Edinburgh, will bona fide send the winner of the Great Northern Handicap or the Epsom Derby to any gentleman who will let them stand in to win 20*l*. On receipt of a letter addressed to H. Wilson, Turf Herald Office, Hall, a telegraphic message will be sent off at once gratis.

This hardly applied to me; but in another advertisement from the same people in the same paper I found the following:

#### THE EPSOM DERBY.

An outsider at 40 to 1 will get a place (10 to 1 for a place). This is the very best thing we ever knew. Heard of it at Chester, and if our other selected makes the least mistake, this outsider will not only get a place but win right out.

And this with a batch of other winners was to be had for three shillings. I sent the money, received in return a printed circular, which the following passage alone concerned me:

After duly weighing up, we must come to the conclusion that Prince Charlie is not in a false position, for he has done all that has been asked of him, but then his price is not remunerative enough, therefore we have studied and searched the stables through for other animals who will pay better than backing the favourite, and we strongly recommend that Laburnum, Wenlock, and Bertsm be backed for wins and places, knowing that a most clever school are going for the lot.

By another post came a piece of red tissue paper, on which it was that "each subscriber stands in to win ten shillings to nothing on Laburnum," which sum, in case of that horse winning, would be remitted. Beneath was the following: "Tip—Laburnum or Prince Charlie to win. Young Sydmonton for place. The Oaks—Delriet" (sic.)

#### WHAT WILL WIN THE DERBY? TRY FAIRPLAY'S LONG SHOTS.

My Derby outsider at 50 to 1. Sure to be placed. Inclose two stamped directed envelopes, J. FAIRPLAY, Ipswich.

Digby Grand, Enfield, and Marsora proved what I advised.

What Fairplay's outsider has done, I for one shall never know. The following is the reply I received: "My Derby outsider will prove another Hermit; I will put anything on for you, but I will not spoil the market till the owner's commission is done." I do not habitually see my way to investing on pigs in pokes, and therefore did not accept Mr. Fairplay's offer.

Notwithstanding that I did not recognise the association between Kingsclere and Soho, I sent the requisite remittance in reply to the following advertisement:

THE KINGSCLERE TURF GUIDE contains winner of the Derby and two for places. Send twelve stamps and directed envelope to Mr. TOM WALSH, Post-office, Greek-street, Soho, London.

And duly received a little fly-leaf like a tract, which enunciated in large type the statement that "Druid or Bethnal Green will win."

The North of England Turf Guide, sole proprietors, Messrs. Grey and Wilkinson, 67, Waterloo-street, Glasgow, claimed to "contain some of the finest and most genuine information ever placed before the public. Of Messrs. Grey and Wilkinson's Derby selection, the advertisement spoke as—

One of the most genuine investments they ever knew, and it is as sure to win as this is in print, for besides being a public performer of the first class, it has been tried so highly and so satisfactorily that nothing can possibly beat it. There is no secret made by the stable, everything is as open as the day, and the heaps of money that have, and are still, being put down on their champion, shows how highly they estimate his chance of success.

The circular, which cost six stamps, gave the following information: "Not only do we feel confident of success, but look on loss as utterly impossible. Prince Charlie is sure to win the Derby; nothing can possibly beat him, and he will canter in the easiest winner ever known. We have often been confident, and with good cause too, but this is the greatest certainty ever we did know."

Probably the reader has by this time had enough of the tipsters. The "greatest certainty" ever I knew is that I have parted with about a pound's worth of stamps to very little purpose.

#### TWO VERY OLD SONGS.

It is the fate of many old songs to be remembered, sung, and thoroughly relished long after the names of the writers of the words, or composers of the music, or both, have been forgotten. Sometimes this obscurity results from the words or music having been frequently altered in detail, without leaving distinct trace of the original form. Sometimes the writers were men who achieved nothing else worthy of record, and never had the luck to be talked about. In other instances the song did not become popular till after the writer's death, when

the means of verification were lost. While in not a few cases uncertainty has resulted from the proneness of music publishers to issue their sheets undated, leaving it doubtful which of two old editions preceded the other in order of time.

There is a famous old school-song which is in this predicament, so far at least as the words are concerned; while the music itself cannot with certainty be assigned to one or the other of two composers who happened to possess the same name. Dulce Domum is the song here referred to. Every Winchester boy or Wykehamist—that is, every boy that has been educated at the famous old Winchester School—knows this song; and if he does not, when as an old boy he has become a bishop, judge, statesman, or general, still sing the song, he nevertheless delights to hear the annual singing of it in the old room, if opportunity leads his steps in that direction. William of Wykeham was the founder of the school; and the Wykehamists are wont to celebrate their patron by singing and dining and other pleasant observances.

What is known of this song of Dulce Domum? According to tradition, a Winchester schoolboy was once, for some misconduct, kept in when all the other boys had departed for their summer holidays. He was confined to his room, according to one story; chained to a tree in the school-ground, according to another; but at any rate he pined and pined with melancholy, thinking of home and its enjoyments, and comparing his own loneliness with the buoyant freedom of his companions. He wrote a song to relieve his sadness, and cut the words "Dulce Domum" on the bark of the tree. Drooping and declining with very hopelessness, he died before the next school-time began. Now this is a touching story, that goes to the heart of every one; nevertheless there is one weak point about it. There is not a word of sadness in the old song. It speaks of the joyous delights of a holiday, a change from the school to the home; but it says nothing of the miseries endured by a boy who has unexpectedly been shut out from participation in the pleasure. As the song is in Latin, we will not reprint all the six verses, but will give the first, to show the style:

*Comeinamus, O sodales!  
Eja! quid ailemus!  
Nobile canticum!  
Dulce melos, domum;  
Dulce domum resonemus!*

with a chorus of:

*Domum, domum, dulce domum;  
Dulce, dulce, dulce domum!  
Dulce domum, resonemus!*

There were two English translations of the song given in the Gentleman's Magazine many years ago. One of them adhered pretty closely to the metre of the original; but the other was rather a paraphrase, or imitation, in the metre called in psalm-books eights and sevens:

*Sing a sweet melodious measure,  
Waft enchanting lays around;  
Home! a theme replete with pleasure,  
Home! a grateful theme resound!  
(Chorus) Home, sweet home, an ample treasure,  
Home! with ev'ry blessing crown'd!  
Home! perpetual source of pleasure!  
Home! a noble strain, resound!*

Another imitation, sung as a breaking-up holiday song for school, begins:

*Let us all, my blithe companions,  
Join in mirthful, mirthful glee!  
Pleasant our subject!  
Sweet, oh sweet our object!  
Home, sweet home, we soon shall see!*

The best translation of the real Dulce Domum is considered to be that by Bishop Wordsworth, who was formerly second master of Winchester School. This we will give in full:

*Come, companions, join your voices,  
Hearts with pleasure bounding,  
Sing we the noble lay,  
Sweet song of holiday,  
Joys of home, sweet home, resounding.  
(Chorus) Home, sweet home, with ev'ry pleasure,  
Home with ev'ry blessing crown'd,  
Home, our best delight and treasure,  
Home, the welcome song resound.*

*See, the wish'd-for day approaches,  
Day with joys attended;  
School's heavy course is run,  
Safely the goal is won,  
Happy goal, where toils are ended.  
Home, sweet home, &c.*

*Quit, my weary Muse, your labours,  
Quit your books and learning;  
Banish all cares away,  
Welcome the holiday,  
Hearts for home and freedom yearning.  
Home, sweet home, &c.*

*Smiles the season, smile the meadows;  
Let us, too, be smiling;  
Now the sweet guest is come,  
Philomel, to her home,  
Homeward, too, our steps beguiling,  
Home, sweet home, &c.*

*Roger, ho! 'tis time for starting,  
Haste with horse and traces,  
Seek we the scene of bliss,  
Where a fond mother's kiss  
Longing waits her boy's embraces.  
Home, sweet home, &c.*

*Sing once more, the gate surrounding,  
Loud the joyous measure;  
Lo! the bright morning star,  
Slow rising from afar,  
Still retards our dawn of pleasure.  
Home, sweet home, &c.*

Such thoughts might have occurred to the Winchester boy before he knew that he was to be kept in; but we must perforce agree with those critics who think that the language does not betoken the broken-hearted sadness of the lad when incarcerated. However, there the words are, and the question still remains unanswered—who wrote them? Doctor Milner, writing his *History of Winchester*, seventy or eighty years ago, says, "The existence of the song of Dulce Domum can only be traced up to the distance of about a century; yet the real author of it, and the occasion of its composition, are already clouded with fable." Doctor Milner, Doctor Hayes, Doctor Busby, Mr. Malcolm, Mr. Brand, Bishop Wordsworth, Mr. Mackenzie Walcott, Mr. Chappell, Doctor Rimbault, all have written on the subject; but none have found the name of the author, or the date of composition, of Dulce Domum.

Concerning the music, there is a pretty general agreement that it was composed by John Reading, the organist; but some place it in the time of Charles the First, others in that of Charles the Second. Doctor Rimbault has pointed out that there were three musical men of this name in the seventeenth century, all organists; and that the real John Reading was probably he who was organist at Winchester during the later years of Charles the Second's reign. Mr. Chappell gives the tune in his excellent work on the *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. It is a plain, simple melody, in common time, with eight bars for the song, and eight more for solo and chorus; being easy to learn and easy to sing, it clings to the memory of those who have any local ties of attachment to it.

The song, be it written by whom it may, is sung annually at Winchester School. Doctor Busby, in his *Concert Room and Orchestra Anecdotes*, after narrating the tradition of the Winchester boy, adds, "In memory of the melancholy incident, the scholars of Winchester School or College, attended by the master, chaplains, organist, and choristers, have an annual procession, and walk three times round the pillar or tree to which their unhappy fellow-collegian was chained, chanting as they proceed the Latin Dulce Domum." The Reverend Henry Sissmore, who died about twenty years ago, at the advanced age of ninety-five, and was wont to speak of his experience as a Winchester boy in the early part of George the Third's reign, remembered the boys singing Dulce Domum

under the tree. On one occasion, finding a sort of shed built up there, they pulled it down before they began to sing; the head master, Doctor Warren, who sat on a pony hard by, enjoying the fun. The present Domum tree in the ground is not the original, but probably an offshoot from it. Mr. Mackenzie Walcott, writing in 1852, said, "At the present time, the Domum is sung on the last six Saturdays of the 'long half,' just before 'evening hills;' and daily before and after dinner, the beautiful Wykehamist graces are chanted by the choir singers." He gave an engraving of the hall, with the assembled boys singing the Domum. Mr. Chappell, some years later, stated, "Dulce Domum is still sung at Winchester on the eve of the break-up day. The collegians sing it first in the schoolroom, and have a band to play it; afterwards they repeat it at intervals throughout the evening, before the assembled visitors, in the college mead or playground."

Mr. Mackenzie Walcott, in his pleasant volume concerning William of Wykeham and his colleges, tells how affectionately the old Winchester boys regard the annual celebration: "Still in July the annual festival comes round, which commemorates the old tradition of the Domum song, and has been made the season for gathering together the family of Wykeham, drawing close again the bands of love which bind together kindred hearts. . . . Reassembling around this, their father's hearth, the rallying place of their common affections, the young and the old, all children and brothers, growing young again and unselfish, forgetting every difference of age and fortune, among the dear remembrances of boyhood. Beautiful, indeed, is it, when the school walls are gay with garlanded flowers and festooned flags, and the floors are hid with the crowds of those who come to keep the high day of Winton; when the bands burst forth in joyous melody, and the choristers and grace-singers lift up their voices, *Concinamus, O Sodales*—then the chorus and burden Domum Domum thrills through the very heart, quickens and blends all in one warm, genial, genuine flow of joy and kindliness. . . . Dulce Domum, the green home of memory in the sterile waste of years—Domum, domum, dulce Domum."

Another old song, concerning which there has been a controversy, is associated so exclusively with festive doings that we do not hear it or of it at any other time.

When a grand banquet is held, and the choice viands have gone the way of all viands, and the chairman of the evening is doing his very best (or worst) to prepare some neat speeches for health-proposing, then does this song make itself heard. *Non Nobis Domine* is, indeed, not quite a song; it is a grace after meat, something between a hymn and a prayer of thanksgiving; but very few of the guests think of it in that light. There is no controversy about the words; they are simple, and traceable to a well-known source. "*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da Gloriam,*" is the Latin of "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give the praise." The composer, whoever he may have been, simply took these words, and composed music to them. The tune is of the kind called a canon, in which three voices take up the subject alternately. The first goes through the words once, arranged in six bars of common time; then he goes through them again, with a different order of notes; while the second singer takes up the first part, both singing together. Then the third singer, taking his share, begins with the first line of music, and so proceeds to the end, while the other two are singing the second and third lines respectively. The three lines of music harmonise, and blend pleasantly to the ear; they are almost alike, differing chiefly in pitch or register. All the three singers, too, sing the same words, though they are not pronouncing the same syllables at the same time. This is not a very scientific way of describing the affair; but perhaps it will suffice to give a general notion of the style of composition. Some composers have a great liking for the canon, and for another and somewhat similar composition called a round. In both the voices imitate one another, observing particular rules in the imitation. A madrigal and a glee are constructed on other principles. All four kinds may be arranged for three or more voices, according to the taste and skill of the composer.

It is not, we have said, about the words of this Latin grace, but about the music, that there has been a controversy. Italy has combated with England in the matter, and the best opinion seems to be that England has won. Sir John Hawkins, in his learned *History of Music*, stated that the composition is deposited in the Vatican Library, where it is assigned to the great composer Palestrina, who composed a large quantity of ecclesiastical music three cen-

turies ago. Sir John saw a concerted piece for eight voices, by Carlo Ricciotti, which was published about a century ago; with a note stating that the subject or melody of the piece was taken from, or founded on, a canon by Palestrina; this canon he found to be *Non Nobis Domine*. Hawkins, however, proceeded to express an opinion that the canon was composed by William Bird, Byrd, or Byrde; and in this opinion he was supported by Doctor Burney and Doctor Pepusch, both, like himself, learned historians of music. In 1652, Hilton published a collection of catches, rounds, and canons, in which *Non Nobis Domine* appeared, with Bird named as the composer; but no earlier printed copy seems to be now known. If there really be a cherished copy in the Vatican Library, it is most likely in manuscript. William Bird was one of the singing boys at Edward the Sixth's Chapel, and afterwards a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and organist of Lincoln Cathedral. Palestrina and Bird were both composing at the same time, and both composed voluminously. Anthems, services, responses, psalms, songs, fantasias, fugues, concertos, canons, proceeded in great numbers from Bird's pen.

There is some reason to believe, although the evidence is not conclusive, that *Non Nobis Domine* was composed for the Merchant Taylors' Company, to be sung at a grand banquet. The records of the company tell us that a sumptuous entertainment was given on the 16th of July, 1607, at which King James the First and his son, Henry, were present. Mr. William Byrde is named among the persons who assisted in the musical part of the entertainment. In Stow's *Annals* some of the proceedings of the day are described: "The king, during this and the election of the new maister and wardens, stode in a newe window made for that purpose; and with a gracious kingly aspect behelde all their ceremonies; and being descended into the hall to depart, his majestie and the prince were then again presented with like musique of voyces and instruments, and speeches, as at the first entrance. The musique consisted of twelve lutes, equally divided, six and six in a window on either side of the hall, and in the ayre between them was a gallant shippe triumphant, wherein were three rare men like saylors, being eminent for voyce and skill, who in their several songs were assisted and seconded by the cunning lutenists. There was also in the hall the musique of the City, and in the

upper chamber the children of his majesty's chappell sang a grace at the king's table." It is not known that there was any other musical grace in existence at that time besides *Non Nobis Domine*; and as William Bird, or Byrde, was present, and as he is credited with being the composer of the tune, there is certainly a temptation to believe that this celebrated canon must have been the one selected on that festive occasion, perchance composed expressly for the purpose. As it is a pleasant theory, we will not press hardly upon it on the score of logical proof.

### ON THE EDGE OF THE MOOR.

A soft low-lying purple haze floats over the moor. It has been intensely hot all day, and the evening breeze has not sprung up yet. By-and-bye, when the sun (now making a sea of heather on fire in the west) has quite set, Mrs. Kane will venture a little further from the farm-yard gate to watch for the one who is coming.

Once or twice already her poor anxious old face has brightened up under the impression that she sees something moving at the vanishing point of the rugged cart-road that is the channel of communication between this farm-house on the edge of Dartmoor and civilisation. But the impression has been a false one, born of a hope that is not to be realised just yet. Indeed, reason tells her that it is idle to expect her traveller one hour before that traveller can possibly arrive.

Mrs. Kane listens to reason at last. She goes back through the farm-yard, "not so well stocked as it was when she was home last, poor maid," she thinks, with a pang of unselfish sorrow, into the cool moist red dairy. The butter has been made to-day. Butter that to-morrow will command the readiest sale in the Barnstaple market. It looks rich and firm, as her butter has always been reputed to look. But there is less of it than of old, and the weary shake of the good grey head, that has never shaken repressingly when she alone has been concerned, is at the quantity, not at the quality.

But she takes one of the plumpest pats, and fills a bowl with the richest cream from one of the flat pans, and goes away out of the dairy and into the kitchen, where a table is already well covered with country dainties. There is a chicken-pie, a shape of damson-jam, and a glass dish with a cover containing a great luscious piece of

honeycomb. There are fresh eggs, and tempting loaves of brown and white home-made bread. And as she adds the butter and cream to the display the mother hopes that "Alice will be happy, and enjoy it all."

"This'll be the air to give her an appetite," she adds, with a pleased sense of part proprietorship in the air. "The best air in the world, her poor father used to say, and he should ha' known, for he was born in it, and his father and grandfather before him, for the matter of that."

She sits down in the high handsome chair that stands on one side of the fireplace, wherein a feathery bunch of asparagus foliage is waving, or rather would be waving if there were the faintest breath of breeze to stir it. Sits down and folds her hands over the dead black Coburg dress, and smooths out the wide weepers that mark her a widow, and strives to make her loving, anxious heart beat calmly and patiently.

She looks a very gentlewoman as she sits there, her still bright dark eyes bent on the door, her soft grey hair put back plainly under the dead white border of the widow's cap. A very gentlewoman, indeed; not a lady; Mrs. Kane never wishes, never has wished to be thought to be "above her class." But a woman so full of natural gentleness and intelligence that she can never wound the feelings or the taste of any genuinely refined person.

Up to within the last three months Mrs. Kane has been one of the most capable farm-house wives in that bold, active, independent district, where the soil is made productive by incessant toil. But she has had a seizure. The brave heart that never quailed under any reverses while her husband lived, kept her up to the mark of the labour that was needful when he died. But the brain was overtaken by its sense of responsibility, and when she recovered partially from the blow that prostrated body and will for a time, her powers, her vigour, had fled, and only her indomitable perseverance remained to be the ruling spirit of the farm.

It is a freehold property this, on which the picturesque, quaint, thatched, many-gabled farm-house stands. And it has been in the Kane family for generations. If she could only go on, as she had gone on for five years after her husband's death, she might look forward to gratifying the wish that is nearest to her heart, namely, that she may be able to leave it to

Alice as her father left it. But she has been stricken down, and things have gone unkindly with the cattle and the sheep, and—"well, she has many blessings," she tells herself in a burst of heart-felt gratitude as she thinks of Alice.

There is an opportune stir in the house and about the house at this very moment. Jane—a ubiquitous and highly-gifted young person, who is cook, house and dairy-maid, superintendent of the pigs and poultry, vender of the butter, cream, and eggs, on market-days—comes stumbling in more clumsily, smilingly, amiably than is usual even with her. The yard-dog barks, and performs a war-dance at the extreme end of his chain. The cocks and hens flutter backwards and forwards across the yard in the inconsequent way natural to them when anything of an extraordinary nature occurs in their vicinity, and Mrs. Kane gets up and goes out with a little more flush on her face, a little more flutter about her hands, and looks along the road, and sees Alice.

"There was a pony-chay to fetch her the last time," the mother thinks, half-sorrowfully, as the market-cart lumbers up. But now Alice is out of the cart, embracing her mother, shaking Jane's hand, which is little less rugged than the road, patting the old dog's head, laughing and crying, and declaring herself deafened by the fowls, all in one minute.

"You're better, mother? say you're better," she says presently, when she is seated at the tea-table. There is a wistful look in her eyes, lightly as she speaks, as they take in every change, every sign of loss of power and gain of years in her mother.

"It's done my eyes good to see you," Mrs. Kane says, warmly. And indeed Alice is a sight to do other eyes than her mother's good.

Alice is what it has been allowed her mother is not—quite a lady. Quite a lady in mind and manners and appearance; quite a lady in frank, honest dignity—in the delicacy of her speech, and tone, and dress. A handsome, tall, well-formed girl, with a clear strong head, and a pure strong heart, she fully deserves all the pride her mother feels in her.

Mrs. Kane looks—she can't help looking as they move so lightly about the tea-things—at the smooth white hands that are so daintily kept and cared for. She thinks, regretfully, of how they will get roughened and embrowned in doing the

work that she has done cheerfully and gladly for so many years. But she does not put that sorrow into words yet. She resolutely twinkles away a tear, and consoles herself with the thought that it "won't be long before Robert Ford will come and take all the toil and trouble of the farm off Alice's hands."

Can Alice be thinking of the same thing? Nothing leads up to the question apparently, yet she suddenly asks:

"How are the Fords, mother dear? Is Robert married yet?"

"Married yet! why, no, you don't ask!" Mrs. Kane is so perplexed that she falls into the vulgar tongue employed by Jane during that young person's moments of amazement, which are many.

"But I do ask!" Alice says, rising up and taking the office of putting away upon herself at once. "Poor dear Rob! he's as slow about that as about everything else, I see."

"He hasn't been slow in turning over the tidy bit of money that his father left him," Mrs. Kane begins indignantly; but the indignation vanishes before the laughing bright keen gaze that is turned full upon her from behind the cupboard-door.

"Dear mother! it's so easy to turn it when once one has the tidy bit; but I'm glad to hear he has been so—lucky; and how's Dolly?"

"Dolly came here the other day with a hayrick on the back of her head, and a great wire frame over her poor hips, that she called a dress-improver." Mrs. Kane pauses when she utters this awful word, and looks as if she expected Alice to make a remark. Accordingly, Alice makes one, though she scarcely feels justified in doing so, not having given due consideration to the iniquity.

"Well!" she says.

"Well! is that all you can find to say; well, I told Miss Dolly what I thought of such folly, and what I knew you would think of such folly in a miller's daughter aping the silliness of her betters; you don't wear such things, Alice." And Mrs. Kane, as she speaks, looks at Alice's handsome head, round the back of which the hair is rolled in a thick coil, and at her straight lissom figure, about which the folds of a clear neutral-tinted muslin dress fall very softly and gracefully.

"No-o; I don't wear them, myself," Alice says, coming back with a spring, and leaning over the mother with such a joyful uncalled-for confusion in her manner, that

Mrs. Kane thinks Alice is determined to think nothing but good of Rob's pretty, silly, fair-haired sister. "I don't wear them myself, because—because I've been taught better."

"Then the ladies don't wear them in Exeter, Alice?"

Alice Kane nods her head and smiles again, and puzzles her mother by saying, "Yes, they do."

"Then Mrs. Lovell—a true lady—didn't like them?"

"Mrs. Lovell! dear mother, Mrs. Lovell wears them herself."

"And she has the charge of young girls. Well! well! and she spoils the form Heaven gave her. I never thought it of her, Alice."

There is very little more said about Mrs. Lovell or the atrocities of fashion this night, this first happy night of Alice's return home to lift the burden from her dear old mother's shoulders. Alice, the future manager, has to be made acquainted with a variety of domestic details that are new to her, farmer's daughter as she is. For Alice has been away from the house on the edge of the moor for ten years, and she is only twenty-two now. For six years she was a pupil at a good school in Exeter, and for the last five years she has been a governess in another and equally good establishment, in the same city; but she takes to the idea of all the duties that are to devolve upon her with delightful spirit, with refreshing eagerness.

"I always made the butter myself until that trouble came upon me, three months ago," Mrs. Kane says. "Jane is willing, but there's less than there ought to be now."

"And I'll always make the butter now, mother; at least, when I've learnt to make it."

"And old Baxter doesn't do with the land what your poor father did, or what I've done."

"I'll make Rob teach me what is to be done, and how it is to be done."

"Ah!" Mrs. Kane says, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, "if you have Robert's help, dear, all will be well."

"And, of course, I shall have his help," Alice answers, her head going up in slight surprise; "he'd fly to help you, or me, or Jane—or anybody else for the matter of that; it's Rob's one fault, to be stupidly good-natured."

The old homestead beautifies itself soon under Alice's auspices. The girl has saved

money from her earnings, and with it she buys another cow and new farm implements, and hires the services of an able, honest man, who owes allegiance to Robert Ford, and, therefore, does not attempt to defraud the young lady, after whose interest all men know Robert Ford will look sharply. Mrs. Kane's heart grows lighter day by day as she witnesses, and Jane testifies to, the general improvement. Nothing beautifies a house more than the heart of the head of it being light.

They are twelve miles from Barnstaple. They are six miles from their nearest neighbour, but Alice never seems dull. It had been a woeful grief to the mother when first she had been compelled to send for Alice, to think of the solitude into which her child would be plunged in this remote home of hers. But it is a grief to her no longer. Alice Kane is as free from care as the sky above or the breeze that blows over the moor on this sunny cloudless day.

Light of heart, light of foot, full of rich young health, full, too (but this her mother does not know), of a full, rich young hope, the young girl goes briskly through the round of her duties, and is never tired by them.

A deliciously invigorating healthy life it is out here on the edge of the moor. She daily gains a sense of greater freedom, a feeling of greater power, a firmer belief in her own ability to go on doing her best, and doing it successfully.

Robert Ford, who has been the slave of his love for her, and of his belief that eventually he shall have the courage to tell her of it in so many words, from the day she was eight years old, comes to see "how they're getting on" frequently. He is the nearest neighbour; but six miles is a very short distance when no one lives nearer to you.

He comes in early one day, just as Jane is about to start for the market. Alice is full of justifiable pride. She is sending more pounds of butter, more eggs, more poultry away for sale than have been sent for five years from that farm.

He is a well-built, broad-shouldered young man, with yellow hair, like his sister Dorothy's. He does not wear his hair in a haystack, but has it closely cropped all over his head. It is curly and rebellious, though. And so, whenever he comes to see his idol, he puts on it "oil enough to mix a salad with," as the idol thinks a little disdainfully.

His blue eyes are very wide open—the

very homes of candour and simplicity—simplicity untainted by any shade of folly or weakness, be it understood. Unluckily for himself they always open wider, and let out all their secrets, when they rest on Alice.

But she has not cared to find out the secrets yet. To her, Robert is a sort of human Newfoundland—a faithful, honest, strong fellow, who would be pleased to pull her, or anybody else, out, if she, or anybody else, got into the waters of difficulty. Her heart was too full of an idol she had erected at Exeter for her to respond to the heart whose idolatry he was lavishing on her. Respond to it, indeed! Purlblind Alice did not yet realise that it was lavished upon her.

He has not arrayed himself in all his bravery, believing, as the Laird o' Cockpen did, that no woman could resist that, even if she could him. He has simply put on his thoroughly good, and excessively ill-made, light-grey clothes, because it is a way of showing homage to this lady whom he loves. He would do anything for her. And her mother knows it, and loves him for his devotion to her Alice, and, practically, asks him to dinner.

"Do stay, Rob," Alice says carelessly; "Jane is gone to market, and you'll see me making a pie and peeling the potatoes; it won't be amusing to you, but it will be better than riding home under the mid-day sun."

He takes up a knife in his excess of happiness and is ready to peel a pie or make a potatoe, or do anything else that is vague and impossible. Alice, in her wonderful dress, that is not a bit like Dolly's, and that still does not look old-fashioned, steps about lightly, does her work, and forgets him.

Presently—he is standing close by the end of her table—he speaks:

"Alice!"

"Oh, Rob! I thought—I thought you had gone out with mother," she says, looking round, and missing the old lady. "I'm glad you didn't," she adds, politely, "I like to have some one to talk to while I'm making a pie!"

He sees that the girl is less collected, less careless, less absolutely in possession of herself than she ordinarily is. Nevertheless, being a man in love, he is unwary enough to proceed:

"Alice!" his face grows red through the sun-brown on it, and his blue eyes become hopelessly confiding, "Alice! you know why I come here, don't you?"

She stops and looks at him with a kindly air of interest. She has such sweet thoughts of her own, that it is by an effort only that she can compel herself to try to take in the meaning of what he is saying. Resting the rolling-pin on one end, and balancing her hand on the other, she looks at him thoughtfully, and fears, pitifully, that he is in some trouble about Dolly.

As she looks at him, in her perfect unconsciousness, the red dies out of his face and the light goes out of his hope.

"I see you don't," he says energetically. "You've taken my love and never seen it even."

She is very sorry, little as she says: for it is such a surprise to her that she can't say much. He feels that she is very sorry, but that does not take the sting out of his pain. Like a man, he wants to get himself away directly; and, like a woman, she, in her cruel kindness, can't bear that he should ride away in that sun.

"We were children together," she reminds him; "if you were to get a stroke I should never forgive myself."

"I've had my stroke already, this morning," he says, with a ghastly effort to be sprightly.

"Nonsense—nonsense—if we had only been like cousins it would have been different; but we've been like brother and sister. You'll go away and see some stranger, and adore—"

"As you have done," he interrupts her gently; but it is her turn to be red in the face and awkward in manner now.

After awhile they go out together to look for Mrs. Kane. They meet her coming from the hen-house with her apron full of eggs. Seeing them together, she is quite ready to drop the eggs and bless them, but something in the expression of Robert's face deters her.

For the first time in her life she is angry with Alice. Robert is a rich man, as riches go in this class in this part of the world; and a good man, as goodness goes in any part of it. She is not the type of mother who thinks that her daughter ought to think herself very well off to get a husband at all; but she does think that the like of Robert Ford will not come by again in a hurry.

It is rather a dull dinner of which these three partake presently. Robert Ford is not angry with Alice, but he is angry with himself for having clouded Alice's brow and Alice's heart, even for an hour. When she speaks to him, as she does constantly



and kindly, something in his throat makes his eyes water sympathetically, and then he hates himself for his weakness; for Alice, at the sight of it, evidently has an extra twinge of pain.

When he is going to ride away, in the cool of the evening—he had planned for this whole holiday for more than a fortnight—Alice stands by, patting his roan horse's neck, and bidding him gentle good-bye. She is dreadfully inclined to apologise to him, but the saving remembrance that the mistake was caused by no fault of hers steps in, and she compromises matters, between her tenderness and sense of justice, by saying:

"Rob, you'll soon come again, won't you?"

"Why? You don't want me, Alice?"

"Mother will miss you so much," she pleads; "and it won't seem like home without you and Dolly coming in and out."

"And, by-and bye, I shall find some one else here; that will be it, you know, Alice," he adds, as her face grows sunny with a happiness she would hide if she could; "and when that happens——"

"How can we tell what may happen?" she interrupts sententiously.

"I shall have all the pain to go over again, but I'll come. God bless you, Alice." He gives her hand the truest clasp it will ever have from a man. And as he rides away she looks after him, and thinks how true he is, and how good; and what a pity it is he doesn't go about more and see other girls.

"So that's settled, Alice," her mother says, as Alice goes back slowly into the room.

Alice goes up and stands close to her mother, but behind her.

"I wish you could have cared for the lad," Mrs. Kane says softly. And then Alice puts her head down on her mother's shoulders, and says:

"Mother, I must tell you now. I care too much for another lad to marry poor Rob."

Mrs. Kane is all eagerness for information; Alice the soul of candour in imparting it. But, after all, there is little to tell.

It is only another edition of the old, old story. The outspoken lover has a rival in an unspoken one. Alice has given her heart away, after the improvident habit of young women, before it has been asked for, in so many words.

The girl does not go into ecstasies in describing him, but in spite of this reticence

the mother sees that this Mr. Guy Wyse is the hero of Alice's heart.

"He is an artist——"

"Then it's he who taught you better about dress," Mrs. Kane guesses shrewdly.

"Yes, about dress, and everything."

Then all the story of how they met comes out. Mr. Wyse was making a brief stay in Exeter, where, at an evening party, he met Mrs. Lovell; Alice, and some of the pupils. He was struck with Alice's beauty at once. He made acquaintance with Mrs. Lovell, he called, he ingratiated himself with everybody, he gave some of the girls drawing-lessons—he made studies of Alice, he showed her mutely how he loved her, and things were at this stage when Alice was recalled home.

She tells her mother all this; and then there is a long pause; at last Mrs. Kane says: "He has had time to come after you, Alice."

Then Alice grows scarlet, crimson, white, in rapid succession, and confesses:

"When we said good-bye he told me he should come to see me in two months, and asked would I promise him a welcome. I promised him one; the two months are not over yet, mother."

"And that's all?"

"That's all; but it's enough; he will come, mother."

"I wish it had been Rob that you had known the best and worst of," Mrs. Kane sighs; but Alice laughs and says:

"We shall soon know the best and worst of Guy, mother; he'll soon come."

Her words seem to be prophetic. The day after a letter reaches her from Guy Wyse. A buoyant letter, full of pleasure at the thought of seeing her so soon. He is going to stay at Westward Ho! whence he imagines he can easily run over, as he believes the farm is somewhere near Barnstaple. Will she mind writing to him, and giving him the route? He addresses her as his "dearest friend," and signs himself, "hers ever and always," and she believes him.

From the moment she answers his letter Alice grows a little better. She bounds through the round of her duties more rapidly than ever, it seems, and then gets out on the free, fragrant moor, that is still covered with heath. Some of the purple flowers have turned brown and yellow, but still, faded as they are, they make glorious patches of colour. He does not know the moor yet. How he will love its wild beauty.

She longs to see the place to which he is coming. Though she has been born and bred in this place, she has never seen far-famed Westward Ho! Mother has never seen it either. She coaxes and persuades, and they make a pilgrimage thither to see the place to which the "Happy Prince with Joyful Eyes" is coming.

There is nothing unmaidenly about Alice Kane. If she did not know that Guy would not be there for another week she would not go near Westward Ho! As it is, she sighs to see the place where he will be living during the happy days of authorised courtship that are coming—that she feels so sure are coming:

The market-cart is made comfortable with rugs and cushions for Mrs. Kane, and Alice takes the reins, and they spend three hours of a lovely autumn day in driving over the lonely rugged road to Barnstaple. On the way they meet Robert Ford, and it transpires that he has never been to Westward Ho! "And all North Devon men ought to know it, or be ashamed to think of Charles Kingsley!" Alice says with enthusiasm. Then she adds, "Come, Rob," and he comes.

Being next to her he feels that he is steaming through Paradise as they go by train from Barnstaple to Instow. Alice feels that she is in Paradise too—but not because she is next to Rob. Mrs. Kane likes the present aspect of things too well to worry herself about the future. This is the first holiday she has had for years. It will be grand to see the spot about which such a book has been written!

At Instow the two young people find a fairy boat and boatman ready to waft them over the stream to Appledore, where a glorified pony-carriage is procured to take them through Northam to Westward Ho!

This (to her) abrupt transition from the isolation of her dear old home on the moor, to the life and excitement of pony-carriage-driving down the road, and avenues running up from it to lovely mansions before which peacocks and ladies are walking, is bewildering to Mrs. Kane. She likes it, but it makes her sleepy. She closes her eyes, and Alice and Rob are presently as much alone as if the mother were back at the farm-house.

"There's a reason for this, isn't there, Alice? 'tisn't only a holiday," Rob says softly.

Alice turns her face towards him frankly. Slightly shaded as it is by the sailor's hat he sees it in all its radiance.

"There is a reason, Rob; I do want to see Westward Ho!"

"Some one you love has been there?"

"Some one I love is coming," she murmurs, and she is half-proud, and half-ashamed.

Bob is only a miller; his grammar is often defective; his pronunciation is always so; but he is a very knight of purity. The fear that Alice's lover may be there already, never crosses his mind for a moment.

So they go on and on till they meet that other fresh breeze which is so different to the wind that blows over the moorland—the breeze that comes over the sea.

They get down to the hotel presently, and find it full of life, and the savour that greets them reminds them that they are very hungry. So they have dinner; and then Mrs. Kane goes to sleep, and Alice and Rob go out for a walk.

The pebble ridge is a marvel, but a fatiguing one to surmount. They soon have enough of that. They get out on the Northam Burrows, where several detached parties are out playing golf. If you do not happen to have your head cracked by a ball winging its elegant way in utter obliviousness of your existence, this is a delightful game to witness. Alice has never seen it before, and so flings herself into the spirit of it as she watches, and thinks what pretty pictures Guy will make of some of these pretty girls by-and-bye.

They stroll about for an hour. Rob refrains from making love, and Alice is very happy in the thought that the next time she comes here it will probably be with Guy, as his bride perhaps. They will spend a good deal of time in the old home, of course, and when they are away she will leave a pair of parsons to look after the farm and her mother. Then she remembers Rob, and asks a little timidly:

"Have you ever been to London, Rob?"

Robert shakes his head. He never has been. To the best of his belief he never shall go, now.

"Not if I ever live there, Rob?" (You cat without design, playing your hapless mouse so unconsciously). "Surely, if I ever live there, Rob, you'll come to see me."

Rob is about to answer plaintively, but a golf-ball whizzes by, and he is compelled to perform a leap in the air to avoid it. Instead of being plaintive, when he comes down, he is penitential.

"Let us get away from here, Alice; there is some wild playing going on with those two over there."

"Which two?" Alice asks, and Rob indicates a Dolly Varden dress, and a shooting-costume in the distance. That is all Alice can see. So she laughs, and says:

"A bridegroom and his bride, I should say. Blind to everybody else, they may knock one's head off, as you say."

"You were saying," he begins, as they turn to walk back to the hotel, "that if you ever lived in London you'd like to see me. Is it there you're to live, Alice?"

"I don't know—I know nothing, Rob. Can't you understand that I feel sure without knowing?"

Yes; he can understand. He can understand only too well. The understanding stabs him with pain, but he bears it like a man, and answers:

"I suppose he's very different to all we down here?"

Alice thrills to the tone of misery. Keenly alive as she is to the difference between her handsome, refined, smooth-spoken lover, and this rough diamond by her side, she will not point it.

"He is like you in one thing, Rob; he is very true and good," she says in a low voice. Then she adds, with an effort, "You must not take it all for granted yet—it may be a long time yet. Didn't I tell you I felt sure without knowing—he and I are both so young."

The exigencies of golf have brought the Dolly Varden dress and the shooting-costume right into the path they must cross to get back to the hotel. Alice and Rob are sauntering on in chat that is pleasant and confidential to the one, agonising and tantalising to the other. They are a handsome, striking pair; and the little lady in the Dolly Varden dress points them out to her companion with an admiring laugh.

"Look there, dear! Are they like ourselves, I wonder?"

He looks! The handsome pair are near to them now; and Alice is standing still, with a whiteness spreading over her beautiful face.

"By Jove! it is—it is!" The gentleman in the shooting-costume tries his hardest to be easy. "It is Alice Kane. My dear old friend let me introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Guy Wyse." Then, as Alice recovers her breath and her colour, he adds: "I didn't tell you I should bring a

companion with me to Westward Ho! I meant this as a surprise."

"It is a surprise!" Alice says simply, as she shakes hands cordially with the golden-haired bride.

Mr. Guy Wyse has more than a slight idea of how things really are with Alice. He has done his best to make them what they are; and if it had not been for a sudden fancy for this pretty creature by his side—seen for the first time since he parted with Alice—all would have ended as Alice had a right to expect. He is a very slender, refined-looking, handsome young man. He is not naturally heartless, and he would like now to call Alice "a poor little thing, and hope she'd be happy with that stalwart young fellow." But Alice is half an inch taller than himself, and feeling that half inch keenly, he feels that he can't call her a "poor little thing."

Mrs. Kane wakes up presently, and hears that it is time to be going home. She tells Alice that she knows she (Alice) is overtired.

Alice's answer is brief:

"Guy Wyse is here with his wife, mother; don't say anything."

"May I say I'm glad for Robert's sake?"

Alice shakes her head.

"He is so grieved; don't be glad that he has my sorrow as well as his own to think of now; that is the only difference it will make to him, mother."

They go back, in the chill autumn night air, that does not make one of them think of Paradise, to the old home on the edge of the moor.

And there we leave Alice.

---

Now ready, price 6s. 6d., bound in green cloth,

## THE SEVENTH VOLUME

OF THE NEW SERIES OF

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

To be had of all Booksellers.

---

The Back Numbers of the PRESENT SERIES of

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Also Cases for Binding, are always kept on sale.

The whole of the Numbers of the FIRST SERIES of

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,

Are now in print, and may be obtained at the Office,  
26, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C., and of all Booksellers.

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 188. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

#### CHAPTER XII. "WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE."

WHEN Alice first heard the news of Tom Durham's death, she was deeply and seriously grieved. Not that she had seen much of her half-brother at any period of her life, not that there was any special bond of sympathy between them, nor that the shift, thriftless ne'er-do-well possessed any qualities likely to find much favour with a person of Alice's uprightness and rectitude of conduct. But the girl could not forget the old days when Tom, as a big strong lad, just returned from his first rough introduction to the world, would take her, a little delicate mite, and carry her aloft on his shoulders round the garden, and even deprive himself of the huge pipe and the strong tobacco which he took such pride in smoking, because the smell was offensive to her. She could not forget that whenever he returned from his wanderings, short as his stay in England might be, he made a point of coming to see her, always bringing some little present, some quaint bit of foreign art-manufacture, which he knew would please her fancy, and though his purse was generally meagrely stocked, always asking her whether she was in want of money, and offering to share its contents with her. More vividly than all she recalled to mind his softness of manner and gentleness of tone, on the occasion of their last parting; she recollected how he had clasped her to his breast at the station, and how she had seen the tears falling down his cheeks as the train moved away; she remembered his very words, "I am not

going to be sentimental, it isn't in my line, but I think I like you better than anybody else in the world, though I didn't take to you much at first." And again, "So I love you, and I leave you with regret." Poor Tom, poor dear Tom, such was the theme of Alice's daily reflection, invariably ending in her breaking down and comforting herself with a good cry.

But, in addition to the loss of her brother, Alice Claxton had great cause for anxiety and mental disturbance. John had returned from his last business tour weary, dispirited, and obviously very much out of health. The brightness had faded from his blue eyes, the lines round them and his mouth seemed to have doubled, both in number and depth, his stoop was considerably increased, and instead of his frank, hearty bearing, he crept about, when he thought he was unobserved, with dawdling footsteps, and with an air of lassitude pervading his every movement. He strove his best to disguise his real condition from Alice; he struggled hard to talk to her in his old cheerful way, to take interest in the details of her management of the house and garden, to hear little Bell her lessons, and to play about with the child on days when the weather rendered it possible for him to go into the shrubbery. But even during the time when Alice was talking or reading to him, or when he was romping with the child, he would suddenly subside into a kind of half-dazed state, his eyes staring blankly before him, his hands dropped listlessly by his side; he would not reply until he had been spoken to twice or thrice, and would then look up as though he had either not heard or not understood the question addressed to him. If it was painful to Alice to see her husband in that state, it was far more distressing to

observe his struggles to recover his consciousness, and his attempts at being more like his old self. In his endeavours to talk and laugh, to rally his young wife after his usual fashion, and to comprehend and be interested in the playful babble of the child, there was a ghastly galvanised vivacity most painful to behold.

Watching her husband day by day, with the greatest interest and care, studying him so closely that she was enabled to anticipate his various changes of manner, and almost to foretell the next expression of his face, Alice Claxton became convinced that there was something seriously the matter with him, and it was her duty, whether he wished it or not, to call in medical advice. Mr. Broadbent, the village apothecary, had had a great deal of experience, and was invariably spoken of as a clever, kind-hearted man. When the Claxtons first established themselves at Rose Cottage, the old-fashioned residents in the neighbourhood duly called and left their cards; but after John had consulted with Alice, telling her that he left her to do entirely as she thought fit in the matter, but that for his own part he had no desire to commence a new series of acquaintance, it was agreed between them that it would be sufficient to deliver cards in return, and all further attempts at social intercourse were politely put aside and ignored. In such a village as Hendon was a few years ago, it was, however, impossible without actual rudeness to avoid the acquaintance of the vicar and the doctor, and, consequently, the Reverend Mr. Tomlinson and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Broadbent, were on visiting terms at Rose Cottage.

Visiting terms, so far as the Tomlinsons were concerned, meant an interchange of dinners twice in the year; but Mr. Broadbent was seen, by Mrs. Claxton at least, far more frequently. The story of little Bell's adoption had got wind throughout the neighbourhood, and the spinsters and the gushing young ladies, who thought it "so romantic," unable to effect an entrance for themselves into the enchanted bower, anxiously sought information from Mr. Broadbent, who was, as they knew, a privileged person. The apothecary was by no means backward in purveying gossip for the edification of his fair hearers, and his eulogies of Mrs. Claxton's good looks, and his detailed descriptions of little Bell's infantile maladies, were received with much delight at nearly all the tea-tables in the neighbourhood. Whether John Claxton had heard

of this, whether he had taken any personal dislike to Mr. Broadbent, or whether it was merely owing to his natural shyness and reserve, that he absented himself from the room on nearly every occasion of the doctor's visits, Alice could not tell; but such was the case. When they did meet they talked politely, and seemed on the best of terms, but John seemed to take care that their meetings should be as few as possible.

What was to be done? John had now been home three days, and was visibly worse than on his arrival. Alice had spoken to him once or twice, seriously imploring him to tell her what was the matter with him, but had been received the first time with a half-laugh, the second time with a grave frown. He was quite well, he said, quite well, so far as his bodily health was concerned; a little worried, he allowed, business worries, which a woman could not understand, matters connected with the firm which gave him a certain amount of anxiety—nothing more. Alice thought that this was not the whole truth, and that John, in his love for her, and desire to spare her any grief, had made light of what was really serious suffering. The more she thought over it the more anxious and alarmed she became, and at length, when on the fourth morning after John's return, she had peeped into the little library and seen her husband sitting there at the window, not heeding the glorious prospect before him, not heeding the book which lay upon his lap, but lying backwards in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, his eyes closed, his complexion a dull sodden red, she determined on at once sending for Mr. Broadbent, without saying a word to John about it. An excuse could easily be found; little Bell had a cold, and was slightly feverish, and the doctor had been sent for to prescribe for her; and though he could see Mr. Claxton and have a talk with him, Alice would take care that John could not suspect that he was the object of Mr. Broadbent's visit.

Mr. Broadbent came, pleasant and chatty at first, imagining he had been sent for to see the little girl in one of the ordinary illnesses of childhood; graver and much less voluble as, on their way up to the nursery, Mrs. Claxton confided to him her real object in requesting his presence. Little Bell duly visited, the conspiring pair came down stairs again, and Alice going first, opened the door and discovered Mr. Claxton in the attitude in which she had last

seen him, fast asleep and breathing heavily. He roused at the noise on their entrance, rubbed his eyes, and lifted himself wearily to his feet, covered with confusion, as soon as he made out that Alice had a companion.

"Well, John," cried Alice with a well-feigned liveliness, "you were asleep, I declare! See, here is Mr. Broadbent come to shake hands with you; he was good enough to come round and look at little Bell, who has a bad cold, poor child, and a little flushing in the skin, which frightened me; but Mr. Broadbent says it's nothing."

"Nothing at all, Mr. Claxton, take my word for it," said the doctor, who had by this time advanced into the room, and by a little skilful manœuvring had got his back to the window, while he had turned John Olaxton, whose hand he held, with his face to the light, "nothing at all, the merest nothing; but ladies, as you know, are even frightened at that, particularly where little ones are concerned. Well, Mr. Claxton," continued the doctor, who was a big, jolly man, with a red face and a pair of black, bushy whiskers, and a deep voice, "and how do you find yourself, sir?"

"I am quite well, thank you, doctor," said John Olaxton, plucking up and striving to do his best. "I may say quite well."

"Lucky man not to find all your travelling knock you about," said the doctor. "I have known several men—commercial—who say they cannot stand the railway half so well as they used to do the old coaches—shakes them, jars them altogether. By the way, there is renewed talk about our having a railway here. Have you heard anything about it?"

"Not I," said John Claxton, "and I fervently hope it will not come in my time. I am content with old Davis's coach."

"Ah," said the doctor with a laugh, "you must find old Davis's coach rather a contrast to some of the railways you are in the habit of scouring the country in, both in regard to speed and comfort. However, I must be off; glad to see you looking so well. Good morning. Now, Mrs. Claxton," added the doctor, as he shook hands with John, "if you will just come with me, I should like to look at that last prescription I wrote for the little lady upstairs."

No sooner were they in the dining-room, with the door closed behind them, than Alice laid her hand upon the doctor's arm and looked up into his face, pale and eager with anxiety.

"Well," she said, "how does he look? What do you think? Tell me at once."

"It is impossible, my dear Mrs. Claxton," said the good-natured apothecary, looking at her kindly, and speaking in a softened voice; "it is impossible for me to judge of Mr. Claxton's state from a mere cursory glance and casual talk; but I am bound to say, that from what I could observe, I fancy he must be considerably out of health."

"So I thought," said Alice, "so I feared." And her tears fell fast.

"You must not give way, my dear madam," said Mr. Broadbent. "What I say may be entirely unfounded. I am, recollect, only giving you my impression after a conversation with your husband, in which, at your express wish, I refrained from asking him anything about himself."

"If I could manage to persuade him to see you, would you come in this afternoon, or to-morrow morning, Mr. Broadbent?"

"I would, of course, do anything you wished. But as Mr. Claxton has never hitherto done me the honour to consult me professionally, and as it seems to me to be a case the diagnosis of which should be very carefully gone into, I would recommend that he should consult some physician of eminence. Possibly, he knows such an one."

"No," said Alice, "I have never heard him mention any physician since our marriage."

"If that be the case, I would strongly advise you to call in Doctor Haughton. He is a man of the greatest eminence; and, as it happens, I see him every day just now, as we have a regular consultation at the Rookery—you know, the large place on the other side of the village, where poor Mr. Piggott is lying dangerously ill. If you like, I will mention the case to Doctor Haughton, when I see him to-morrow."

"Thank you, Mr. Broadbent, I am deeply obliged to you, but I must speak to John first. I should not like to do anything without his knowledge. I will speak to him this afternoon, and send a note round to you in the evening." And Mr. Broadbent, much graver and much less boisterous than usual, took his departure.

John Claxton remained pretty much in the same dozing kind of state during the day. He came into luncheon, and made an effort to talk cheerfully upon the contents of the newspaper and such like topics, and afterwards he had a romp in the hall with little Bell, the weather being too raw

being dazed and stunned, and sore all over, as though he had been severely beaten.

John Claxton knew what this meant. He felt it would be almost impossible any longer to hide the state in which he was from the eager, anxious eyes of his wife. He would make one more attempt, however, so bracing himself together, he managed to proceed with tolerable steadiness towards the house. Alice came out to meet him, beaming with happiness.

"What has become of you, you silly John," she cried. "I have been looking for you everywhere? Bell told me she left you hiding somewhere in the garden, and I have just sent up for my cloak, determined to search for you myself."

"Bell was quite right, dear," said John, slowly and with great effort. "I was hiding, as she said, but, as she did not come to find me, I thought I had better make the best of my way without her."

"Not before you were required, sir. I was waiting for you to give me my monthly cheque. Don't you know that to-day is the twenty-fourth, when I always pay my old pensioners and garden people?"

"Is to-day the twenty-fourth?" asked John Claxton, his face flushing very red, as he fumbled in his pocket for his note-book.

"Certainly, John. Thursday, the twenty-fourth, and—"

"I must go," said John Claxton, hoarsely, after he had found his note-book and looked into it; "I must go to London at once."

"To London, John?"

"Yes, at once; particular appointment with Mr. Calverley for to-day. I cannot think how I have forgotten it; but I must go."

"You are not well enough to go, John—you must not."

"I tell you I must and will!" said John Claxton, fiercely. "I shall come back to-night; or, if I have to go off out of town, I will tell you where to send my portmanteau. Don't be angry, dear. I didn't mean to be cross—I didn't, indeed; but business—most important business."

He spoke thickly and hurriedly, his veins were swollen, and his eyes seemed starting out of his head.

"Won't you wait for Davis's coach, John," said Alice, softly; "it will start in half an hour."

"No, no, let it pick me up on the road; tell Davis to look out for me; a little walk will do me good. Give me my hat and coat; and now God bless you, my darling.

You are not angry with me? Let me hear that before I start."

"I never was angry with you, John. I never could be angry with you so long as I live."

He wound his arms around her and held her to his heart; then with rapid shambling steps he started off down the high road. He walked on and on; he must have gone, he thought, at least two miles; would the coach never come? The excitement which sustained him at first now began to fail him, he felt his legs tottering under him, then, suddenly the blindness and the deafness came on him again, the singing in his ears, the surging in his brain, and he fell by the roadside, helpless and senseless.

The delightfully interesting case of Mr. Piggott, of the Rookery, had brought together Doctor Haughton and Mr. Broadbent, after a separation of many years, and led them to renew the old friendship which had been interrupted since their student days at St. George's. Nature was not doing much for Mr. Piggott, and the case was likely to be pleasantly protracted. So that on this very day Doctor Haughton had asked Mr. Broadbent to come and dine and sleep at his house in Saville-row, where he would meet with some old friends and several distinguished members of the profession, and the pair were rolling easily into town, in Doctor Haughton's carriage, with the black bag, containing Mr. Broadbent's evening dress, carefully placed under the coachman's legs.

What is this? A knot of people gathered by the roadside, all craning forward eagerly, and looking at something on the ground? The coachman's practised eye detects an accident instantly, and he whips up his horses and stops them just abreast of the crowd.

"What is it?" cried the coachman.

"Man in a fit," cried one of the crowd.

"That be blowed," said another; "he won't have any more of such fits as them, I reckon—the man's dead, that's what he is!"

Hearing these words, Mr. Broadbent opened the door and pushed his way among the crowd. Instantly he returned, his face full of horror.

"Good God!" he said to his companion, "who do you think it is? The man—the very man about whom I was speaking to you just now—Claxton!"

Doctor Haughton descended from the carriage in a more leisurely and professional manner, stepped among the people,

who made way for him right and left, knelt by the prostrate body, lifted its arms and applied his fingers to its wrists. Then he shook his head.

"The man is dead," he said; "there can be no doubt about that." And he bent forward to look at the features. Instantly recognising him, he sprang back. "Who did you say this man was?" he said, turning to Mr. Broadbent.

"Claxton—Mr. Claxton, of Rose Cottage."

"Nothing of the sort," said the doctor. "I knew him well; it is Mr. Calverley, of Great Walpole-street."

"My good sir," said Mr. Broadbent, "I knew the man well. I saw him only yesterday."

"And I knew Mr. Calverley well. He was one of Chipchase's patients, and I attended him when Chipchase was out of town. We can soon settle this. Here, you lad, just stand at those horses' heads. Gibson," to his coachman, "get down and come here! Did you ever see that gentleman before?" pointing to the body.

The man bent forward and took a long and solemn stare.

"Certainly, sir," he replied, at length, touching his hat, "Mr. Calverley, sir, of Great Walpole-street. Seen him a score of times!"

"What do you think of that?" said Doctor Haughton, turning to his companion.

"Think!" said Mr. Broadbent, "I will tell you what, I think that Mr. Claxton, of Rose Cottage, and Mr. Calverley, of Great Walpole-street, were one and the same man!"

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

## A FOGGY SUBJECT.

"WELL, Jones, whereabouts are we now, do you suppose?"

"Pon my word," said Jones, "I don't know."

This was a very unusual admission for Jones, but, under the circumstances, it did not much surprise me. For our little yacht—Jones captain and self mate—had been all night becalmed in a dense fog, which now, as day broke, allowed us a view of no greater range than about a dozen yards on all sides, beyond which the dark grey, oily-looking water seemed to blend with the thick atmosphere.

"All I know," continued Jones, as he finished the mug of coffee which Jim (our

crew) had duly provided for our early refreshment, "all I know is, that we are in the Channel, and probably somewhere between Portland and Beachy Head; but after drifting about in this way all last night, I defy a fellow to say exactly. I wish we could see a little further—it would be uncommonly awkward to find ourselves under the stem of a steamer, and screws don't give one such good warning as paddle-wheels do."

"I should think you wouldn't be able to hear anything far in such a fog," said I.

"No, and so think most people; but it is a matter upon which scientific men are not agreed. Some say that fog deadens and stifles sound; others maintain that it is actually a good conductor. The fact, I suspect, is, that the same term is used by some to denote fog properly so called, and by others to signify fog, mist, low-lying cloud, or, in short, any similar medium which obscures the air. Now each of these various substances may affect sound in its own peculiar way, and hence perhaps arises the difference of opinion. It seems as if their effect in deadening or altering sound were owing to the fact that their presence in the air destroys its homogeneity (or uniformity of texture), for a non-homogeneous body cannot vibrate regularly in unison as a whole—just as a cracked glass does not ring, because the sonorous vibrations are not transmitted with regularity throughout. This was prettily illustrated by an experiment made by Chladni."

"And who was he, pray?"

"A German philosopher, who distinguished himself in the early part of this century by his writings on acoustics. He found that a glass filled with effervescing champagne would not give a clear ring when struck, but as the effervescence subsided the tone became clearer and clearer, until, when the liquid was quite tranquil, the glass would ring as well as ever; and, on stirring up the wine, so as to reproduce the bubbles, the tone again became dull and dead."

"I see," said I; "when the wine was full of bubbles it was not of a uniform substance throughout. And I suppose the particles of mist or fog in the air act in the same manner. That seems to settle the question as to whether they would deaden a sound."

"Just so," replied Jones; "but still the fact remains that their action in that respect is very little understood, and I think the silence of Doctor Tyndall on the sub-



ject, in his Lectures on Sound, is some evidence of the unsettled state of science in the matter."

"Well, sound or no sound, if a breeze would only spring up, we should soon run in shore, and find out where we are."

"Exactly," was the reply; "but that is one of the aggravations of a fog. As a general rule, when it is foggy, no wind; when it blows, no fog. Mind, I am speaking of true fog, not of mist or low cloud. These are nearly always accompanied by wind blowing generally from the sea towards the land. For instance, during the time when the weather is so thick as to require the use of fog-signals, the strongest winds on our eastern coast are from the eastward, sometimes blowing a gale; and the average wind during the whole time of the fogs is rather more than a moderate breeze, blowing from seaward. On the western coast, in foggy weather, the strongest winds are from the south-west, sometimes blowing a strong gale; the average wind on that coast during fog being about a fresh breeze, and blowing from seaward. Some of the weather must consist of meteorologically true fog, which would occur during calm or very light airs, and if one could tell exactly how much of this true fog there is, so as to strike it out in taking the average force of the wind, of course we should find that the thick weather caused by mist or low cloud is accompanied by a greater average strength of wind than what I mentioned. But you know the signal-men cannot be expected to draw such nice distinctions. All they have to do is to keep an account of the time during which it is found necessary to use their signals; and whether this be owing to true fog, or to mere mist, is of no consequence either to them or to the seamen for whose benefit—What is it?" For just then a sound caught my ear, and I held up a finger in token of attention.

"Did you hear anything just now, Jones?"

"No. Did you?"

"Yes. Hush! Perhaps it may come again."

We listened, but nothing was heard save the lap, lap, of the water under our quarter. The smoke from Jones's pipe curled upwards in a departing thread. He was about to replace it between his teeth, when the sound was repeated—a faint bray as of a trumpet. Jones had his watch out in an instant.

"Don't speak, Smith. I heard it. Wait a bit."

Silence again. Jones laid his pipe gently down, and seemed lost in a brown study. Jim, coming aft for the coffee mugs, was repressed by a stern gesture into a kneeling attitude on the deck. Once more the same sound, but louder. Another pause.

"All right," cried Jones, as the sound returned, this time full and plain, a discordant brazen blast. "All right, Smith; that is St. Catherine's fog-horn; so we're not far from port."

"But how do you know that it is that particular fog-horn?" I asked. "There is another at Dungeness, and though I suppose we can't be so far up Channel as that, still we might be."

"So we might," said Jones; "but the signal at Dungeness sounds for five seconds, and is silent for twenty seconds. The one at St. Catherine's sounds for five seconds, and stops for fifteen seconds. I timed it by my watch, and could have punched Jim's head just now for making that confounded noise with his mugs; he nearly made me miss the signal."

"Did he though? Then if you are right in what you said just now about the wind during fogs or mists, I don't believe much in the use of such signals. Here we are, becalmed, or very nearly so; there's a light air beginning to come up from the southward now, the mainsail is just lifting a bit, and yet the rattling of a couple of mugs is enough to drown the sound. Well, suppose it was blowing fresh, with perhaps a nasty sea on, and everything straining and creaking, the wind whistling through the rigging, and we glad to tie a sou'wester over our ears to keep the stinging spray from cutting them off—what chance should we have of hearing anything of the signal then? To say nothing of the bustle and anxiety that even *you* would be in if we were going ten or twelve knots nowhere in particular, but certainly on a lee shore. And how about timing the sound, even if you did catch it once in a way? Of course in this present case it doesn't much matter whether we are off the Isle of Wight, or off Dungeness, but there are circumstances in which it would be of the utmost importance to know exactly what part of the coast one was on."

"Yes," said Jones, "that is the weak point about all these fog-signals, they haven't power enough to make themselves heard in thick weather against a strong wind—just exactly when they are most wanted—because that means fog on a lee shore."

By this time a light southerly breeze had sprung up, and the fog rolling away, we found ourselves about a mile to the south-east of St. Catherine's. The fog-horn had ceased to sound, but we could distinguish, in front of the lighthouse and pretty group of dwellings, the white building which contained it. We ran smoothly along the beautiful Undercliff, and in a short time the Periwinkle was snugly anchored at Ventnor.

"Jones," said I, as, after paying due attention to the requirements of the inner and outer man, we lighted our pipes and strolled on the beach, "suppose we walk over and pay a visit to the fog-horn, in return for its friendly call?" Jones agreeing, we walked over accordingly; avoiding the high road by a path nearer the sea, leading through the prettiest part of the Undercliff, and emerging on the road again near Marrables. Leaving Niton and St. Catherine's. Down on the right, we presently reached the lighthouse, and applying to the principal light-keeper, were courteously shown over the premises.

After duly inspecting the lighthouse itself, and admiring the marvellous neatness and cleanliness everywhere prevailing, we went through the keeper's garden down to the fog-signal house, a small stuccoed building, with a tall chimney rising in the middle, and our brazen friend the horn protruding its head from the seaward slope of the roof. The building contains an entrance lobby, a room for tools and sundries, a coke store, and the machine-room, the latter being about twenty feet by eighteen, well ventilated and lighted by windows on three sides. Here we found the other end of the fog-horn, which passes through an iron cylinder fixed in the roof, and is attached to pipes communicating with large iron receivers. Two strange-looking machines, each with a heavy fly-wheel and a multiplicity of complicated cranks and rods—suggesting the idea of a steam-engine doubled up with cramp—were, as our guide informed us, Ericsson's caloric engines, for working the pumps which condense the air in the receivers. Only one engine is worked at a time, the other being a spare one, ready for use in case of accident. We were informed, however, that no breakdown had occurred since the machinery was erected in 1868, and that the engines are very simple in their working, and entirely free from risk of explosion. Each is about two and a half horse-power, consumes about twelve pounds of coke per hour, and can

be started to work in about thirty minutes—the latter feature being of importance, as it is necessary that the signal should begin to sound without delay when a fog comes on. The horn itself is of brass, in shape somewhat resembling those of the Russian Horn Band, which in my younger days created a sensation in the musical world. This particular instrument, however, would be scarcely suitable for an orchestra, being nine feet long, two and three-quarter inches in diameter at the small end, and two feet across the mouth; and a very little of its brazen roar would go a long way. The horn stands erect, with its upper end bent and its mouth directed seaward; and the keeper pointed out an ingenious mechanical contrivance by which it is made to turn slowly on its vertical axis, so as to throw its sound over a wide arc of a circle, and thus enable it to be heard by vessels in different positions. This accounted for our having heard it at one time much more plainly than at another, the mouth having, no doubt, been then turned directly towards us, and afterwards in a different direction. We learned that this horn is called after its inventor, an American, Mr. Daboll; but respecting other fog-signals the keeper could give us no information, except that gongs are used on board light-ships, large bells at some lighthouses, and cannon at Flamboro' Head, Lundy Island, and North Stack.

Our recent adventure induced me, on returning to town, to make inquiries upon the subject of fog-signals; and I learned that no fewer than six kinds of instruments are used for the purpose, namely, horns or trumpets, whistles, bells, gongs, guns, and syrens.

Horns were long ago used for signals in fogs; but until machinery was employed to compress the air for sounding them, they were but feeble instruments. In 1844, the late Admiral (then Captain) Tayler invented a machine for this purpose; but it was never adopted in practice. The first one which was actually used as a fog-signal was the invention of the late Mr. Daboll, and was established, in 1851, at Rhode Island, in the United States. The air-pumps were worked by a horse-gin, of which a quaint engraving is to be found in the Report of the United States Lighthouse Board of 1852. The experiment appears to have been successful. Captain Walden, an officer who was appointed by the United States government to report upon it, says that he heard it at a distance

of two miles and a half, in a rough sea, and with a strong wind blowing, not dead against the sound, but across it; and he recommended that similar instruments should be established at various other places on the American coast. In 1863, the invention was introduced into England, and in 1864 an experimental horn was set up at Dungeness by the Trinity House; but, as it was not considered sufficiently powerful for that station, it was replaced in the following year by a larger one, similar to the one we saw at St. Catherine's, the small one being transferred to a light-ship on the Norfolk coast. Another of Daboll's trumpets was put up in 1866, at Cambrae, in the Firth of Clyde; and, although no larger than the one fixed at Dungeness, it appears to be a more efficient instrument, having been heard from three to five miles at sea, in foggy weather, against a strong breeze. This seems to be the greatest distance attained by the note of any trumpet under similar circumstances; and the signal is highly commended by masters of vessels trading to the Clyde, as indeed it ought to be, since it frequently enables them to steer right for their destination during dense fog.

Daboll's invention has, since its first introduction, been considerably improved upon. It was mentioned before, that we noticed a great variation in the power of the sound as it turned to different points, the horn sending forth only a narrow beam of sound, so to speak. This is a defect, because a sailor who expects to hear the signal at a certain distance off shore may be actually within that distance without hearing it, if the wind be strong and the trumpet not pointing directly towards him. To remedy this, Professor Holmes—well known in connexion with the electric light—has succeeded in constructing a trumpet which throws out a broad beam of sound ninety degrees wide; and, by grouping two or more of such trumpets together, he proposes to diffuse the signal at once over any required arc, the trumpets in this case being stationary. It is found that there are situations in which the trumpet itself can be placed much further out towards the sea than the buildings containing the engines and air-pumps; and one of Daboll's inventions was, to work the valves which transmit the air from the condenser to the trumpet, by means of wires or rods, much in the same manner as railway signals are worked at a distance from the stations. But as wires

are liable to break and rods to bend, and as the force required to work them would consume some of the power of the engine, instead of allowing it to be entirely devoted to the air-pumps, the indefatigable professor devised a plan for making the pressure of the air in the receiver the means of opening and shutting the valves; so that the trumpet may now be placed in any situation with reference to the buildings, and at a considerably greater distance than was formerly possible. The trumpet at Souther Point is about one hundred and twenty yards from the air-pumps, and might, if necessary, be even further removed.

As in the case of fog-horns, so also in that of fog-whistles, it is a noteworthy circumstance that the idea was first suggested here, and first practically applied on the other side of the Atlantic. In 1845, a Select Committee of the House of Commons sat to investigate matters connected with lighthouses and similar works; and the late Mr. Alexander Gordon, a civil engineer distinguished by his application of cast iron to the construction of lighthouse towers, was one of the witnesses examined. In the course of his evidence he suggested that powerful whistles, on the same principle as those of locomotive engines, should be used for coast signals during fog, in combination with reflectors for the purpose of concentrating their sound. He pointed out that a shrill high note penetrates further, and is better heard, than a lower note which may be more powerful when near at hand; and illustrated this by a reference to the great distance at which the chirping of a cricket can be heard. But nothing came of his suggestion until 1850, when Mr. Daboll produced an apparatus for using a large locomotive whistle, sounded by compressed air, for the purpose of a fog-signal; and the United States government, promptly recognising its value, caused one to be erected at Rhode Island. The same machinery served for both the whistle and the trumpet, and official and other reports speak very highly of the efficiency of both instruments. Shortly afterwards a scheme was brought out for sounding a whistle for the same purpose by high pressure steam; and an apparatus on this principle was erected by the New Brunswick government at Partridge Island, in the Bay of Fundy. Its sound is officially stated to have been heard at a distance of five and a half miles, against a heavy gale, and with the sea running high.

The value of both these whistles was so evident, that many similar ones were speedily erected on the American coasts. But the news of their performance seems to have taken a long time in crossing the Atlantic and penetrating to the British brain, for it was not until 1869 that one was established here, and that was by the harbour commissioners at Aberdeen. It is on the same principle as that at Partridge Island, and is said to be of great service.

Some other ingenious schemes for fog-whistles have been suggested. One was for increasing the intensity of the sound by the falling of a heavy weight upon a piston working in a cylinder, so as to drive the air with almost explosive violence into the whistle.

Mr. E. A. Cowper—whose name deserves to be known as that of the unselfish inventor who gave to the world, unpatented, the “maroon” or explosive railway signal—proposed the combination of a powerful steam-whistle with a monster trumpet twenty and even forty feet in length; the consequences of standing close in front of which, while sounding, it is agonising to contemplate, though its far-reaching voice would be welcome music to the mariner. But as these schemes have not been tried in practice, their usefulness can only be judged of theoretically and by analogy.

The idea of bells as a fog-signal has been rendered familiar to most of us by the ballad of Ralph the Rover, and their application to the purpose is undeniably ancient. They are used at isolated or “rock” lighthouses, and vary in weight from three to seven hundred-weight. Some of those at lighthouses on shore are even heavier; the one at Start Point weighing upwards of a ton and a half, that at South Stack two tons, while more than one on the Irish coast exceeds even that weight. The sound of a bell, however, possesses but little penetrative power, and can reach to no great distance against a strong wind.

The bells at “rock” lighthouses are suspended by strong brackets from the gallery or stone platform surrounding the lantern, and, according to the height of the tower, are from sixty to one hundred feet above the sea level. Such is the violence of the waves during a storm, that a solid mass of water sometimes runs up the shaft of the tower and clean over the gallery; and, if it should meet with the bell, hanging invitingly mouth downwards, the probability is that the latter would be unable to re-

sist the force of circumstances, and would literally “go with the stream.” On the night of the 30th of January, 1860, there was a fearful storm, which rolled up the great Atlantic waves in mountains, and cast them thundering on the rocks of Scilly. On one of the most exposed of these rocks stands the Bishop lighthouse, a magnificent triumph of engineering skill. Built of granite, with every stone bound firmly to its neighbours by all that cement and joggles and wedges can do, it shook and trembled that night under the tremendous assaults of the sea; while the keepers sat together in awe-struck silence, or spoke only with bated breath. All at once the tower quivered like an aspen, a terrific crash and shock followed, and the men started up with the cry, “There goes the lantern!” But the lantern stood firm, the light shone faithfully throughout the night, and not until daybreak did the light-keepers discover what it was that had given way. When morning came, the bell was no longer in its place, nor was anything seen of it afterwards, save that, when the storm abated, a single fragment was found on the rocks at the foot of the tower.

As bells are not to be had for nothing, and the process of landing and fixing one at a “rock” lighthouse is sometimes a matter of considerable expense and difficulty, it is necessary to hang it where it is least exposed to the waves. As a general rule, this is on the side furthest from the open sea, where it is sheltered by the body of the tower. But this very shelter, while preserving the bell as much as possible from risk of injury, acts also as a screen to cut off its sound to seaward, perhaps in the very direction in which it is required to be heard furthest, so that the remedy is nearly as bad as the disease; a consolatory reflection being, that the bell, wherever suspended, is not of much use, because when a vessel is to leeward of it, she does not generally require its signal, and when she is to windward, with a strong breeze blowing, the sound cannot be heard at any distance sufficiently great to be of practical assistance.

Although the small Daboll horn, transferred from Dungeness to the Newarp light-ship, was not considered sufficiently powerful for its former station, it must be a great improvement upon the gong which it replaced at the latter. Gongs are so naturally connected with the idea of China, that no surprise is felt on learning that those used on board our light-ships are imported from

thence. During foggy weather, one of the keepers beats, or is supposed to beat, the gong, more or less vigorously, as a warning to vessels in the neighbourhood; and, in tolerably calm weather, the signal is probably of service as indicating that a light-ship is somewhere thereabouts. Judging from the effect which the noise of a gong near at hand produces upon my own nerves, I think one's inclination would be to pound away rather gently, and not to overdo the thing. Yet there must be some of the men who either enjoy the noise, or whose zeal for the service outweighs their own discomfort, since the gong is sometimes broken, and sent on shore to be repaired, which is effected by the simple process of cutting out the cracked or broken piece, if not too large, when the gong is considered again fit for service.

The guns used for fog-signals at the three stations on the English coast, are eighteen-pounders. They have a charge of three pounds of powder, and are fired every quarter of an hour. There is great diversity of opinion respecting the efficiency of cannon as a fog-signal, and the evidence as to the distance to which their sound will reach is contradictory and uncertain. The fog-guns being fired at intervals of a quarter of an hour, a vessel running twelve knots with a strong wind dead on shore would travel about three miles in that time, and might be in dangerous proximity to the land before the signal was heard.

The syren, in modern times, has been transformed into a box or cylinder, pierced with holes, and breathing high-pressure steam. She has lost her fatal beauty, but has reformed her evil ways. No longer the cruel foe and terror of the sailor, luring him to destruction, she is now his faithful friend, and sings only to warn him of danger. She inhabits the North American coast, and is much esteemed by those who are acquainted with her.

It remains to mention, that the working expenses of different kinds of fog-signals are found to be as follows, per twenty-four hours of signalling: Daboll's third-class horn (similar to the first one at Dungeness and that at Cumbræ), fourteen shillings and threepence; ditto, second class (St. Catherine's), eighteen shillings and a penny; the steam-whistle at Partridge Island, nineteen shillings and tenpence; ditto at Aberdeen, one pound two shillings and fivepence; guns (on the English coast), nine pounds eight shillings and a penny. All the above rates are exclusive

of wages and repairs, and refer solely to the fuel, powder, oil, and other stores, necessarily consumed in the working of the signals.

Jones, who has just seen what I have written, desires me to add a remark of his own. He says that in a country such as ours, almost all sea-coast, very few parts of which are not occasionally beset with fog, the subject of fog-signals must be of immense importance to shipping. He is surprised to find that so little appears to be known respecting the laws which govern the action of fogs upon sound; and that we are even ignorant as to the distance at which the fog-signals, actually in use on our coasts, can be heard in thick and stormy weather. He thinks that these matters deserve more investigation, and that the expense of a thorough scientific inquiry into the whole subject would be money well laid out; and he is not without hope that, before long, such an investigation will be authorised and entered upon.

In all of which observations I agree with Jones.

#### THE OLD HOME.

THE roof tree stands as ever it stood, the jasmine stars  
the wall,  
The great westeria's purple blooms o'er dark grey gables  
fall,  
The roses that our mother loved, bluish 'neath her  
window sill,  
And the clematis our father trained droops, as he taught  
it, still.

The August sunset lights the panes, where we were  
wont to watch,  
Its rays of crimson and of gold on baby brows to catch,  
On the wall where your first nest we found, the grand  
old ivy waves,  
As when we chose a shoot to plant upon our sacred  
graves.

The thrushes that we paused to hear are dead long  
summers gone,  
Yet the sweet rose thicket echoes now to the self-same  
ringing tone,  
The flowers a fuller glory show, and the trees a deepened  
shade,  
Naught else on Nature's face is changed, since here of  
yore we played.

Naught else on Nature's face. Oh, life, can ever seasons  
pass  
And leave our hearts renewed as fair and bright as  
meadow grass!  
Death's icy shadow rests for us, on the home that once  
was ours,  
We see through tears the bairns that sport among our  
childhood's flowers.

The stranger's shadow flits across our old familiar  
floors,  
The stranger's footstep as of right seeks our old open  
doors,  
With a dim sense of loss and wrong, like one from  
death returned,  
We look on all for which for years our faithful fond-  
ness yearned.

Better to keep the fancy sketch of all it used to be,  
Better than blurring by the truth the hues of memory!  
Oh earth has no abiding place, but the mighty word is  
given,  
No cloud, or care, or change will vex the countless homes  
of Heaven!

## CHRONICLES OF LONDON STREETS.

### ISLINGTON AND THE NEW RIVER (CONCLUDED).

ISLINGTON has for centuries been celebrated for its dairy-farms, and the milk-walks of that district (so conveniently near the New River) are still the chief sources of London milk. It may not be uninteresting to describe the mode of managing cows practised by Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Laycock, the chief cow-keepers in 1811, at a time when hay was selling at ten guineas per load.

The cows kept were short-horned Holder-nesse cattle. At three A.M. each cow had half a bushel of grains. At four they were milked; a bushel of turnips was then given each cow, and very soon afterwards they were given some soft green grassy hay (one truss to ten cows). At eight A.M. they passed into the cow-yard. About twelve they were again stalled up, and fed again with grains. About half-past one the milking recommenced. At three they had more turnips, followed by hay. This mode of feeding continued during the turnip season, from September till May. During the other months the cows were fed with grains, cabbages, tares, and rowen, or after-growth hay. When they were turned out to grass they were kept in the field all night, but even then were fed with grains. Mr. Laycock used to store up in pits as much as ten thousand quarters of grains at one time. Distillers' wash was often mixed with the dry provender, and also potatoes and turnips. The calves were sold at two or three days old, and fetched from twenty-five shillings to thirty-five shillings each. The cows were seldom kept more than three or four years, and were then fattened for the butchers. The average yield of a cow was nine quarts per day, and the milk was sold to the retail dealers at about two shillings and sixpence per eight quarts, which was called a barn gallon. The milk used to be carried to London by Welsh girls and Irish women. They arrived in Islington, even in the depth of winter, at three or four o'clock in the morning, laughing and singing to the music of their rattling pails. The weight they carried on their yokes for miles was between one

hundred and one hundred and thirty pounds. Mr. Laycock kept about five or six hundred cows, seventy or eighty horses, and fifty carts and waggons. He gave as much as two hundred guineas for three cart-horses, and seventy-five pounds for three milch-cows.

Forty or fifty years ago, says Nelson, the local historian, writing in 1811, there were many small grass farms at Islington, one on the site of Elliot's-place, in the Lower-street, another, where Bray's-buildings stand, and a third in Upper-street at Holloway. These, however, were gradually absorbed by the farms of Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Laycock.

The adulteration of milk is an old complaint with Londoners. The milk trade has long been the only one in which no very scrupulous man can engage. It has become, as every one knows, almost impossible now to get pure milk in London at any price. Let us relate an anecdote to show the degradation to which cupidity has brought tradesmen of the present century.

Two friends of ours, both conveyancers, had to conduct the sale of two Islington milk-walks. In the first case the papers were already signed, and the money paid, when the man selling the walk asked the new-comer if he did not wish for thirty pounds more to buy his secret. The honest fellow was indignant, and laughed at the offer. "Oh very well," said the rogue; "as you like. You'll be ruined without it; but do as you choose. You can but try; and when you want it, it's yours for thirty pounds." The man did try; he sold pure milk, but with deplorable results. No one liked it; every one complained of its unusual taste, colour, and effects. His profits became smaller and smaller. In despair, he went to the rogue and bought the receipt. It told him in what way, and in what proportions, to water the milk. The rogue also handed him a small bottle of chemical stuff, rank poison, a drop or two of which was to be stirred into the day's milk, to produce a thickness that might pass for cream. But let us do justice to humanity. The other purchaser was a man of finer mould. He refused to adulterate, and finding it impossible to compete with men whose milk was more than half water, he threw up the farm in disgust.

The Old Pied Bull Inn at Islington is described, in 1811, as a fine relic of the Elizabethan age. It was a tradition in the neighbourhood that this house had been once the residence of Sir Walter

Raleigh. The panes of a window, containing the arms of Sir John Miller, bordered with mermaids, globes, sea-horses, leaves, and parrots, were supposed to have once displayed the arms of Raleigh, of whose voyages the emblems were emblematical. The bunch of green leaves was generally asserted to represent the tobacco-plant that Sir Walter's ships brought from Virginia. The parlour was formerly painted in panel with scripture histories. The chimney-piece contained figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, surrounded by borders of cherubim, fruit, and foliage. The centre figure, Charity, surmounted by two cupids supporting a crown, with a lion and unicorn couchant beneath, was supposed to be emblematical of Queen Elizabeth. On the ceiling were personifications of the Five Senses, with Latin mottoes in stucco.

At the south-east corner of Cadd's-row formerly stood the Duke's Head public-house, kept by Topham, "the strong man." This athlete, the son of a carpenter, kept a public-house near St. Luke's, but failing there, devoted himself to feats of strength, and became landlord of an inn at Islington. His first public exhibition was pulling against a horse in Moorfields. Doctor Desaguliers saw him roll up a pewter dish with his fingers, bend an iron poker by striking it on his bare arm, snap a rope of two inches circumference, and lift a stone of eight hundred-weight.

In 1741, Topham lifted three hogsheds of water, weighing eighteen hundred and thirty-one pounds, in Coldbath Fields, in commemoration of the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon. The admiral and many thousands of spectators were present. Drawings of the feat were engraved at the time. One night, seeing a watchman asleep, Topham carried the old man and his box, and dropped them over the wall of Bunhill Fields burial-ground. Another time, as he was sitting at a public-house window, he snatched half an ox from the back of a butcher who was passing. A third time, for a joke, he pulled down part of a scaffold from a house that was building, and with it half of the front wall. He was often known to break a cocoa-nut on his head, and to pull a cart backwards in spite of the driver whipping the horse forward. One night, when two of his guests quarrelled in his taproom, he seized them like children, and beat their heads together. He could lift two hundred-weight with his little finger. He once broke a rope

that would sustain twenty hundred-weight, and lifted with his teeth an oak table six feet long, that had a hundred-weight tied to it. He lifted a person, who weighed twenty-seven stone, with one hand. One night, when an ostler was rude to him, Topham took down a kitchen spit from the mantelpiece, and twisted it round the fellow's neck like a handkerchief. Finally, this Samson took a public-house in Hoglane, Shoreditch, and in 1749, finding his wife unfaithful, he one day stabbed her, then himself, and died soon after of the wounds. His worthless wife recovered.

Doctor Johnson describes going to Islington to see poor Collins, the poet, when his mind was beginning to fail. It was after Collins had returned from France, and had come to Islington, directing his sister to meet him there. "There was then," says the doctor, "nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school." When his friend took it in his hand, out of curiosity, to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, "I have but one book," said Collins, "but that is the best."

The road to Gore's-place, Islington, from Smithfield Bars, was paved in 1380, and yet as late as 1770, travellers in winter were obliged to remain at the Islington inns all night, as the roads were then dangerous. The Angel, the Red Lion, and the Pied Bull, were the great houses for travellers on the northern road. So late as 1740, the Islington roads were pronounced ruinous, and almost impassable for five months together. The road from Paddington to Islington was made in 1756. It was advocated by the Duke of Grafton, and opposed by the Duke of Bedford, who thought it would approach too near his house.

The City-road was opened in 1761. It was projected by Charles Dingley, Esq., the same man who tried unsuccessfully to introduce the sawmill into England. In the Act of Parliament it was entitled "a road leading from the north-east side of the Goswell-street-road, over the fields and grounds to Old-street-road, opposite the Dog House Bar, and at and from the Dog House Bar to the end of Goswell-street, by the Artillery Ground."

The Old Queen's Head, a public-house in Lower-street, mentioned by Nelson in 1811, was said to have been built, or at least patronised, by Sir Walter Raleigh, who

used to come there to "take tobacco;" and as Raleigh obtained a patent for licensing taverns, it is possible that this tradition is not erroneous. There are traditions that Burleigh and the Earl of Essex resided there, and also Queen Elizabeth's saddler.

Nearly opposite the end of Cross-street, in the Lower-street, stood Fisher House, a ladies' school in the year of the Restoration. It was afterwards a madhouse, where Brothers, the pretended prophet, was confined. At the south end of Frog-lane, nearly facing Britannia-row, stood a public-house called Frog Hall, which bore for sign a plough drawn by frogs. In a large room on the first floor of the Old Parr's Head, on the terrace, Upper-street, John Henderson, the celebrated player, used to give his recitations, and there Garrick and John Ireland induced him to go on the stage. Ball's Pond was formerly a spot famous for ball-baiting, and a duck-hunting pond, belonging to a tavern-keeper named Ball.

At a house in Camden-passage, near the west end of Camden-street lived that strange but good man, Alexander Cruden, the compiler of the Concordance to the Bible. He also resided in the Upper-street and Old Paradise-row. Cruden was the son of an Aberdeen merchant, and was born in 1701. After being a private tutor and a corrector of the press, he opened a bookseller's shop under the Royal Exchange. His Concordance not selling, he was obliged to shut up his shop, and, his mind becoming affected, he was sent to a private asylum at Bethnal Green. In 1754, on his release, he insisted on being put in nomination at the election for the City of London. He applied for the honour of knighthood; and went about with a sponge, erasing the "Number Forty-five" on the walls, to show his aversion to John Wilkes, against whom he wrote a pamphlet. Latterly he became corrector of the press to Mr. Woodfall's paper, the Public Advertiser, and devoted much time to reforming the felons in Newgate. His second edition of his invaluable Concordance he dedicated to King George the Third, and presented it to him in person. He died in 1770. One morning, when the servant went to inform him that breakfast was ready, Cruden was found dead on his knees in the posture of prayer. He was buried in a dissenting burial-ground in Deadman's-place, Southwark.

The list of Islington vicars includes George Stonehouse, who, lending his pulpit to Whitfield, caused the death, from

chagrin, of Mr. Scott, the lecturer. Whitfield on one occasion being refused the church, preached a sermon from a tombstone in the churchyard.

The old Islington Church, built about 1463, was pulled down as unsafe in 1781. The new church was built by Mr. Stevenson, under the direction of Mr. Dowbiggin, one of the unsuccessful competitors for Blackfriars Bridge. It cost seven thousand three hundred and forty pounds. In 1787 the spire was repaired by being inclosed in a wicker case, inside which was lashed a ladder. This plan was invented by Sir William Haines, a builder, when the spire of St. Bride's was struck by lightning in 1764, and after his scaffold poles had been carried away by a storm. The vault contains two iron coffins and a gable-roofed one of cedar, which holds the body of a certain Justice Palmer. His object was to defeat the worms, and to allow no other dead man to be placed upon him.

Among curious epitaphs once existing in this churchyard are these eccentric lines:

*As Death, once travelling the northern road,  
Stopt in this town some short abode,  
Enquiring where true merit lay,  
It envied and snatch'd this youth away.*

Mr. Herd, a clerk of the Custom House, who was murdered in 1782 in the fields near the Shepherd and Shepherdess, was buried in this church. He was returning from town with a friend, and two servants well armed, when he was attacked by footpads armed with cutlasses and fire-arms, one of whom, who was afterwards hanged, shot him with a blunderbuss as he was resisting. Mr. Herd was a friend of Mr. Woodfall, the celebrated parliamentary reporter.

Here also lies buried Sir George Whatton, who was slain in 1607, in a savage duel with James Howard, godson of King James, and eldest son of Lord Blantyre, Lord Treasurer of Scotland. They fought with rapier and dagger at the further end of Islington, and both young men were killed. In April, 1620, Sir John Egerton's son was also killed in a duel at Islington; he is said to have been basely stabbed by his antagonist Edward Morgan, who was himself "sorely hurt."

There is an entry in the Islington register of the burial, in 1808, of Elizabeth Emma Thomas, aged twenty-seven. This young woman was disinterred on suspicion, and a large wire pin found sticking in her heart. It was, however, found that this had been done by her doctor at her own request to



prevent the possibility of her being buried alive.

The Thatched House (a public-house) was formerly a reception-house for the Humane Society. Doctor Hawes, the earliest promoter of this society, was the son of the landlord of Job's House, or the Old Thatched House Tavern, near this spot. The Gentleman's Magazine had for thirty years called the attention of the public to the means of resuscitating persons apparently dead. Their practicability being denied, Doctor Hawes proved their possibility by offering rewards to those who rescued drowning persons, and brought them to the reception-houses. In 1774, Doctor Cogan and Doctor Hawes brought each of them fifteen friends to a meeting at the Chapter Coffee House, and founded the Humane Society. In 1774, Doctor Hawes wrote a pamphlet on the death of Doctor Goldsmith, which he attributed to the maladministration of a popular medicine. He also lectured on suspended animation, and refuted the errors of the Reverend John Wesley's Primitive Physick. In 1793, this good and energetic man was the chief means of saving twelve hundred families of Spitalfields weavers from starvation during a time when cottons had begun to supersede silks. This excellent person died in 1808. There is a tablet to his memory in Islington Church.

The free-school and alms-houses in St. John's-street-road were founded by Dame Alice Owen, who was born at Islington in Queen Mary's reign. Her first husband was a brewer, her second an alderman, her third a justice. She died in the reign of James the First, and there is a monument to her memory in Islington Church. There is a legend about these alms-houses. Lady Owen was one day, when a girl, in the fields where this school now stands, stooping down, learning from a milkmaid how to milk a cow, when an arrow from a careless archer passed through her high-crowned hat. In gratitude for her escape, she declared that if she ever lived to be a woman she would erect some memorial of the event on that very spot of ground.

In 1811 there used to be a grass farm near Pullen's-road, and there were haystacks near the south end of Colebrook-terrace. There was a tradition at Islington (which is also found elsewhere) that Mr. Pullen continually tried to get together one thousand cows, but that one always died, keeping his number down to nine hundred and ninety-nine.

Duval's-lane once contained an old moated house, said to have been the retreat of Claude Duval, the French page, who became a notorious highwayman in Charles the Second's time. The tradition is, however, obviously untrue, as even in an old survey of 1611 the house is called "the Devil's House in Devil-lane." Duval was hanged at Tyburn in 1669, and was buried in the middle aisle of Covent Garden Church, and his funeral was attended by flambeau-bearers and mourners of both sexes. Butler wrote a Pindaric ode on Duval, beginning:

*He like a lord o' the manor seized upon  
Whatever happen'd in his way,  
As lawful well and stray,  
And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.*

The cutting of the New River was an event of great importance in the history of Islington. In the reigns of Elizabeth and James many schemes were projected for supplying London with water. The conduits having gradually become totally inadequate to meet the demands of a growing city, Elizabeth granted the citizens liberty to convey a river to London from any part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire, but it was never acted upon. In the third year of James the First another Act was passed, granting similar powers, but this also fell through.

At last Mr. Hugh Middleton, a Welshman, and a goldsmith of London, who had enriched himself by a copper or silver mine in Cardiganshire, persuaded the Common Council, in 1601, to transfer to him the power vested in them by the Act of Parliament obtained at his instigation. He at once set to work, at his own risk and charge, to bring, in four years, the Chadwell and Amwell springs to London by a route thirty-eight miles long. In some places the trench was thirty feet deep, and in others the Boarded River, as it was called, passed over a valley in a great wooden trough, raised on brick piers twenty-three feet high.

The projector, much harassed and impeded by factious and greedy landholders in Middlesex and Herts, was at last obliged to petition the City for another five years, in addition to the original four. But his troubles were not yet over; he had already brought the water as far as Enfield when he became so impoverished that he was obliged to apply to the City to aid him in the great and useful work. On their refusal to re-embark in so hazardous an enterprise, he applied, with more success, to King

James himself, rousing his cupidity by making over to him a moiety of the concern, on his agreeing to pay half the expense of the work. The scheme now went on flowingly, and on the 29th of September, 1613, the water was let into the New River Head at Clerkenwell.

Hugh Middleton's brother (mayor of London), and many aldermen and gentlemen, came to witness the ceremony. Sixty labourers, well appalled, wearing green Monmouth caps, and carrying spades, shovels, and pickaxes, marched to the sound of drums two or three times round the cistern; then stopped at the mount on which the company stood, and one of them recited a poetical speech beginning :

Long have we labour'd, long desired, and pray'd  
For this great work's perfection, and by th' aid  
Of Heaven and good men's wishes, 'tis at length  
Happily conquer'd by cost, art, and strength.  
And after five yeeres deare expense, in dayes,  
Travail, and paines, besides the infinite ways  
Of malice, envy, false suggestions,  
Able to daunt the spirits of mighty ones  
In wealth and courage, &c. &c.

Then marched by borers, paviors, and bricklayers to represent the six hundred men employed, and the poem concluded thus :

Now for the fruits, then. Flow forth, precious Spring,  
So long and dearly sought for, and now bring  
Comfort to all who love thee; loudly sing,  
And with thy crystal murmurs struck together,  
Wish all thy true well-wishers welcome hither.

At which words the flood-gates flew open, the stream ran gallantly into the cistern, drums and trumpets sounding in a triumphal manner, and a brave peal of chambers (cannon) gave full glory to the entertainment.

It was a considerable time before the New River water came into full use; and for the first nineteen years the annual profit scarcely amounted to twelve shillings a share. The following table of dividends will give the best idea of the improvement of value in this property: 1633, three pounds four shillings and twopence; 1680, one hundred and forty-five pounds one shilling and eightpence; 1720, two hundred and fourteen pounds fifteen shillings and sevenpence; and 1794, four hundred and thirty-one pounds eight shillings and eightpence.

The shares in 1811 were considered worth eleven thousand five hundred pounds, and an adventurer's share has been sold by auction for as much as fourteen thousand pounds.

The great undertaking cost the first projectors half a million sterling. There were originally seventy-two shares, and

thirty-six of these were vested in the projector, whose descendants became impoverished, and were obliged to part with the property. The mother of the last Sir Hugh received a pension of twenty pounds per annum from the Goldsmiths' Company. This last Sir Hugh was a poor man, whose whole employment was drinking ale. He was put to board with a sober farmer at Chigwell, in Essex, and there lived and died, a striking and unhappy contrast to his great ancestor. Other branches of the family were relieved by the New River Company, and a female descendant, even as late as 1808, obtained a small annuity from the Corporation.

The Crown's moiety was re-granted to Sir Hugh Middleton by Charles the First, who seeing the company's affairs look unpromising, accepted instead the yearly rent of five hundred pounds, which is still paid. Sir Hugh, afraid of the courtiers' fingers, had precluded King James from having any share in the management.

The New River has between two and three hundred bridges over it, and upwards of forty sluices. From Highbury it passes to Stoke Newington, and proceeds by a subterranean passage of about two hundred yards in length under the highway to Colebrook-row. It then continues under the City-road to the reservoir near Sadler's Wells. In old times the neighbourhood of the New River Head was much resorted to for bathing, in spite of all the efforts of the magistrates.

At the river head there is a house, built in 1613, and new fronted in 1782, by Robert Mylne, the engineer of the company. The board-room is described in 1812 as a fine wainscoted room, with a portrait of King William in the ceiling, together with the arms of Middleton and Green. Under this room is one of the cisterns. Mr. Robert Mylne, the architect of Blackfriars Bridge, raised a monument to Sir Hugh Middleton on a small island at Amwell. A statue to this great public benefactor has also been raised within the last few years on Islington Green.

There used to be a windmill at the river head to raise the water to the Upper Pond Reservoir in Pentonville. There is no doubt that Sir Hugh Middleton became after all an eminently prosperous man. He died aged seventy-six, leaving large sums to his children, an ample provision for his widow, many bequests to his friends and relatives, annuities to servants, and gifts to the poor. The old Islington tradition, however, is that

he was ruined, turned pavior in a Shropshire village, applied for relief to London citizens almost in vain, and died disregarded.

### SIR DOMINICK'S BARGAIN.

A LEGEND OF DUNORAN.

In the early autumn of the year 1838, business called me to the south of Ireland. The weather was delightful, the scenery and people were new to me, and sending my luggage on by the mail-coach route in charge of a servant, I hired a serviceable nag at a posting-house, and, full of the curiosity of an explorer, I commenced a leisurely journey of five-and-twenty miles on horseback, by sequestered cross-roads, to my place of destination. By bog and hill, by plain and ruined castle, and many a winding stream, my picturesque road led me.

I had started late, and having made little more than half my journey, I was thinking of making a short halt at the next convenient place, and letting my horse have a rest and a feed, and making some provision also for the comforts of his rider.

It was about four o'clock when the road ascending a gradual steep, found a passage through a rocky gorge between the abrupt termination of a range of mountain to my left and a rocky hill, that rose dark and sudden at my right. Below me lay a little thatched village, under a long line of gigantic beech-trees, through the boughs of which the lowly chimneys sent up their thin turf-smoke. To my left, stretched away for miles, ascending the mountain range I have mentioned, a wild park, through whose sward and ferns the rock broke, time-worn and lichen-stained. This park was studded with straggling wood, which thickened to something like a forest, behind and beyond the little village I was approaching, clothing the irregular ascent of the hillsides with beautiful, and in some places discoloured foliage.

As you descend, the road winds slightly, with the grey park-wall, built of loose stone, and mantled here and there with ivy, at its left, and crosses a shallow ford; and as I approached the village, through breaks in the woodlands, I caught glimpses of the long front of an old ruined house, placed among the trees, about half-way up the picturesque mountain-side.

The solitude and melancholy of this ruin piqued my curiosity. When I had reached the rude thatched public-house, with the

sign of St. Columbkil, with robes, mitre, and crosier displayed over its lintel, having seen to my horse, and made a good meal myself on a rasher and eggs, I began to think again of the wooded park and the ruinous house, and resolved on a ramble of half an hour among its sylvan solitudes.

The name of the place, I found, was Dunoran; and beside the gate a stile admitted to the grounds, through which, with a pensive enjoyment, I began to saunter towards the dilapidated mansion.

A long grass-grown road, with many turns and windings, led up to the old house, under the shadow of the wood.

The road, as it approached the house, skirted the edge of a precipitous glen, clothed with hazel, dwarf-oak, and thorn, and the silent house stood with its wide-open hall-door facing this dark ravine, the further edge of which was crowned with towering forest; and great trees stood about the house and its deserted court-yard and stables.

I walked in and looked about me, through passages overgrown with nettles and weeds; from room to room with ceilings rotted, and here and there a great beam dark and worn, with tendrils of ivy trailing over it. The tall walls with rotten plaster were stained and mouldy, and in some rooms the remains of decayed wainscoting crazily swung to and fro. The almost sashless windows were darkened also with ivy, and about the tall chimneys the jackdaws were wheeling, while from the huge trees that overhung the glen in sombre masses at the other side, the rooks kept up a ceaseless cawing.

As I walked through these melancholy passages—peeping only into some of the rooms, for the flooring was quite gone in the middle, and bowed down toward the centre, and the house was very nearly unroofed, a state of things which made the exploration a little critical—I began to wonder why so grand a house, in the midst of scenery so picturesque, had been permitted to go to decay; I dreamed of the hospitalities of which it had long ago been the rallying place, and I thought what a scene of Redgauntlet revelries it might disclose at midnight.

The great staircase was of oak, which had stood the weather wonderfully, and I sat down upon its steps, musing vaguely on the transitoriness of all things under the sun.

Except for the hoarse and distant clamour of the rooks, hardly audible where I

sat, no sound broke the profound stillness of the spot. Such a sense of solitude I have seldom experienced before. The air was stirless, there was not even the rustle of a withered leaf along the passage. It was oppressive. The tall trees that stood close about the building darkened it, and added something of awe to the melancholy of the scene.

In this mood I heard, with an unpleasant surprise, close to me, a voice that was drawing, and, I fancied, sneering, repeat the words: "Food for worms, dead and rotten; God over all."

There was a small window in the wall, here very thick, which had been built up, and in the dark recess of this, deep in the shadow, I now saw a sharp-featured man, sitting with his feet dangling. His keen eyes were fixed on me, and he was smiling cynically, and before I had well recovered my surprise, he repeated the distich:

"If death was a thing that money could buy,  
The rich they would live, and the poor they would die."

"It was a grand house in its day, sir," he continued, "Dunoran House, and the Sarsfields. Sir Dominick Sarsfield was the last of the old stock. He lost his life not six foot away from where you are sitting."

As he thus spoke he let himself down, with a little jump, on to the ground.

He was a dark-faced, sharp-featured, little hunchback, and had a walking-stick in his hand, with the end of which he pointed to a rusty stain in the plaster of the wall.

"Do you mind that mark, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, standing up, and looking at it, with a curious anticipation of something worth hearing.

"That's about seven or eight foot from the ground, sir, and you'll not guess what it is."

"I dare say not," said I, "unless it is a stain from the weather?"

"Tis nothing so lucky, sir," he answered, with the same cynical smile and a wag of his head, still pointing at the mark with his stick. "That's a splash of brains and blood. It's there this hundred years; and it will never leave it while the wall stands."

"He was murdered, then?"

"Worse than that, sir," he answered.

"He killed himself, perhaps?"

"Worse than that, itself, this cross between us and harm! I'm oulder than I look, sir; you wouldn't guess my years."

He became silent, and looked at me, evidently inviting a guess.

"Well, I should guess you to be about five-and-fifty."

He laughed, and took a pinch of snuff, and said:

"I'm that, your honour, and something to the back of it. I was seventy last Candlemas. You would not a' thought that, to look at me."

"Upon my word I should not; I can hardly believe it even now. Still, you don't remember Sir Dominick Sarsfield's death?" I said, glancing up at the ominous stain on the wall.

"No, sir, that was a long while before I was born. But my grandfather was butler here long ago, and many a time I heard tell how Sir Dominick came by his death. There was no masher in the great house ever sinst that happened. But there was two sarvants in care of it, and my aunt was one o' them; and she kep' me here wid her till I was nine year old, and she was lavin' the place to go to Dublin; and from that time it was let to go down. The wind sthript the roof, and the rain rotted the timber, and little by little, in sixty years time, it kem to what you see. But I have a likin' for it still, for the sake of ould times; and I never come this way but I take a look in. I don't think it's many more times I'll be turnin' in to see the ould place, for I'll be undher the sod myself before long."

"You'll outlive younger people," I said. And, quitting that trite subject, I ran on: "I don't wonder that you like this old place; it is a beautiful spot, such noble trees."

"I wish ye seen the glin when the nuts is ripe; they're the sweetest nuts in all Ireland, I think," he rejoined, with a practical sense of the picturesque. "You'd fill your pockets while you'd be lookin' about you."

"These are very fine old woods," I remarked. "I have not seen any in Ireland I thought so beautiful."

"Eiah! your honour, the woods about here is nothing to what they wor. All the mountains along here was wood when my father was a gossoon, and Murroa Wood was the grandest of them all. All oak mostly, and all cut down as bare as the road. Not one left here that's fit to compare with them. Which way did your honour come hither—from Limerick?"

"No. Killaloe."

"Well, then, you passed the ground where Murroa Wood was in former times. You kem undher Lisnavourra, the steep

knob of a hill about a mile above the village here. 'Twas near that Murroa Wood was, and 'twas there Sir Dominick Sarsfield first met the devil, the Lord between us and harm, and a bad meeting it was for him and his."

I had become interested in the adventure which had occurred in the very scenery which had so greatly attracted me, and my new acquaintance, the little hunchback, was easily entreated to tell me the story, and spoke thus, so soon as we had each resumed his seat:

It was a fine estate when Sir Dominick came into it; and grand doings there was entirely, feasting and fiddling, free quarters for all the pipers in the country round, and a welcome for every one that liked to come. There was wine, by the hogshead, for the quality; and potteen enough to set a town a-fire, and beer and cidher enough to float a navy, for the boys and girls, and the likes o' me. It was kep' up the best part of a month, till the weather broke, and the rain spoilt the sod for the moneen jigs, and the fair of Allybally Killudeen comin' on they wor obliged to give over their divar-sion, and attind to the pigs.

But Sir Dominick was only beginnin' when they wor lavin' off. There was no way of gettin' rid of his money and estates he did not try—what with drinkin', dicin', racin', cards, and all soarts, it was not many years before the estates wor in debt, and Sir Dominick a distressed man. He shewed a bold front to the world as long as he could; and then he sould off his dogs, and most of the horses, and gev out he was going to thravel in France, and the like; and so off with him for awhile; and no one in these parts heard tale or tidings of him for two or three years. Till at last quite unexpected, one night there comes a rapping at the big kitchen window. It was past ten o'clock, and old Connor Hanlon, the butler, my grandfather, was sittin' by the fire alone, warming his shins over it. There was a keen east wind blowing along the mountains that night, and whistling cowl'd enough, through the tops of the trees, and soundin' lonesome through the long chimneys.

(And the story-teller glanced up at the nearest stack visible from his seat.)

So he wasn't quite sure of the knockin' at the window, and up he gets, and sees his master's face.

My grandfather was glad to see him safe, for it was a long time since there was any

news of him; but he was sorry, too, for it was a changed place, and only himself and old Juggy Broadrick in charge of the house, and a man in the stables, and it was a poor thing to see him comin' back to his own like that.

He shook Con by the hand, and says he:

"I came here to say a word to you. I left my horse with Dick in the stable; I may want him again before morning, or I may never want him."

And with that he turns into the big kitchen, and draws a stool, and sits down to take an air of the fire.

"Sit down, Connor, opposite me, and listen to what I tell you, and don't be afeard to say what you think."

He spoke all the time lookin' into the fire, with his hands stretched over it, and a tired man he looked.

"An' why should I be afeard, Masther Dominick?" says my grandfather. "Yourself was a good masther to me, and so was your father, rest his soul, before you, and I'll say the truth, and dar' the devil, and more than that, for any Sarsfield of Dunoran, much less yourself, and a good right I'd have."

"It's all over with me, Con," says Sir Dominick.

"Heaven forbid!" says my grandfather.

"'Tis past praying for," says Sir Dominick. "The last guinea's gone; the ould place will follow it. It must be sold, and I'm come here, I don't know why, like a ghost, to have a last look round me, and go off in the dark again."

And with that he tould him to be sure, in case he should hear of his death, to give the oak box, in the closet off his room, to his cousin, Pat Sarsfield, in Dublin, and the sword and pistols his grandfather carried at Aughrim, and two or three thrifing things of the kind.

And says he, "Con, they say if the devil gives you money overnight, you'll find nothing but a bagful of pebbles, and chips, and nutshells, in the morning. If I thought he played fair, I'm in the humour to make a bargain with him to-night."

"Lord forbid!" says my grandfather, standing up, with a start, and crossing himself.

"They say the country's full of men, listin' sogers for the King o' France. If I light on one o' them, I'll not refuse his offer. How contrary things goes! How long is it since me and Captain Waller fought the jewel at New Castle?"

"Six years, Masther Dominick, and ye

broke his thigh with the bullet the first shot."

"I did, Con," says he, "and I wish, instead, he had shot me through the heart. Have you any whisky?"

My grandfather took it out of the buffet, and the masher pours out some into a bowl, and drank it off.

"I'll go out and have a look at my horse," says he, standing up. There was a sort of a stare in his eyes, as he pulled his riding-cloak about him, as if there was something bad in his thoughts.

"Sure, I won't be a minute runnin' out myself to the stable, and looking after the horse for you myself," says my grandfather.

"I'm not goin' to the stable," says Sir Dominick; "I may as well tell you, for I see you found it out already—I'm goin' across the deer-park; if I come back you'll see me in an hour's time. But, anyhow, you'd better not follow me, for if you do I'll shoot you, and that 'id be a bad ending to our friendship."

And with that he walks down this passage here, and turns the key in the side door at that end of it, and out wid him on the sod into the moonlight and the cowl'd wind; and my grandfather seen him walkin' hard towards the park-wall, and then he comes in and closes the door with a heavy heart.

Sir Dominick stopped to think when he got to the middle of the deer-park, for he had not made up his mind when he left the house, and the whisky did not clear his head, only it gev him courage.

He did not feel the cowl'd wind now, nor fear death, nor think much of anything but the shame and fall of the old family.

And he made up his mind, if no better thought came to him between that and there, so soon as he came to Murroa Wood, he'd hang himself from one of the oak branches with his cravat.

It was a bright moonlight night, there was just a bit of a cloud driving across the moon now and then, but, only for that, as light a'most as day.

Down he goes, right for the wood of Murroa. It seemed to him every step he took was as long as three, and it was no time till he was among the big oak-trees with their roots spreading from one to another, and their branches stretching overhead like the timbers of a naked roof, and the moon shining down through them, and casting their shadows thick and twisted abroad on the ground as black as my shoe.

He was sobering a bit by this time, and he slacked his pace, and he thought 'twould be better to list in the French king's army, and thry what that might do for him, for he knew a man might take his own life any time, but it would puzzle him to take it back again when he liked.

Just as he made up his mind not to make away with himself, what should he hear but a step clinkin' along the dry ground under the trees, and soon he sees a grand gentleman right before him comin' up to meet him.

He was a handsome young man like himself, and he wore a cocked-hat with gold-lace round it, such as officers wears on their coats, and he had on a dress the same as French officers wore in them times.

He stopped opposite Sir Dominick, and *he cum* to a standstill also.

The two gentlemen took off their hats to one another, and says the stranger:

"I am recruiting, sir," says he, "for my sovereign, and you'll find my money won't turn into pebbles, chips, and nutshells, by to-morrow."

At the same time he pulls out a big purse full of gold.

The minute he set eyes on that gentleman, Sir Dominick had his own opinion of him; and at those words he felt the very hair standing up on his head.

"Don't be afraid," says he, "the money won't burn you. If it proves honest gold, and if it prospers with you, I'm willing to make a bargain. This is the last day of February," says he; "I'll serve you seven years, and at the end of that time you shall serve me, and I'll come for you when the seven years is over, when the clock turns the minute between February and March; and the first of March ye'll come away with me, or never. You'll not find me a bad master, any more than a bad servant. I love my own; and I command all the pleasures and the glory of the world. The bargain dates from this day, and the lease is out at midnight on the last day I told you; and in the year"—he told him the year, it was easy reckoned, but I forget it—"and if you'd rather wait," he says, "for eight months and twenty-eight days, before you sign the writin', you may, if you meet me here. But I can't do a great deal for you in the mean time; and if you don't sign then, all you get from me, up to that time, will vanish away, and you'll be just as you are to-night, and ready to hang yourself on the first tree you meet."

Well, the end of it was, Sir Dominick chose to wait, and he came back to the house with a big bag full of money, as round as your hat a'most.

My grandfather was glad enough, you may be sure, to see the master safe and sound again so soon. Into the kitchen he bangs again, and swings the bag o' money on the table; and he stands up straight, and heaves up his shoulders like a man that has just got shut of a load; and he looks at the bag, and my grandfather looks at him, and from him to it, and back again. Sir Dominick looked as white as a sheet, and says he:

"I don't know, Con, what's in it: it's the heaviest load I ever carried."

He seemed shy of openin' the bag; and he made my grandfather heap up a roaring fire of turf and wood, and then, at last, he opens it, and, sure enough, 'twas stuffed full o' golden guineas, bright and new, as if they were only that minute out o' the Mint.

Sir Dominick made my grandfather sit at his elbow while he counted every guinea in the bag.

When he was done countin', and it wasn't far from daylight when that time came, Sir Dominick made my grandfather swear not to tell a word about it. And a close secret it was for many a day after.

When the eight months and twenty-eight days were pretty near spent and ended, Sir Dominick returned to the house here with a troubled mind, in doubt what was best to be done, and no one alive but my grandfather knew anything about the matter, and he not half what had happened.

As the day drew near, towards the end of October, Sir Dominick grew only more and more troubled in mind.

One time he made up his mind to have no more to say to such things, nor to speak again with the like of them he met with in the wood of Murroa. Then, again, his heart failed him when he thought of his debts, and he not knowing where to turn. Then, only a week before the day, everything began to go wrong with him. One man wrote from London to say that Sir Dominick paid three thousand pounds to the wrong man, and must pay it over again; another demanded a debt he never heard of before; and another, in Dublin, denied the payment of a tunderin' big bill, and Sir Dominick could nowhere find the receipt, and so on, wid fifty other things as bad.

Well, by the time the night of the 28th

of October came round, he was a'most ready to lose his senses with all the demands that was risin' up again him on all sides, and nothing to meet them but the help of the one dhreadful friend he had to depind on at night in the oak-wood down there below.

So there was nothing for it but to go through with the business that was begun already, and about the same hour as he went last, he takes off the little crucifix he wore round his neck, for he was a Catholic, and his gospel, and his bit o' the thrue cross that he had in a locket, for since he took the money from the Evil One he was growin' frightful in himself, and got all he could to guard him from the power of the devil. But to-night, for his life, he daren't take them with him. So he gives them into my grandfather's hands without a word, only he looked as white as a sheet o' paper; and he takes his hat and sword, and tellin' my grandfather to watch for him, away he goes, to try what would come of it.

It was a fine still night, and the moon—not so bright, though, now as the first time—was shinin' over heath and rock, and down on the lonesome oak-wood below him.

His heart beat thick as he drew near it. There was not a sound, not even the distant bark of a dog from the village behind him. There was not a lonesomer spot in the country round, and if it wasn't for his debts and losses that was drivin' him on half mad, in spite of his fears for his soul and his hopes of paradise, and all his good angel was whisperin' in his ear, he would a' turned back, and sent for his clergy, and made his confession and his penance, and changed his ways, and led a good life, for he was frightened enough to have done a great dale.

Softer and slower he stept as he got, once more, in undher the big branches of the old oak-threes; and when he got in a bit, near where he met with the bad spirit before, he stopped and looked round him, and felt himself, every bit, turning as cowl'd as a dead man, and you may be sure he did not feel much better when he seen the same man steppin' from behind the big tree that was touchin' his elbow a'most.

"You found the money good," says he, "but it was not enough. No matter, you shall have enough and to spare. I'll see after your luck, and I'll give you a hint whenever it can serve you; and any time

you want to see me you have only to come down here, and call my face to mind, and wish me present. You shan't owe a shilling by the end of the year, and you shall never miss the right card, the best throw, and the winning horse. Are you willing?"

The young gentleman's voice almost stuck in his throat, and his hair was rising on his head, but he did get out a word or two to signify that he consented; and with that the Evil One handed him a needle, and bid him give him three drops of blood from his arm; and he took them in the cup of an acorn, and gave him a pen, and bid him write some words that he repeated, and that Sir Dominick did not understand, on two thin slips of parchment. He took one himself, and the other he sunk in Sir Dominick's arm at the place where he drew the blood, and he closed the flesh over it. And that's as true as you're sittin' there!

Well, Sir Dominick went home. He was a frightened man, and well he might be. But in a little time he began to grow easier in his mind. Anyhow, he got out of debt very quick, and money came tumbling in to make him richer, and everything he took in hand prospered, and he never made a wager, or played a game, but he won; and for all that, there was not a poor man on the estate that was not happier than Sir Dominick.

So he took again to his old ways: for, when the money came back, all came back, and there was hounds and horses, and wine galore, and no end of company, and grand doin's, and diversion, up here at the great house. And some said Sir Dominick was thinkin' of gettin' married; and more said he wasn't. But, anyhow, there was somethin' troublin' him more than common, and so one night, unknownst to all, away he goes to the lonesome oak-wood. It was something, maybe, my grandfather thought was troublin' him about a beautiful young lady he was jealous of, and mad in love with her. But that was only guess.

Well, when Sir Dominick got into the wood this time, he grew more in dread than ever; and he was on the point of turnin' and lavin' the place, when who should he see, close beside him, but my gentleman, seated on a big stone under one of the trees. In place of looking the fine young gentleman in goold lace and grand clothes he appeared before, he was now in rags, he looked twice the size he had been, and his face smutted with soot,

and he had a murderin' big steel hammer, as heavy as a half-hundred, with a handle a yard long, across his knees. It was so dark under the tree, he did not see him quite clear for some time.

He stood up, and he looked awful tall entirely. And what passed between them in that discourse my grandfather never heered. But Sir Dominick was as black as night afterwards, and hadn't a laugh for anything nor a word a'most for any one, and he only grew worse and worse, and darker and darker. And now this thing, whatever it was, used to come to him of its own accord, whether he wanted it or no; sometimes in one shape, and sometimes in another, in lonesome places, and sometimes at his side by night when he'd be ridin' home alone, until at last he lost heart altogether and sent for the priest.

The priest was with him a long time, and when he heered the whole story, he rode off all the way for the bishop, and the bishop came here to the great house next day, and he giv Sir Dominick a good advice. He tould him he must give over dancin', and swearin', and drinkin', and all bad company, and live a virtuous steady life until the seven years' bargain was out, and if the devil didn't come for him the minute after the stroke of twelve the first mornin' of the month of March, he was safe out of the bargain. There was not more than eight or ten months to run now before the seven years' wor'dat, and he lived all the time according to the bishop's advice, as strict as if he was "in retreat."

Well, you may guess he felt quare enough when the mornin' of the 28th of February came.

The priest came up by appointment, and Sir Dominick and his reverence wor together in the room you see there, and kep' up their prayers together till the clock struck twelve, and a good hour after, and not a sign of a disturbance, nor nothing came near them, and the priest slep' that night in the house in the room next Sir Dominick's, and all went over as comfortable as could be, and they shook hands and kissed like two comrades after winning a battle.

So, now, Sir Dominick thought he might as well have a pleasant evening, after all his fastin' and praying; and he sent round to half a dozen of the neighbouring gentlemen to come and dine with him, and his reverence stayed and dined also, and a roarin' bowl o' punch they had, and no



end o' wine, and the swearin' and dice, and cards, and guineas changing hands, and songs and stories, that wouldn't do any one good to hear, and the good priest slipped away, when he seen the turn things was takin', and it was not far from the stroke of twelve when Sir Dominick, sitting at the head of his table, swears, "this is the best first of March I ever sat down with my friends."

"It ain't the first o' March," says Mr. Hiffernan of Ballyvoreen. He was a scholar, and always kep' an almanack.

"What is it, then?" says Sir Dominick, startin' up, and dhroppin' the ladle into the bowl, and starin' at him as if he had two heads.

"Tis the twenty-ninth of February, leap year," says he.

And just as they were talkin', the clock strikes twelve; and my grandfather, who was half asleep in a chair by the fire in the hall, openin' his eyes, sees a short square fellow, with a cloak on, and long black hair bushin' out from under his hat, standin' just there where you see the bit o' light shinin' again' the wall.

(My hunchbacked friend pointed with his stick to a little patch of red sunset light that relieved the deepening shadow of the passage.)

"Tell your master," says he, in an awful voice, like the growl of a baist, "that I'm here by appointment, and expect him down-stairs this minute."

Up goes my grandfather, by these very steps you are sittin' on.

"Tell him I can't come down yet," says Sir Dominick, and he turns to the company in the room, and says he, with a cold sweat shinin' on his face, "for God's sake, gentlemen, will any of you jump from the window, and bring the priest here?" One looked at another, and no one knew what to make of it, and in the mean time, up comes my grandfather again, and says he, tremblin', "He says, sir, unless you go down to him, he'll come up to you."

"I don't understand this, gentlemen, I'll see what it means," says Sir Dominick, trying to put a face on it, and walkin' out o' the room like a man through the press-room, with the hangman waitin' for him outside. Down the stairs he comes, and two or three of the gentlemen peeping over the banisters, to see. My grandfather was walking six or eight steps behind him, and he seen the stranger take a stride out to

meet Sir Dominick, and catch him up in his arms, and whirl his head against the wall, and wi' that the hall-doore flies open, and out goes the candles, and the turf and wood-ashes flyin' with the wind out o' the hall-fire, ran in a drift o' sparks along the floore by his feet.

Down runs the gentlemen. Bang goes the hall-doore. Some comes runnin' up, and more runnin' down, with lights. It was all over with Sir Dominick. They lifted up the corpse, and put its shoulders again' the wall; but there was not a gasp left in him. He was cowl'd and stiffenin' already.

Pat Donovan was comin' up to the great house late that night, and after he passed the little brook, that the carriage track up to the house crosses, and about fifty steps to this side of it, his dog, that was by his side, makes a sudden wheel, and springs over the wall, and sets up a yowlin' inside you'd hear a mile away; and that minute two men passed him by in silence, goin' down from the house, one of them short and square, and the other like Sir Dominick in shape, but there was little light under the trees where he was, and they looked only like shadows; and as they passed him by he could not hear the sound of their feet, and he drew back to the wall frightened; and when he got up to the great house, he found all in confusion, and the master's body, with the head smashed to pieces, lying just on *that spot*.

The narrator stood up and indicated with the point of his stick the exact site of the body, and, as I looked, the shadow deepened, the red stain of sunlight vanished from the wall, and the sun had gone down behind the distant hill of New Castle, leaving the haunted scene in the deep grey of darkening twilight.

So I and the story-teller parted, not without good wishes on both sides, and a little "tip," which seemed not unwelcome, from me.

It was dusk and the moon up by the time I reached the village, remounted my nag, and looked my last on the scene of the terrible legend of Dunoran.

Now ready, price 5s. 6d., bound in green cloth,

## THE SEVENTH VOLUME OF THE NEW SERIES OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

To be had of all Booksellers.

*The right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 189. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER I. BREAKING THE NEWS.

DOCTOR HAUGHTON stared hard at his old friend, who had just made such an astounding announcement—stared hard, but said nothing. Naturally a reticent man, in his capacity of physician he had had a great many odd things confided to him in his life, and had consequently not merely learned the value of silence, but had almost lost the faculty of astonishment.

After a minute's pause he turned to the little crowd, and said in a quiet, business-like way, "Just four of you lift this poor gentleman's body, two at the head and two at the feet, and carry it over to the tavern I see on the other side of the road. Gibson," to the coachman, "you go with them and pry them for their trouble. See it properly placed on a bed or sofa somewhere, and have the door locked, and tell the landlord he will be properly paid, and that a hearse will come out and fetch it away this evening."

When Gibson returned and reported that all these directions had been properly obeyed, he mounted his box again, and the gentlemen, re-entering the carriage, drove off swiftly towards London, leaving the little crowd in the road gazing after them.

The gentlemen inside the brougham composed themselves comfortably, each in his corner, looking out of the window, and waiting for the other to speak. Each was most anxious to hear all that the other might have to tell him, but both knew the professional etiquette of caution so well that neither liked to be the first to com-

mence the conversation. At length Mr. Broadbent, who was a year or two younger, and considerably more impulsive than his friend, broke the silence by saying, in a casual manner, and as though the subject had but little interest for him, "Odd that I should have been talking to you about that man this morning, and that we should have come upon him just now, wasn't it?"

"Very odd; very odd indeed," said Doctor Haughton; "quite a coincidence! Odd thing, too, his going under two names. Mr. Calverley certainly could not be called an eccentric man."

"Nor could Mr. Claxton, so far as I have seen of him at least," said Mr. Broadbent; "a thoroughly steady-going man of business, I should say."

"Ah!" said Doctor Haughton. And then there was a pause, broken by the doctor's saying, as he looked straight out of the window before him, "No need in asking what made the man adopt this mystery and this alias, eh? A woman of course?"

"Well, there certainly is a Mrs. Claxton," said Mr. Broadbent, "and a very pretty woman too!"

"Poor creature, poor creature!" said Doctor Haughton; "such things as these always fall hardest upon them."

"Yes, it's a bad thing for her losing her husband," said Mr. Broadbent.

"Her husband," echoed Doctor Haughton. "I—I—I suppose every one at Hendon thought she was Calverley's wife?"

"Thought she was!" cried Mr. Broadbent; "do you mean to say she wasn't?"

"Why, my good friend," said Doctor Haughton, pushing his hat on the back of his head and staring at his companion, "there's a Mrs. Calverley at home in Great Walpole-street, whither we are now going,

to whom Calverley has been married for the last ten or fifteen years."

"Good Heaven!" cried Mr. Broadbent; "then that poor girl at Rose Cottage is—ah, poor child, poor child!" And he sighed and shook his head very sorrowfully. He knew at that moment that so soon as the story got wind he would have to brave his wife's anger, and the virtuous indignation of all his neighbours, who would be furious at having received him in their spotless domiciles after his attendance on such a "creature;" but his first emotions were pity for the girl, however erring she might be.

"Very distressing indeed," said Doctor Haughton, blowing his nose loudly. "It is a most extraordinary thing that men who are liable to a cardiac affection are not more careful in such matters. And the girl is pretty too, you say?"

"Very pretty, young, and interesting," said Mr. Broadbent, kindly.

"Ah!" commented Doctor Haughton; "doesn't resemble Mrs. Calverley much, as you will say when you see her. No doubt poor Calverley—however, that's neither here nor there. Do you know this is a remarkably unpleasant business, Broadbent?"

"It is indeed," said Mr. Broadbent, "and for both the families."

"Yes, and for us, my good friend," said Doctor Haughton, "for us, who have to break the news to one of them within the next half-hour. Where on earth can we say we found the man? I suppose he was living out at this box of his, wasn't he?"

"Yes, he has been there for the last few days. He was in the habit of passing a week or ten days there, and then going off, as Mrs. Claxton told me, on business journeys connected with the firm of which he was a partner."

"That exactly tallies with Calverley's own life. He was absent from his home about every fortnight to look after, as he said, some ironworks in the North. It is very little wonder that a man leading a double life of such enormous excitement should bring upon himself a cardiac attack. Such a steady sobersides as he looked too! Gad, Broadbent, I shouldn't be surprised if you were to turn out a Don Juan next."

"No fear of that," said Mr. Broadbent, with a half-smile; "but really this is a most unpleasant position for us. Where can we say we found the poor fellow? We cannot possibly tell Mrs. Calverley we picked him up on the roadside, as he was probably supposed by her to be travelling in the North.

And yet she must know the truth some day."

"Yes, but not yet," said Doctor Haughton, "nor need we take upon ourselves the trouble and anxiety of telling her. We can say to Mrs. Calverley that this poor man was found dead in a railway carriage, which she would be ready to believe, imagining him to be on his return from these ironworks. And then we could tell Mr. Gerwood, a clergyman, her son by her former husband, who happens to be stopping in the house, how the matter really stands, and get him to explain it to her on some future occasion."

Mr. Broadbent agreed to this mechanically, for, indeed, he was but little concerned about Mrs. Calverley, and was wondering what would become of the poor little woman at Rose Cottage when she should hear the fearful news.

"And I'll tell you what, my dear Broadbent," continued Doctor Haughton, after a pause, "if you don't mind my giving you a little advice. I should let this young woman up at Hendon find out this news by herself—I mean to say I shouldn't tell her. No one knows that you know anything about it, and it is as well for a professional man to mix himself up in such matters under such circumstances as little as possible."

Mr. Broadbent again signified his assent. He was a kindly-hearted man, but he knew that from a worldly point of view his companion's advice was sound, and remembering Mrs. Broadbent's tongue, he determined to act upon it.

So the two gentlemen journeyed on until the carriage pulled up in front of the dull, grim, respectable house in Great Walpole-street, and there, feeling very nervous despite their professional training, they alighted.

There was no need to give their names, for the butler recognised Doctor Haughton at once, and ushered the gentlemen into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Calverley was seated alone, with the eternal Berlin wool frame in front of her. She looked up at the butler's announcement, rose from her seat, and stood with her hands crossed primly before her, waiting to receive her visitors.

Doctor Haughton advanced, and taking one of her cold flat hands shook it in a purely professional manner, and then let it drop. Nor could Mrs. Calverley, however acute she might have been, have gleaned any intelligence from the doctor's

look, which was also purely professional, and met her steely, blue eyes as though it were inspecting her tongue. But Mrs. Calverley was not acute, and she merely said, "How do you do, Doctor Haughton?" in her thin acid voice, and stared blankly at Mr. Broadbent, as though wondering how he came there.

"This is Mr. Broadbent, an old friend of mine, and a medical man of great experience, whose company I was fortunate enough to have on this very melancholy occasion."

Doctor Haughton laid great stress upon the last words, but Mrs. Calverley took them very calmly, merely saying "Yes?" and rubbing the palms of her silk mittens softly together.

"I am afraid I have not succeeded in making you understand, Mrs. Calverley, that a great misfortune has befallen you."

"The Swartmoor Ironworks," said Mrs. Calverley, suddenly brightening up. "I always said—but how could you know about them?"

"The calamity to which I am alluding is, I regret to say, much more serious than any mere business loss," replied Doctor Haughton, gravely. "Mr. Calverley has been out of town for some little time, I believe?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Calverley, becoming rigid with rage; "he is away carrying out some of those ridiculous schemes in which he wastes our money and——"

"Do not speak harshly, my dearmadam," said the doctor, laying his hand upon her arm. "I am sure you will regret it! Mr. Calverley is very ill, dangerously ill."

Mrs. Calverley looked up sharply into his face. "Stop one minute, Doctor Haughton, if you please; I should wish my son, the Reverend Martin Gurwood, to be present at any communication you have to make to me respecting Mr. Calverley. He is somewhere in the house, I know. I will send for him." And she rang the bell.

"By all means," said Doctor Haughton, looking helplessly at Mr. Broadbent, and feeling how very much more difficult it would be to tell his white lie, prompted though it was by merciful consideration, in the presence of a clergyman.

In a few minutes Martin Gurwood entered the room. He knew Doctor Haughton, and shook hands with him, bowing to Mr. Broadbent, to whom he was introduced.

"Doctor Haughton was beginning to make some communication to me about

Mr. Calverley," said Mrs. Calverley, "and I thought it better, Martin, that you should be present."

Martin Gurwood bowed, and looked inquiringly at the doctor.

"It is, I regret to say, a very painful communication," said Doctor Haughton, in answer to this mute appeal. "Mr. Calverley was found this afternoon in a very critical state in a—in a railway carriage on the—on the Great Northern line," said the doctor, with some little hesitation, feeling himself grow hot all over.

Mr. Broadbent, feeling the actual responsibility thus lifted from his shoulders, preserved a perfectly unruffled demeanour, and nodded his head in solemn corroboration.

"May I ask how you came to hear of this, Doctor Haughton?" said Martin.

"It so happened," said the doctor, "that I had been called in consultation to a case at—a short distance from town"—it would never do to name the exact place while this woman is present, he thought to himself—"and we were returning in the train when the discovery was made, and we at once offered our services, little thinking that the unfortunate sufferer would prove to be an acquaintance of mine."

"Some one must go to him at once," said Martin, looking hard at his mother.

"It is a great pity that Madame Du Tertre is not in the way just now when she is wanted," said Mrs. Calverley, quietly; "this seems exactly one of the occasions——"

"There is no necessity for any one to go," interrupted Doctor Haughton; "all that it is possible to do has been done."

"Do you consider Mr. Calverley to be in danger?" asked Martin, anxiously.

"In extreme danger," replied the doctor, and then catching Mr. Gurwood's eye, he endeavoured by the action of his mouth to frame the word "dead." But Mrs. Calverley's steely eyes were upon him at the same moment, and she guessed his meaning.

"You are endeavouring to deceive me, Doctor Haughton," said she, with her stoniest manner. "Mr. Calverley is dead."

"My dear mother," said Martin, leaving his chair, and putting his arms round her.

"I can bear it, Martin," said Mrs. Calverley, coldly; "this is not the first time I have known suffering. My life has been one long martyrdom."

"Is this true?" asked Martin, turning to the doctor.

"I regret to say it is," said Doctor

Haughton, "Out of consideration for Mrs. Calverley's feelings, I endeavoured to break the news as gently as possible, but it is better that she should know the truth as she does now."

"It is some consolation for me to think," said Mrs. Calverley, in measured tones, "that I never failed to utter my protest against these reckless journeys, and that if Mr. Calverley had not obstinately persisted in ignoring my advice, on that as on every other point, he might have been here at this moment."

"What was the immediate cause of death?" asked Martin Gurwood, hurriedly, for his mother's tone and manner jarred harshly on his ear.

"It is impossible to say without—with-out an examination," said the doctor, lowering his voice; "but I should say, from the mere cursory glance we had, that death probably arose from pericarditis—what you would know as disease of the heart."

"And that might be brought on by what?"

"It would probably be the remnant of some attack of rheumatic fever under which the deceased had suffered at some period of his life. But it has probably been accelerated or increased by excess of mental excitement or bodily fatigue."

"There need have been no question of excitement or fatigue either; if my advice had been followed," said Mrs. Calverley, with a defiant sniff, "if Mr. Calverley had been more in his home——"

"Yes, mother; this is scarcely the time to enter into such questions," said Martin Gurwood, severely, for he was ashamed of his mother's peevish nagging. "What arrangements have you made, doctor, in regard to the body of our poor friend?"

"None whatever at present," said the doctor; "we did the best we could temporarily, but this is a matter in which I thought it would be better to speak with you—alone," he added, after a pause, glancing at Mrs. Calverley.

But that lady sat perfectly unmoved. "Will there be an inquest?" she asked.

"I trust not, madam," said the doctor, dryly, for he was much scandalised at Mrs. Calverley's hardness and composure. "I shall use all the influence I have to prevent any such inquiry, for the sake of the poor gentleman who is dead, and whom I always found a kind-hearted, liberal man."

"I know nothing about his liberality," said Mrs. Calverley, only exhibiting her appreciation of the doctor's tone by a slight

increase in the rigidity of her back; "but I know that, like most of his other virtues, it was never exhibited towards me, or in his own home."

"I never saw Mr. Calverley except in this house," remarked the doctor, angrily. Then turning to Martin, he said, "These arrangements that we spoke of, had we not better go into them?"

"I think so," said Martin. Then turning to Mrs. Calverley, he added, "My dear mother, I must have a little business talk with Doctor Haughton about some matters in connexion with this melancholy affair which it might perhaps be painful for you to listen to, and at which there is happily no necessity for your presence. Shall we go into the drawing-room or——"

"Pray don't trouble yourself, I will relieve you of my company at once," said Mrs. Calverley. And with a very small inclination to the visitors she rose and creaked out of the room.

The usual pallor of Martin Gurwood's face was covered by a burning flush. "You must excuse my mother, Doctor Haughton, and you, too, if you please, sir," turning to Mr. Broadbent. "Her sphere in life has been very narrow, and I am constrained to admit that her manner is harsh and forbidding. But it is manner and nothing more."

"Some persons are in the habit of disguising the acuteness of their feelings under a rough exterior," said the doctor. "Mrs. Calverley may belong to that class. At all events subjects of this kind are better discussed without women, and we have a communication to make to you which it is absolutely necessary she should know nothing of, at least for the present."

Martin Gurwood rose from his chair and walked to the mantelpiece, where he stood for a moment, his head resting on his hand. When he turned round his face had resumed its usual pallor, was, indeed, if anything whiter than usual, as he said, "I have guessed from the first that you had something to say to me, and I have a fearful idea that I guess its purport. Mr. Calverley has committed suicide?"

"No, I think not, I certainly think not," said the doctor. "What do you say, Broadbent?"

"Most decidedly not," said Mr. Broadbent. "When I saw him yesterday, even in the cursory examination which I was able to make, I satisfied myself that there were symptoms of pericarditis, and I will stake my professional reputation it was that that killed him."

"When you saw him yesterday?" repeated Martin Gurwood, looking blankly at the surgeon. "Why, yesterday he must have been in the North. It was on his return journey thence, as I understood, that he died in the train."

"Yes—exactly," said Doctor Haughton, "this is just the point where a little explanation is necessary. The fact is, my dear sir, that our poor friend did not die in the train at all, but on the public road, the high road leading to Hendon, where he lived."

"Where he lived!" cried Martin Gurwood. "You are speaking in riddles, which it is impossible for me to understand. I must ask you to be more explicit if you wish me to comprehend you."

"Well, then, the fact of the matter is that our poor friend for some years past has led a kind of double life. Here and in Mincing-lane he was, of course, Mr. Calverley, but at Hendon, where, as I said before, he sometimes lived, having a very pretty place there, he passed as Mr. Claxton."

"Claxton!" cried Martin. "I have heard that name before."

"Not unlikely," said the doctor. "It came to be understood that Mr. Claxton was a kind of sleeping partner in the firm. Our friend here," pointing to Mr. Broad-bent, "thought so, as well as many others. No doubt the suggestion originated with the poor man himself, who thought that some day his connexion with the firm might crop up, and that this would prove a not ineffectual blind."

"What an extraordinary idea," said Martin Gurwood. "And he took this house at Hendon and lived there, you say, from time to time."

"Exactly," said Doctor Haughton, looking hard at him.

"As an occasional retreat doubtless, to which he could retire from the worries of business and—other things. You are a man of the world, Doctor Haughton, and though you have not been much at this house you must have remarked that my mother is somewhat exacting, and scarcely calculated to make a comfortable home for a man of poor Mr. Calverley's cheerful temperament. I can understand his not telling his wife of the existence of this little retreat."

"Yes—why—he," said Doctor Haughton, dryly. "There was another reason why he did not mention its existence to Mrs. Calverley. The fact is, that this little retreat had another occupant." And the

doctor paused and looked at Martin with a serio-comic expression.

"I am at a loss again," said the clergyman, "I do not understand you."

"My good sir," said Doctor Haughton, "your parish must lie a long way out of the world. Don't you comprehend? Mr. Calverley did not live alone in this rural box! There was a young woman there."

"What!" cried Martin Gurwood, staggering back against the mantelpiece. "Do you mean to say that this man, so looked up to and respected, has been living for years in open crime?"

"Scarcely in open crime, my good sir," said the doctor, "as is proved by the fact that it has been kept quiet so long. Moreover, he is gone, poor fellow, and though there can be no question of his guilt, there may have been what the lawyers call extenuating circumstances. I fancy from what I saw of him that Mr. Calverley was of all men inclined to be happy in his home had matters run smoothly."

"I think you are very right, sir," said Martin Gurwood, "and it is not for me to judge him, Heaven knows, nor," he added, seeing the doctor's eyes firmly fixed on him, "nor any other sinful man. You have so astonished me by your revelation that I feel myself almost incapable of any further action at present. You did perfectly right in concealing this dreadful story from my mother; she must be kept in ignorance of it as long as possible. Now, what else is there to be said?"

"Nothing, after you have given me the address of the undertakers you wish to employ."

"I know none in London, nor, I am sure, does my mother. You will be more accustomed to such matters, and I should be obliged to you to act for us."

"Very well," said Doctor Haughton. "I will give orders that the body be fetched from the tavern, where it is now lying, and brought here to-night. I will see you in a day or two, and I think you may trust to me for arranging the business, without any unpleasant legal inquiry under which the facts might possibly come to light."

Martin Gurwood shook hands with his retiring visitors, and followed them to the door, which he closed behind them and carefully locked. Then returning to the chair which he had occupied he fell on his knees beside it, and prayed long and fervently. He must have felt strong love for the man whose death and whose crime had just been revealed to him, the story just

narrated must have struck deeply into his soul, for when he lifted his face from between his hands where it had been buried, it was strained, and seared, and tear-blurred.

What was to be done? The dreadful news must be kept from Mrs. Calverley as long as possible, not, as Martin well enough knew, that her feelings towards the dead man would be wounded as almost any other woman's feelings would be wounded by the disclosure; not that in her case it would involve any shattering of the idol, any revulsion of love long concentrated on one earthly object, and at the last finding itself betrayed, but in fear lest the woman's ungovernable temper should break forth and blurt out to the whole world the story of her wrongs, and of her husband's dishonour.

There was the other woman, too, the poor wretch who had been the sharer of that dishonour, who had been living with a man on whom she had no moral or legal claim, and who even now was all unconscious of the blow which had fallen upon him, cutting him off in the midst of his wickedness, and leaving her to the scorn and reprobation of the world. Martin Gurwood's large-souled pity had time to turn even to this outcast, as he thought of her; he pictured to himself the desolation which would fall upon that little home, and could not help contrasting it with the proper and conventional display of grief which had already commenced to reign in the house in which he sat.

Yes! Grief as understood by undertakers and mourning-warehouse keepers, which is a very different thing from grief as displayed in red eyelids and swollen cheeks, in numbed feelings and dumb carelessness as to all that may happen, had begun to reign in the mansion in Great Walpole-street. The blinds had all been drawn down, and the servants stole about noiselessly on tip-toe. It was felt to be a time when people required keeping up, and the butler had opened a bottle of John Calverley's particular Madeira, and the cook had announced her intention of adding something special to the ordinary supper fare. Mrs. Calverley had retired to her bedroom, and announced that she would see no one save Madame Du Tertre, who was to be shown up directly she returned. And about seven o'clock in the murky autumnal evening, there was a noise of wheels and a low knock, and it arrived, and was borne in its shell on men's shoulders up the creaking stairs to

an unused room on the second floor, where it was left alone. There it lay deserted by all; it that had been young John Calverley, the worshipped treasure of the old mother long since passed away; it that had been the revered head of the great City house of Calverley and Company, of world-wide fame and never tarnished renown; it that had been "dear old John," so passionately loved by Alice Claxton, who was even now looking out into the dark night from her cottage-porch, and wondering whether her husband had gone off on business or whether he would return.

Long before it was brought there, Mr. Jeffreys had arrived from the City, had had an interview with Mr. Gurwood, in which he learned of his principal's sudden death. As Mr. Jeffreys came down the steps he met a lady going up, a lady who seemed in a state of great excitement, and who asked the footman standing at the hall-door what had happened.

The footman was concise in his reply. "Mr. Calverley is dead, mum," he said. "And Mrs. Calverley wished to see Madame Doo Turt as soon as possible."

## OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

### THE WESLEY FAMILY GHOST.

IN the month of December, 1716, the family of the Reverend Samuel Wesley (father of the celebrated John Wesley), vicar of Epworth, a Lincolnshire village inhabited by flax-growers, was much disturbed by sounds that, with the simple credulity of those days, were without hesitation set down as supernatural.

Mr. Wesley, an elderly man of the old High Church principles, had in his youth produced some inflated poems, which Pope at one time intended to ridicule in the *Dunciad*. As poor as Goldsmith's delightful vicar, the good man was as easy to deceive; and his Presbyterian parishioners had long persecuted him with untiring malignity. These rough fen-men had houghed his cattle, injured his horses, and even threatened his life. In extreme poverty the good old parson had consoled himself with his Hebrew books and his verses; and, aided by an excellent wife, had spent his time in educating his large family of sons and daughters, and trying to soften and civilise the coarse flax-growers, who hated everything he had been taught to love, honour, and admire. In faith and in the pursuit of duty he had pitched his tent among the sons of Kedar, and no threats

or violence could induce him to quit that stony place or those scoffing people. That he, a poor obscure village clergyman, should have been selected for what he considered undoubted supernatural sounds and phenomena, no doubt marked him out, in his own opinion, as a person destined to exercise great spiritual influence. He was a man of courage, however, and he set himself to observe the phenomena as became their extraordinary significance and importance.

It was on the 21st of December, a little before one A.M., that this worthy man was awoke by nine distinct knocks, which seemed to come from the room next to his own. After every third knock there was a distinct pause. The rector, awakening his wife, sat up in bed and quietly discussed the sounds. He pronounced at once that it was some drunken or mischievous disturber outside the house, and remembering his stout mastiff chained below, believed he could easily frighten off any would-be thief. The next night, however, the rector was again awoke, after he had been in bed and asleep some three hours, by the same sounds; but this time there were only six knocks, and they were fainter than before. Nothing else was heard. On the morning of Sunday, the 23rd, however, the alarm spread, for, about seven in the dim morning, the rector's daughter Emily called her mother in a frightened and sudden way into the nursery, and told her that the strange noises could then be heard there. The careful mother instantly went, and, sure enough, heard the sounds first near the bed and then under the bed. When Mrs. Wesley knocked, tentatively, she was answered by a rap, and when she looked under the bed, "something like a badger" ran out and escaped.

After this the daughters confessed at breakfast that ever since the 1st of December they had heard strange noises, groans, and knockings in nearly every room of the house. Susannah and Anne Wesley, when below stairs in the dining-room, had heard, first at the door, then over their head, and under their feet, strange rappings from rooms which were at the time empty. Emily Wesley, coming down-stairs one night at ten o'clock, to methodically "draw up" the clock and lock the doors as usual in that regular family, heard under the staircase a crash among some bottles; yet when she looked nothing was broken and nothing was there. Raps had also been heard by the servants in both kitchens, at the doors, against a

partition, and overhead, while one of the maids had distinguished groans as of a dying man at all hours of the night. Foot-steps had been heard as if some one were going up and down stairs, and there had been "vast rumblings" below stairs as well as in the garrets. A man who slept in the garret had heard some one pass his bed, and apparently disturb his shoes, though there were none there. There had also been heard a gobbling like a turkey-cock, noises in the nursery, and apparent dancing in a locked-up matted chamber next the nursery. Mrs. Wesley had at first persuaded her daughters and the servants that rats inside, or drunken people outside the house, were the only disturbers; but fear soon converted her to the general notion of a ghost. But why not have told before the father, husband, master, and general protector? The reason was, that there prevailed a village superstition that no person to whom such noises boded ill could ever hear them. Now that they had increased, and were the universal wonder and terror of the house, now, moreover, that Mr. Wesley himself had heard them, no further concealment was possible or necessary. Besides, the spirits could have no power unless it was given them from above. To warn or exorcise these dumb and foolish spirits would indeed be a great privilege, thought Mr. Wesley, in the natural pride of the moment.

The night after the appearance of the badger under the nursery bed, the noises broke out about one o'clock with triumphant violence. There was no hope of sleep. Bravely the rector arose, and his wife insisted on sharing his danger. The two went together into every room up and down stairs, and in nearly every chamber they entered they heard the noises in the room they had just left. At the bottom of the stairs they heard the crash Emily had described among the bottles, as if they had been all broken to pieces, and then a jangling splash, as though a peck of money had been emptied at their feet. They then went cautiously through the hall into the kitchen, and there they rather shuddered to see the big mastiff come whining towards them. It had never, indeed, barked since the first night. Only supernatural and unseen visitors, the rector argued, could have so alarmed a ferocious dog. The mastiff appeared more frightened than the children. The rector, and his wife also, heard "rattling and thundering" in every room of the house except his study, where as yet the vexatious ghost had not



intruded. After about an hour the worthy and credulous pair returned to bed. The satisfied ghost did not materially disturb them any more that night. On Wednesday, December the 26th, a little before ten, Emily Wesley heard in the nursery a sound which usually preceded the noises, a vibration like the difficult winding up of a jack. Calling her father and mother, they all listened, and there came raps from below at the bed foot and head, and under the bed. The rector then went down-stairs, and knocked with his stick at the smoky joists of the kitchen ceiling. The ghost answered as often as it was questioned. But when the rector knocked a peculiar change, such as he used to do at his own door (one—two, three, four, five, six—seven), it seemed to puzzle the mimetic ghost, who failed to answer it in the same manner, though the children afterwards heard it give the same kind of tat-tat two or three times on other occasions.

Going anxiously into the nursery, the rector found the knocking under the bed and at the bed's head continuing intermittently, the children starting and moving in their sleep, and at last awaking. The good father staying there alone to guard them, bade them go quietly to sleep again, and sat at the bed's foot watching them. When the sounds began again Mr. Wesley very gravely asked the ghost who he was, and why he disturbed innocent children, and did not come to him in his study, in a decorous way, and there tell him plainly what he wanted. Soon after there came a farewell knock at the outside of the house, and then the purposeless ghost "knocked off" for the night.

During these visitations, when Mr. Wesley, at prayers, mentioned the names of King George the First and the prince, "Jeffrey," as the family, by this time growing accustomed to the troublesome ghost, began to familiarly call the spirit, would make a great noise overhead, so that he was shrewdly suspected of being a Jacobite. Three times (probably in the dark) the astonished rector was pushed, by "invisible power," once against the corner of his study desk, once against the door of the matted chamber (a favourite haunt of Jeffrey), and a third time against the right-hand side of his study door as he was going in. At all hours, day and night, with lights and without, the puzzled rector followed the noises through every room of his house, alone, and with others, waiting to interrogate the spirit, and entreating it

to answer. Yet on no occasion did there come any articulate voice, and only once or twice two or three feeble squeaks, like the loud chirping of a bird, which were probably only caused by rats.

On Friday, December 28th, Mr. Wesley had to pay a visit to a friend, but the noises were so boisterous on the Thursday night that he did not care to leave his startled family. A Mr. Hooole, of Haxey, came therefore at his request, and spent the Friday night with him. Soon after ten the sounds began as usual, and the same performances were gone through.

From that time till January 24th Jeffrey was quiet. That morning, when the prayer for the king was read, there were the usual protesting knocks. At night, when the king and prince were mentioned, they came again, and louder, and one very loud knock at the "Amen" was heard at the door. After nine, Robert Brown, the servant-man, sitting alone by the kitchen fire, saw, as clearly as eyes can see anything, something like a small rabbit come out of the copper-hole, with its ears down, and dart up and run round in a circle five times. Robert ran after it with the tongs, but, losing it, grew frightened, and ran to tell one of the maids in the parlour. On Friday, the 25th, there being prayers at church, Mr. Wesley left out the prayers for the king and prince at home, and at this concession to Jeffrey there was no knocking. One morning, on reviving King George and the prince, the interruption began again, and eleven persons in the room distinctly heard the knocks. One night, directly Mr. Wesley spoke to the noises, they ceased. Gradually the family grew more indifferent to the sounds, and about the end of January, 1717, they ceased.

This is the old rector's version of the ghost. The view taken by Mrs. Wesley, and gathered from letters to her son Samuel, then an usher at Westminster School, is somewhat different, and presents the story in a somewhat new aspect.

On the 1st of December, a little before ten, one of the maids and Robin, sitting in a snug room opening on the garden heard knocks and groans at the door. Twice or three times they opened the door, but found no one. Startled at this, they rose and told Mrs. Wesley, who laughed at their foolish fears, and sent them to bed. Two or three nights afterwards the knocking began, sometimes in the garret, but most commonly in the nursery,

or green chamber. Mrs. Wesley, who had heard that frequent blowing a horn often frightened away rats, to whom she attributed these visitations, ordered one to be sent for. Molly Wesley was very much opposed to this, as she argued with girlish vivacity that, if the disturber were supernatural, he would feel hurt at it, and, growing angry, become more troublesome. And so it proved; for after the horn was blown in the garrets the noises, which before had only been at night, were now heard at all hours. The mother and girls all this time pretended to keep their hearts up, but were really miserable, concluding that the knocking was a warning of Mr. Wesley's death, as he alone had not yet heard it. On telling Mr. Wesley, he grew very angry, and said to his wife:

"Sukey, I am ashamed of you; these boys and girls fright one another, but you are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear no more of it."

At prayers that very day, at six P.M., during the prayer for the king, he first heard the knockings. The same day Mrs. Wesley heard a cradle violently rocking in the nursery, where no cradle had been for some years. So convinced was she that this sound was preternatural that she earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber, in her hours of retirement; and it never did. Sometimes the noise, which continued for hours together, was like that made by a carpenter planing planks. One night in the dark, in the nursery, Mr. Wesley adjured the spirit to speak if it had the power, and tell him why he troubled the house. He questioned it also as to whether it was his son Samuel, and begged it, if it could not speak, to knock, but no response was made. All this time Mrs. Wesley was fearing that her brother in India was dead, but he was not, though some time after he went up the country, before returning to England with his wealth, and disappeared for ever. Once, when Mrs. Wesley asked the ghost to answer her, it replied with knocks to the stamps she gave on the nursery floor. Kezzy Wesley, a little girl of seven, then said, "Let it answer me, too, if it can;" and every time she stamped her little foot the spirit replied. On looking under the bed something "pretty much like a badger" ran out under Emily's petticoats. Another night there came nine strokes near the bed, as if some one had beaten with an oak stick upon a chest. Mr. and Mrs. Wesley also constantly heard sounds as if some

one were running down the garret stairs; down the broad stairs; then up the narrow ones into the garret, and so over and over again. The rooms trembled all the time, and the doors shook till the latches clattered.

Emily Wesley's experiences differ from those of her mother. She did not hear the noises for a fortnight after the rest. One night, however, when she went from her mother's room to the best chamber to fetch her sister's candle, she heard the doors and windows shake, and a sound in the kitchen as if a vast piece of coal had been thrown down and smashed. She went down with the candle, but could see nothing; still the knocking began in every place just after she had passed it. The latch of the back-kitchen door lifted in her hand, but she locked the door, and saw nothing, though something resisted her pressure. At last the sounds became intermittent, and would come only on the outside of the house, and passed further and further off till they ceased altogether.

The same night that Emily Wesley heard the lump of coal shatter in the kitchen, and the bottles knock their heads together under the stairs, her sister Hetty was sitting waiting on the lowest step of the garret stairs for her father going to bed, the stair-door being shut behind her back. Suddenly there came down behind her "something like a man" in a loose night-gown trailing after him, which made her fly, rather than run, to Emily in the nursery. When Mr. Wesley was first told of these noises, Emily says, he smiled incredulously, imputed it to their romping, or to some lovers of theirs, and was more careful than usual from that time to see them safe in their bedrooms. This made the girls especially anxious for a continuance of Jeffrey's visits, that their father should be convinced that they were not in fault. Emily's theory was that the whole affair was caused by witches, for witchcraft had recently been detected in a neighbouring town. Moreover, Mr. Wesley had for several Sundays preached against the habit of consulting cunning men which prevailed among the poor people of Epworth, and this had perhaps vexed the witches. The badger-shaped creature seen by Mrs. Wesley, as Emily deposed in her letters to her brother at Westminster, was observed another evening by the man-servant sitting by the dining-room fire, and when the man entered it ran past him, through the hall, and under the stairs. He followed and searched for it

with a candle, but it had disappeared. The white rabbit seen in the kitchen, Emily Wesley so firmly believed to be a witch, that she says, "I would venture to fire a pistol at it if I saw it long enough." The initiatory signal sound Emily describes as "like the running of wheels, and the creaking of ironwork," and says that the knocks produced hollow and loud sounds that none of the girls could imitate.

From Molly Wesley we have a new aspect of the matter. The first thing she heard of the ghost was on the aforesaid December the 1st, when Fanny Marshall, the maid-servant, came running to her in the dining-room with a bowl of butter in her hand, to tell her she heard groans in the hall as of a dying man. A fortnight after, as Molly Wesley sat reading at the table, just before going to bed, her sister Sukey began telling her how, the day before, she had been frightened in the dining-room by a noise first at the folding-door, and then overhead. Molly had just replied that she did not believe a word of it, when at that moment Jeffrey rapped immediately under her feet. The two girls, frightened at this, hurried to bed, when just as they lay down, a great copper warming-pan at their bedside jarred and rang, and the latch of the door began to dance up and down. After this there was a sound as of a great iron chain falling on the outside of the door, and then, in infernal accordance, door-latch, hinges, warming-pan, and windows, all shook and clattered, and the house had a trembling fit from top to bottom. A few days after, between five and six in the evening, Molly Wesley being alone in the dining-room, the door seemed to open, though it really remained shut, and somebody seemed to walk in in a trailing night-gown, and pass leisurely round her; yet nothing visible actually appeared. Molly at once started off, ran up-stairs to her mother's room, and told her the story. Constantly the latch of a door would lift as she was about to touch it. Molly was present that night when her father left the family in the matted chamber, and went alone in the dark into the nursery, where the ghost was knocking. It remained silent when he asked it why it came, at which Mr. Wesley, says Molly, grew very angry, spoke sharply, called it a deaf and dumb devil, and repeated the adjuration. Molly and her sisters, huddled together in the outer and lighted room, were all this time trembling, lest the ghost should speak; but the only reply it deigned was a tre-

mendous knock on the bed's head, that seemed as if it would break it to shivers.

Sukey Wesley's experiences were in many respects different. Sukey first heard the sounds one night when she was working in the best parlour, and knowing the room below was locked, she was so frightened that she leaped into bed with all her clothes on. One night hearing the noises loudest in the nursery, this brave girl resolved to go and sleep there. Late at night several violent knocks were given on the two lowest steps of the garret stairs, close to the nursery door. Then the door-latch seemed to dance about as if mad, and knocks began on the floor about a yard from the door. The sounds came gradually towards Hetty Wesley's bed, and Hetty trembled violently in her sleep. It then beat three loud strokes on the bed's head. Mr. Wesley soon came up and adjured it, but it continued knocking, then removed to the room overhead, and beat furiously in reply to Mr. Wesley's interrogative knocks. Sukey, fairly scared at this, fled to her sister Emily's room, from whence they could hear the noises continuing in the nursery. Sukey, a little rallying, and the roses returning to her cheeks, now proposed a game at cards to beguile the vigil; but they had no sooner dealt the cards than Jeffrey, indignant at such contempt, began knocking under their feet. They then left off playing, and the noises returned to the nursery. One Sunday, in Sukey Wesley's sight, her father's trencher began to dance on the dinner-table till "an adventurous wretch took it up and spoiled the sport."

Nancy Wesley wrote her own impressions of the ghost to her brother John, then at school. The first time she heard Jeffrey was the night her mother ordered her to go up in the garret in the dark and blow a horn to frighten away the rats, as that plan had answered at a neighbour's house. The poor girl, terribly afraid, knelt down on the garret stairs, praying that as she did not do it to please herself the ghost might have no power over her. As soon as she got into the room the sounds ceased, but an hour or two afterwards they began more furiously than ever. There used to be steps as of a person following her when she passed in the daytime from room to room. The ghost would track her from one side of the bed to the other, and repeated every noise. Once as she was sitting on a press-bed, playing at cards with her sisters Molly, Hetty, Patty, and Kezzy, the

bed was lifted up with her on it. She had grown careless of the ghosts, and only said, as she leaped down laughing, "Surely old Jeffrey would not run away with me." Her sisters then persuaded her to sit down again, on which the bed was again lifted several times a great height. After this nobody could be induced to sit down on the bed any more. Whenever any of the family mentioned a certain Mr. J., the knocking began and continued to do so till they changed the discourse. Whenever Sukey Wesley wrote to Mr. J. the sounds began, and the night she set out for London to see him, Jeffrey knocked till morning without any intermission. It was always observed that the noises were oftenest near Hetty Wesley, and she was frightened because Jeffrey seemed to have a special spite against her.

Robin Brown, Mr. Wesley's man, took a very narrow view of the matter. The first time he heard it, he says, he was fetching down some corn from the garret, when some invisible thing knocked at a door just by him, and made him run down-stairs in a fright. Frequently somebody, apparently in jack-boots and a trailing night-gown, came through his bedroom, stumbling over the shoes by the bedside, and gobbling like a turkey-cock. Resolved to be too sharp for the ghost, Robin one night left his shoes and boots down-stairs, and took a large mastiff, newly bought, to bed with him; but the ghost came just the same, and seemed to stumble over as many as forty mortal pairs of boots. The dog crept into bed, and made such a howling and barking together, in spite of all the man could do, as to alarm all the family. One day, when grinding corn in the garret, when he stopped the handle of the mill, it went round of itself very swiftly. Nothing, Robin used to say afterwards, vexed him so much as that the mill was empty at the time, for if there had been corn in the mill old Jeffrey might have ground his heart out without his disturbing him. One day Betty Massy, a fellow-servant, denying all belief in old Jeffrey, Robin tapped the ceiling of the dining-room where they were three times with a reel he had in his hand, and the knocks were at once repeated, till the house shook again, and Betty begged and prayed him not to knock any more, for fear the ghost should appear corporeally.

A few more facts about the ghost we draw from memoranda collected by the celebrated John Wesley, then only a boy.

"The knocks always came," he says, "before any signal misfortune happened to the family, or before any illness." The neighbours opposite often listened, but could hear nothing. Once Mr. Wesley was going to fire a pistol at the place from whence the sound came, but Mr. Hoole being there, caught his arm and said:

"Sir, you are convinced this is something preternatural. If so, you cannot hurt it, but you give it power to hurt you."

The next evening, when Mr. Wesley adjured the spirit, he said to his daughter Nancy:

"These spirits love darkness. Put out the candle, and perhaps it will then speak."

The knocking continued, but still there was no articulate reply. Mr. Wesley then said:

"Nancy, two Christians are an overmatch for the devil. Go all of you down-stairs but Nancy; it may be when we are alone he will have the courage to speak." Mr. Wesley then said, "If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray knock three knocks, and no more."

Nancy Wesley, only fifteen, was sore afraid at this, but the spirit never answered. But in the daytime, when it followed her through the rooms, imitating her sweeping, she felt no fear; only she wished he had gone before her, and so saved her the trouble. Gradually all the sisters grew accustomed to the disturbance, and when a gentle tapping came at their bed-head about ten, they used only to say, "Jeffrey is coming; it is time to go to sleep." And as for Kezzy Wesley, the youngest child, directly she heard Jeffrey was knocking up-stairs, she used to run up and pursue him from room to room.

The following phenomena attended these sounds. 1. A wind outside the house rose when they began, and increased as they continued. 2. The first signal was usually heard at the top corner of the nursery. 3. The windows clattered and metal rang before the sounds began, and in every room the ghost entered. 4. Whatever noise was made, the dead hollow rap was heard clearly over all. 5. The sound, not to be imitated, was often heard in the air and in the middle of a room. 6. The ghost never really moved anything except the door-latches, except once, when it opened the nursery door and lifted a bed. 7. It began nearly always at a quarter to ten. 8. The mastiff dog only barked once at it. After that it always whined or ran and hid itself.

Thirty - four years afterwards, Emily Wesley, then the wife of an apothecary near London, believed that Jeffrey still warned her of coming misfortunes.

And now as to the cause of these noises. All the Wesleys believed that the ghost was a "messenger of Satan," sent to buffet their father for having, in 1701, left his wife for a whole year because she would call King William the Prince of Orange. But Doctor Adam Clarke, Wesley's biographer, mentions a story, "respectably related," though treated slightly by him, which seems to furnish a better clue to the noisy ghost. The story is this :

The Wesley family having retired one evening rather earlier than usual, one of the maids, who was finishing her work in the back kitchen, heard a noise, and presently saw a man working himself through a trough, which communicated between the sink-stone within and the cistern on the outside of the house. Astonished and terrified beyond measure, she, in a sort of desperation, seized the cleaver, which lay on the sink-stone, and gave him a violent and, probably, a mortal blow on the head ; she then uttered a dismal shriek and fell senseless on the floor. Mr. Wesley being alarmed at the noise, supposing the house was beset by robbers, rose up, caught up the fire-irons of his study, and began to throw them with violence down the stairs, calling out, "Tom ! Jack ! Harry !" &c., as loud as he could bawl ; designing thus to intimidate the robbers. Who the man was that received the blow, or who were his accomplices, was never discovered. His companions had carried him off : footsteps and marks of blood were traced to some distance, but not far enough to find who the villains were, or from whence they came.

Ten years before, the dissenting parishioners had stabbed Mr. Wesley's cows, mutilated his house-dog, threatened his life, burnt his flax, thrown him into Lincoln gaol, stripped him of the chaplaincy of Colonel Lepelle's regiment, fired off guns under the rectory window, and threatened to turn his wife and children out of their house. The servants during the ghost affair were both new ones, why might not the rough fen-men have sought this fresh opportunity of rousing the good man's fears and driving him from the place? Doctor Priestley, into whose hands these ghost documents fell, and who published them, pronounced the whole business a mere trick and imposture. The noises could have been

produced by the servants or the maid's lover, and the animals seen were probably real rabbits and badgers turned loose in the house to aggravate the disturbance. The plate-breaking ghost has been often detected to be a mischievous servant, why not suspect servants of planning the rapping ghost, whose coming led to nothing, and to whom speech was denied? Modern spiritualists, who spend their lives in furbishing up old superstitions, are never tired of quoting the Epworth ghost as the most irrefragable and unanswerable of his species? They tell you calmly that the simple solution of the matter is, that Wesley's daughter was a great medium, and that wherever she was these rappings would have come. Glorifying in any story that aids superstition, they gloat over these silly tricks, and hold them up as proving their own claims. For the excited imagination of a simple-hearted and credulous family, who believed in witches, they make no allowance ; the religious faculty of the Wesleys, morbidly active and strengthened by a retired life, they altogether ignore. The fact certainly remains, that for so many days at Epworth rectory, in the years 1716-17, certain noises, supposed to be supernatural, began, and that after a time, when the family grew indifferent to them, they ceased. No result was obtained by them, they warned, guided, reproved no one, they only frightened some girls and puzzled some men. Let no one who has not lived in old timber houses and heard the unearthly rushes, rattles, clatters, gnawings, and rappings produced by rats, say that those vermin were not enough alone to produce two-thirds of the sounds heard by the Wesley family. Let our solution be right or wrong, Doctor Priestley says truly of the whole story that "it is perhaps the best authenticated and the best told story of the kind that is anywhere extant ; on which account, and to exercise the ingenuity of some speculative persons, he thought it not undeserving of being published." And for the same reason we give it in this place, with more grains of salt added, however, than any spiritualist salt-cellar can conveniently hold.

#### BY THE URE.

WHERE the purple heights of Hambleton stand clear  
against the sky,  
Where the great trees bow their mighty heads, as the  
winds go wailing by,  
Where the rain falls fast and heavy, on moorland and  
on lea,  
The Ure with all her tribute streams chafes onward to  
the sea.

Down from bonnie Wensleydale, past braeken, brush,  
and fern,  
By many a moor-side homestead, by many a sparkling  
burn,  
By minster and grey abbey, by ivied village fane,  
Full fraught with inland whisperings, Ure flashes to  
the main.

She tells how Spring's gay summons is calling thickly  
forth  
Bright buds and fresh green leaflets, in the copses of  
the north.

She tells how birds are mating in every coppice lone,  
How glowing flowers, like scattered gems, on meadow  
lands are strown:

How children fling upon her, from many a crumbling  
arch,

Pale primrose-leaves and black ash-buds, first-fruits of  
boisterous March.

She tells how sun and shadow fast fleck her glittering  
breast,  
Meet heralds of sweet April, in her changeful garments  
drest.

But, darest she bear old ocean a hint of what she left,  
Where the willows droop their silvery hase, above a  
grassy cleft,  
Where mid violet tufts, and aconites, and daisies red  
and white,  
A fairer floweret than them all was left, alone, at  
night.

Ah, pretty babe, no mother's love to lap thee soft and  
warm,  
No tender hands to tend and guard the tiny fragile  
form,

Only the quick rain's pitying tears upon thy rest were  
shed,

The Ure to sing thy lullaby, the blossoms for thy bed!  
Where lurked the bitter story of woe, and shame, and  
sin?

In grey old grange, or village street, or dull town's  
weary din?

Mid the cruel or the careless, cold rich or sullen poor?  
While the murdered baby lay serene beside the rushing  
Ure.

Ah, saved from life and sorrow, poor pretty helpless  
waif;

Let it sleep beneath the fresh spring grass, from harm  
and trouble safe.

But I think, though fast our busy life forgets a tale of  
wrong,

One ear will shrink, while hearing lasts, from the rest-  
less river's song!

### THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

"You will scarcely believe me, perhaps,"  
exclaimed Maximilian, with a most beam-  
ing countenance, "when I assure you that  
the stories of the Sleeping Beauty and of  
Snowdrop are precisely identical."

"Stop a moment," said Laurence. "Let  
us bethink ourselves a little, before we  
begin to discuss your remarkable proposi-  
tion. Snowdrop was first made known to  
us Britons when a collection of Grimm's  
popular German stories was translated and  
published with illustrations by Mr. George  
Cruikshank."

"Nearly fifty years ago," interposed  
Edgar. "The German name of the story  
was Schneeweisschen."

"Stick to the dialect," insinuated Maxi-  
milian, "and say Sneewittchen."

"Anything to please," remarked Lau-  
rence. "As for the Sleeping Beauty, she  
is known to everybody, figuring as she does  
in those tales of Mother Goose, which I, by  
no means a chicken, read when I was a very  
small boy."

"That Mother Goose of yours," snarled  
Edgar, "is simply Charles Perrault, who  
flourished in the days of Louis the Four-  
teenth."

"Psha!" ejaculated Laurence. "Perrault  
knew Mother Goose as well as I do, and as  
you don't. In one of the early editions of  
his immortal tales, there was a frontispiece  
on which was depicted an old goose telling  
them to her goslings."

"Strange fellow that Perrault," observed  
Maximilian with a sigh. "He revived for  
a degenerate age the most popular stories  
of the inhabited globe, and none knew  
whence he had gotten them. The big-wigs  
in the days of the Great Monarch believed  
that he invented them himself."

"Well, don't be hard on our benefactor,"  
pleaded Laurence, "if he did not know  
whence he had derived his stories. There  
is many an honest gentleman, now-a-days,  
who is perfectly aware of the foreign source  
of his forthcomings, and pretends to be  
original notwithstanding."

"We are wandering from our subject, as  
we frequently do," objected Maximilian.  
"Come now. You say that the story of  
the Sleeping Beauty, as told by Charles  
Perrault, alias Mother Goose, is known to  
everybody. Are you quite certain that you  
know it yourselves?"

"Perfectly," shouted Laurence and  
Edgar, with exceeding force.

"Tell it with becoming humility, and  
give us a taste of your quality," suggested  
Maximilian.

"Good, I'll represent both of us," said  
Laurence. "There was a certain lady, who,  
blest with an unexpected daughter, in-  
vited the fairies to her christening. They  
all promised the child all sorts of good  
things, but there was one cantankerous old  
fairy, who had not received an invitation,  
and who dropped in to predict that the  
little princess would pierce her hand with  
a distaff, and consequently die. A young  
fairy coming opportunely forward, declared  
that the death should be commuted for a  
sleep of one hundred years. The king  
forbade the use of distaffs among his sub-  
jects under pain of death, but nevertheless  
some miserable old lady, unmindful of the

decree, employed the prohibited instrument in the palace, and the young princess, aged sixteen, ingeniously contrived to run it through her hand, and slept accordingly. When the hundred years had expired, the crown-prince of a strange family, that had come to the throne in the meanwhile, chanced to stray into the wood in which the palace of the fair sleeper was situated. At his approach she awoke, and he married her."

"Bravo. And they lived happily together ever afterwards, didn't they?" cried Maximilian. "Are you quite sure you are at the end of the story?"

"I remember," replied Edgar, evasively, "that I once saw a very admirable dramatic version of the tale by Mr. Planché, in which he left off at the very point at which I have arrived."

"Of course he did," retorted Maximilian, "Mr. Planché, as a dramatic artist, knew well enough that the rest of the story could not so readily have accommodated itself to plot. But Mr. Planché, as an archæologist, who has translated the tales of Perrault, and illustrated them with erudite notes, would have told you, had he been here, that you had stopped short. Don't you recollect that the prince, though the Sleeping Beauty had presented him with a daughter named Morning, and a son named Day, kept his marriage secret during the lifetime of the king his father, because he feared the cannibal propensities of his mother, who was supposed to be an ogress?"

"To be sure I do," exclaimed Laurence. "And on the death of the old king the young one brought his wife and children to court with great magnificence, and very inconsistently committed them to the care of his mother, while he made war on a neighbouring potentate."

"Of course," said Edgar, "it's all clear when one comes to think of it. The queen-mother, left to her own devices, soon revealed her mischievous propensities, and would successively have eaten the two children and her daughter-in-law, had not a soft-hearted major-domo concealed the intended victims in his own apartment, and deceived his mistress by serving up other dainties."

"At last," added Laurence, "little Day, about to receive a wholesome castigation from his mamma, set up a cry, which reached the ears of the ogress, who would have thrown the young queen and her children into a tub filled with toads and vipers, had not her son returned home just

in time to prevent the atrocity, whereupon his evil mother flung herself into the midst of the reptiles, and was devoured at once."

"How could we have forgotten all this, even for a moment?" inquired Edgar.

"Because," answered Laurence, "this supplementary tale of the queen and her two children does not seem to grow naturally out of the narrative of the Sleeping Beauty, but to be an independent story, accidentally tacked on."

"That sort of tacking is by no means uncommon," observed Maximilian: "but I am prepared to show that it has not taken place in this particular instance, the stories of the Sleeping Beauty and her children being parts of one indivisible entirety. First, however, let me recal to your memories Grimm's tale of Snowdrop, which, though pretty generally known, is less familiar than the other. Snowdrop, you may remember, was the lovely daughter of a queen, who pricked her finger while working on a snowy day at a window with an ebony frame, and wished she might have a child as white as snow, red as blood, and black as ebony. The wish having been granted by the birth of an infant with fair skin, rosy cheeks, and black hair, the good queen died, and the king, her husband, took unto himself another wife, whose magic mirror assured her that she was the loveliest lady in all the land, and repeated the comforting assurance till Snowdrop had completed her seventh year, when it provokingly told its royal mistress that, though she was fair, her step-daughter was a thousand times handsomer. In the rage natural to jealous step-mothers, the queen ordered a confidential huntsman to take Snowdrop into a wood, and there murder her. The rather good man was so far compassionate that, instead of killing the little girl himself, he left her to be devoured by wild beasts; but finding herself alone, she strayed about, till she arrived at a small house inhabited by seven kindly dwarfs, who took pity on her, and employed her as their servant, warning her against the possible machinations of the queen. That wicked lady learned from her glass the place of Snowdrop's retreat, and disguising herself as a pedlar, called at the house of the dwarfs during their absence, and persuaded the girl to purchase a stay-lace, which she fastened so tight that apparent death was the result. The dwarfs, on their return, restored animation by loosening the stay-lace; and they were equally successful

when, on another occasion, the queen had induced Snowdrop to put on a poisoned comb. A poisoned apple, which the queen brought on a third occasion, proved, however, too much for them. Snowdrop was not to be restored by any available means, and the beneficent dwarfs placed her body in a glass coffin, which each of them guarded in turn, and on which was stated, in golden letters, that she was the daughter of a king. A prince accidentally coming to the spot, became enamoured of the deceased beauty, and persuaded the dwarfs to make him a present of the coffin. This was carried on the shoulders of his servants, who happened to stumble, and a poisoned apple-pip falling from the lips of Snowdrop, she was at once restored to life, and, of course, married the prince. The wicked queen was invited to the wedding-feast, and forced to dance in red-hot iron shoes till she died."

"And that is the whole story?" said Edgar. "Well, there is a sort of resemblance between the resuscitation of Snowdrop and the waking of the Sleeping Beauty, but when we consider what a family likeness there is among a vast number of popular stories, I can hardly see the identity which you profess to have discovered."

"You have not as yet heard the premises by which I arrive at my conclusion," returned Maximilian. "To obtain these you must go all the way to Sicily, or, at any rate, to the collection of Sicilian stories made by Laura Gonzenbach."

"Can't you be our guide?" asked Laurence.

"Certainly," replied Maximilian; "and I will begin by telling you the tale of Maruzzedda, a name, by the way, which is a Sicilian diminutive for Maria. This Maruzzedda was the youngest and most beautiful daughter of a poor cobbler, hated, like Cinderella, by her two sisters. Going out one day in search of work, he took with him his eldest girl, and as he found a job, which brought him a trifling sum, he and his daughter expended half the treasure by refreshing themselves in the next house, and took the other half home. A similar operation was performed on the following day, when double the first sum was earned by the cobbler, and his second daughter was his companion. But on the third day, when his gains were trebled, Maruzzedda, who was now his companion, persuaded him not to spend half upon the road, but to take home the whole and share it with her sisters."

"I foresee that these wretched sisters will not be grateful," observed Edgar.

"Of course they were nothing of the kind," replied Maximilian. "They hated Maruzzedda more than ever for her generosity, and prevailed on their father to adopt the old expedient of taking Maruzzedda to a wood, and there leaving her. Finding herself alone at sunset in the dismal forest, Maruzzedda wandered about till she came to a magnificent castle, which she entered without obstacle. The chambers through which she walked were superbly furnished, and in one of them was a well-appointed table and a bier, on which lay the body of a lovely female. Other inhabitants there were none, so Maruzzedda, unbidden, refreshed herself at the table, and then went to sleep in a handsome bed."

"Considering the lovely deceased as nobody?" asked Edgar.

"When she had resided for some time in the castle," continued Maximilian, "she chanced, looking out of window, to see her father. Informing him that she could not give him admittance, she desired him to remember her kindly to her sisters, who, when they had heard the news, rewarded her good wishes by sending their father to the castle with a poisoned cake. Then, on the night before his arrival, Maruzzedda dreamed that the dead lady called her by name, and advised her to try the coming cake upon the cat. The advice was followed, and when the father had come and gone, having been rewarded with a little money, a piece of cake was given to the cat, which perished accordingly. Another visit to the castle enabled the cobbler to report that Maruzzedda was still living; and he was now sent by her sisters with a hat which had the power of suspending animation. She was warned in a dream by the dead lady not to put it on, but when she received it she deposited it in a chest, to be worn on some future occasion, whereas, of course, she ought to have destroyed it."

"I don't see that, when she had not been counselled so to do," objected Edgar. "Was there no other convenient animal that could have answered the purpose of the unfortunate cat?"

"Perhaps the poisoned bonnet points a moral against female vanity," suggested Laurence.

"After a lapse of time," proceeded Maximilian, "the dead lady was received into heaven. Before her departure she appeared to Maruzzedda for the last time, and be-



queathed to her the castle, with all the treasures it contained. Left alone with her wealth, Maruzzedda amused herself by rummaging over her old chest, and lighted on the fatal hat, which she heedlessly put on, and became insensible in a moment. The dead lady, descending in the night, placed the lifeless body on the bier which she had left vacant, and there it lay perfectly motionless, but neither pale nor cold. More time elapsed, and the king of the country, sporting near the castle, shot a bird, which fell into Maruzzedda's room. Every door was locked, but two of the king's followers entered the room through the window, and, struck with admiration, called the king to join them, and view the beautiful corpse. Suspecting that Maruzzedda was merely asleep, he removed the hat, and animation immediately resulted. Now pay particular attention. The king married Maruzzedda, but kept his marriage secret, and contented himself with visiting her at the castle, because he feared his mother, who was a sorceress. In the course of three years the young wife gave birth to as many sons, the first of whom she named 'I love thee' (T'amo), the second 'I loved thee' (T'amai), and the third 'I shall love thee' (T'amero)."

"I see whither we are going," said Laurence; and Edgar nodded assent.

"The old queen," continued Maximilian, "at length discovered her son's marriage, and sending a message to Maruzzedda, with kindly words persuaded her to intrust the three children to their grandmother. When they were all in her power, she ordered her cook to kill them, but the compassionate man concealed them in his house, and deceived her by providing the hearts of three young goats. In the meanwhile the king had fallen ill, and his mother availed herself of the occasion to invite Maruzzedda to visit her. Having put on three dresses, the deluded lady proceeded to the royal palace, and found in the court a large fire, into which the queen ordered her to be cast. She asked leave to take off her dresses, and as she threw them aside, one after another, she successively uttered the significant names of her three children. Musicians had been placed at the door of the king's chamber to deaden the sound of his wife's voice, but the names reached his ear, and on hearing the last he sprang from his bed to rescue Maruzzedda, and to put his mother in her place. The children, of course, reappeared, and the cook was rewarded."

"Good," said Laurence. "Now I plainly perceive we have a story which is essentially that of Snowdrop, with a termination which is essentially that of the Sleeping Beauty."

"I am much struck," remarked Edgar, "by the dead lady, about whom no explanation is given, and who performs the office of the seven dwarfs. She seems almost like a second Snowdrop invented for the rescue of the first."

"Now there is another Sicilian story," proceeded Maximilian, "about one Maria, who was lost in a wood by her father at the instigation of a wicked step-mother, and wandered about till she came to a small house kept by seven robbers, on whom she waited, and who afforded her protection. The step-mother, discovering her retreat, sent her a magic ring, which apparently deprived her of life, and the robbers, placing her body, with many treasures, in a handsome coffin, had it drawn to the king's castle by oxen, and deposited it in one of the royal stables. The king, hearing of the arrival of the coffin, had it placed in his own chamber, where it was opened, and revealed its living contents. Four wax candles were solemnly lighted, and the king, dismissing his attendants, knelt alone by the coffin, weeping. His mother, missing him at meal-time, and coming to his room, saw him through the key-hole, and caused the door to be broken open. She, too, was moved with compassion, and taking Maria's hand, drew off the ring, thinking that such a precious jewel should not be consigned to the grave. Maria revived, and the king married her with his mother's consent."

"Ah, now we get back to Snowdrop's seven protectors, who appear in less respectable shape, and we lose the wicked step-mother," exclaimed Edgar.

"There is still another Sicilian story about the Fair Anna, which belongs to our subject," resumed Maximilian. "In this we have three sisters, who lived together without father or mother, and the elder two of whom hated Anna, the youngest, because she was most admired by the king's son as he passed their window. Anna was purposely lost in the wood by her eldest sister, and came to a fine house inhabited by an ogre, who was so touched by her beauty that, instead of eating her, he afforded her shelter, and she not only lived very happily with him and his wife, but became owner of the house and its contents after their speedy decease. Here she was discovered by her sisters, who

poisoned her with a bunch of grapes, and left her for dead on the terrace. The king's son found her, restored her, married her, concealed his marriage on account of his wicked mother, and became father of a son and daughter, named Sun and Moon. The story goes on like that of Maruzzedda. While the king is ill, Anna is about to be thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil, and takes off three dresses, respectively decorated with silver, gold, and diamond bells. She is, of course, saved, and the old queen suffers in her stead. Thus you have the last of my premisses."

"Give us your conclusion in detail," said Laurence.

"Note, then," replied Maximilian; "we have gone through five stories, and in three of them we find that the marriage of a prince with a lady awakened from a trance is followed by the persecution of his wife and children by his wicked mother. The connexion, therefore, between the two parts of the Sleeping Beauty is not accidental. Note again; the elements of all the stories are continued in the Sicilian tale of Maruzzedda. She is obviously Snowdrop; and if you expand the indefinite period of her trance into one hundred years, she becomes the Sleeping Beauty of Charles Perrault."

"Capital," cried Edgar. "Snowdrop and the Sleeping Beauty being both Maruzzedda, the Sleeping Beauty is Snowdrop. Q.E.D."

"And look here," exclaimed Laurence. "Does not Maruzzedda, living in the castle with that mysterious protectress, and persecuted by her sisters, remind you somewhat of the position of Psyche in Cupid's palace, described in the immortal romance of Apuleius?"

## SIR PETER'S MONUMENT.

### CHAPTER I.

YOUNG Oliver Kempe, who called himself a "statuary," and was the tenant of a rather confined studio in George-yard, King's-square (since called Soho-square), Oxford-road, wrote home to his anxious relatives in Lincolnshire something as follows:

"I have triumphed. The gold medal of the Royal Academy is mine. I received it from Sir Joshua's own hands. My name is to be engraven round its edge. I long to show it you. The president complimented me most warmly on the merits of my design. He is no less good than he is great. You can't think how my heart

beat when the secretary called my name and I struggled through the crowd to the president's chair. My model is to be carried to Buckingham House to be inspected by their most gracious majesties the king and queen. I have received compliments and congratulations on all sides. Many maintain that mine is the best historical design that has been produced in England for years. The subject, as I have already told you, is the Continenence of Scipio.

"The Academy, you know, is in Somerset House, formerly a palace. Lectures are given every Monday night by Hunter on anatomy, Wall on perspective, Sandby on architecture, and Sir Joshua on painting. In the life school the model sits two hours every night. I have seen two men hanged, and one with his breast cut open at Surgeons' Hall. The other being a fine subject, they took him to the Royal Academy and covered him with plaster-of-paris, after they had put him in the position of the Dying Gladiator. I neglect no opportunity of improving myself in drawing, modelling, and anatomy.

"I have already one or two commissions for portrait bustos, and have great hopes of being chosen to carve the monument of the late Sir Peter Bembridge, parliament man and East India merchant, to be erected by his widow in New Marylebone Church. Meanwhile, materials are so costly, and living here in the most moderate way runs away with so much money, that if you could spare me a few guineas I should be very glad. I am rather in debt, but not gravely so. Some urgent claims upon me I must find means to discharge shortly, however. With deepest affection," &c.

To another of his correspondents—not a member of his family—Mr. Kempe wrote to this effect:

"I have won the medal. How I wish that you were near that I might hang it round your soft, sweet, white neck! my adorable Phillis! I think of thee without ceasing, and always, be sure, with the tenderest love. I have still—need I say it?—the golden tress you clipped from your fair head one night—moved by my beseeching, and bestowed upon me out in the meadow of the Dairy Farm beyond the mill-stream. You remember? Surely you missed it not, nor any one else. My dear mistress is so rich in golden locks. How many might she be rifled of and yet none be the wiser: not even herself! I wear it, as I said I would, next my heart ever, wrapped in that same little blue silken case your deft

fingers sewed for it. It is to me an amulet, shielding me from evil, assuring me of future bliss. I had need of some such magic charm, for this London is a big, wicked, cruel giant of a place. 'Tis hard to wrest a living from it; how much harder to bring it to my feet and force it to pay me homage! But I'll not despair, if my Phillis will but be true to me. I've won the medal, that's something. I'm proud of it, I own, because I think it may make my Phillis, if ever so little, proud also. But I mean to do greater things. I intend to succeed. For success means fame, fortune, and best of all, the right to call Phillis really and truly mine for ever.

"I have been ailing a little, from overwork, I think, and at times feel myself despondent somewhat, and inclined to lose heart. I am but one, and I have to strive against so many. My life is very, very lonely. I have but few friends outside my studio, and my friends here are made for the most part of clay, plaster, and stone. They are cold and dumb. Yet let me not blame them; they've been true to me. And if I am faithful to them and to my art, shall I not in time reap reward?"

"One friend I have forgotten. It is the love of my Phillis. May I hope that that is with me ever? That my kind mistress, in spirit, tends me and hovers near me like a guardian angel always? At least, let me believe so, for the thought brightens and cheers me as the sun the flowers. But I must end.

"Good-night, sweet Phillis! Heaven preserve and bless you, and make you love me, and me worthy of your love. I have kissed the paper just where I am writing. Please kiss there too, Phillis," &c.

#### CHAPTER II.

If it was with a light purse that Oliver Kempe had quitted his native village for London, it was with a light heart also. He came of worthy, honest folk of yeoman condition, who had not much money wherewith to endow him; of what they possessed, however, his family gave him generously; his father cautions and counsel, his mother tears and prayers, his sisters sobs and kisses. Then he had his own stout health, fresh youth, and abundant hopes. Further, he was furnished with the blessings and good wishes of quite a host of friends and neighbours who assembled at the cross-roads to see him meet and mount into the waggon which was to carry him laboriously to London, and to bid him good speed upon

his long and it might be perilous journey. All were glad to see him set forth in such good spirits. His kindred especially rejoiced thereat, or said they did, their looks most rueful and woebegone the while. In truth, the parting was very grievous to them. He, their loved one, seemed to have taken all hope with him, and left them only fear.

He looked elated, sanguine, occupied with the future, full of faith in himself and his plans. But perhaps beneath all this moved a stronger under-current of sadness than they could give him credit for. Yet the yearnings that were so painfully restless within him, try hard as he might to still and subdue them, were not solely for those of his own house. There was affection for his kin, but there was love for a stranger in blood. He wore suspended from his neck, swinging down towards his heart, the amulet, as he called it in the letter quoted above, bestowed upon him by a certain damsel of his neighbourhood—Phillis Blair, the schoolmaster's daughter. Of her precious gift none knew save only he and she. The twain had interchanged most tender speeches, most ardent vows. Their leave-taking had been very trying to both. She had wept piteously, and striving to stay her tears he had but unlocked the flood-gates of his own grief. He besought her, not wholly in vain, to share his high hopes and expectations. Soon he was to return famous and prosperous to claim her hand and make her his wife. Their union otherwise was not possible. They must venture if they were to win. Cupid was ever a gamester. They staked their present happiness to win greater by-and-bye. Meantime, of course, they must consent to be wretched: for they must part. She could not suggest the possibility of failure, of their losing both the present and the future. To doubt her suitor's success was to question his merits. She could not do that. She loved him.

The last farewell spoken, the last kiss given, she felt herself the most miserable of maidens. Beside her love she had nothing. He had action, ambition, deeds to do, a name to make. Thoughts of these, perhaps more than they should, lightened his heart. Hers was heavy indeed.

He was a likely-looking young fellow enough, lithe of figure, quick of movement, with his mother's large, tender brown eyes, and his father's breadth of brow and shapeliness of feature. His thick dark hair was neatly combed from his face and

tied into a club at the back of his head. He was simply clad in blue broadcloth, with grey worsted stockings; and bright pewter buckles decked his shoes. He had served his apprenticeship to a wood-carver. Then he had tried his hand upon stone, and gained credit by his marble mantelpieces. He had executed a bust or two for certain provincial patrons, and won prizes for his drawings and models from the Society of Arts in the Strand. His ambition grew. He longed for a larger public. The world in which he moved was not big enough for him or for his art. He must go to London, of course. He did not credit that its streets were paved with gold as some asserted; silver would do. Surely he should there find reward for his toil, recognition of his capacity, and, in due time, fame and prosperity. He was a genius as he believed; he would try and make the world believe so too. He had a future before him; it behoved him to go forth and meet it.

His letters did not tell the whole truth. What letters ever do? He had suffered more than he cared should be known. He had met with care, sickness, disappointment—he had even undergone privation. His small stock of money was exhausted. But he could not—he was too brave or too proud—tell of these things. It would have broken his mother's heart to know all her son had endured. He only wrote when he had good tidings to tell. His letters necessarily had not been so frequent as his friends could have wished. But they forgave his neglect or seeming neglect of them. They felt so sure that he was most busily occupied making his fortune. Poor lad! It was all he could do to earn bread.

Still it was something to say that he had won the gold medal of the Royal Academy. How rejoiced they were! how proud of him! They had quite settled that the precious token should remain ever as an heir-loom in the family. Just at that moment he was weighing it in the palm of his hand, considering how much his friend the pawnbroker—with whom he had had many previous transactions—would advance him upon a deposit of it.

But if he might regard the medal as the turning-point in his fortune! It really seemed now that the clouds were lifting—his prospects brightening. He had a reasonable chance of a commission to execute Sir Peter Bembridge's monument. The "portrait bustos" he had mentioned in his letters home were not likely to be very

remunerative works. They were merely models in clay of the heads of certain of his fellow-students, whose pockets were little better supplied than were his own, and who pretended in no way to be patrons of art, but rather professors.

There was a noise without the statuary's studio. The grating of wheels upon the roadway, the clatter of carriage steps, the voices of footmen. "My Lady Bembridge" was announced. Oliver rose to receive her. He opened wide the door as she swept majestically into the room. He bowed and blushed, muttered acknowledgments of his sense of the honour conferred upon him, and placed a chair for her ladyship. She waved her hand; she did not care to sit.

#### CHAPTER III.

HE had been day-dreaming, sitting with his hands before his eyes, leaning forward with one arm on each knee. He rose up a trifle dazzled and confused. The scent of musk her ladyship brought with her into the studio seemed to him rather overpowering. And her ladyship's presence was sufficiently disturbing. How much depended upon his winning her favour!

She was attired in deep mourning, for Sir Peter's demise was of recent date. He had been what the world then called "a nabob," who had returned late in life from the East, possessed of a good fortune and a bad liver, to marry a young wife and leave a rich widow. Something of the bloom of youth Lady Bembridge had now lost; still her charms had not yet attained the full glow of maturity—the ripeness that immediately precedes decay. For a widow she was certainly young, whatever she might have been otherwise accounted. And she was very handsome. No doubt her beauty suffered from the restrictions of costume unavoidable under the circumstances. Her dress was as intensely mournful, indeed, as milliner could make it. Wits at the chocolate-houses had likened her to the fifth act of a tragedy. She had even abandoned the use of rouge, while she had thickly coated her complexion with white paint. Her sighs were frequent, and she bore in her hand her cambric kerchief, in constant readiness to stanch any sudden overflow of tears she might be visited with. Yet neither in face nor figure was she quite acceptable as a personification of Niobe. Her graces were rather of a Bacchante type, although just now, perhaps, a Bacchante afflicted by the fact that grapes

were not in season. Her large round lustrous eyes did not seem made for weeping. Their fire was not to be subdued by tears; her full scarlet lips were not suited to sighing purposes; but rather for smiling, or, it might be, kissing. She was grandly formed. Oppressed as he was by ill fortune, and cowed by the majesty of his patroness, the sculptor could not resist a thrill of admiration of a purely professional kind, as he surveyed the noble outlines of that massive Juno-like figure. The head, he admitted, was not purely classical; but for the rest, her ladyship's physical possessions seemed to him cast in quite an antique mould.

She sighed deeply, and raised her kerchief to her eyes. No tears had gathered there, but the movement was graceful, and had become habitual to her. Then in luscious contralto tones she asked:

"Had Mr. Kempe completed his sketch for the proposed monument?"

Mr. Kempe exhibited a model in clay, removing its wrappings of soaked cloths necessary to keep the material duly moist. It was the day for wild feats of stone-cutting in the way of parable and apotheosis. Mr. Kempe's production was a comparatively modest work of this class. But, in truth, the late Sir Peter had been no very important personage—had led but a commonplace sort of career. The most fertile fancy could not have suggested for him any very extraordinary monument.

Still Oliver Kempe had done his best. In the foreground of his design appeared a recumbent figure representative of the departed. An angel with prodigious wings knelt mourning over the body. A palm-tree waved its plumes close by. In lower relief in the background appeared a ship at sea—presumably an East Indiaman—and emblems of trade with Europe in the shape of bales of goods piled into a pyramid; while Asia was symbolised by an elephant and castle, and a camel kneeling. Above was the coat of arms of the Bembridge family. The crest was a palm-tree, proper; the motto, "Palma virtuti." Floating cherubim filled up the vacant corners of the composition.

Her ladyship appeared gratified. She wished no expense to be spared, she said. The sculptor explained that the design was on a reduced scale, and that the block of marble necessary for so important a work would be very costly. Her ladyship repeated that she wished no expense to be spared.

There was a pause. Lady Bembridge grew more composed. She was able at last to venture upon a little criticism.

"You've forgotten Sir Peter's spectacles," she said.

Mr. Kempe explained that in monumental works it was generally deemed advisable to suppress details of that kind.

"I should wish it to be like him in every respect," observed her ladyship. "He was one of the best of men; but he was not, perhaps, what the world would consider handsome."

The sculptor stated that in his clay model he had not attempted any precise portraiture. He had merely aimed at conveying a notion of the general effect of the work. Her ladyship, loosening her mantilla, called attention to the miniature she wore on her capacious bosom.

"That was the very image of him," she said.

The artist drew near to inspect it.

"Admirable, indeed!" he exclaimed, with a bright flush on his cheeks. The portrait, however, was that of a very uncomely old gentleman with curiously ape-like features. Mr. Kempe could hardly have known what he was saying. Lady Bembridge sighed, but not very sorrowfully this time. There was something even resembling a smile quivering upon her fruity lips. She lowered her eyes, and gathered the folds of her mantle about her massive white throat.

"I think," she resumed, "you must really wrap Sir Peter up a little more."

"In classical compositions," explained Mr. Kempe, "it is thought desirable to introduce the nude."

"He was not young, you know, poor dear soul! and he hated the cold. He found the climate here very trying. He wore furs, and always carried a muff, even in summer. It makes me shiver to think of his being like that."

"The figure shall be draped if your ladyship prefers it."

"Yes, I think so. I like to carry out his wishes in everything. And I'm sure, if he could express an opinion, he would wish to be warmly wrapped up. And that's me, I suppose?"

Her ladyship pointed to the kneeling angel. Now Mr. Kempe had here contemplated a purely allegorical figure, by no means the introduction of a portrait of Sir Peter's widow. He thought such a thing would be hardly appropriate, would indeed be open to serious objection; but prudently he held his peace.

"It's vastly pretty, I protest," she went on; "but I think I'm rather stouter—not about the waist though—that's really too thick. The wings—they're poetic, I suppose; but people might think it odd, presumptuous of me assuming wings; and the clothes, they're scanty, ain't they, and very close to the figure? I'm not sure that I should wish to appear quite like that."

The sculptor hesitated. "We might alter it, if your ladyship thought proper, to Fame with her trumpet proclaiming a hero's virtues to an admiring universe."

"I think that would be better; but then a trumpet, it swells out the cheeks rather, doesn't it? And those heads? You're going to add bodies, I suppose?"

"We don't generally, as your ladyship is probably aware, give bodies to cherubs."

"I think they would look more complete."

"But your ladyship will perceive they might be taken for cupids."

"And why not?" said her ladyship.

"I don't see that they would be so much out of place."

The sculptor, with rather a puzzled air, promised to amend his model. Her ladyship thanked him. She repeated that she wished everything to be of the best. She was quite sure that Mr. Kempe would be able to accomplish a most suitable work. He must at once proceed to obtain the necessary marble, and she pressed into his hands a pocket-book well stuffed with bank-notes.

Blushing with pride and gratitude he led her to her coach. She was smiling graciously, her eyes very bright indeed. Suddenly she recollected that the world demanded of her a different demeanour. She resumed her Melpomene airs, her long-drawn sighs, her up-raised kerchief prepared for the reception of tears that seemed to be in no hurry about arriving. Perhaps at most she looked like Thalia, in widow's weeds; but still very beautiful. So at least thought the sculptor. And what a warm, soft white hand she had! The gentlest touch of it had sent a sweet thrill through his frame. And surely there was something intoxicating about that fragrance of musk with which she had filled the studio. It was as the incense from an altar, or the perfumed clouds which at once veil a goddess and reveal her presence.

#### CHAPTER IV.

HER ladyship's coach—it was a heavy, lumbering vehicle, but its festooned, tas-

selled hammercloths were very grand indeed, and its elaborately painted panels were quite choice works of art—often carried her to George-yard, Soho, after this. She took great interest in the monument she avowed. Apparently her interest in the sculptor of the monument was little less; and gradually her show of grief abated somewhat its intensity. The dark mists of crape that had shrouded her dispersed in some measure, as though overcome and put to flight by the radiance of her beauty. The faint dawn of rouge reappeared upon her pallid cheeks, and gradually quite a meridian glory of colour glowed there once more. She scarcely now ever affected to need her kerchief for weeping purposes. She had even been heard to laugh.

Oliver Kempe was very busy. He had little space to move in now, his studio was so crowded. A superb block of the purest marble half filled the chamber. On all sides were fragmentary models and studies of portions of the great work he had in hand. He felt that it would not be quite what he had wished to make it. His design had been subjected to much modification to suit the wishes and caprices of his patroness. Still he had great hopes that altogether it would be worthy of himself and his art, and would bring him fame and fortune. Strange! he did not now add, "and Phillis!"

He was very busy. He had no time for writing letters. He knew, he could not but know, that, in his native village, letters from him were looked for, hoped for anxiously, painfully. Still he did not write.

It is hard to say when he first became conscious that a change had come over him, his sentiments, his plans, his hopes. For a long time he forbore to question himself in this regard. But one day the ribbon snapped that suspended his amulet round his neck. Was this ominous? It was with rather a guilty feeling that he hurriedly thrust poor Phillis's gift into an empty drawer and turned the key upon it. Had he ceased to love her? It seemed so. Did he love in her stead my Lady Bemburidge? He dared not answer as yet. He could but blush and tremble.

But supposing that he had presumed to love her; surely she had encouraged his love! Why did she come so often to his studio? It was not really to watch his progress, to encourage his labours, to urge the completion of the great monument. That was but pretence. She rarely spoke of the mo-

nument now. She just glanced at it and turned away. "Oh, that's the marble is it?" she had said, passing her palm over its smooth surface. "Lord! How cold it is!" And then, as though involuntarily, her chilled hand had sought his, perhaps for warmth and shelter, and had not been withdrawn for some moments. Meantime he had pressed and caressed tenderly those soft plump white fingers, and received no rebuke. At least she cared for him?

Then, he had been busy casting an important part of his design—the kneeling angel, let us say—until overcome with fatigue he had fallen back asleep in his chair. He had not heard the noise of carriage wheels. She had been borne perhaps to the studio in her sedan, for of late it had been her fancy to give an air of secrecy, almost of mystery, to her visits. He was disturbed by a curious warm pressure upon his cheek. He could have sworn that some one had kissed him. He could hear the rustle of a dress, and he opened his eyes to find her ladyship standing close beside him. He looked at her half delighted, half frightened. She laughed and turned away as she said:

"A wasp had settled on your face. Thank me for brushing it away. You might have been stung. My poor boy, how sound asleep you were, how scared you look!" And she gently passed her handkerchief across his forehead, as though repeating a former action. Yet he was well satisfied that more than this had happened while he slept. A wasp? A woman, rather. A sting? Nay, a kiss. A few minutes afterwards she went her way. How he wished then that he had done what impulse had bidden him do! How he mourned and upbraided himself that he had not promptly fallen on his knees and avowed his love.

For now he could not conceal from himself that he loved Lady Bembridge.

Yet was he somewhat ashamed of his passion. Not because it involved treachery to Phillis. Love can still remorse on such subjects; can teach forgetfulness of the past. He had but to call it a boyish fancy—to plead that he had not known his own mind, and he could, for the present, at any rate, thrust far from him all thought of his wooing of Phillis. For a moment the pale ghost of his past love troubled him, and then vanished. It was powerless to cast a shadow in the bright glare of his new passion. But this new passion, how far was it pure, true, worthy?

It was none of these, as he knew. For Lady Bembridge—granted her beauty—

he could yet concede that she was vulgar, illiterate, coarse-minded, to say nothing of her being older than himself. Still she might be all these, and yet adorable. Idols of the poorest clay have been devoutly worshipped. But in his love for her was there no leaven of self-interest?

He had conned over the names of artists who had married rich wives; who had in such wise, as it seemed to him, risen to eminence. They were numerous. Why should he not do likewise? He was poor, very poor, and despondent. Could he rise, or hope to rise, in any other way than by this golden ladder of a wealthy wife's providing? So he began to think of winning her, taught himself that it would be well for him if he could love her. Then had come, surely he could not be mistaken, her willingness to be loved. She had not disguised it—had almost openly manifested it. This and her indisputable beauty had inflamed him. If his fancy was only affected at first, by-and-bye the fire reached to his heart.

Blamable it might be in its beginning, irregular and unhealthy in its growth; but now his love for his patroness held him securely, raged within him fiercely.

An eminent naturalist has described a female spider he has seen that is apt sometimes to seize upon the male insect in the midst of his wooing of her, to envelop him in a close web, and then deliberately to devour him. "The sight," observes the student, "filled him with horror and indignation," as well it might. But do not some women rather resemble this female spider? They don't, of course, outright feed upon their suitors; but they take pleasure in cruelly destroying the hopes they have rather laboriously animated. They toil to soften a heart, so that it may the more tenderly feel the wounds they purpose by-and-bye to inflict upon it.

Lady Bembridge's manner changed towards her lover. She had thawed him sufficiently, she now proceeded to freeze him.

Her appearance, as she entered the studio, was superb. She had almost abandoned her mourning: she was radiant with jewellery, her cheeks aflame with rouge. Her air was dignified, but something of offended majesty pervaded it.

"She had been disappointed—she would not say deceived. She had thought, when she commissioned the monument, that Mr. Kempe was already a distinguished sculptor. She admitted that she was not

well informed on such subjects. It now appeared that he was but a student—really quite a beginner—a sort of school-boy, in fact. It was a pity that the Academy was not more explicit about its proceedings. Who was to know that it gave gold medals to inferior artists? Mr. Kempe would please do nothing further at present. Her ladyship must consult her friends."

Her speech was to that effect.

The poor artist was quite crushed. Was his mind giving way? Could he trust his senses? Was it to him, Oliver Kempe, she had spoken? Were those bitter words, those angry glances, really meant for him?

He burst into tears; he surrendered himself to despair. Then he wrote a beseeching letter, humbling himself to the dust, whining like a whipped spaniel.

His letter was returned to him. Lady Bembridge could not be addressed in such terms. (Her own system of writing and spelling was that of a modern washer-woman.) He wept aloud. Was his state the more pitiable or contemptible?

One expression in her ladyship's note comforted him somewhat. He ventured to found upon it the most absurd hopes. She had said simply that she would see him soon "about the monument."

#### CHAPTER V.

WHEN her ladyship came again she brought with her in her coach a splendid gentleman dressed in blue and silver. It was my Lord Lockeridge; but she called him "Frederick" simply, and he, it seemed, was permitted to address her as "Dorothea." He was of attenuated figure, with a white, worn face, spotted here and there with black sticking-plaster. He did little but gape behind his thin, sallow, jewelled hand, and take snuff from an enamelled box.

Lady Bembridge bowed slightly to the sculptor. His heart sank within him as he met her cold, hard, merciless glance.

"This is the—the youth," she said to his lordship.

"Ah!" and Lord Lockeridge turned on his red heel. "What a grave-yard!" he said, surveying the studio through his quizzing-glass. "Plenty of stuff to make paving-stones of."

Upon her ladyship's invitation he inspected the model for the monument, and presumed to criticise, even to ridicule it. Oliver had heart or strength for nothing

now, or he would have knocked the impertinent nobleman down with a mallet.

"Vastly diverting," said his lordship. "So this is a—a—monument, is it, Mr.—a—what's your name? Monstrous, absurd. Elephant and castle, and a camel saying its prayers. Gad's bud! quite a wild-beast show. And little boys without bodies—and—what! more tavern signs! The Angel and Trumpet, and the Wheatsheaf—no—I beg pardon, I see it's the Cocoa Tree. But where's the Swan with Two Necks, and the Blue Boar?"

His lordship was credited by fond friends with the possession of a pretty wit. Lady Bembridge found his remarks eminently entertaining. She joined him in laughing at the monument she had planned to erect to the memory of her late husband. The sculptor was speechless.

"I fear it will never do," she said.

"It would be the laughing-stock of the whole town, a standing subject for lampoons, a mine of wealth to the wittings. Why a monument at all? It seems to me——"

"Well, I thought," she interposed, "that respect for poor Sir Peter——" She spoke with hesitation; there was no affection now of grief for the departed. There almost seemed some shame that she had ever been weak enough to lament him. "I owe him so much," she resumed.

"But how deeply he was indebted to your ladyship. He had the honour of calling you his wife. Common decency required him to expire as soon as he could. It was the only way in which he could recognise and repay the obligation you had conferred upon him. You still wish something should be done? Most persistent, Dorothea! Well, say a little tablet—two foot square, with a black border, and a neat inscription; any mason fellow would manage the thing for a few shillings!"

And without another word to the sculptor they quitted the studio. It was to be understood, of course, that Mr. Kempe's services were no longer required, that his labours were ended.

He was white as a sheet, shivering, fainting almost. The room seemed to swim round him. He staggered like a drunken man. He pressed his tremulous hands upon his burning forehead. Then an angry moan escaped him, a cry of suffering, and he seized his mallet and beat to powder every portion of his model. The room was filled with a choking cloud of dust. The design for Sir Peter's monument, the studies,



models, moulds and castings, had absolutely disappeared.

He had been false to his Phillis, to his art, to himself. In all the frenzy of his suffering and his despair, he could yet admit that his punishment was well-deserved. But that it should come from her hand! At least her ladyship could bring no charge against him. He had not sinned against her. It could be no crime in her eyes to love her as he had loved her. Her ladyship, however, was but the instrument called on to inflict a merited chastisement. That was the character in which she had to be regarded. The executioner does not ply his lash, or knot his cord, or wield his axe because of sins against himself. In the case of Oliver Kempe, Lady Bembridge had performed the cruel duties of the most ignoble officer of justice.

She had befooled and betrayed Oliver Kempe, as a child tears a fly to pieces, for mere pastime. He had been as a whetstone upon which the weapons of her coquetry had been sharpened and brightened, and preserved from rusting during her widowhood. She had used him as a marksman a target: she had tested upon him her accuracy of aim, riddled him with the keen shafts of her glances, and then flung him aside as worthless and done with.

She married Lord Lockeridge, of course, who wasted her fortune and personally maltreated her in the most shameful way. The Lockeridge divorce case occupied the law courts and the upper house of parliament, and was a great public scandal during many years of the last century. But with that notorious matter we have no concern here.

#### CHAPTER VI.

OLIVER KEMPE had fallen senseless upon the huge block of marble provided for Sir Peter's monument. When consciousness returned to him he could scarcely move, he was so numbed by the severe cold of his stone bed. His every limb seemed frozen, while yet his forehead ached and burned with fever.

He prayed for death. The thought of existence was intolerable to him. How could he bear to lead a shameful life? He had been false in all. He a worshipper of

Art! He had knelt at her shrine, not as a faithful devotee, but as a petty thief to filch the jewels and gold that decked it.

He prayed for death. But life came. Warm soft arms circled his neck, and sweet kisses were pressed upon his parched lips. "Come back to me, my own," whispered Phillis. He wept upon her tender bosom and was saved; not to be famous, but to be happy. He was pardoned, of course. Phillis was one of those women, rich in Heaven's own gifts of pity and mercy, and swift to forgive.

A legacy had come to her from a wealthy godmother lately deceased. She carried home her frail and ailing lover; enriched and restored him. He helped in her father's school. By-and-bye he occupied altogether the schoolmaster's desk. He plied his statuaries' implements now and then, but he cannot be said to have ever achieved any work of great importance. In his native village, however, he was always accounted famous at carving the handles of walking-sticks. His school boasted many pupils, whose numbers, as the years passed away, were frequently increased by the enrolment of recruits, who called Oliver father and Phillis mother. No monument was ever erected to his memory, save only a simple tablet in his parish church. Still, in that respect he was better cared for than Sir Peter; whose widow forgot at last to provide even the cheapest form of record in stone of the virtues (supposing him to have possessed any) and the public services (if indeed he ever performed such) of her first husband, the rich nabob.

Now ready, price 5s. 6d., bound in green cloth,

### THE SEVENTH VOLUME OF THE NEW SERIES OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

To be had of all Booksellers.

The Back Numbers of the PRESENT SERIES of  
**ALL THE YEAR ROUND,**  
Also Cases for Binding, are always kept on sale.

The whole of the Numbers of the FIRST SERIES of  
**ALL THE YEAR ROUND,**

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,  
Are now in print, and may be obtained at the Office,  
26, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C., and of all Booksellers.

*The right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 190. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

#### BOOK II.

##### CHAPTER II. A CONFIDENTIAL MISSION.

DURING the time that It was lying in the unused second-floor room awaiting its last dismal journey to Kensal Green, Martin Gurwood kept the story which had been told him locked in his own breast. Once or twice he saw Doctor Haughton, who had managed to set aside the impending inquest, and to him Martin spoke, hoping that either he or Mr. Broadbent might suggest the advisability of their communicating with the tenant of the cottage at Hendon, and letting her know what had occurred. But on this subject the astute physician was singularly reserved; and whenever there was any approach to it he invariably turned the current of the conversation. It was a shy subject, he thought, and one in which grave men in his position should not be mixed up. They were men of the world, of course, and knew that such things were; but both for professional and private reasons it was best to ignore them as much as possible.

So Martin Gurwood, left entirely to his own resources, almost gave himself up to despair. He felt that it would be impossible much longer to conceal the truth from Mrs. Calverley, but he knew that before mentioning it to her, he ought to possess himself of the details of the story, and these he could not learn without a personal visit to Hendon. Then, too, it was more than probable that this young woman, the dead man's mistress, was even

yet ignorant of his fate, and out of mere Christian charity she ought to be made acquainted with it. Martin Gurwood did not know what to do. His worldly knowledge was small; such of it as he possessed had been acquired at Oxford, and immediately after leaving the university, and it had grown dull and rusty in his subsequent curacies and in the Lullington vicarage. If he had only a friend, a clear-headed, far-seeing man of experience, to whom he could intrust the secret, and on whose judgment he could rely! Suddenly a bright thought occurred to him—Humphrey Statham—there was the very man. Sound, single-hearted, and worldly-wise! Martin had known him off and on for many years, and not merely in his own experience of him, which was small, had found in him all the qualities he had named, but had heard him accredited with them by others whose relations with Statham had been more intimate. He would go down into the City the very next day, and hunt him out. And Martin Gurwood went to bed that night with a sense of relief at his heart.

The month on board the Scilly pilot-boat had done Humphrey Statham an immense deal of good. Mr. Collins had carefully avoided troubling his master with any letters or papers, though even if they had been forwarded it is doubtful whether they would have reached their destination, as the season had been very stormy, and the pilot's services in constant requisition. Mr. Statham's spirits rose with the wind and the storm. Knowing the sea-going qualities of the boat beneath him, he was never so happy as when knocking about in heavy gales and foam-crested rollers. He had had a remarkably happy holiday, and had come back with renewed health and fresh vigour for business.

On the second morning after his return he was seated at his desk looking over some special papers which the vigilant Collins had placed before him, when that discreet functionary presented himself at the door.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," he said; "says his business is pressing. Here is his card."

Mr. Statham took up the card, and glanced at it. "The Reverend Martin Gurwood," he cried; "show him in at once. Why did you hesitate?"

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Statham, but these matters," pointing to the papers on which Humphrey had been engaged, "are important. Been bottled up for a fortnight, and won't keep any longer. Norland and Company, owners of the brig Samson, found derelict off Cuxhaven, are coming to see you at two; and Captain Thompson, of the barque Susquehanna, run into in the fog of the ninth instant off Dungeness, has been here three times, and gets more and more impatient each visit."

"Captain Thompson's patience must be yet further tried, I am afraid, Collins, and Messrs. Norland must wait my leisure," said Humphrey Statham. "Show Mr. Gurwood in at once, and don't let me be disturbed while he is with me."

Mr. Collins bowed with a deprecatory shrug of the shoulders and retired, speedily returning and ushering the visitor into his master's presence.

"My dear Gurwood," cried Humphrey, as soon as they were alone, "this is an unexpected pleasure! What an age it is since I have seen you. I am so glad I am in town; I only returned the day before yesterday."

"Your trip, whatever it has been, seems to have done you good," said Martin. "How strong and well you are looking."

"I have been in a pilot-boat for the last three weeks—you know my old lunes—and had all the London dust blown out of me by strong gales and washed off me by running seas. I wish I could return the compliment, my dear fellow," added Statham, "but I'm sorry to see you doing no credit to Lullington air. You look as pallid and as sodden as any Londoner, Gurwood. What's the matter with you, man?"

"I have had a good deal of mental worry within the last few days, and I suppose I am showing its effects," said Martin. "It is this which has brought me to see you, to ask for any advice and assistance you can give me."

"Sorry for the cause, but delighted to be of any use in my power," said Statham. "Is it in my line of business? Any of your step-father's argosies run down and wrecked on their homeward voyage? By the way, a thousand pardons! What an idiot I am! I now remember to have seen in the Times a paragraph announcing Mr. Calverley's sudden death."

"It is in connexion with that event that I have come to you. You are a man of the world, I know, and a thorough good fellow into the bargain, while in all matters requiring tact and decision I am lamentably deficient."

"Merely the manner of bringing up, my good friend," said Humphrey Statham. "I am practical and hard-headed: you are theoretical and large-hearted. What the wine-merchants call a 'blending' of the qualities of both of us would make, I suppose, the right sort of fellow. Now, then, what has gone wrong? Mr. Calverley has died intestate, I suppose, or there is some hitch about the disposition of his property."

"No, so far all is right. The will, made about two years ago, is clear, concise, and properly attested. I am joined in the executorship with Mrs. Calverley, and so far all is plain sailing. Besides, I have been mixed up with so many of my parishioners in such matters that I should scarcely have needed advice. What I have come about is a much more serious affair."

"Out with it, then, man, and don't have any further hesitation. You won't be able to astonish me. All sorts of wonderful things have been told me by people sitting in that chair. The last person who occupied it before I went away was a detective officer, and your story cannot be more strange than his, or more pathetically interesting—to me at least." But the last words were almost inaudible.

"You must let me say what I have to say in my own way, then," said Martin Gurwood, "and try and follow me as best you can. It was given out that Mr. Calverley died in a railway carriage. This was not the case. He died in a fit on the high road to Hendon, and was found there by a London physician who knew him, and who happened to be passing in his carriage."

"Hendon?" repeated Humphrey Statham. "What have I heard about Hendon lately?"

"It is a place which has a great deal to do with the story I am about to relate,"

said Martin, "as you will judge when I tell you that the late Mr. Calverley, unknown to his wife or to any of us, had a house there."

Humphrey Statham looked up sharply; then whistled long and low.

"A house to which he was in the habit of retiring every other fortnight or so, giving out and leaving it to be imagined that he had gone down to some ironworks which he had purchased in the North, and which required his frequent supervision."

"Yes," said Statham, nodding his head composedly, "I quite understand. Of course at this country residence he didn't pass in his own name?"

"How in the world could you have guessed that?" said Martin, astonished. "You are right, however. It seems that at Hendon he was known as Mr. Claxton."

"Claxton!" cried Humphrey. "Good Heavens! what an extraordinary thing." Then, checking himself, he repeated, "Yes, known as Mr. Claxton?"

"The name seems familiar to you; it is, I suppose, not an uncommon one?" said Martin. "However, by it he was known."

"Yes," said Humphrey Statham, absently. His thoughts were far away then, intent on Tatlow's story about Emily Mitchell's child and the lady who had adopted her. "Yes," he repeated, recalling his attention by an effort, "I think I can see my way to some very awkward details. The man who passed as Claxton was not alone at this retreat?"

"He was not," said Martin, looking uncomfortable. "The cottage had, as I am informed, a young woman for its permanent mistress."

"Exactly," said Statham, "as might have been anticipated."

"Good Heavens!" cried Martin, in his turn, "are such things so common that you take the revelation thus calmly? When this news was told to me I was staggered beyond belief."

"Perfectly natural in your case, my dear Gurwood," said Humphrey Statham, who had resumed his old bearing and manner; "had it been otherwise, you would not have been fitted for the position you occupy. What you and other men call 'knowledge of the world,' with which you are pleased to accredit me, means an experience of the worst side of human nature, laughed at, and glossed over by the thoughtless, but often horrible in its

abandonment and profligacy. Such knowledge is hardly earned, and, to a man of any refinement and decent feeling, is eminently unsatisfactory in its results; but it is what we most of us have to go through, and in such matters it is of no use being squeamish! Well! Mr. Calverley was known as Mr. Claxton in his Hendon home, which he shared with a young woman. Has Mrs. Calverley been made acquainted with this story?"

"No; nor do I know how it is to be broken to her; that is one point on which I have to consult you. More than this, the—the person in question is, so far as I can make out, as yet unaware of what has transpired—I mean of Mr. Calverley's death."

"The deuce she is! Has no one been to see her?"

"No one at all. The whole thing transpired in a very odd manner. It appears that the Hendon apothecary happened to be in the carriage with the London physician, of whom I have spoken, and recognised the dead man as his acquaintance, Mr. Claxton."

"Then he was, of course, the very man of all others to tell this woman what had happened."

"So I thought, and hinted as much as strongly as I dared! But he declined to take the hint, nor would his companion, Doctor Haughton, the physician, help me out in my suggestion."

"This is very awkward," said Humphrey Statham, after a pause. "You see your great object must naturally be to keep the story of this disgraceful connexion from Mrs. Calverley's ears. She will have worry enough of her own, poor woman, without having her feelings harrowed by the discovery of her husband's baseness."

"Yes," said Martin Gurwood, but he spoke faintly. Knowing his mother as he did, he felt it impossible to indorse his friend's ideal description of her state.

"Well, it seems to me more than probable that in a very short time this young woman of whom we have been speaking, believing as I think you said she did, that the soi-disant Mr. Claxton was a partner in Calverley's firm, will be sending down to the house of business in the City to inquire what has become of him. If she does that she would at once discover the true state of affairs, and then, if she be like the rest of her class, a row-royal will ensue."

"What do you mean?" asked Martin

Gurwood, in alarm. "What do you think she will do?"

"My good fellow, she will do everything she possibly can to make the best bargain for herself. Persons in her position generally imagine that this is best effected by creating a disturbance, and rendering themselves as obnoxious as possible. It is probable, therefore, that this woman will turn all her energies on to Mrs. Calverley, beginning by explaining to her the position, and proceeding to extort money."

"I should scarcely think she would be able to do that where my mother is concerned," said Martin Gurwood, finding it impossible to restrain a grim smile. "Mrs. Calverley throughout her life has been a thorough woman of business, and would be quite able to hold her own in any matter of that kind. But it is most advisable that the recent state of affairs should be kept from her as long as possible, and that, when it is found necessary to disclose them, the story should be told with all possible delicacy."

"Exactly; and with that feeling we mustn't leave it to the young person at Hendon to do."

"Of course not," said Martin Gurwood. "I really am distressed beyond measure. I have no notion what ought to be done, or who should do it."

Humphrey Statham rose from his seat, plunged his hands into his trousers-pockets, and took two or three short sharp turns up and down the room. Then he stopped in front of Martin Gurwood's chair, and said:

"I'll tell you what it is; this matter will have to be faced out sooner or later, and it is better that it should be done at once. For your mother's sake, and for your own, it is necessary that there should be as little scandal as possible, and, so far as I can see, the only way to avoid an exposé is for some one to go up to Hendon and see this young woman."

"Yes," assented Martin Gurwood, dolefully. "What a very unpleasant task!"

"This must be done at once, before she gets an inkling of what has occurred, or else, as I say, she will be coming down to the City, and thence to Mrs. Calverley, and all our plans will be upset. Now, whoever sees her must tell her exactly what has happened, and— By-the-way, the will has been found, you say, and you have seen it?"

"Certainly. I am one of the executors."

"And there is no provision made for— for Hendon in the will?"

"None at all; there is no mention of, or allusion to, the subject."

"So much the better," said Humphrey Statham. "Men are so essentially selfish that, no matter what extravagance they may commit for those people during their life-time, they seldom leave them anything at their death. If, however, they have any kind of feeling about them, they usually make some separate provision while they are alive, and do not risk the chance of having their memories mocked at by any testamentary acknowledgment of their frailties. Of course you know nothing of any settlement having been made by Mr. Calverley during his life?"

"Nothing at all; neither the business nor the private accounts have yet been looked into."

"I should say most likely nothing was done in that way. Mr. Calverley was not an old man, and up to the time of his death had not been ailing. He probably expected to live on for many years, and even if he intended to provide for this young person, did not see any necessity for doing so at present. If this be the case, it is so far in our favour. We have something to gain from this young woman—her silence—and it must be purchased."

"Yes," said Martin Gurwood; "I see the necessity for that, and I dare say it could be managed. It will be necessary to take Jeffreys, the chief clerk, into confidence, as he will have the preparation of the accounts."

"Limited confidence to Jeffreys is not objectionable," said Mr. Statham. "Very well, then; this person can be told that so long as she conducts herself properly, and keeps her mouth shut in regard to her life at Hendon, she will receive a certain annuity, the amount of which can be determined upon hereafter. It'll stand you in, I should say, from a hundred to a couple of hundred a year, but you must get Mr. Jeffreys to arrange that for her, and if she holds to her share of the bargain, you may consider yourself well out of what might have been a very disagreeable affair."

"I think so too, and I am very much obliged to you for the advice. But there is one point on which I am as much in the dark as ever."

"And that is——?"

"Who am I to get to go to Hendon to transact this business? Of course I should be very unwilling to go myself; but even

if I could overcome my repugnance, I doubt whether I should be of the smallest use."

"I am perfectly sure you would not; and even if you were likely to succeed, you must not be sent on a mission to make terms with a woman of this class. No; they say that if you want anything properly done you must do it yourself, and as I was the originator of this proposition, I suppose I must take upon myself to be its executant."

"Do you mean to say you will take upon yourself to go to Hendon and do all this for me?"

"I suppose I must."

"You are the best fellow in the world," said Martin Gurwood, shaking his friend heartily by the hand.

"No," said Statham, "I am very far from that. But I have wandered here and there, and seen men and cities—and women, too, for that matter—and, I dare say, I shall do this better than any of your acquaintance. So consider the matter settled, and leave it to me."

"When will you go to Hendon?"

"To-morrow, and I will see you on the day following. Come here about this time and you shall learn the result of my mission."

"I will do so. I never can be sufficiently grateful to you, Statham, for the kindness you have shown me in this matter." And Martin Gurwood took leave of his friend in a much more comfortable frame of mind than when he arrived that morning in Change-alley.

When Humphrey Statham was left by himself he remained perfectly quiet for a few minutes; then he rose from his chair, and resuming his quarter-deck-like patrolling of the room, plunged into thought, which found expression in the following words:

"This is certainly a most extraordinary complication of affairs! To think that Emily Mitchell's child should have been adopted by a woman who proves to be Mr. Calverley's mistress! The stigma of sin and shame seems to cling to the poor little wretch most tenaciously. However, it must be my business to put an end to that connexion as speedily as possible, and I do not suppose there will be much difficulty. The child was all very well as an amusement, but now that the supplies are cut off, or, at all events, very much reduced, I should think madam would be only too glad to be rid of the encumbrance. Fancy such an affair as this happening with that

remarkably respectable and quiet-looking old gentleman, Mr. Calverley! And having been carried on for several years, too, without any one being one bit the wiser. Not a bad notion that, calling himself Claxton, and giving out that he was a sleeping partner with Calverley and Company, which would account for his being seen to go in there, and being recognised by the clerks and porters if any one had thought it worth while to watch him from Hendon to the City. What a world it is! What a world of lies and swindling, dishonour and deceit! And here is Martin Gurwood creeping about round the edge of it, and knowing no more of what goes on within than a fly on a clock-face knows of the movement of the works! He would have made a nice mess of it if he had gone up to Hendon, for he is an earnest man according to his lights, and would probably have remonstrated with the young woman, and exhorted her to repentance; her comments on which proceeding would probably have been delivered in rather strong language, at which he, being naturally shocked, would have retired, and the whole thing would have fallen through.

"Now let me see what I have got to do. In the first place I must stipulate with the young woman that she must clear out of the place at Hendon as soon as possible. I dare say there is the usual gimcrack, tawdry furniture, which persons of her class think so elegant, but which will sell for a mere song. But that's no business of mine, and all I can do is to make the annuity which we pay her contingent on her clearing out at once, on her good behaviour, and on her complete silence as regards Mr. Calverley. The most awkward part of the business I have undertaken is that breaking the news of the old gentleman's death. It's possible, but not very likely, that this poor creature may have some feelings of gratitude to him for the home he gave her, and the kindness he showed her; and if so I shall be in a horribly unpleasant position. I never can stand any tears or anything of that sort. Of course there is an element of roughness in what I have to say, however gently I may put it. I think the best plan will be for me to go to the place and try to get an interview with the young person without at first entering upon the object of my visit. By that means I shall be enabled to take stock of her, and see which is the best way to approach her.

"Now what excuse can I make to get into

the house? People of that sort, when they are in luck, are apt to stand very much on their dignity, poor creatures! and to be tremendously exclusive. If I were to send in my own name without announcing any business, I shouldn't be admitted. If I mentioned Calverley or Claxton, I should have to invent a story which would be bad, or, to tell the truth, which would be worse. Now, how can I manage it?"

He paused for a few moments, leaning against the mantelpiece. Then a sudden thought struck him.

"By Jove! Tatlow was up in that neighbourhood and heard from his friend, the master of the workhouse, about this Mrs. Claxton, as she called herself. Perhaps, in the course of his inquiries, he may have learned something which will give me a hint as to how I should best act."

He touched a spring-bell on the table. "Collins," he said, when that worthy appeared, "I am at leisure now for a few minutes."

"Glad to hear it, sir," said Collins. "Mr. George Norland is outside and getting very savage at being kept awaiting. And as for the captain of the *Susquehanna*—"

"You can send Mr. Norland in as soon as you leave the room, and the captain of the *Susquehanna* as soon as he comes out, and any one else, to follow hot and hot, like chops. But, in the first place, telegraph to Scotland-yard, and ask Mr. Tatlow to step down to me this afternoon."

By the time Mr. Tatlow arrived Humphrey Statham had seen various impatient ship-brokers, and was tolerably exhausted with the business of the day.

"Just one word, Tatlow!" he said. "I want to have a little talk with that lady of whom you spoke to me—she that lives at Hendon, and adopted the child. But, of course, I don't want to give my own name, or to let her have any hint of the object of my visit. What should you say now was the best line for me to take?"

"Charity, sir!" said Mr. Tatlow promptly. "Mrs. Claxton goes in for that hot and heavy—so they told me down there; and if you were to go as the agent of a society and pitch a good tale, she'd be sure to see you."

"Poor creature!" said Humphrey Statham to himself, after the detective had departed. "Charity, eh?—they frequently do that, I believe. It is the only way in which any remnant of good that may be

left in them can find vent. Well, I'll make my first appearance as agent for a charity to-morrow afternoon."

### MICROMEGA.

FRANÇOIS-MARIE AROUET, wit, poet, dramatist, historian, philosopher, satirist, speculator, man of science, man of affairs, man of gallantry—who made for himself the famous name Voltaire—found the wiseacres of the French Academy of Sciences droning off into the slumber of self-complacency. They had decided to their complete satisfaction that there were no other habitable worlds than ours; that there were no inhabitants in the world, worth speaking of, except Frenchmen; that there were no Frenchmen besides Parisians; and that there were no Parisians deserving mention outside the Academy. Voltaire put this stinging-nettle into their bed.

In one of those huge planets which wheel round Sirius, the dog-star, there lived a very intelligent young man, whom I had the pleasure of meeting the last time he visited the little ant-hill we call earth. He was called Micromega, a name which for that matter well expresses the comparative insignificance of all great people. He was twenty-four miles high. When I say twenty-four miles, I mean it: he measured a hundred and twenty thousand feet in his stockings.

Now, place any geometrician in possession of this gentleman's height, and he will at once sit down and calculate, that since a globe of twenty-five thousand miles round produces a man of about five and a half feet high, the planet which Mr. Micromega inhabited must necessarily have a circumference just twenty-one millions six hundred thousand times greater than our tiny earth. Nature, you see, is orderly and proportionate in all her works.

Such being the height of his highness, an artist will readily ascertain that he must have measured fifty thousand feet round the waist; whilst, since the nose is a third of the length of the human face, and the face again the seventh part of the height, it follows that the Sirian's nose must have measured nearly a mile and a half in length.

As for his mind, it was most highly cultivated. He knew much, and invented more. At the early age of two hundred and fifty he evolved more than fifty new

propositions of Euclid from his own internal consciousness. As he advanced to boyhood, at four hundred and fifty, he took pleasure in dissecting many of the tiniest insects, invisible to ordinary microscopes, being no more than a hundred feet long. He composed a learned book about them, which made quite a stir. But the king of his country, who was both ignorant and crotchety, insisted that the book inculcated heretical and erroneous doctrines, and sentenced the author to be banished from court for eight hundred years. Micromega was very little troubled at leaving a court celebrated for arrogant ignorance and servile shoe-licking. He wrote some smart verses against the king and his courtiers, to the monarch's very considerable annoyance, and then set out on a journey from planet to planet to form his mind. We who dwell upon a mere blot of mud, a splash from the great universe, and seldom conceive of anything beyond our own clouds, can scarcely realise any form of locomotion better than those with which we are familiar. But our traveller knew the laws of gravitation, and was alive to the nature of the centrifugal and centripetal forces. By means of fire condensed from sunbeams he obtained a most powerful motive force, without need of fuel, whereby he was enabled to flit from planet to planet, as a bird hops from bough to bough. He simply took flight, and, after a rapid journey, alighted on the planet Saturn. Micromega could scarcely repress a smile at seeing the little globe and its little people. For since Saturn is only nine hundred times as large as the earth, its inhabitants are mere dwarfs of only about a mile high. But he had quite sense enough not to ridicule a man because he measured no more than five thousand feet. When he had done astonishing the people, he became familiar with them, and soon formed an intimate friendship with the Secretary of the Academy of Sciences. It may be interesting to report a singular conversation which took place one day between Micromega and the Saturnian:

"How varied is Nature in her ways!" said Micromega, lounging into a seat.

"True," answered the Saturnian. "Nature is like a garden of flowers."

"Never mind the flowers," said the other.

"Nature is like an assembly of beautiful damsels — like a gallery of superb pictures."

"Never mind comparisons," said Micro-

mega, sharply. "Nature is Nature, and no more can be said about it. Why do you try?"

"To please you," answered the secretary.

"I don't want to be pleased," said Micromega. "I want to be instructed. Tell me how many senses the people of your globe possess."

"We have seventy-two," said the academician; "but every day we find them too few. Our imagination soars beyond our capacities for realising its dreams. Our seventy-two senses, our ring, our five moons, all are too circumscribed; and, in spite of all, we weary and die of tedium vitee rather than of old age."

"I quite believe it," answered Micromega. "It is the same with us in our globe, where we have a thousand senses. I have travelled not a little, and seen beings both superior and inferior to ourselves; but I have never yet found any who had not more desires than wants, and more wants than could be gratified. Maybe I shall one day reach a country where people want for nothing; but up to the present time I have not seen any one who could tell me exactly where it is situated. Let us revert from fancies to facts. How long do men live in this planet?"

"Oh, but a very little while," said the little Saturnian; "only five hundred revolutions round the sun" (about fifteen thousand years of our reckoning). "You see it gives us no time at all. Our life is but a point, our years are but a moment, our globe is but an atom. One has scarce begun to live—experience is impossible—when death comes and casts us down."

Micromega answered: "Were you not a philosopher I should fear to afflict you, by telling you that our life is seven hundred times as long. But when the moment arrives for us to give up our bodies to the elements, to be reanimated into new forms (the process we call death), it matters little to have lived an eternity or to have lived but a day—it is the same thing. With us, we are always complaining of the shortness of life; and I have been in distant planets, where folks live a thousand times longer. It is the same there. Only now and then does one meet a wise man who accepts his lot and gives humble thanks to the Great Author of his being. But tell me, how many essential properties of matter you distinguish?"

"If you speak of essential properties, without which our globe could not exist,"



replied the Saturnian, "we reckon three hundred—such as expansion, impenetrability, mobility, gravitation, divisibility, and so on."

"Doubtless this small number suffices for the purposes the Creator had in view in making so small a planet," said Micromega. "I reverence His wisdom in it all. A little globe—little inhabitants with few sensations—matter with meagre properties—it is all-wise and proportionate. What colour is your sun?"

"A yellowish white," said the Saturnian; "and when we divide one of its rays we find it composed of seven colours."

"Our sun," said Micromega, "is of a metallic red tone, and we have thirty-nine primitive colours. No sun I have ever seen is like it."

After some more conversation of a similar nature, the two philosophers determined to travel together and explore other planets. So, packing up their mathematical instruments, they left Saturn, and soon alighted upon the ring. Thence they journeyed from moon to moon, and availing themselves of a passing comet, they mounted it, and were swiftly carried through space. After a long time, seeing a little shining ball beneath them, they resolved to rest there, and so descended the tail of the comet. An aurora borealis brought them safely to our earth, where they landed on the southern shore of the Baltic Sea, July the 5th, 1737. First they walked from north to south, then they walked all round the world, accomplishing the latter journey in thirty-six hours; but they could not see a single inhabitant, nor discern the least sign to lead them to suspect that beings so distinguished as ourselves had the honour of existing.

The Saturnian academician, who sometimes jumped rather rashly to conclusions, decided, without hesitation, that the earth was uninhabited. The first reason he gave was that he had not seen any inhabitants.

"Allow me to remind you that your reasoning is bad," said Micromega; "for by the same argument you might contend that many stars of the fiftieth magnitude, which are distinctly visible to me, do not exist simply because your little eyes cannot perceive them."

"But," returned his dwarfish companion, "I have examined carefully."

"But," said the other, "you have badly weighed the results of your examination."

"But," urged the dwarf, "this little globe is so badly constructed, it is so

irregular and so ridiculous in shape. It is all a chaos. Look at those little crooked streams, no bigger than a thread, and those shapeless ponds, neither round nor square, nor any other shape, and these little peaks that prick one's feet so in walking." (He was speaking of rivers, and oceans, and mountains.) "Observe the form of the globe, how flat it is at the poles. Then see how absurdly it turns round the sun in such a way that it is nearly always dark at the poles. What makes me think it is uninhabited, is because no person well supplied with senses could possibly reconcile himself to dwell here."

"Very good," said Micromega; "but even that would not exclude people indifferently supplied with senses from living here. It seems to me all this was not made for nothing. It may appear irregular enough compared with Jupiter and Saturn; but the fact that we cannot perceive its order should not make us suppose it is necessarily in confusion. Have I not told you that my travels have led me to remark the variety of Nature's ways?"

The Saturnian replied somewhat warmly, and the dispute would not have soon finished, had not Micromega by accident broken the thread of a diamond necklace he wore. The diamonds fell upon the ground. They were nice little gems: the largest might weigh four hundred weight, the smaller, perhaps, fifty pounds. The dwarf began to pick them up, and, as he did so, discovered that the fashion of their cutting rendered them splendid microscopes. He took one little microscope which magnified a hundred and sixty times, and applied it to his eye. Micromega chose one of a magnifying power of two thousand five hundred. The diamonds were excellent lenses, but at first they could perceive nothing by their aid. Presently, beginning to learn the focus of the instrument, the inhabitant of Saturn saw something very small and black upon the Baltic Sea: it was a whale. He raised it gently from the water, and setting it on his thumb-nail, showed it to his fellow-traveller, who could not help smiling at the exceeding littleness of the inhabitants of our globe.

The Saturnian, now convinced that the earth was inhabited, concluded at once that it must be peopled with whales, and began to speculate on their origin, and to wonder if they had ideas and free will. Micromega examined the atom with great care, but was unable to pronounce whether it had a soul or no. They were both inclined

to think that no living thing endowed with spirit existed upon the earth, when, by the aid of their microscope, they observed another object about the size of the whale floating on the waters of the Baltic. The fact was, a shipload of philosophers were returning from a grand intellectual and international congress, where they had distinguished themselves by making a great many observations, which neither they nor any one else understood. The newspapers said their vessel ran aground in the Gulf of Bothnia, and that passengers and crew were saved with great difficulty; but one seldom knows in this world the exact history of any transaction. I am going faithfully to recount what took place, without adding anything of my own, and that is no little privation to an historian.

Micromega stretched out his hand towards the object, lifted up the vessel full of philosophers very tenderly with two fingers, and set it on his finger-nail for fear of squeezing it.

"Ah," said the dwarf from Saturn, "here, now, we have an animal distinctly different from the former."

The Sirian removed the animal in question to the hollow of his hand for safety. The passengers and people of the ship believing themselves lifted up by a hurricane and cast on a species of rock, instantly began to set themselves in commotion; the sailors took barrels of wine, cast them overboard upon the hand of Micromega, and then descended the ship's side. The geometricians took their quadrants, their sextants, and their theodolites, and came out upon the Sirian's fingers. The giant felt something tickle his finger; it was the iron-tipped staff of the theodolite which they had driven a foot and more into his skin; a kind of bristle, Micromega judged, proceeding from the little animal in his hand, but did not suspect the truth. The microscope, which could hardly distinguish a whale from a passenger-ship, entirely failed to reveal a creature so imperceptible as man. Taking up a diamond of much greater magnifying power, imagine the Sirian's pleasure when he first saw these little insects move about upon his open palm. Trembling with delight, he placed a similar lens in the hands of his fellow-traveller, and both began to watch them with wonder and surprise.

They questioned whether it were possible that these mites could have anything equivalent to a soul. The Saturnian refused to believe it. He said that presupposed intelligence; that intelligent beings could

communicate ideas; that he had not heard these beings speak; and therefore he supposed they did not speak. Besides, how could imperceptible beings have organs of speech, and what could they have to say? In order to talk it was needful to think, or something like it; but if they thought, they must have souls; to attribute souls to things so small was absurd.

"Let us examine these insects; we can reason about them afterwards," said Micromega. With that he drew out a pair of scissors, and cutting a piece of his thumb-nail, rolled it up into a kind of ear-trumpet like a vast funnel, and put the small end against his ear. The mouth of the speaking trumpet entirely enveloped the whole ship. The feeblest voice entering the funnel reverberated loudly against its circular sides, so that, at length, the philosopher above was able to hear a faint buzz proceeding from the insects beneath. After an hour's persevering application he could distinguish words. So could the dwarf, but less clearly. Their astonishment increased every moment. They heard the mites talk good sense. Marvellous freak of nature!

The Sirian took the dwarf upon his knee, and bending down his head to the little people in his hand, he spake thus in his softest whisper: "Oh, invisible insects, whom the hand of the Creator has been pleased to make so infinitely small, I thank Him for showing me a mystery I deemed inscrutable. It may be they would disdain to receive you at the court whence I was banished, but I despise nothing, and I offer you my protection."

If any people were ever astonished they were those to whom these words were addressed. They could not imagine whence the words came. The ship's chaplain began to pray, the sailors to swear, the philosophers to propound theories, but neither plan proved effectual in revealing the source of the strange voice. Then the Saturnian dwarf, who had a much softer voice than Micromega, told in a few words who they were and whence they came, and after complaining of the exceeding smallness of his hearers, began to question them. Had they always lived in this wretched state, on the very borders of annihilation? What did they do in a globe apparently made expressly for whales? Were they happy? Did they marry and have families? Had they souls? And so on.

One geometrician of the company, more hardy than his fellows, and shocked to find

any one sceptical about the mental endowments of the race, took an observation of the speaker with his quadrant from three different points of view, and having done so, spoke thus:

"And so you think because you happen to measure five thousand feet from your boots to your crown, that therefore——"

"Five thousand feet!" cried the dwarf. "Good heavens, how did he know my height! Not an inch out. What! This atom, measure *me*? This is geometry. He knows my height, whilst I, who am conscious of his existence only through an immensely powerful microscope, actually don't yet know his."

"Yes," said the geometrician, "I have measured you, and now I will measure your big companion." Micromega was obliged to lie down, for when he stood up his head was in the clouds. The mites quickly ascertained by trigonometry that they saw before them a young man of a hundred and twenty thousand feet high.

"Oh, intelligent atoms," said Micromega, "in whom the Eternal shows forth His great power, pure indeed must be your joys, for since you possess so little matter and appear to be all soul, you must doubtless pass your whole time in thought and love; the true life of spirits."

A very frank philosopher replied, that with the exception of a mere few, and those few held of little account by the masses, all the rest of the world consisted of an assemblage of fools, malefactors, and idiots.

"We have more matter than is requisite to do a great deal of mischief," said he, "if one only has the will. At this present moment there are a hundred thousand fools of our species who wear helmets, engaged in killing or rather murdering a hundred thousand others who wear turbans. Almost all through the world the same thing is going on, and has been going on from time immemorial."

The Sirian frowned and asked what could be the cause of such horrible quarrels among such pitiful little people.

"All about a bit of dirt no bigger than your finger-nail," answered the philosopher.

"Not one of these thousands of men who are cutting one another's throats," continued he, "cares one straw about the bit of ground he is fighting for. It is only whether it shall belong to one man whom they call Sultan, or to another they call (I can't tell why) Cæsar. Neither of these men has ever seen, or ever will see the bit

of land the fighting is about, and scarcely one of those who are mutually cutting each other's throats on their behalf has ever seen either of the men for whom they get their throats cut."

"Wretches!" cried Micromega, indignantly, "it is hardly possible to imagine madness so furious and malicious. I should be doing a just action were I to go and crush out the whole ant's-nest of puny murderers with three steps of my foot."

"Do not give yourself the trouble," said the philosopher. "They annihilate themselves quite fast enough. Even when they do not draw the sword, famine, overwork, and intemperance carry them off nearly as fast. It is not they who should be punished, but those sedentary savages who sit in luxurious palaces, who, during an after-dinner lounge, will order the massacre of a million of their kind, and then be driven to church in state to give solemn thanks to Heaven for it."

The traveller was moved with pity for the tiny race. Said he to the philosophers:

"Since, then, you belong to the small number of wise men who do not apparently earn your bread by killing each other, pray tell me how you occupy your time?"

Answered one: "We dissect flies—we measure lines—we calculate figures. We are perfectly agreed upon two or three points which we understand, and we are eternally disputing about two or three thousand which we do not understand."

It seemed like some strange dream to the Sirian and the Saturnian to listen to the doings of these thinking insects.

"How far do you reckon it from Sirius to the star Castor?" asked Micromega.

They answered altogether, "Thirty-three and a half degrees?"

"And how far from here to the moon?"

"About thirty diameters of the earth, in round numbers."

"What is the weight of your atmosphere?"

Here he thought to puzzle the little people; but they answered, readily enough, it was about nine hundred times less than the weight of a like volume of water, and ninety thousand times less than that of standard gold. At this reply the Saturnian dwarf was so astonished that he was inclined to take for sorcerers the very beings to whom, not a quarter of an hour before, he had denied the possession of souls.

Micromega said: "Since you are so well acquainted with what is beyond you, doubt-

less you are no less well informed as to that which is within. Tell me what is your soul, and how you account for the formation of ideas?"

They began to speak altogether, as before, but this time no two of them were agreed. One quoted Aristotle, another referred to Descartes; this one spoke of Malebranche, that of Leibnitz, the other of Locke. Presently an old Cartesian philosopher made himself heard above the rest. Said he:

"The soul is an intelligence. The reason of its being, is because it is. This is what Aristotle expressly states, page six hundred and thirty-three, Louvre edition." He quoted the passage.

"I don't understand Greek," said the giant.

"Nor I," answered the philosophic mite.

"Then pray why do you quote Greek?"

"Because," answered the philosopher, "nothing can be more appropriate than to speak of a subject of which one knows nothing in a language of which one understands still less."

Another philosopher said: "The soul is a spirit which, previous to its birth, is acquainted with the whole system of metaphysics, but on being born is obliged to go to school to re-learn that which it once knew very well, but can never know any more."

"It profits nothing," said Micromega, "to have been so wise before birth only to grow up into a man whose only sign of wisdom is his beard. But, what do you mean by a spirit?"

"Why do you ask?" said the debater; "how can any one tell what spirit is? We only know it is not matter."

"But do you know what matter is?"

"Certainly. For instance, this stone is of a grey colour, it has a certain form, it has its three dimensions, it is weighty and divisible."

"Very good," answered the Sirian; "this object which you say appears to be divisible, weighty, and so on—will you tell me what it is? You are acquainted with some of its qualities, but the ground of the thing—the thing itself—do you know what that is?"

"No," said he.

"Then you do not even know what matter is."

Micromega, addressing himself to another sage seated upon his thumb, asked what he thought his soul was, and what was its purpose?

"Nothing at all," said the disciple of

Malebranche, "for God does all in me and for me and through me. It is He does everything with which I am concerned."

"Scarce worth while, then, to be," observed the Sirian. "And you, my friend," turning to an exponent of Leibnitz, "what say you?"

"The soul," answered he, "is the hand that points the hours whilst my body strikes them; or, if you like, the soul strikes the hours which my body indicates; or, better, my soul is the mirror of the universe, and my body is its frame. I hope I make myself sufficiently clear."

Then spake a disciple of Locke. "For my part I do not know how I think, but I know that I never derive impressions except through the medium of my senses. I do not dispute that there may be immaterial and intelligent substances, but it seems to me impossible for thought to be communicated to matter. I reverence the Great Eternal Power. It is not for me to set bounds to it. I affirm nothing, but am content to believe there are many things possible to a supreme intelligence which it would be impossible for me to understand."

The giant smiled, yet he thought this one not the least wise of all the philosophers. The dwarf would have embraced the speaker had not his extreme disproportion of size prevented such a cordial manifestation. Unfortunately, a little fellow in a square cap pushed himself forward and begged to dissent from the opinions expressed by the other philosophical animalcules. He said he knew all about the soul and all about the universe. He said it was a source of unspeakable comfort to him to feel (and hence he looked the two celestial visitants deliberately up and down from top to toe) that they and their worlds, their suns, and stars, and mighty systems, had all been created expressly for the good of mankind!

At this the two travellers became convulsed with that inextinguishable laughter which, according to Homer, is an enjoyment belonging exclusively to the gods. They shook with it to that extent that the vessel tumbled off the Sirian's palm and fell into his pocket. The two good folks, after much groping about, found the ship, and replacing the little mites on board set it afloat again. In bidding them farewell, Micromega spoke very kindly, notwithstanding he was not a little vexed to find beings so infinitely little puffed up with conceit so infinitely great. He promised

to write a book of philosophy for their instruction and guidance, assuring them they should therein see the sum of all philosophy and the substance of all wisdom.

In due course this volume found its way to Paris, to the Academy of Sciences; but when the good old secretary opened it he found nothing but a book completely blank!

#### PASSED AWAY.

WEEP no more, strive no more, let the dream go,  
No soft summer showers make plucked roses blow.

The fair vase is broken, the sweet scent is lost,  
Let the crushed fragments lie, count not the cost.

The bond that is severed no charm can unite,  
No magic can make again noondays spent light.

Weep no more, hope no more, pray not, nor trust;  
Oh, fair was our idol, we framed it of dust.

It crumbled before us, the gay colours fled,  
The radiance has vanished, the glory is dead.

Yearn no more, look no more mournfully back,  
Let the long grasses wave over the track.

Let the soft sunshine sleep quiet and calm,  
Let the low wind breathe its musical balm,

Till the pang is forgotten, forgotten the tomb,  
Till o'er the crushed leaflets fresh violets bloom.

What! they will not leave fragrance, like those we  
have known,  
Hush, think no more, weep no more, summer is flown!

#### SIGHT-SEEING IN BETHNAL GREEN.

If it be accepted as an established fact that it is a "far cry to Loch Awe," it must also be conceded that, from a West-end point of view, Bethnal Green marks nearly the uttermost bounds of metropolitan civilisation, and that the upper end of the Hackney-road is almost the ultima Thule of the world of London. And it cannot be said that the beauties of the route—at all events of the route which was selected by the beery cabman who took charge of the present writer a couple of Saturdays ago—are at all calculated to lighten the tedium of the journey. The passage, for instance, of the defile of Orange-street, Red Lion-square, is not calculated to produce an equable frame of mind at starting. This cheerful thoroughfare is always blocked up by a railway van; a ginger-beer cart, in charge of a small boy of hopelessly stolid aspect and preternatural obstinacy; a hand-barrow, the owner whereof is presumably solacing himself at the bar of the neighbouring public-house; and a hansom cab, the driver of which smiles

pleasantly on the turmoil around him, and, save that at intervals he expectorates and swears pleasantly, manifests no signs of life, however much he may be adjured to "pull up 'arf a yard," or "jist back up agin the kerb." When he has sufficiently goaded his fellow-man to madness, he makes the desired concession—I believe that it is always the same man, and that he adopts this means of displaying his hatred of his kind—and leaves just room enough for you to pass between his wheels and those of the railway van. It is scarcely necessary to say that the gentleman in charge of this latter vehicle never by any chance makes way at all, but sits aloft chewing a straw, and grimly enjoying the sarcasm with which the boy who looks after the interior of the van relieves the monotony of the proceedings. Neither is he concerned when, after sending the hand-barrow flying among the foot-passengers, and knocking the ginger-beer boy among his bottles, your cabman wildly dashes his wheels against the rock of Pickford. He knows what will come of that—he has tried it often—and his grin of satisfaction, as you are wildly bumped from side to side, is even harder to bear than the shrill whistle with which his boy hails your misfortunes. Thus it happens that you emerge from Orange-street—at least I always do—in an agitated state of mind, scarcely to be soothed even by the gentle melancholy of Clerkenwell. However, those long lines of dull, shabby streets; of mean little houses distinguished only by the number and magnitude of the shining brass plates with which they are adorned; of narrow up and down thoroughfares, stretching away in endless succession to right and left, and reminding you a little of Bath in very reduced circumstances; of beer-houses and watchmakers, general shops and lodgings to let, speedily produce their ordinarily depressing effect, and prepare the mind by gentle degrees for the dirt and misery, the uncomfortable sights and sounds of Shore-ditch and the adjacent neighbourhood. Through what back settlements I passed to reach the Cambridge-road, I shall in all probability never know. All that I can say of them with any certainty is, that they were not pleasant either to the eye or to the nose, and that they made the Cambridge-road itself, albeit as dry, and dusty, and uninteresting as the great desert of Sahara, quite a cheerful and pleasant thoroughfare by contrast.

Unaccustomed barouches are to be seen

to-day in the Cambridge-road. A shining mail-phæstion stands before a Bethnal Green public-house, and the groom in charge, gorgeous as to his buttons, brilliantly black and delicately cream-coloured as to his top-boots, is burying his nose in an East-end pewter, not proud, but yet with a certain air of superiority and condescension refreshing to behold. A real live swell of the first brand (meeker he than the booted one) is contemplating, not without wonder, the shop of the dairy-man who keeps his cows in the front parlour, and draws his milk "in your own jugs," as if it were bitter beer, or "cream of the valley;" and more elegant ladies' dresses stir the dust of Bethnal Green than Bethnal Green has ever seen before, except, perhaps, in process of manufacture, in which condition the neighbourhood is aware (painfully enough, sometimes) of silk, and familiar with lace, and feathers, and ribbons. But these novelties have no attractions to-day, even for a Saturday afternoon crowd, with plenty of time on its hands. There is something more attractive just round the corner. Horses and carriages, and even real live swells, your East-ender can see any day he may choose to make a journey westward; but to have a museum opened all for yourself, to have had it inaugurated with all sorts of state and ceremony by the Heir to the Throne, and to be able to go in and out free gratis and for nothing, as often as you like, are events the like of which are not of everyday occurrence in Bethnal Green. Thus it happens that the hardworking, struggling people of the East, and the curious dilettante of the West, who are attracted hither by the fame of Sir Richard Wallace's noble loan, agree for the time to sink their differences, and flock with one accord to the latest experiment of the indefatigable Mr. Cole.

The Bethnal Green Branch of the South Kensington Museum, as the new exhibition in the East is officially called, is our old friend the Brompton Boilers removed from South Kensington, and, with certain alterations, put up in the heart of Bethnal Green. The attractions which the South Kensington part of the show offers to sight-seers are not particularly exciting or interesting, but the liberality of Sir Richard Wallace has provided, in this remote part of London, such an exhibition of works of art, as it would be difficult to match in the proudest collections in the world. This gentleman, already well and favourably known to the poor of

Paris as well as of London, may in truth be called the founder of this museum. Without his loan of the art treasures collected by the late Marquis of Hertford, a collection justly described in Mr. Cole's introduction to the catalogue as being of "almost unexampled beauty and value," it might perhaps not have been very easy to make the Bethnal Green Museum so attractive as to insure its immediate success. But, as it is, South Kensington is as lucky in the East as it has been in the West, and has secured at once, and without difficulty, a good start—one of the most important points for any enterprise, and more especially for an enterprise addressed in the main to ignorance, and exposed to the unreasoning prejudices too often entertained by the lower class of English people against art and all belonging to it.

If the stream of people flowing into the building is a goodly sign of success, the crowd inside is even better evidence still, and most satisfactory of all is the proof which is afforded by a bird's-eye view of the building from the upper gallery, and by a subsequent tour of the various departments, that the bulk of the people present are the very people for whose benefit the exhibition is intended. The fate of mechanics' institutes, of working-men's clubs, and of many other well-intentioned but perfectly futile attempts to get into the confidence of what are conventionally known as the working classes, and to help in some way the work of education from outside, might have inspired misgivings as to the probable success of the Bethnal Green Branch in the proper quarter. But the first glance at the people present is sufficient. Whether it is that gratuitous shows are rare in the north-east of London; whether it is that a love of art for its own sake actually exists in the Bethnal Green breast; whether the prestige of a royal visit has anything to do with it, or whatever the cause may be, the result is clear. Sir Richard Wallace's collection attracts, literally, *the people*.

We are all here. From all parts of London, in all sorts of clothes, by all sorts of conveyances—Shanks's mare and the Marrowbone stage having, I fancy, been most in request—we have come in our hundreds, if not in our thousands, and being here, seem determined to make the most of what is provided for us. We are here, three of us, in diaphanous muslins, in fly-away silks, in impossible bonnets, in paniers, high-heeled shoes, chignons, *poudre de riz*, and the rest of it. We don't know what it

is to want anything, and know nothing of work except that it is "horrid," and not for the likes of us. With us is our escort, no whit behind us in splendour, though in a somewhat more subdued style, and we look through our eye-glasses, say rude things in an audible tone, and make ourselves generally objectionable in our usual manner, and in a perfectly natural and artless style, as it is our nature to do, being, as it is also our nature to be, perfectly satisfied with ourselves the while. We are here also, four of us, in alpaca, a good deal worn and rather faded; with poor little shawls and mantles, and crushed little bonnets—we must keep up with the fashions—or shapeless little hats; with odds and ends of ribbon, where no ribbon should be, and with generally vague ideas on the subject of the proper management of colours, which it is to be hoped Sir Richard Wallace may help to set right. Our escort has a fustian jacket and a fur cap, and has his barrow somewhere round the corner, and we know right well what it is to work hard for our scanty wage, and have often had a pretty good notion what starvation means. But we seem to take just as much interest in the beautiful things before us—albeit we have never seen such things before—as those resplendent beings to whom such sights are common, and we are satisfied, for the time being, with ourselves and our lot, and are just as free with our comments on our neighbours as if we had been born and bred in fashionable circles. We are here, whole families of us—small tradesfolk we—somewhat bewildered, but critical, and disposed, the elder of us, to improve the occasion with lectures, and to turn the Museum into an educational instrument for the benefit of the younger members of our families, a proceeding which reduces us younger branches (our name being also legion) to the lowest depths of gloom and misanthropy. Some of us have mounted our Sunday suits in honour of the occasion, some of us have come in our working clothes, many of us in all probability have to make one suit serve for work and play, and must perforce come in that, or stay away. We have come, having to do with the driving of sheep and cattle, in the long square-cut linen or holland coat with many pockets protected by huge flaps, in the tight horsey trousers, big ankle-jacks, mud-coated in the driest weather, and thick sticks, affected by our kind. We are shrewd-looking mechanics, engineers in linen working-jackets, railway porters in velveteen suits, carpenters,

smiths, weavers, labourers: representatives, in fine, of all the countless industries of the industrious East. We are of as many and as widely different occupations as are celebrated in the old nursery line about "Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, gentleman, apothecary, ploughboy," how does it end? Thief, I am afraid. And I am afraid also that even that branch of industry is not unrepresented among us. For we are, some of us, too slinking as to our walk, too stealthy as to our eye, too defiant and aggressive, and, at the same time, too cringing and mean as to our manner, not to be easily recognised. When we assume this shape we are as a rule too long in the neck, and much too narrow in the shoulders; our hair is suspiciously short, or greasily long; we are shabby rakes addicted to dirty finery, and our complexions have that peculiar muddy, unwholesome shade of colour, which seems, somehow, exactly adapted to the atmosphere of a metropolitan police-station, or of a low public-house singing-room. But being here (as we are, indeed, everywhere else) we cannot but feel that the exercise of our predatory instincts would be out of place, not to speak of the vigilant eye of the policeman being upon us, and we cast aside the responsibilities of business and enjoy ourselves with the best. "Father" and "mother" are here, be sure, old-fashioned in manner as well as in years, and rarely to be seen away from their own neighbourhood, for the young brood are all scattered, and there is no strong arm left to help the old people. Consequently, when mother, who, though old enough in all conscience, is still apple-cheeked and brisk, bustles cheerily up the stairs, father, who in the neatness of his poor dress, and the elaborate brushing of his old-world broad-brimmed hat, speaks volumes in favour of mother's care, is fain to rest, half-way, on his stick, and to reply to the cheerful call, "Come on, father," with a tired cough, and some little irritability of manner. Here also, of course, are Jones and his "old 'oman." Jones, a steady, persevering sight-seer, generally in some way connected with carpentering or upholstering, for ever pushing on, and sorely troubled by the old 'oman, who, dressed in the warmest clothing, is a perspiring and flame-coloured witness to the heat of the day, and would give anything to be allowed to sit down or go home. Young and old, men and women, boys and girls, rich and poor, we have all been invited to the feast, and have all come.

We have, as may be supposed, the most

different views on matters of art, but we unite on the common ground of colour, and when we see plenty of it, know we are all right. Thus a Dead Peacock and Hare, by Weeninx, brilliant in the brightest of blues and greens, makes all our world kin, and holds us in rapt and open-eyed admiration. An unmistakable costermonger remarks that it is "a fine thing;" two young ladies with a certain undefined air of sewing-machine somehow pervading their appearance, opine that it is a "gorgeous picture;" and one young gentleman in a large green tie, which serves admirably to set off the somewhat seedy state of the rest of his attire, remarks to his friend that it is a "splendid work." The friend, conspicuous by wearing, himself, a large portion of a peacock's feather in his wideawake hat, thinks it "stunning," but is even more impressed by a remarkable portrait of Her Majesty the Queen, by Sully, painted many years ago, which is a perfect dream of red and crimson. By-and-bye, no doubt, these worthy people will learn to look at the two noble Vandykes close by, which they now pass over with hardly a glance; but we must not expect too much all at once. All in good time, too, will come an eye for Sir Joshua, but Nelly O'Brien has now to look reproachfully from under her large hat at careless gazers, and the Strawberry Girl and Lady Conway must for the time go without their usual crowd of admirers. But we seem to respect the gift-horse proverb, and look at everything respectfully, even if we cannot understand or admire it all; except, indeed, when we come to allegory. Allegory almost always excites us to mirth, and even to derision, and it must be admitted that we have some reason for turning up our noses, educated or uneducated, at Lemoyne's "Time revealing Truth," which not one of us fails to do. We are not quite up to Meissonier and the subtler French pictures (we are a little astonished at there being any French painters at all to begin with), but Decamp's Arabs, and Vernet's dashing soldiers and brigands, the blood-dripping sword of Allan M'Aulay, and the broken head of the dog of the regiment, come home to all our feelings, and it is a blow to us when even Vernet proves too much for us with the Apotheosis of Napoleon, which we pronounce "a rum go," and which we declare (and not without reason) our inability to make out. Rosa Bonheur holds quite a levée of drovers, pale with admiration, and it is

curious to notice that one of our favourite pictures is Ary Scheffer's noble Francesca di Rimini. It is true we can't quite make out what it is about, but there is no doubt we admire it hugely, and Costermonger Joe, who stands before it full of admiration, and explains his views to his party with much energy—the effect of the lecture a little marred by the goodly bunch of flowers the honest fellow *will* keep in the corner of his mouth—has quite a large and appreciative audience. The gentleman in the dress-coat and black satin waistcoat over yonder also attracts a considerable circle of listeners as he loudly expresses dissatisfaction with Mr. W. P. Frith's "Lady bringing in Wine on a Salver," whom he avers to be identically the same individual as the "young gal in the print they calls 'Sherry, sir?'" as hangs in the club-room," and is not to be appeased until reminded that the picture was painted by "im as did the Derby Day," when he is somewhat mollified, and even goes the length of conceding that the picture is a "pretty thing." But being of a critical, not to say a carping disposition, he is presently to be found again addressing the public before Meissonier's admirable "Polichinel," which he pronounces with great fervour to be "no more like Punch than it's like my Bill," and presently, overcome with disgust, leaves the building, to all appearance the only discontented man among us.

How we inspected the china, popularly described as "such a lot of cups and saucers," the beautiful vases, and miniatures, and objects of art generally; the Beauvais tapestry and old French chairs and sofas, stigmatised by an authority among us, with a carpenter's rule protruding from his breast-pocket, as "rig'lar shabby furniture;" the Venetian thrones, which, in the opinion of the same authority, have been "just done up expensive," and all that we thought and said of all these things, there is no time or space to tell here. Neither is it necessary to chronicle the acute boredom and mental prostration which overcame most of us when we fell a prey to the Food Collection (although Mr. Cole does tell us it is one of the most popular divisions of the South Kensington Museum), or worse still, when we were claimed for its own by the Animal Products Collection, which is "intended to illustrate the various applications of animal substances to industrial purposes." It may be merely recorded that we took no interest in the quantity of water contained in rye,



that albumen and gluten did not come home to our feelings, and that for the most part we looked with incredulity, if not with contempt, on the glass phials and cubes supposed to represent the chemical components of the human body. Nor did an exhibition of mushroom powder, of dried mushrooms, and of a bottle of mushroom ketchup, at all raise our spirits. Indeed, in this department all that we seemed curious about was the case containing the analyses of various kinds of liquors, and as that reminded us that the human body requires periodical refreshment, we generally withdrew after a brief examination of this part of the show.

We behaved ourselves admirably, as Londoners almost invariably do when the better side of their character is appealed to, and when they are trusted, as they are trusted here, to be, so to speak, themselves the guardians of order, and I have no doubt it would have gone hard with any one who had shown the smallest disposition to behave ill. And the worthy alderman who objected so much to the introduction of beer into Victoria Park some two or three years ago, may perhaps be surprised to hear that, although Mr. Cole has been rash enough to listen to the voice of the tempter, and to establish Spiers and Pond in the basement, the Bethnal Green Branch Museum is not in consequence turned into a "drunkery," and that no sign of any likelihood of an abuse of reasonable privileges was anywhere to be seen. As I left the building, people were still streaming into it in crowds, and I met many more evidently bound for the Museum as I made my way along the Cambridge-road. I could have no doubt that the complete success of the undertaking is thus early assured.

It had been an exciting week for Hackney and Bethnal Green, that last week of June, and an unmistakable morning-after air pervaded the neighbourhood on the Saturday. Two royal progresses—the Museum was opened on Monday, and the Princess Louise did her part of the good work by inaugurating an excellent children's hospital in the Hackney-road on Friday—are enough to try any neighbourhood, and had "taken it out" of Hackney considerably. The flags which had waved a welcome to the royal visitors were coming down very leisurely, and the tradesmen were taking their time about stripping the red and gold hangings and inscriptions from their shops. Indeed I saw one gentleman, evidently unable to bring his mind to the destruction of the elegant decoration

which made his first-floor front so brave a show, who was calmly sitting at his open window and smoking a contemplative pipe, as if he were almost in hopes that the Prince of Wales might have forgotten something at the Museum, and might shortly be expected back that way to fetch it. It was hot in the Hackney-road and dusty, and there was much sitting in the gateways of brewhouses and outside taps, and much scraping of fiddles, and a general air of mild dissipation which was very seductive. So I did at Hackney as the Hackneys did, and poured a modest libation to the success of the Museum; and to the healths of Sir Richard Wallace, who nobly deserves the thanks not only of East London, but of his country at large, and of Mr. Cole, who has been one of the best abused men of his time, but who will perhaps in the long run be found to have done almost as much for the education of the working classes as any philanthropist of them all.

#### KING CRAM IN INDIA.

We all know King Cram in England, as the terror of parents and guardians who have young men to launch in life. We are not here accustomed to give him the sovereign title; though we know him to be fast exceeding his proper functions as prime minister to King Competition, and making himself master of that constitutional monarch. But in India—according to complaints made far and wide—he has already arrived at the extreme pitch of power, and exercises despotic sway over the service which supplies the administration of the country.

From his seat of government at home King Cram rules over the services of England and India indiscriminately. But the military service is now general, and it is of the civil service that I specially speak. In England the service proper is only a bureaucracy, and parliament takes care to exercise the governing authority; but in India there is no parliament, and the service furnishes the main element in the councils which make laws and help the viceroy to do his ruling. From the same body, too, many of the judges are supplied; the governors and lieutenant-governors of provinces for the most part; and upon more than one occasion the governor-general himself has been of the number. All these officials are selected from the presentations

made to King Competition, and as they are nominated beforehand by King Cram, it follows that King Cram must exercise, in India alone, an enormous influence upon the destinies of about one hundred and eighty millions of people.

To see how King Cram obtained his power we need not go very far back. The competitive system was introduced into India—portentous sign—just before the revolt of 1857. There was no urgent necessity for the change, except that the East India Company had become too much of a family party, held itself as independent as possible of public opinion, and cherished old traditions of a Chinese kind, opposed to any improvement which involved opening up the country to the enterprise of “foreigners” out of their pale. And the civil service, under the company’s auspices, had for some time had its own way in India a great deal too much. Noisy men among the proprietors and noisy men in parliament traced undoubted grievances to this source; and the result was certain reforms, of which the institution of the competitive system for the civil service was one of the most important.

It was welcomed by every class of the community in India, except the members of the service themselves, and the change was almost universally applauded, until the new men began to arrive. Then the instability of public opinion became manifest. Nobody thought the competition man—who was supposed to have made his way by his own merits—by any means so considerable a personage as the child of the patronage system, supposed to have been chosen from his birth for a member of council or a lieutenant-governor. The new man, apart from his merits, came out under unfavourable social conditions. Nobody knew him. Instead of being put up with a big civilian immediately on his arrival, petted by the big civilian’s wife, and introduced to society at a series of dinners and balls, he had to vegetate abjectly at an hotel or a boarding-house. It is the custom in India for the new arrivals to call upon the residents, and so make their acquaintance in the first instance, more particularly as regards the members of the same service. The competition man never dared make such a demonstration, and would remain for months at the presidency where he arrived without making any acquaintances beyond travelling companions and fellow-lodgers. Then—just when his condition was most critical—a native journal christened the

new class of civil servants “Competition Wallahs.” There is nothing satirical in the phrase, but it has humble associations, and somehow seemed comically contemptuous. It made a hit, and came into common application, not to the increased dignity of those so designated. The new-comers, too, were critically compared with their predecessors in the service, and with many reasons for being at a disadvantage. Everybody knew the old class of men. They were nearly all related to one another, and to the older members of the service. Their very names associated them at once with the history of the country for a hundred years past. In coming to India they seemed to be coming home, and at home they made themselves without loss of time. It is easy enough for young men to be high-spirited and popular with the encouragement they received; it is equally natural for young men not similarly received to be depressed and reticent, and to make an unfavourable social impression. This the “wallahs” somehow managed to do; and, whatever exceptions may have been admitted, they were certainly not popular as a class. They had the reputation, too, of being mere desk men, very well at books, but without any knowledge of horses, or taste for field-sports. It was said, too, that they always wore spectacles, and were prudent to a fault in their personal expenditure. There was a substratum of truth in all this. They were in a strange country, with a strange career before them, and the consciousness that they had only themselves to depend upon. The grinding they had undergone was not conducive to active habits. Some could not ride, others, who could, were chary of buying horses until they found themselves with substantial appointments; they had none of the ardent instincts of their predecessors, who, anticipating the highest positions, drew freely upon their prospects, and, in the old times at least, took to indebtedness as naturally as a duck takes to the water. A young civilian used to set himself up at the outset with all the luxuries that he might expect to pay for when he got high up in the service, and it was a proverb that he had not established his footing in the country until he owed a lakh of rupees. There were no traditions to tempt the “wallah” into such brilliant errors. He was content to be prudent and unassuming, and so, through one cause and another, the idea became prevalent that he was not a gentleman. The “wallah” himself felt this imputation keenly, and one of

the first impressions he would try to make upon you, when you met him for the first time, was that he had no occasion to depend upon his merits, and would have had sufficient interest to get his appointment without any deserts under the old system.

As time went on, the competition became more at home in the country; and it was found that the new system, like the old, produced men of varying degrees of ability, with this difference between the two classes; that while the new system produced a fair average, and excluded the decidedly "bad bargains," it did not apparently bring to the Indian service men of the highest mark. I believe that this is the result of experience up to the present time, and that, to a certain extent, the old character ascribed to the "wallah" is justified; he is more a man of the desk than a man of action, and is therefore unsuited for many positions in which, in a country like India, a civil servant is required to be a man of physical capacity, with the instincts and habits of a sportsman, and even of a soldier.

For the supposed requirements of the new class of civil servants, King Competition of course bears the blame. But a gentleman who belongs to another branch of the service—the medical—told us the other night that, not King Competition, but King Cram is the delinquent. I refer to Doctor George Birdwood, the officer in charge of the Indian Department at the International Exhibition, who enlightened the members of the East India Association upon this subject, at the rooms of the Society of Arts. The doctor, in his address, did not make any invidious charge against the members of the service. His object was simply to show that the service is not thrown open, as it is supposed to be, to the mass of Englishmen. He is not against the competitive system, but only against the mode in which it is exercised. He calls the test a "competitive steeple-chase," and, comparing men with horses, says that the race is not so much to the strong, as to the swift—for a short distance. The express aim of the examination, he says, is to trip up as many of the competitors as possible—to pluck, not pass; and unfortunately and inevitably, the result is too often the plucking of the very candidates who, under a scientific system, would have passed, while it passes those who ought to be plucked. He declares, indeed, advisedly, that the competitive system, as a rule,

plucks the best man, and passes the worst. And he cites Mr. Matthew Arnold in support of his belief. Mr. Arnold has said: "I once bore part in the examinations for the Indian civil service, and I can truly say that the candidates to whom I gave the highest marks were, almost without exception, the candidates whom I would not have appointed. They were examined men, not formed men." The effect is, that the civil service fails to attract the best men; and, according to Doctor Birdwood, the medical service, which has undergone a similar test, has suffered in the same way. This service, through the indifference of authority, had grown unpopular, and out of demand, and the competitive system was introduced into it almost in the absence of competitors—the number of candidates, for some time, scarcely exceeding the number of appointments offered to the public. The service was thus made "a feast for the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind." It is not so bad in these days, however, as the doctor admits.

As regards the civil service, says Doctor Birdwood, it would be a complete compensation for the apathy and indifference of the India Office (which has no care for men not appointed by itself) if the competition system were diffusing an interest in the Indian service among the people of England. But this the present system has emphatically failed to do. India has been thrown open to the people, and the people will not have it. The supply of young men is merely kept up by the "crammers." These gentlemen, the doctor tells us, impress sharp boys for the service, and guarantee their passing in consideration of a heavy premium. These boys must be quick and rich, or they have no chance. If a boy be not superficially clever, and cannot pay their charge, they reject him off-hand. Competition, in short, instead of opening up chances for poor men to rise in life, yearly makes it more and more difficult for any but the rich to attempt to obtain a position in the public service. The training required is absolutely injurious, is good only for the competitive examination itself, and is worthless for all else beyond, as well as below it. The system is really the closest monopoly that could be devised, the gang of examiners (I quote Doctor Birdwood) being the directors of the New East India Competitive Examination Dodge Company (strictly limited), but which not even its undoubted success can make honourable. Some of the Indian

services still remain closed against competition, and it is remarkable, says the doctor, that, although paid less than the competitive service, they attract better men. Thus the very best English officials in India are found in the uncovenanted service, educational department, and ecclesiastical establishments. And Doctor Birdwood might have added the legal department, which is certainly manned with ability, though, perhaps, I should not call it a department, as the appointments held by barristers are on an independent footing in the country, and have a status of their own.

Knowing, as we do, the increasing difficulties attendant upon a professional career in England, in the public service or otherwise, these revelations of the rule of King Cram in India are doubly discouraging. It is high time that poor men rose in insurrection against him, or what is to become of, say, the sons of officers of the army and navy, barristers, clergymen, and professional men generally, who cannot, as a rule, be qualified for his patronage? Doctor Birdwood recommends something like a *comp d'état*, by which he shall be deposed, and the appointments so long in his gift be otherwise bestowed. The doctor proposes to place vacancies at the disposal, in turn, of every public school, college, and university in Great Britain, reserving a fixed proportion, say one-third of the covenanted, and two-thirds of the uncovenanted appointments under the government of India, for the Indian universities and schools. A scheme of this kind would require careful adjustment, and might be made complete under a proper development of our new educational system. Meanwhile the idea is a good one, and we have machinery quite sufficient for the broad purpose in view to throw open the Indian service in honest reality to the mass of the community, and effect the deposition of the tyrant King Cram.

#### MRS. FRANK.

MRS. FRANK. That was just her name; nothing more. But whether it was Mrs. Frank as a Christian name, or Mrs. Frank as a surname, no one knew; and as Miss Cripps, the Mentham milliner and post-mistress, said to Mrs. Barnes, the rector's wife, "It was a particularly awkward thing not to know which it was when you came to think of it."

As little was known of her old home or

belongings as of her legal patronymic. If she had come from the clouds she could not have dropped into Mentham and Fairview more suddenly, or with more mysterious aptness.

"It was to be supposed," said Miss Cripps, representing public opinion on the matter, "that Squire Tapp, the owner of Fairview, was satisfied. But if he was, no one else was; and he should have considered his neighbours' feelings."

Indeed, public opinion in Mentham ran quite high against Mr. Tapp; and the Menthamites were disposed to resent it as a personal affront that he should have let one of their prettiest places to a stranger with no more sponsorship than had this monesyllabic Mrs. Frank. What did he know of her? they asked indignantly of each other. Nothing, absolutely nothing; and to know nothing was equivalent to knowing—everything.

Mrs. Frank was young and pretty; two grave offences in a society composed mainly of unmarried ladies of a certain age, with a couple of disappointing bachelors in leash. Young, pretty, alone, reserved, unhappy, and not too rich, the Menthamites were convinced she was no good; and that if every one had his or her due, and moral obliquities were punished like legal ones, she would be somewhere now in a mob-cap and a grey woollen dress, picking oakum behind a grating. The only person in the place who expressed his firm belief in her respectability was Mr. Graves, the surgeon. But then Mr. Graves was an odd man; not accounted quite sound in his theological views, and vaguely suspected of an amount of liberalism—it was called by another name in Miss Cripps's back parlour—which, if Mentham could have verified its suspicions, would have made Mr. Graves look elsewhere for patients than among its safe and orthodox homesteads. So that his advocacy did the new-comer little or no good, and was even regarded as one suspicious circumstance the more. For, you see, he was not an old inhabitant, like Squire Tapp or Mr. Lumley, the two disappointing bachelors who had held the female world of Mentham in divided allegiance for all these years; but comparatively a new-comer, and not well known even now, though he had been some four years in the place, and had had every family more or less through his hands in the time. And when it was remarked that Mr. Graves and Mrs. Frank soon became exceedingly intimate, and that the reserved, harsh-voiced surgeon spent a

good deal of his spare time at the pretty little woman's, Mentham assumed an attitude of indignant reprobation; and if there had been another M.R.C.S. within hailing distance, John Graves would have had but a barren time of it here.

Indeed, there was talk of some public kind of protest, and the rector was gravely exercised in his mind as to the propriety of allowing the new-comer to stay with the rest on sacrament Sunday; but he took counsel of the rural dean, and so was fain to content himself by a scorching sermon, which, supposing that Mrs. Frank were really all she was held to be, would scathe her pretty sharply. She bore the test, however, without any public self-betrayal; and the Menthamites wondered, when they came out, whether it was innocence or hardened indifference that had carried her through.

It was a still summer's evening when Mrs. Frank and John Graves were walking by the river-side. A hundred yards or so below sat Miss Cripps, snugly ensconced within her arbour—half an old boat set up on end; and sound on such an evening travels far with the stream.

"I cannot, John. I would do anything you told me, as you know; but this is too hard," said the woman's soft voice, in a piteous kind of entreaty.

"You must, Aline. What is the use of me if you will not let me guide you?" was his reply, made sternly.

"Well, I'm sure," said Miss Cripps, with her sharp nose in the air. "They have not lost their time at all events. 'John' and 'Aline,' indeed; and she not here six weeks, the minx!"

"But such a terrible step!" said Mrs. Frank.

"It is for your own good," answered her companion. "If you refuse, you know what I can do, Aline; and in your interests—mark, in your interests, child—what I will do."

He spoke strongly, harshly, and so far seemed to have overborne Mrs. Frank, for she did not answer him for some moments. Then she said: "When is he coming, John?" And Miss Cripps fancied there were tears in the soft voice.

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow! Oh, John! dear John!"

"Aline, you must be brave! All depends on your firmness and courage."

"And I have so little of either, and you and he so much!" she said, sighingly.

"Why do you couple us together?" said

Mr. Graves, angrily. "You know I have repudiated him. To-morrow is the last time I will ever see him, and the last time you shall ever see him too."

"Ah, John! it is all very well for you to be so stern; you are not a woman—you cannot tell what I feel!" said Mrs. Frank.

"I am not a woman, as you say, child, but I can understand what you must feel at your association, remote as it is now, with such an unredeemed villain as he is!" answered John Graves, with that hard and vicious kind of coolness which betrays so much in a man.

"No, no! not that—more weak than wicked," she pleaded.

"I don't think Lacy Manners thinks so," said Mr. Graves, the surgeon, grimly.

And then Miss Cripps heard the unmistakable sound of sobbing, with a confused kind of whispering, as if he were trying to comfort her, as the two retraced their steps and went back towards Fairview.

"I thought there was something bad about her from the first," said Miss Cripps, triumphantly; "and now I've found her out! As for that Mr. Graves, *he's* past praying for, and I always thought so. I only hope the poor-law guardians will hear of it, and put another man in his place, the serpent! And to think of her being such a minx—oh, the bad, brazen creature!"

The next morning Miss Cripps was stirring betimes, and watching carefully. The omnibus that ran between Mentham and Heaton railway station went past her house, bringing the mail-bags among other things, and sometimes passengers who became her lodgers; and sometimes boxes of millinery for her own use in trade. To-day it brought the bags, as usual, and two boxes of the sweetest trumpery Heaton could produce; but of the three gentlemen travelling outside, never a lodger for her, though she felt convinced that, wrapped in the coat of one of them, sat Mrs. Frank's secret. Which was it? There was no mark by which He could be distinguished—this mysterious He who was so sternly reprobated by John Graves, so tenderly bewailed by Mrs. Frank, and who was to come to-day to be discarded for ever after. One was a fat, red-faced man, who looked like a cattle-dealer; another was dark-haired, smooth-shaven, one who wore his hat jauntily, had a showy scarf, a huge breast-pin, and a loud style of dress generally, and who had the appearance of a low-class actor; and the third was a fair-haired, boyish-looking fellow, like a mother's

pet or a sister's darling—a careless, loose-lipped kind of man, who might have been only eighteen or twenty years old, so little of the results of experience did he carry on his face, and so boyish and facile was the type.

Miss Cripps decided on the dark-haired man in the middle. He was the most disreputable-looking of the lot; and as she was sure that all about Mrs. Frank was disreputable, this was the one she chose as the partner in the mysterious drama playing out at Fairview. She raised her eyes to him severely. She meant virtue, and she looked it. But the actor gave her a wink that sent her into her shop as if she had been shot; and the omnibus rumbled on bearing the Mystery unsolved to his destination.

"Like the impudence of those men," she said, as she turned to stamp and sort her letters; "and I'll let Mrs. Frank know what I think of her for bringing such stuff as that to Menthams."

Miss Cripps was wrong. Not the smooth-shaven, loudly-dressed man, but the fair-haired, youthful fellow asked his way to Fairview, with a careless tone and a kind of lounging, slippery grace that seemed to mark a not too solid nature; and, guided by the ostler of the George and Dragon, a few moments brought him to the iron gates that shut in the gardens of pretty Mrs. Frank's pleasant home.

Mrs. Frank was in the drawing-room as the stranger passed in. John Graves, the surgeon, was with her. As she heard the light swift step on the gravel she started up, and her face broke out into a trembling, plaintive kind of love more pathetic than tears; but her companion laid his hand on her arm and checked her sternly.

"None of that, Aline," he said. "Are you going to throw away your advantage?"

Mrs. Frank sat down again, and buried her face in her hands.

"It is hard," she murmured, while the surgeon looked at her with an expression in his eyes it was well she did not see. It would have told her something more than she knew already if she had seen it, and something it were, perhaps, better for her and him should be unknown.

Then the door opened, and the maid ushered in "Mr. Smith."

The stranger went up to the pair sitting side by side against the table, like two assessors of judgment, and offered his hand.

"No, sir," said John Graves, sternly, "I do not shake hands with rogues."

The young man's fair face flushed. "As you will," he answered, half carelessly, half defiantly. "I will try to survive the infiction." He turned to the lady. "And you, Aline?" he said, in a different tone, a tone tender, musical, appealing; "do you, too, refuse to shake hands with me?"

She looked down, her eyes filling with tears.

"Your silence is an answer," said very gently the man the servant had called Mr. Smith. "Perhaps I have deserved it, Aline, but it is bad to bear all the same. I have always loved you, always been true to you, and were our places changed at this moment it is not I who would refuse to touch your hand, were it loaded with ten times the amount of dirt there is on mine."

"I know that, Frank," said Aline, softly, and she laid her hand in his.

"This is not the time for false sentiment," put in John Graves, in a harsh voice. "While you have paltered and prated of love, forsooth, see to what you have reduced her and yourself by your villainy. It was always the way with you, Frank, to talk like a hero and to act like a blackguard; and talking satisfied you."

"And it was always your way, Jack, to be hard on me and every other poor devil who chanced to make a slip," answered Frank, with that nonchalant grace which evidently irritated the surgeon. "But I want to speak to Aline, not to you, and it is her decision I have come for, not yours."

"Hers is the same as mine; separation final and irrevocable," said Mr. Graves; "the total obliteration of your very name, of your whole existence. When you leave this house you leave behind you all you ever held—both a brother and a wife. If you do not consent to this, then neither do I consent to be your shield any longer; and the law—and Lacy Manners—may do their worst."

"Is it so, Aline?" asked Frank, leaning nearer to her. She was weeping bitterly, and made no answer.

"Speak, Aline," cried John Graves, grasping her arm. "I too have some right to be consulted."

"I must," sobbed Aline. "You yourself, Frank, have separated us. You have put it out of my power to help you any more."

"And to love me, Aline?" asked the man's tender caressing voice.

"And to love you," echoed John Graves, sternly.

She clasped her hands over her eyes, the tears forcing their way through her fingers.

"I take only her word for that," said Frank, turning with a quick flush and a dark look to his brother. "In this at least you have no part! Tell me, Aline," and his voice trembled, "have you ceased to love me?"

The surgeon, who had never removed his hand from her arm, here gripped it so hardly that she blenched with pain; but she looked up into his, not her husband's, face, and answered steadily:

"No, no! I can never do that, Frank! I love you as I have always loved you, as I always must love you. Am I not your wife?"

"Yes, Aline, for better, for worse. So at least you said. But vows don't count for much, I find, when the current sets the wrong way."

"If you would use the short time before you in business, not in sickly schoolboy sentiment, it would be more to the purpose," said Mr. Graves, with his assessor manner. "If your love had been the love of a man, and not of a fool—and a vicious fool too—you would never have brought your wife into this pass. If you had not respected yourself you might at least have cared for your name and for hers. It sickens me to hear all this absurdity of love when you have reduced her to what she is—the wife of a—"

"Hush, hush, John!" cried Aline, placing her hand over his mouth. "You must not say the word—the thing is bad enough!"

"Always the way with women!" muttered the surgeon, contemptuously. "The word worse than the thing!"

"Thank you, Aline," said Frank. And for the first time their eyes met. She coloured violently, then grew pale and white, and turned her eyes away as if she had done wrong; but his fastened themselves on hers with as much pertinacity as tenderness, following her face as it drooped aside, as if he was exerting some kind of power over her.

At that moment the servant rushed into the room.

"If you please, Mr. Graves, sir," she said, breathlessly, "you are sent for at once to the rectory. Mrs. Barnes"—she was the rector's wife—"is in a fit, and they don't think she has a moment to live. The rector's own horse is here."

John Graves, never the meekest of men, rose from his place with an imprecation.

"Lost!" he said, between his clenched teeth. "But I will make one effort more! I will be back in a few moments," he said to Aline; "and I shall find you here, sir," to Frank, sternly enough. Then to both, "Remember the duty before you, and the only terms on which my protection will be granted."

On which he went out, and the strangely positioned pair sitting there, so near yet so far off, seemed to breathe more freely when he had left.

As the garden gate swung to, and they heard the horse's hoofs thundering down the road, Frank rose from his seat and went over to Aline. He flung himself on his knees by her, and laid his head on her shoulder with the caressing gesture of the old fond love days so long ago now.

"Ah, you have made me so happy in the midst of all my misery," he said, tenderly. "You love me still, Aline!"

"How can I help it, Frank? I could not if I tried," she answered, simply.

"Yet you are going to renounce me for ever? You, my wife! going to separate yourself from my very name, from all the past, and all the hope of the future?"

"It is not I, dear, it is you who have made our life together impossible," she cried.

"Nothing is impossible to love, Aline," Frank answered.

"Oh, do not say that! You know I love you—love you," she repeated, "and that I am forced to leave you for ever."

"I know that you need not if you do not wish it," said Frank. "I know that you are merely obeying the cruel will of a man who, though my brother, has been my enemy all my life; that you have let him come between us; and that in his jealousy of me he does not mind making us miserable, and forcing you to commit a sin."

"Jealousy?" echoed Aline.

"Why, Aline," remonstrated Frank, "you cannot pretend to be ignorant of the fact that John is in love with you—has always been in love with you! Get me out of the way; kill me with grief and despair—and there you are! To be sure you are his sister-in-law, but the world will not know that: and your marriage, if illegal, will not be questioned. And you would try to make me believe you do not foresee all this—you, clever and shrewd as you are?"

"You are wrong, Frank! indeed you are!" said Aline, earnestly. "John is my brother and best friend, no more."

He smiled quite pleasantly, being a man of as little malice as earnestness. "A convenient kind of friend if the husband could be got rid of," he said, as if it in no wise concerned himself. And Aline, in spite of herself, lowered her eyes, and trembled under his.

"Come into the garden," then said Frank, caressingly; "we have sweeter associations there than in a stifling room like this. Do you remember when we used to walk in the garden at Redhill? Aline, can you forget those days? I cannot!"

Aline shivered. "Oh, that I had never known anything but those days of love and trust!" she cried, passionately.

"You have only to will it, Aline, wife! love! and they will come again, never to be interrupted," said Frank, as he drew her hand within his arm, and led her tenderly into the garden; and Aline, yielding to his fascination, as if she had been a girl not wholly wooed, went to what end she knew would come. She had always been in love with her handsome, slippery, good-for-nothing husband; and she was a woman who only felt and never reasoned. Love was her sole logic; and what she hoped that she believed in.

Here John Graves found them, when he came back from the rectory, sitting, lover-like, under the shadow of the horse-chestnut in the shrubbery; and at a glance he saw the ground he had lost and the way Frank had made. The love of a naturally yielding woman for a man with rare powers of persuasion was stronger than all the dictates of prudence or even gratitude; and he felt that his work of strengthening and hardening had to be done over again; if, indeed, it ever could now be done over again! He had it at heart to save her from his brother; not because he was "in love" with her in any paltry sense, but because he loved her, and because he thought his brother unworthy of her. She was his cousin, and he had been left her guardian and trustee under her father's will; and he had always blamed himself that this marriage with handsome, scampish Frank had been the upshot of the intimacy that had followed. So that he felt it in a manner a sacred kind of duty he owed her, to protect her now in the best way he could from the consequences of her own folly, and to break the marriage which his brother's crime had rendered dishonouring. He did not ask if he would give her pain; he only knew

he should keep her safe. And the end justified the means, he thought.

The pair, sitting in the shadow of the chestnut-tree, started like a couple of surreptitious lovers surprised, as John Graves strode up to them; but they said nothing to turn him from his purpose, when he repeated again what he had said before, that they must part now, and for ever. On the contrary, Frank expressed himself resigned to the inevitable; and Aline, never once raising her eyes, looking neither to her husband nor her brother-in-law, and speaking as if in a dream, seemed scarcely to know what she said, when she merely repeated after Frank, "If it must be, John, it must." But John Graves, who knew every turn of her face, had his own uneasy doubts, and felt there was more behind than came to the front.

"I wish she had looked at him or me, that she had either cried or remonstrated," he said to himself, uneasily; and yet he could not tell what it was he feared. For when the omnibus went back to Heaton, Frank went back with it; and on his way to the inn, where John took the precaution to see him safe, he swore a solemn oath that he would never trouble his brother more, nor reappear in England now that he was set afloat in the world again, his forgery bought up, his debts paid, and a certain sum of money in his pocket wherewith to begin life anew in the New World. So John Graves went about his day's business with a lighter heart, or rather with a heart that strove to be light, when the omnibus had fairly started, carrying his brother Frank, with all his mistakes and perplexities, away from Mentham, and from Aline.

The day wore on, and as evening approached, Aline became more and more nervous. She had been occupied in her room all the day, and the servants had scarcely seen her. Luncheon and dinner both had been sent away untouched; and the little household gossiped, as households will, whether big or little. For, indeed, it had been an eventful day for the quiet order of Fairview, and the mystery that surrounded Mrs. Frank had never seemed so mysterious as now, when it had crossed the threshold of her home in bodily shape.

The day darkened into the evening, and the evening deepened into night. Aline sat by the drawing-room window, which opened on to the lawn, looking into the darkness, and listening. The servants were in bed, and the last few lights across



the water had long been extinguished. Suddenly she heard a step on the gravel—a light, swift, yet cautious step; and a man's figure crossed the dark lawn. It came nearer, and Frank's tender voice whispered her name. In an instant she was in his arms.

"Oh, love! love! what it is making me do!" she said, half in ecstasy, half in despair, as her head sunk on his shoulder, and her hot tears rained fast.

"Repenting already, my Aline?"

"No, no Frank! Repent of being with you?" and her arms tightened round his neck. "Only sorry for John—that I am deceiving him after all his goodness to me!"

"We will forget the past, dear," said Frank, hastily. "If you are deceiving your cousin, is it not to protect and be with your husband?"

"Ah, I cannot live without you Frank!" she murmured, passionately; "for I love you."

"You shall not regret it, Aline," Frank said, with a husky voice. "In a country where we are not known, and under another name, I shall have a fresh start, and this time you shall not be ashamed of me. I am not bad all through, Aline."

"I know that, darling. I have always said so."

"God bless you, wife! and you have said true," he answered, kissing her. "Only trust in me this once again. Love me, and do not leave me, and all will be well."

"I do love you, and I will trust you and never leave you," she said solemnly.

And with this she came out into the darkness; and the two, hand-in-hand together, passed through the gate, and took the road that led through Mentham and away to the west; John Graves stirring restlessly in his troubled sleep as the sound of a carriage, driving at hot speed, dashed over the village stones.

The next morning all Mentham was astir with the news that Mrs. Frank of Fairview was missing. No one knew where she had gone or what she had done; whether she had run off with a lover or run away from her creditors; some said she had probably drowned herself in the river in despair at her sins, whatever they might be. All that was sure, however, was just this—she had gone, and no one ever knew more. She was held to have committed some grievous crime; and

the only man who could have cleared her name kept silent, and told no one how that she had eloped with her own husband, a swindler, a forger, whose public prosecution and disgrace he, John Graves, his brother, had bought off with all his savings. If he had but known, however, that he was going to make this return, he would have given him over to the consequences of his crime. As it was—let them go! She was weak and he was wicked; though it broke his heart to lose her, and lose her thus—let them go! In the future years, when she had learnt for the second time the miserable mistake she had made, she would come to him again, and he—he would love her and shelter and protect her as before. So he turned to his life's work again, harder, sadder, more reticent than ever; but always looking out towards the west for the return of the woman he loved, whose happiness he believed his brother had destroyed, and whose happiness he, John Graves, would give his life to build up again.

But they never met. Years after, a staid and naturalised citizen of Boston, who, some did say, was a reformed rake with a history at his back that would not bear repeating, and a matron still beautiful and loving, read in an English newspaper the death of one John Graves at Mentham; and in the same paper they read a lawyer's advertisement for "Aline, wife of Frank Graves," who, if living, would inherit her cousin's property. If she was dead it was to go to a charity.

"My enemy to the last. Poor old Jack!" said Frank, as he put down the paper with a sigh; and Aline, laying her hand on his, looked into his eyes tenderly, her own filled with tears, and said:

"I did right, Frank! I saved one life, if I saddened another and deceived my true friend. But I saved the one which was most precious, and I kept faith with the dearest love!"

The Back Numbers of the PRESENT SERIES of

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Also Cases for Binding, are always kept on sale.

The whole of the Numbers of the FIRST SERIES of

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,

Are now in print, and may be obtained at the Office,

25, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C., and of all Booksellers.

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 191. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

#### BOOK II.

##### CHAPTER III. A CHECK.

MR. CALVERLEY dead! The announcement, so suddenly and so calmly blurted out by the footman, so took Pauline by surprise that she literally staggered back two paces, and supported herself against the wall. Dead, on the very day, almost at the very hour when he had promised to meet her, when she had calculated on worming from him the secret which, once in her possession, she had intended to use as the means of extracting information about Tom Durham, and of putting her on to her fugitive husband's track. Dead! What was the meaning of it all? Was the mystery about this unknown man, this not-to-be-mentioned invisible partner, Claxton, of deeper importance than she had thought? Were Mr. Calverley, Claxton, and Tom Durham, so intermixed with business transactions of such a nature that sooner than confess his connexion with them the senior partner had committed self-destruction? The thought flashed like lightning through Pauline's brain. But ere she had time to analyse it, the solemn voice of the footman repeated in its croaking tones:

"Mrs. Calverley wishes to see Madame Doo Turt as soon as possible."

"Yes," said Pauline, in reply, "I will go to Mrs. Calverley at once."

Past the range of hat-pegs, where the dead man's coats and hats still hung; past the little study, through the open door of which she saw a row of his boots standing in order against the wall,

his umbrella and walking-stick in the corner, his folded gloves and clothes-brush laid out upon the table; up the heavily carpeted stairs; past the closed drawing-room door, and on to Mrs. Calverley's bedroom, at the door of which she knocked. Bidden to come in, Pauline entered, and found the widow seated prim and upright in a high-backed chair, before the fire.

"This is sad news, my dear friend," commenced Pauline, in a sympathetic voice; "this is a frightful calamity."

"Yes," said Mrs. Calverley, coldly, "it is very hard upon me, but not more than I have always expected. Mr. Calverley chose never to live in his own home, and he has finished by dying out of it."

"I have heard no particulars," said Pauline. "Where did the sad event take place?"

"Mr. Calverley was found dead in a railway carriage, as he was returning from those ironworks," said the widow, with vicious emphasis on the last word. "He entered into that speculation against my will, and he has now reaped the reward of his own obstinacy."

Pauline looked at her curiously. The dread event which had occurred had not softened Mrs. Calverley in the slightest degree.

"This is very, very sad," said Pauline, after a pause. "If I were to consult my own feelings I should withdraw, and leave you to your overwhelming grief, which no attention can solace, and which must run its course, and yet I cannot bear to think of you alone and unaided! What would you wish me to do?"

"You had much better stay," said Mrs. Calverley, shortly. "I feel myself quite unequal to anything, and there is a great deal to be done."

The tone in which these words were

uttered was cold, peremptory, and unpleasant, but Pauline took no notice of it. She had a great deal to think over, and would take the first opportunity of arranging her plans. As it was, she busied herself in seeing to Mrs. Calverley's comfort. She had long since relieved her of the superintendence of domestic affairs, and now she made suggestions for an interview with the milliner, for the ordering of the servants' mourning, and for the general conduct of the household, in all of which the widow coldly acquiesced.

Then, so soon as she could, Pauline sought the privacy of her room, and gave herself up to meditation.

"Was there ever anything so unfortunate," she thought to herself, as, having changed her neat French walking-boots for slippers, in order not to be heard by Mrs. Calverley in the room beneath, she commenced pacing up and down the floor, "was there ever anything so unfortunate! By this man's death my whole position is changed! Not that I think there is any doubt of stability of my interest in this house! Though it was he that first suggested that I should come here, I have so strengthened myself since then, I stand so well with the wretched creature down-stairs, the woman with a heart like a dried pea, that had he lived and tried to bring his influence to bear against me it would have been unavailing. I had better stay," she thought. "Housekeeper, dame de compagnie, drudge even, if she could make me so, and all for my board and lodging. Well, it is worth my while to remain for that, even now, though by this man's death my chief purpose in coming here is defeated. In the dead man I have lost, not merely my first friend and patron, but one whom I had intended should be my victim, and who alone could save me in the matter dearest to my heart. To all left here now that rascally husband of mine was unknown. Even of the name of Tom Durham they have only heard since the account of his supposed death appeared in the newspapers. The clue is lost just when I had my hand upon it! And yet I may as well remain in this place, at all events until I see how matters progress. There is nowhere I could go to on the chance of hearing any news, unless, indeed, I could find the agent who signed that letter which Monsieur mon mari gave me the day we were at Southampton. He or she, whichever it may be, would know something, doubtless, but whether they would tell it is another matter. For the

present, then, here I stay. The house will not be so dull as it was before, for these eccentric English people, ordinarily so triste and reserved, seem to excite themselves with deaths and funerals; and now this priest, this Monsieur Gurwood, who was on the point of going away, will have to remain to attend to the affairs, and to be a comfort to his sorrowing mother. I am much mistaken if there is not something to be made out of Monsieur Gurwood. He is sly and secretive, and will hide all he knows, but my power of will is stronger than his, and if, under these altered circumstances, he learns anything which may interest me, I shall be able to get it from him."

Mrs. Calverley remained in her room that evening, occupying herself in writing up her diary, which she had scrupulously kept for many years, and in comparing her record of the feelings which she imagined she ought to have experienced, and which was very different from what she really did experience, with the entry in a previous diary of a dozen years ago, on the day of George Gurwood's death. She had had a second interview with Madame Du Tertre, and had talked over the arrangements of the milliner, and had discussed the advisability of a short run to Brighton, or some other lively place—it must be a lively place at such a wintry season—for change of air and scene. And she had made a very fair meal, which had been sent up to her on a tray from the dinner-table below, at which Martin Gurwood and Pauline were seated, solemnly facing each other.

The presence of the butler at this repast, always annoying to a man of Martin Gurwood's simple habits, was on this occasion perfectly unendurable; and, after requesting his companion's assent, he instructed the domestic to retire, telling him they would wait upon themselves.

"I thought you would not mind it, Madame Du Tertre," he said, with a grave bow, after the man had withdrawn. "At a time when one is irritable, and one's nerves are disturbed, it is beyond measure annoying to me to have a person looking on, watching your every mouthful, and doing nothing else."

"I am most thankful that you sent the servant away, Monsieur Gurwood," said Pauline, "more especially as I could not speak to you in his presence, and I am anxious to learn full particulars of what has occurred."

Why did Martin Gurwood's pale face

become suffused with a burning red? What was there, Pauline thought, in her observation to make him evince such emotion?

"I scarcely know that I am in a position to give you any information, as all I know myself is learned at second hand."

"Anything will be information to me," said Pauline, "as all Mrs. Calverley told me was the bare fact. You have never been to—what is the place called—Swartmoor, I suppose?"

"No, never," said Martin Gurwood, with increased perturbation, duly marked by Pauline. "Why do you ask?"

"I merely wanted to know whether it was an unhealthy place, as this poor man seems to have caught his death there."

"Mr. Calverley died from heart disease, brought on by mental worry and excitement."

"Ah," said Pauline; "poor man!" And she thought to herself, "that mental worry and excitement were caused by his knowledge that he had to encounter me, and to tell me the true story—for he was too dull to devise any fiction which I should not have been able to detect—of his dealings with this Claxton."

After a pause she said: "These worries sprung from his intense interest in his business, I suppose, Monsieur Gurwood?"

"I—I should imagine so," said Martin, flushing again. "Mr. Calverley was devoted to business."

"Yes," said Pauline, looking straight at him. "I often wondered he did not give himself more relaxation; did not confide the conduct of his affairs more to his subordinates, or at least to his partner."

The shot told. All the colour left Martin Gurwood's face, and he looked horribly embarrassed as he said, "Partner, Madame Du Tertre? Mr. Calverley had no partner."

"Indeed," said Pauline, calmly, but keeping her eyes fixed on his face; "I thought I understood that there was a gentleman whose name was not in the firm, but who was what you call a sleeping partner, Mr.—Mr. Claxton."

"There is no such name in the house," said Martin Gurwood, striving to master his emotion. "From whom did you hear this, madame—not from my mother?"

"Oh, no," said Pauline, calmly; "I think it was from Mr. Calverley himself."

"You must surely be mistaken, Madame Du Tertre?"

"It is more than probable, monsieur," said Pauline. "In my ignorance of the language I may have mistaken the terms

which Mr. Calverley used, and given them my own misinterpretation. Ah, and so there is no one of the name of Claxton, or if there be he is not a partner? So as far as being able to relieve Mr. Calverley was concerned, it came to the same thing. Of course with a man so precise, all the business arrangements, what you call the will and those things, were properly made?"

"Oh, yes; all in strict order," said Martin, grateful for the change of subject.

"Mr. Jeffreys went from hence to the lawyer's, and has since been back with a copy of the will. With the exception of a few legacies, all the property is left to Mrs. Calverley, and she and I are appointed joint executors."

"That is as it should be," said Pauline, "and what might have been expected from a man like Mr. Calverley! Just, upright, and honourable, was he not?"

"I always believed him to be so, madame," said Martin, with an effort.

"And his death was as creditable as his life," pursued Pauline, with her eyes still fixed upon her companion. "He was killed in the discharge of his business, and no soldier dying on the battle-field could have a more honourable death. You agree with me, Monsieur Gurwood?"

"I do not give much heed to the kind of death which falls to the lot of men, but rather to the frame of mind in which they die."

"And even there, monsieur, you must allow that Mr. Calverley was fortunate. Respected by his friends, and beloved by his wife, successful in his business, and happy in his home——"

"Yes," interrupted Martin Gurwood, "but it is not for us to pronounce our judgment in these matters, Madame Du Tertre, and you will excuse me if I suggest that we change the subject."

When dinner was finished Pauline went up-stairs again to Mrs. Calverley's room, and had another long chat with the widow before she retired to rest. Mrs. Calverley had been made acquainted with the fact that It had arrived, and her son had suggested her visiting the chamber where It lay. But she had decided upon postponing this duty until the next day, and sat with Pauline, moaning over the misfortunes which had happened to her during her lifetime, and so thoroughly enjoying the recital of her woes that her companion thought she would never leave off, and was too glad to take her leave for the night at the first opportunity which offered itself.

Once more in the safety and solitude of

her own chamber she resumed her meditation.

"That was a safe hit that I made at dinner or the priest would never have changed colour like a blushing girl. This reverend's face is like a sheet of plate-glass—one can see straight through it down into his heart. Not into every corner though. There are recesses where he puts away things which he wishes to hide. In one of them lies some secret of his own. That I guessed almost directly I saw him; and now there is, in addition to that, another which will probably be much more interesting to me, as it relates in some way, I imagine, to the business in which Claxton is mixed up. It must be so, I think, for his tell-tale colour came and went as I mentioned the partnership and that man's name. Now, how am I to learn more from him on that point? He is uneasy when allusion is made to it in conversation, and tries to change the subject, and it is plain that Mrs. Calverley knows nothing at all about it. Mr. Gurwood, too, is evidently desirous that his mother should not know, as he betrayed such anxiety in asking me whether it was from her I had heard mention of the partnership. And there is not another soul to whom I can turn with the chance of hearing any tidings of Tom Durham.

"Stay, what did this man say about being appointed joint executor with his mother? In that case he will remain here for yet some time, and all the dead man's papers will pass into his hands. Such of them as are not entirely relating to the business will be brought to this house, and I shall have perhaps the opportunity of seeing them. In them I may discover something which will give me a clue, some hint as to why Claxton obtained the agency for Tom Durham, and on what plea he asked for it. That is all I can hope to learn. About the two thousand pounds and the pale-faced woman, this man who is dead knew nothing. I must glean what I can from such papers as I can get hold of, and I must keep a careful watch upon the movements of my friend the reverend."

On the following morning Mrs. Calverley remaining in bed to breakfast, and Pauline being in friendly attendance on her, it suddenly occurred to the widow that she should like to know the contents of the drawers in the writing-table used by her deceased husband in his City office.

"I have always been of opinion," she said to Pauline, after mentioning this subject, "that some extraordinary influence

must have been used to induce Mr. Calverley to go into that speculation of the ironworks, and I think that very likely we may find some papers which will throw a light upon the matter."

Pauline's eyes brightened as she listened. Perhaps the mysterious Mr. Claxton was mixed up with the speculation, or the drawers might contain other documents which might lead to a solution of his identity. But she answered cautiously.

"It may be as you say, madame. Shall I step down and ask Monsieur Martin to be good enough to go to the office and search the desk on your behalf?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Calverley, shortly. "This is a private matter in which I do not choose to ask my son's assistance. You are good enough to act as my confidential friend, Madame du Tertre," she added, with the nearest possible approach to softness in her manner, "and I wish you to represent me on this occasion."

Pauline took up the hard thin hand that lay on the coverlet, and raised it to her lips. "I will do anything you wish, my dear friend," she murmured, scarcely knowing how to conceal her delight.

"In the top right-hand drawer of the dressing-table you will find Mr. Calverley's bunch of keys," said the widow. "One of them opens his office desk. If you will give me my blotting-book I will write a few lines to Mr. Jeffreys, authorising you to have access to the room. Once there, you will know what to look for."

An hour afterwards Pauline walked into the offices at Mincing-lane. Signs of mourning were there in the long strips of wood, painted black, which were stuck up in front of the windows; in the unwonted silence which reigned around, the clerks working noiselessly at their desks, and the business visitors closing the doors softly behind them, and lowering their voices as though in the presence of Death, the messengers and porters abstaining from the jokes and whistling with which they usually seasoned their work.

Pauline was shown into the little glazed room, already familiar to her, and was speedily joined by the head-clerk, to whom she handed Mrs. Calverley's note. After reading it Mr. Jeffreys hesitated, but only for an instant. From his boyhood he had been brought up by Mr. Calverley, had served him for thirty years with unswerving fidelity, and had loved him as deeply as his unsentimental business nature would permit. In his late master's lifetime no re-

quest of Mrs. Calverley's, unendorsed by her husband, would have had the smallest weight with the head-clerk. But Mr. Calverley was no longer the chief of the house; no one knew how matters would turn out, or into whose hands the business would fall, and Mr. Jeffreys had understood from Messrs. Pemberton's, the lawyers, that Mrs. Calverley was appointed as executrix, and knew that it would be as well for him to secure a place in her favour. So taking a key from his pocket he requested the visitor to follow him, and ushered her up the stairs into the room on the first floor.

There it was, with the exception of the absence of the central figure, exactly as she had last seen it. There stood his desk, the blotting-pad scribbled with recent memoranda, the date index still showing the day on which he had last been there, the pen-rack, the paper—all the familiar objects, as though awaiting his return. Mr. Jeffreys walked to the window and pulled up the blind; then looked round the room, and in spite of himself, as it were, heaved a deep sigh.

"It is Mrs. Calverley's wish, madame, I see," he said, referring to the letter which he held in his hand, "that you should be left alone. If you should require any assistance or information from me, and will sound this bell," he pointed to the spring-bell on the table, which his master had used for summoning him, and him alone, "I shall be in the next room, and will wait upon you at once." Then he bowed and retired.

Left to herself, and certain that the door was safely closed, Pauline took the bunch of keys from her pocket, and soon hit upon the one she required. One by one the drawers lay open before her, some almost empty, some packed to the brim, most of them with a top layer of dust, as though their contents had been undisturbed for years. What did she find in them? An assemblage of odds and ends, a collection of papers and written documents, of printed prospectuses of stock-jobbing companies, some of which had never seen the light, while others had perished in their speedily-blossomed maturity years ago. One contained a set of red-covered domestic account-books, neatly tied together with red tape, and on examining these Pauline found them to be the receipted books of the butcher, baker, &c., "in account with Mr. John Calverley, 48, Colebrook-row, Islington," and referring to a period when the dead man was only a

struggling clerk, and lived with his old mother in the suburbs. In another lay scores of loose sheets of paper covered with his manuscript notes and calculations, the first rough draft of his report on the affairs of Lorraine Brothers, the stepping-stone to the position which he had afterwards occupied.

But amongst all the papers written and printed there was no allusion to the Swartmoor Ironworks, no reference to what concerned Pauline more nearly, the name of Claxton, and she was about to give up the search in despair, and to summon Mr. Jeffreys for his farewell, when in moving she touched something with her foot, something which lay in the well of the desk covered by the top and flanked on either side by the two nests of drawers. At first she thought it was a footstool, but stooping to examine it, and bringing it to the light, she found it to be a small wooden box, clamped with iron at the edges, and closed with a patent lock. The key to this lock was on the bunch in her possession; in an instant she had the box on the desk, had opened it, and was examining its contents.

"Of no value to any one but their owner." The line which she had seen so often in the advertisement sheets of English newspapers rang in Pauline's mind as she turned over what had been so jealously guarded. A miniature portrait on ivory of an old grey-haired woman in a lace cap with long, falling lappets, and a black silk dress; a folded piece of paper containing a long lock of silky white hair, and a written memorandum, "Died April 13th, 1858;" two newspaper cuttings, one announcing the death of Mrs. Calverley, of Colebrook-row, Islington, at the date just mentioned, the other the marriage of John Calverley, Esq., with Jane, widow of the late George Gurwood, Esq., and only daughter of John Lorraine, Esq., of Mincing-lane and Brunswick-square. Then Pauline came upon a packet of letters stained and discoloured with age, which on examination proved to have been written to him by his mother at various dates, while he was absent travelling on the business of the firm.

And nothing else. That box seemed to have been used by the dead man as a sacred depository for the relics of the old woman whom he had loved with such filial tenderness, whose memory he had so fondly cherished. Stay! Here was something else, an envelope cleaner, fresher, and of newer shape than the others. She took it out and opened it eagerly. Ah, at last! It

contained a half-sheet of note paper, on which were these words:

"October 4, '70. Transferred to private account, two thousand pounds. To be given to T. D. at request of A. C."

She had found something, then—not much, but something. T. D. was, of course, Tom Durham, and the A. C. at whose request the money was to be paid to him was equally, of course, Mr. Claxton. She had never heard his Christian name; it must be Albert, Alfred, Andrew, or something of the kind.

Pauline replaced the paper in the envelope, which she put into her pocket. No need to tell Mrs. Calverley anything about that—that was her prize. It contained no reference to the Swartmoor Ironworks, and would have no interest for the widow. So she locked the box, and replaced it in its former position under the desk, pressed the spring bell (the familiar sound of which made Mr. Jeffreys jump off his chair), thanked the chief clerk on his appearance, and took leave of him with much suavity. Then she took a cab, and returning straight to Great Walpole-street, reported to Mrs. Calverley the total failure of her mission.

There is a certain amount of bustle and confusion in Great Walpole-street, for the time has arrived when it is to be removed. At the Oxford Arms, intersecting Horatio-street, the hearse and the mourning-coaches have been drawn up for some time, and the black-job gentlemen are busying themselves, some in fixing plumes to the horses' heads, others in getting out the trappings, staves, hat-bands, and other horrible insignia of their calling. Then the cold fowls and sherry having been consumed by the mourners, the dismal procession files off to Kensal Green. Whence, in less than a couple of hours, it comes rattling back with some of the occupants of its carriages laughing, and all of them talking—all save Martin Gurwood, who, in addition to his real grief at the loss of the dead man, is thinking that about that time Humphrey Statham has gone on his mission to the cottage at Hendon.

#### SHODDY, CHALK, AND JONATHAN.

Not that shoddy is exactly a bad thing in itself. It is only bad when intended to deceive; when it presents itself to the world as something which it is not. If I order a new coat, and am told that it is made of West of England superfine, then I am not treated honestly if there be any admixture of shoddy

in its composition; if I am told that it is all new wool, whether West or North of England make, I am entitled to object to the presence of shoddy. But if I procure a so-called melton, tweed, or pilot-cloth, whether for coat, vest, or trousers, although the name itself may be a deceptive one, the purchase is not necessarily unprofitable merely because shoddy is present; it is, in this case, a question of price. Shoddy is simply wool which has been used before; if new wool be added, many a month of hard wear, and many a hard shower may be borne by it, without any unsightly betrayal of its origin.

Quite early in the present century, the woollen manufacturers of Yorkshire turned their attention to this matter. Old woollen rags, old carpets, old worsted stockings, were sold as manure, when no further use could be found for them; but some of the sharp-witted Yorkshiremen were convinced that the short fibres still retained a portion of their original strength, and of that peculiar felting or entangling property which gives closeness of texture to woollen cloth. But how to get the wool out of the fusty old fragments: how to separate it fibre from fibre? Mills were erected, and machines constructed for the purpose. So abominably dirty and dusty are the bits, that the processes had to be kept quite distinct from those relating to new wool; and some moral critics, believing that dirt and cheating must necessarily go together, gave the name of devil's-dust to the disintegrated, or at least disentangled fibres. Like many other critics, they were a little beside the mark; for though the dirt is unquestionable, cheating is not necessarily an element in the matter. Cleanliness is next to godliness, we know; but how if a personally clean man happens to be a rogue?

Let us suppose that Mrs. Motherly, a careful housewife, sells all her old woollen scraps, instead of consigning them to the dust-hole. The heterogeneous dealers to whom she sells them find purchasers in various directions. The seams and irregular knots, the bleared and blotched portions, are cut away, and are applied—some for making into flock for stuffing cushions and mattresses, or for giving a surface to flock paper-hangings; some for making into coarse rough paper; some as a material whence prussiate of potash may be obtained; and the rest as a manure, chiefly for hop-grounds. Then the smoother bits, free from seams and knots, are sent to

Yorkshire, where they are torn up into shoddy. But, as there are three degrees of excellence in most things, so are there in this—mungo being the best, shoddy the next best, and extract the worst. Mungo is the rag of good woollen cloth, the best being veritable new bits—tailors' cuttings too small to be available for the piece-brokers; shoddy is obtained from poorer cloth, and from old carpets, rugs, blankets, flannel, and worsted stockings; while extract is the woollen portion of mixed or union goods, in which the warp threads are cotton, the weft only being made of wool or worsted. In regard to the latter, it may appear strange that any chemical process can be profitable for such a humble material; but chemistry is always starting something new in this way. Certain acids, alkalies, or salts have the property of dissolving the cotton and leaving the wool intact: hence the production of extract. As to shoddy and mungo, the rags are treated ruthlessly enough. They are thrown into a machine, the interior of which is studded with teeth by thousands, which act against and into one another, and tear the rags into separate fibres—very short, but long enough to bear the subsequent processes. One machine will produce from half a ton to a ton of such stuff in a day. But, oh the dust! Millions of particles settle down at the bottom of the machine, and millions more find their way out through crevices into the factory rooms. Try what they will, the manufacturers cannot control this dust. Batley, and some other Yorkshire towns, tell the tale plainly enough; and as the rags are often of ill odour in the first instance, the dust of course does not emit a very refreshing perfume. If the dust be all of one colour, such of it as can be collected is saleable to flock-paper makers; if mixed and unequal, it is still available as manure.

The shoddy, the mungo, and the extract are made into cloth, but not alone. So much of the felting property has departed from the wool that the cloth would fall to pieces too soon; and therefore new wool is added to remedy the defect. Herein lies the great feature of the shoddy trade. There is no limit to the number of proportions between the new wool and the rag; there may be ten parts of the former to one of the latter, or ten of the latter to one of the former, or equal parts of both, or any other proportion. And, moreover, the manufacturer may use this mixture only for weft threads, making

the warp of cotton. In this way the goods may be made to vary as much in kind as in quality, no matter what they are called—heathers, tweeds, or chevots, for tourists' suits; petershams, beavers, bearskins, or deerskins, for over-coats; pilots, for pea-jackets; friezes, for sale in Ireland; witneys, for mantles and cloaks; the cheaper kinds of so-called mohairs and alpacas; flushings, for sailors' and working-men; paddings, for stuffings and stiffenings; linings; coloured blankets for niggers and fur-hunters; convict-cloths and police-cloths; army-cloths and navy-cloths—all may have, and often really have, mungo, shoddy, or extract in their composition.

No small trade this. Five years ago it was estimated that a hundred million pounds of wool-rag or rag-wool were worked up annually by the Yorkshire cloth-makers; and now the quantity must be much more. About four-fifths are home produce, the rest is imported from Germany, Holland, and Denmark. The continental woollen manufacturers have not yet done much in the making up of shoddy into cloth; some of the rags are sent to England for sale as rags, the remainder is ground up into shoddy and shipped in that state. Dealers in Yorkshire buy all that comes to hand, rags and shoddy alike, sort it into many kinds and qualities, and sell it to the manufacturers of different kinds of textile goods.

We repeat, there is nothing reprehensible in this utilising of half-worn woollen fibres, provided the commodity be not sold to us as "all new wool." Let us settle down in the belief that nearly all cheap and middle-class woollen cloth contains some mungo or shoddy, in small or large proportion as the case may be; that it will render a fair amount of useful service; and that it is worth what it has cost.

But we cannot give such a verdict in regard to the chalk which chokes and overweighs nearly all the calico now made. Under a plea which has a small amount of usefulness to recommend it, the manufacturers have gone on to an extent which fair dealing cannot justify. We call the offender chalk, because there is a popular belief that chalk is the word, although this does not absolutely correspond with the fact. In preparing cotton yarn for the weaver, the threads require a certain amount of preparation or dressing to smooth them, to lessen the amount of friction while the weft is crossing the warp in the loom, and to increase the



strength—all good objects, tending to make the calico what it ought to be. But see how the matter has travelled on from one stage to another. The substance employed was at first a kind of size or thin glue, made by boiling animal membrane; and hence the name of sizing. Then came a kind of liquid flour-paste, afterwards superseded by a fermented muddle of flour and tallow. The quantity used was gradually increased, until the mixture amounted to about twenty per cent of the weight of cotton in the calico. The next advance was made on the score of colour. Some of the sizers or dressers, observing that the mixture gave a brownish tint to the calico, if inferior flour were used, made experiments which led them to the fact that a small addition of china-clay—such as is dug up in Cornwall for the use of the Staffordshire and Worcester porcelain manufacturers—would give whiteness to the mixture. They also found that the china-clay so far reduced the glutinous quality of the flour that the warps would weave easily with a smaller amount of tallow in the mixture. Thus far the calico weavers had reason to be satisfied with the change, and no particular harm was done; but they were tempted into a path which gradually led away from—well, let us call it the path of rectitude. When the war with Russia caused a considerable rise in the price of tallow, some of the manufacturers omitted this ingredient wholly or in great part, and made up the deficiency with china-clay, of course purchasable at a much smaller price; but the total percentage of dressing was not much greater than before, relatively to the weight of calico. The makers of the better kinds of calico, or the firms which looked out for the maintenance of their good name in the eyes of the world, continued to prepare a white dressing by using good flour with tallow, ignoring the china-clay altogether.

Matters thus went on until the eventful cotton famine in 1862, when the closing of the American ports by the Federal forces nearly cut off the supply of cotton on which England had been accustomed to rely. Cotton rose rapidly in price; the best kinds were almost unattainable; while the poorer kinds do not weave well without a large amount of dressing or sizing. So far there was a justification for increasing the proportion of such additions to calico; but mark the result (we will quote official language in narrating it): "Weight for length had been, as it still is, the chief test

of the goodness of any description of yard-wide cloth; and with the scarcity of raw material came the practice of giving a fictitious weight to cloth containing less cotton, in order to make it appear that it contained more. It became a matter of rivalry with sizers which of them could, on the order of the manufacturer, anxious to meet the demands of merchants, put most foreign matter upon the cotton warps. From this practice of heavy sizing, the more respectable manufacturers long kept aloof; but they did so at the expense of their immediate trade; and for the last three years, every yard of cotton cloth made at Todmorden, and many other places, has been weighted with quantities of size."

These are the words of Doctor Buchanan: how they came to be used we may now explain. A few months ago a memorial was presented to the Lords of the Privy Council, from more than sixteen hundred operative weavers in the factory district of Todmorden. The memorial told the calico story thus:

"That for several years a material called kaolin, or china-clay, has been introduced into the manufacture of calico and other grey goods.

"That in some mills sizing, including china-clay, is laid on to the warp to the extent of forty, sixty, and even one hundred per cent.

"That before the American war the percentage was ten.

"That ingredients believed to be poisonous are used to make the china-clay adhere to the warps.

"That to prevent the breaking, through dryness of the atmosphere, it is necessary to close the ventilators in the weavers' sheds.

"That through this closeness of ventilation the weavers are compelled to inhale the dust from the china-clay that rises from the warps, mixed with the poisonous ingredients."

The memorialists proceeded to detail the modes in which, according to their opinion, their health was affected by this state of things; distress from heat and thirst, difficulty of respiration, loss of appetite, bronchitis, and other uncomplimentary; and finally urged that the Lords of the Council would send a medical inspector to inquire into the whole affair. They did so; Doctor Buchanan was sent; and his report has been published among the parliamentary papers. He inquired into the various substances

known by the general name of sizing or dressing—flour, tallow, Epsom salts, chloride of magnesium, sulphate and chloride of zinc, animal size, and china-clay, combined two or three together, in various ways, and found that the last-named is the most generally used of all. Coarse and middling calicoes have fifty to ninety per cent of dressing given to them, of which one-third is clay.

We will not go into the medical details adduced by Doctor Buchanan, acting in his official capacity as medical officer of the Local Government Board. He found that it really is the case that the calico-weaving rooms are full of dust, one-half of which at least consists of fine particles of china-clay; and that this dust acts injuriously on the lungs of the workpeople. And while this is going on, we have the uncomfortable consciousness that we are buying clay and calico instead of calico alone. Messrs. Huckaback and Dimity, drapers and merchants, of course do not admit this; they would deny that they ever sell a yard of clay; but it is a fact that among the coarser goods, at any rate, a so-called yard of calico has a seriously large per centage of clay in its composition.

And now, how about Jonathan? Who is he? We have learned a little about shoddy and mungo in woollen cloth, and chalk, or rather clay, in calico; but—who or what is Jonathan? Jonathan, then, is a thing, not a person: a thing whose name has but recently come under the notice of the public; and, unhappily, this thing is a cheat, a deceit, an adulterant, a sophistication, a sham, a shame, a discredit, a disgrace.

Let us give the particulars of a recent prosecution in the North of England, suppressing the names of the offenders and of the town, in the hope that the town will mend its ways, and induce the offenders to reform. A miller was summoned before the magistrates, by order of the local board of health, charged with having in his possession "sixty-three sacks of an article, supposed to be sawdust, for the adulteration of meal, contrary to the provisions of the Adulteration of Food Act." The article, it appears, was known to the trade by the mysterious name of Jonathan. It was clearly proved that the sacks filled with the commodity had been delivered at the mill; but it had to be shown what Jonathan really was. A witness for the defence said it was meal: a witness for the prosecution asserted that it was not fit for the food

either of man or beast. An analytical chemist was requested to examine it. He reported that it consisted entirely of fibre, generally resembling oat-husks which had been calcined and ground. There was scarcely a trace of anything that could be called nutriment. It would be worse than sawdust if eaten either by man or beast, because the husks would irritate the interior membranes and bring on inflammation. In no sense could it be called meal. The accused, driven up into a corner, and anxious to show that Jonathan is not sawdust, was obliged to admit that it is oat-husk; but contended that it is not a "foreign substance" within the meaning of the Act of Parliament. But the Bench, fortunately for the cause of justice and morality, decided that Jonathan is a very "foreign substance" indeed, when used as an adulterant of meal; and they signified their opinion by imposing a fine and costs. It came out, during the trial, that Jonathan had been known among the millers for fifteen years; it was mixed with maize-meal, barley-meal, and pig-meal. The mixers undersold the honest millers in the market; for genuine meal would naturally be more costly to produce than meal plus oat-husks.

### "TO BEGIN WITH RATS."

"Do you know," asked Maximilian, "what a rat-king is?"

"A king of the rats, I suppose," innocently replied Edgar.

"Oh dear, no," said Maximilian. "A rat-king, or, as they would call it in Brandenburg, a 'Rattenkönig,' is a much more complicated entity than you imagine, consisting of a number of rats, with their tails so entangled together that they cannot get apart. Such a combination is said to have been found towards the end of the seventeenth century. No fewer than fifteen rats were discovered with their tails twisted together after the fashion I have described, so that the whole group, if we may trust the record, bore no small resemblance to a plaited chignon of the present day. After they had been discovered they endeavoured to make their escape; and all attempts to kill them or to separate them by means of a broom proved fruitless. Boiling water thrown upon them by a servant-girl at last terminated their complex lives; but even after death their tails were not to be disentangled."

"There is no knowing what we may find in those old Brandenburg Marches," exclaimed Laurence. "Near a town called Rheinsberg, which takes its name from the Rhein, a river which empties itself into the Havel, and is not to be confounded with its celebrated namesake, is a lake, from which the river perhaps derives its source. In this lake is an island, where they say years ago was discovered the tomb of no less a person than Remus, who, as we were taught to believe, was killed by his brother Romulus on the site of Rome."

"And whose existence," interposed Edgar, "we have since been taught to disbelieve altogether."

"The discovery was made long before the days of Niebuhr," said Laurence, "at a time when people were much more ready to believe than they are at present. The tomb seems to have consisted of two marble blocks, one somewhat longer than the other; and the convincing proof that the huge bones discovered within it were those of Remus, was the fact that on one side there was a representation of six birds——"

"I see," cried Edgar, "these were, of course, the birds seen by Remus upon Mount Aventine."

"On the other was an inscription," proceeded Laurence, "which, however, was scarcely legible."

"Capital!" shouted Edgar. "Six birds carved on one stone and a few scratches on another, are sufficient to constitute an historical monument!"

"I assure you there have been learned people who have not treated the matter so lightly. It has been argued that the river ought to be called Remus, and that Rheinsberg might be conveniently converted into Remusberg. Nay, some have said that Remus could have effected his escape to Germany with the greatest ease. In his time the most powerful people in Italy were the Tuscans. The Tuscans were called Tuiscones, and Tuiscones is only a variation of Deutschen. Now, of course people of the same race are sure to be on friendly terms with each other."

"I am not sure that history exactly proves the truth of that proposition," remarked Maximilian. "Indeed, the doctrine it embodies was exploded long before the Flood, by Cain and Abel. It would be more rational to conjecture that the six birds were the hawks with which King Henry the Fowler was amusing himself when the Franks and Saxons offered him the crown of Germany."

"I don't see it," sneered Edgar. "We have not the slightest notion where Remus was buried, and for all we can prove to the contrary, his remains may lie near the banks of the Havel, or of the Mississippi, or of whatever river you please. On the other hand, we are all aware that King Henry was comfortably interred in his favourite city, Quedlinburg."

"To say nothing of the fact," added Laurence, "that the earliest chroniclers who write about Henry do not say a word about his bird-catching."

"Well, gentlemen," said Maximilian, looking somewhat humiliated, "let me observe, that when you do agree, your unanimity is wonderful. Let us settle the dispute by conceding that the hawks seen by Remus, and Henry's pet falcons, were most probably birds of a feather."

"Or of no feather," impertinently suggested Edgar.

"Laurence's story, if story it can be called, is, however," continued Maximilian, "so far important, that it almost ridiculously illustrates a truth, about which we were all agreed long ago, that ancient monuments often, instead of throwing light upon true history, are sources of mere falsehood. But while we are mentally in Brandenburg, let us glide upwards from this Rheinsberg, or Remusberg, or whatever it is to be called, and taking a south-western direction, arrive at Tangermünde, near Stendal, in the Old March, with which we are all familiar. We shall find there a story of the Maid Lorenz, which is one of the most popular in the district."

"We need scarcely say 'proceed,'" said Laurence, "especially as the lady seems to have been a namesake of mine."

"Her full name," returned Maximilian, "was Emerentia Lorenz, and so marvellous was her beauty that all Tangermünde was proud of her. She was likewise well endowed with property, real and personal. She had a town house admirably furnished, and withal a large patch of woodland, bordered by good arable land. Now, one fine morning, in Whitsuntide, when all nature wore a very pleasant and promising aspect, this beautiful Brandenburg heiress, straying into a forest, there lost herself, and after much wandering about, lay down and slept. When she awoke the sun was already setting, and the way out of the wood seemed harder to be found than ever. She was therefore compelled to abandon the search, and make up her mind to remain beneath the trees all night. The

return of morning brought with it renewed hopes, but again evening came, the wished-for discovery had not been made, and Emerentia was obliged to pass another night in the wood, feeling very weak through want of sustenance, the few berries which she had eaten through the day proving anything but substantial fare. On the third morning, however, when she awoke from her night's sleep, she felt herself invigorated, and uttered a fervent prayer, vowing that, if Heaven in its mercy would allow her to leave the wood and return home, she would devote herself to a secluded religious life, and never marry. When her prayer was just concluded—and she was still on her knees—a stag rushed through the thicket, and, suddenly stopping himself, remained stationary before her, as if surprised to find her in so secluded a spot.

"After awhile he touched her with his horns, motioning her to follow him, and as she did not appear to understand, he knelt down, so clearly inviting her to seat herself on his back that she, without hesitation, accepted the offer. Away they went, the stag being evidently acquainted with every inch of the track, and soon the wood was behind them, and Tangermünde in sight. Without stopping, the stag carried his fair burden through the streets of the town, till he reached the portals of the church of St. Nicholas, where he knelt down, and Emerentia alighted. While she was engaged within the holy edifice, rendering thanks for her delivery, he remained respectfully at the door, and afterwards accompanied her to her house, which henceforth he made his home, now and then paying a visit to the forest, but never remaining long absent. A collar, which she fastened round his neck, and which was inscribed with her name, protected him from injury as he went to and fro, the inhabitants of the town generally regarding him with veneration. To her vow of celibacy she rigidly adhered, and she set up in the church of St. Nicholas, to which she bequeathed her estate, a stag's head, upon which was a full-length figure representing herself. This figure, I believe, still remains in its place, although the church has been converted into a hospital, and it is said that strange unearthly noises are heard if any one ventures to touch the horns of the stag."

"That is a very pretty story—pretty from its simplicity," observed Laurence. "The supernatural element creeps into it without destroying its natural interest."

"Ay," said Edgar, "how it would have been altered if it had fallen into the hands of one of the professed tale-makers; the Countess d'Aulnoy, or Madame de Ville-neuve, for instance, would assuredly have converted the stag into an enchanted prince, and we should have had another Royal Ram or Beauty and the Beast, with all sorts of courtly decoration."

"While we are on the subject of Tangermünde, I can tell you another tale, which is not so pretty, but far more curious," said Maximilian.

"Then do so by all means," returned Laurence.

"Well, then, many years ago an aged couple lived in one of the streets of Tangermünde, and gained a subsistence partly by hard work, and partly by training bees. One day, while the old man was in his garden watching his hives, his wife came to the back door of the house to call him in to dinner. To her astonishment she perceived standing behind him, and looking over his shoulder, a man dressed in a long flame-coloured cloak, with a red cap on his head. So great was her terror, that she returned into the house without calling her husband, where her alarm was increased, when glancing at a picture, which had hung against the wall from time immemorial, she observed that it bore a strong resemblance to the red-clad, pale-faced stranger in the garden. When her husband came in after awhile, she questioned him about his strange visitor, but he did not seem to understand what she meant, and strongly asserted his opinion that she had been dreaming."

"Some would have entertained a less courteous hypothesis," interrupted Edgar.

"Courteous or not, it led to a few words," proceeded Maximilian, "causing the first quarrel that had ever ruffled the lives of this worthy pair. On the noon of the following day, the old lady, going to the back door, as before, saw the same apparition; but her husband, so far from seeming to be aware of its presence, walked straight through it, without meeting any apparent obstacle, and asked her if the visitor of the previous day had again made his appearance. Sorely perplexed, the old lady, on that very day proceeded to her confessor, and asked him what had best be done under these very difficult circumstances. She was informed that on the next day she ought to enter the garden herself at the time of noon, make a sign of the cross, and boldly ask the stranger whence he had

come, and whither he was going. This counsel she followed, and at the prescribed hour went into the garden, her husband, for some reason or other, refusing to accompany her, in spite of her urgent entreaties. The stranger was there, the questions were asked, and by way of answer, the poor old lady received from an icy cold hand a slap which levelled her with the ground. When her husband came to look for her, she lay extended on a spot in the garden where two paths crossed. The stranger was not to be seen."

"It is a strange feature in this story, that the spectre, contrary to precedent, selects noon for the time of his appearance," observed Laurence.

"And perhaps it is still more strange," added Maximilian, "that the red man should reappear within the last forty years. The death of the poor old lady, who expired three days after her encounter with the apparition, and carried to the grave five black finger-marks on her cheek, occurred long ago; but according to popular belief, a little girl, of two years, belonging to more recent owners of that house, could never be prevailed upon to walk on the cross-path, but always chose some other way, and when asked for her reason, exclaimed, 'Red man! Red man!' The child died at the age of five, and they accounted for her terror by affirming that she had actually seen a red man standing on the indicated spot."

"This red man seems to be very fond of killing people," observed Edgar. "Did he box the ears of the little girl?"

"On the contrary," replied Maximilian, "though he was seen in the garden after the death of the old woman, he never molested anybody."

"He must have been intensely good-humoured," said Laurence, "to allow the old man to walk through him."

"True—and all things considered," remarked Edgar, "I think the old woman had better have left him alone. But after all, what is this red man supposed to be?"

"That I cannot say," replied Maximilian, "but there is a story connected with that apparition, which, perhaps, you would like to hear, though it is possibly a comparatively recent invention. You are to suppose that ages ago, the son of one of the great men of Tangermünde fell in love with a girl of humble condition, though his father had chosen for him a lady to whose family he was deeply indebted."

"We have heard of similar positions before," ejaculated Edgar.

"The poor girl, lamenting her hapless state, sat one evening in the garden," continued Maximilian.

"The identical garden, afterwards tenanted by the old couple?" inquired Laurence.

"The identical garden, afterwards tenanted by the old couple," echoed Maximilian. "Suddenly, in the full light of the moon, she saw standing in the cross-path a little red man, who, bidding her not to be alarmed, asked her to come to the same spot on the following evening. She complied with the request, and at the appointed place found the little man, who, seating himself beside her, narrated his own history. He was, it seemed, the ghost of a Wendish prince, who, by birth a heathen, had become a Christian through his love for a Christian lady, and had deserted a bride of his own race in consequence. Having overheard his declaration of love made to her rival on the banks of the Elbe, the forsaken damsel flung herself into the stream and perished. The prince buried her with all honour; but her father condemned him to wander upon earth until he was released from the spell by a pair of faithful lovers, whom no consideration could separate. Not having been fortunate enough to find a couple answering to this description, he had had recourse to other expedients. He had, for instance, built a convent, endowed it with all his wealth, and even died in it; but all this had been to no purpose, and since the hour of his decease he had been a miserable wanderer. Now, however, deliverance seemed at hand, and he bade the girl meet him on the following evening with a spade in her hand."

"That will make three evenings," interposed Edgar; "he would have economised time if he had told his story, and given his orders for the spade on the first."

"Have you forgotten that predilection for the number three which is visible in so many legends and popular tales?" asked Laurence.

"I stand corrected," said Edgar.

"The girl came as required, although there was a violent storm, and though an oak on the cross-path was struck by lightning, she boldly used her spade, and dug the ground till she came to an iron chest full of gold and precious stones. This treasure she presented on the following morning to her lover, who, releasing his father from all pecuniary difficulties, mar-

ried her without obstacle. The little red man was never seen again, and it was therefore to be presumed that he had attained the desired repose; but his portrait was painted from memory, and hung up as a grateful monument in the house."

"Here we have the picture that was seen by the old woman," remarked Edgar; "but altogether this pretended introduction does not accurately fit the popular story. The red man ought not have reappeared, after he had assisted the girl to marry her lover, and yet it is to account for his appearance at an after date that the tale is told."

"At all events we understand why he slapped the old woman's face," said Laurence. "The ghost of a man, who has built a convent, and ended his life in penitence, is, from the legendary point of view, an honest ghost, and would, therefore, naturally dislike to be exorcised like an evil spirit."

"Nevertheless," objected Edgar, "he need not have hit so hard."

#### LOVE'S REASONS.

Why do I love my darling so?  
Good faith, my heart, I hardly know,  
I have such store of reasons;  
'Twould take me all a summer day—  
Nay, saying half that I could say  
Would fill the circling seasons.

Because her eyes are softly brown,  
My dove, who quietly hath flown  
To me as to her haven?  
Because her hair is soft, and laid  
Madonna-wise in simple braid,  
And jetty as the raven?

Because her lips are sweet to touch,  
Not chill, nor fiery overmuch,  
But softly warm as roses.  
Dear lips that chasten while they move,  
Lips that a man may dare to love,  
Till earthly love-time closes?

Because her hand is soft and white,  
Of touch so tender and so light,  
That where her slender finger  
Doth fall or move, the man to whom  
The guards of Eden whispered, "Come!"  
Beneath its spell might linger?

Because her heart is woman-soft,  
So true, so tender, that I oft  
Do marvel that a treasure,  
So rich, so rare, to me should fall,  
Whose sole desert—so small, so small,  
Is—loving past all measure?

Because she has such store of moods,  
So archly smiles, so staidly broods,  
So lovingly caresses;  
So that my heart may never tire  
Of monotone, or more desire  
Than she, my love, possesses?

Ah me! what know or what care I?  
Or what hath love to do with "why"?  
How simple is the reason!  
I love her—for she is my love,  
And shall while stars shall shine above,  
And season follow season.

#### CHRONICLES OF LONDON STREETS.

##### OLD ST. PAUL'S.

THE somewhat credulous and simple-hearted antiquaries of Charles the Second's reign fought hard with Sir Christopher Wren, because he would not allow that a Roman temple to Diana ever stood on the site of St. Paul's. There had indeed been a vague tradition among the learned for many centuries that in the reign of Edward the Third an incredible quantity of stag-horns, boars' tusks, and skulls of oxen had been dug up in St. Paul's Churchyard, and these bones, the antiquaries insisted, were remains of ancient sacrifices to Diana. Moreover, they pointed with triumph to a small household image of the chaste goddess that had been found between the deanery and St. Paul's. But Wren would listen to none of these things. He stuck steadily to facts, and assured the Scribleruses of the day that in all his excavations he had not found a single bone or horn.

But what he did find was curious. Inside the old Roman prætorian camp he discovered, deep below the aisles of the old church, rows of Saxon graves lined with slabs of chalk, and Saxon stone coffins. Below these, in due sequence, came the British graves, with here and there among the earth ivory and wooden pins that had fastened the woollen shrouds. In the same level, and deeper (eighteen feet from the surface) were Roman funeral urns, lamps of red Samian ware, vessels for holding tears, and vessels used in sacrifices. Outside the old prætorian camp, therefore, according to the Roman custom, there had evidently been a Roman cemetery. Yet, singularly enough, the old theory of the Temple of Diana cropped up again in 1830, for in that year a rude stone altar, with an image of Diana upon it, resembling in form and attitude the Diana of the Louvre, turned up under the foundation of Goldsmiths' Hall (Foster-lane, north side of Cheapside). So that those who love old traditions can still believe that during the Diocletian persecution the first Christian church on the site of St. Paul's was pulled down, and a temple to Diana built on its ruins, while at Westminster a shrine to Apollo displaced St.

Peter and his keys. One thing, at least, is certain, that in the old times, when the north of London was all swamp and forest, the Romans on the banks of the Thames frequently erected shrines to the divine huntress.

Mellitus, a companion of St. Augustine, was the first bishop of London, and Ethelbert, King of Kent, founded and endowed a cathedral, which he dedicated to St. Paul, who, as ecclesiastical tradition asserts, first brought Christianity to Britain. For thirty-eight years the pagan Londoners resisted the Christian bishops, nor, till the brother of St. Chad of Lichfield arrived at St. Paul's did their shouts cease to Wodin and Thor. Erkenwald, the fourth successor of Mellitus, brought, however, wealth and saintly glory to the cathedral. His greatest miracle was this. The worthy man used to preach in the forests round London; after a certain rough drive one of the two wheels of the cart that conveyed him on his rounds came off, and there he must have remained water-logged had not the sound wheel miraculously moved on alone, and carried him safely to his savage congregation. Even a greater miracle happened after his death, at his sister's nunnery at Barking. Directly they heard of his death the monks of his abbey at Chertsey made forced marches to Barking to secure his holy body; but the canons of St. Paul's, equally anxious to found a profitable shrine, pushed for Chertsey too, and arriving there first, bore off the body in triumph towards London. The Chertsey monks and the nuns of Barking followed, weeping and protesting. Heaven seemed to hear their cries; a tempest came on, and the River Lea rose in fury. A pious man present adjured both claimants to leave the matter to the decision of Heaven. The London clergy burst forth into a litany. The Lea at once calmed down, the procession passed over to Stratford, and from thence marched in sunshine to St. Paul's. The shrine soon became famous; pilgrims began to pour in, and with the richer pilgrims came costly offerings. King Stephen translated the body of Erkenwald from the crypt to a spot behind the high altar. Three goldsmiths of London were employed a whole year at the shrine. The relics of St. Mellitus were forever eclipsed. The dust from the new tomb, mingled with water, wrought remarkable cures, and brought in many a penny to the dean and chapter. When King John of France was taken prisoner at Poitiers he presented four basins of gold

at the high altar, and twenty-two nobles at the shrine of St. Erkenwald.

William the Conqueror is said to have bestowed valuable privileges and immunities on St. Paul's; at all events, the cathedral clergy claimed them as real. The very year the stern Norman died a great fire swept away the Saxon cathedral, and probably reduced to ashes the bodies of Mellitus and Erkenwald. Bishop Mauritius set strenuously to work to rebuild his cathedral, and the Conqueror, almost on his death-bed, gave towards the restoration the stone of the Palatine tower, perhaps a Roman fort, that stood where the Blackfriars monastery afterwards arose. For forty years Mauritius and his frugal successor, De Belmeis, went on building St. Paul's, and Henry the First granted exemption to all vessels which entered the Fleet laden with stone for the new cathedral.

During the strife between King Henry and the ambitious Becket, Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, and Becket's rival, was excommunicated by Becket, one of whose emissaries had the courage during high mass to approach the altar and thrust the sentence into the hands of the officiating priest, shouting at the same time:

"Know all men that Gilbert, Bishop of London, is excommunicated by Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury."

In the troublous reign of Edward the Second, the threshold of St. Paul's was first stained with the blood of a murdered man. Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, and lord high treasurer of England, who held London for the king, had demanded the keys of the City from the lord mayor, who was swerving to the queen's side. The citizens rose in arms and frightened their mayor into treason. The cry was raised, "Death to the queen's enemies!" The mob fell on a servant of the Despensers and cut off his head. Then rushing to the bishop's palace (Exeter-street, Strand), they broke down the gate and destroyed all the jewels and plate. The bishop riding out in armour towards Islington, galloped back to St. Paul's to claim sanctuary. At the north door he was dragged from his horse, and with two of his retainers beheaded in Cheapside. The bishop's body was tossed contemptuously into the Thames.

The reforms of Wycliffe brought fresh uproar into St. Paul's. In the last year of Edward the Third's reign, when the old king was fast dying, Wycliffe was summoned to St. Paul's for his heretical

opinions. Bishop Courtenay, proud and inflexible, was bearded by Wycliffe's friends and supporters, John of Gaunt and the Earl Marshal Percy. They forced a way for Wycliffe through the scowling crowd, and demanded a soft seat for the culprit in the Lady Chapel. They taunted the bishop with pride, and the earl was said to have threatened to drag him out of the church by the hair of his head. The people complaining of the earl-marshal's assumption within the lord mayor's jurisdiction, a tumult rapidly spread through the City, and a priest, mistaken for the earl-marshal, was murdered. John of Gaunt's palace in the Savoy was attacked, and would have been burned but for the bishop's intercession.

A few years more, and old John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," was buried in St. Paul's. The helmet, spear, and horn targe of the claimant of the crown of Castile was hung upon his sumptuous pinnacled tomb, and by the side of his calm, recumbent effigy lay that of his second wife, Constance of Castile. When Henry Bolingbroke (before his coronation as Henry the Fourth) came to St. Paul's to offer prayers for the success of his invasion, he paused to shed tears over the grave of his father, John of Gaunt. Soon after, when Richard the Second was starved to death, or murdered at Pontefract, his shrunken body was brought to St. Paul's, and there exhibited for three days, and Henry and his nobles spread cloth-of-gold upon the bier of the poor reckless spendthrift whom they had deposed.

During the Wars of the Roses, many of the historical pageants of those cruel times took place in the old cathedral. In March, 1451, Richard, Duke of York, took his oath of fealty to the young king, so soon after his deadliest enemy, and swore on the gospels to be a "humble subject and liegeman," and to bear "faith and trust to his sovereign liege lord," and as he stood there among the knights in their glistening armour, he appealed to the Host that stood on the high altar. Six years later, after the battle of St. Albans, the treacherous duke again came to St. Paul's to meet the weak and irresolute monarch, and knelt in feigned reconciliation. Two years later and the cruel and turbulent men who figure in Shakespeare's Henry the Sixth, once more gathered in St. Paul's. Again there was a feigned reconciliation, although the captive king had already been forced by Warwick to award the succession to the Duke of York, and his grim Queen Margaret was already

gathering her Lancastrian forces in the North. In 1461, St. Paul's welcomed King Edward the Fourth and Warwick his ally. Then the whirlpool of blood grew larger and more raging, till Warwick, the king-maker, fell at Barnet, and his naked body was exposed in St. Paul's for three days, to convince his London adherents that the Achilles of their party was really dead. In the following month the corpse of Henry himself was displayed in the cathedral, and in whispers the scared citizens hinted that Richard of Gloucester, the Crookback, had slain him with his own hand in the Tower.

Then comes that dark reign that Shakespeare has painted with all the gloom of Rembrandt. After the death of Edward the Fourth, Richard paid his ostentatious orisons in St. Paul's; and after the young prince was removed from the bishop's palace to the Tower, from which he was never to emerge, Doctor Shaw, a brother of the lord mayor, preached at Paul's Cross (in the churchyard), a hireling sermon, denouncing all the elder brothers of Richard as illegitimate. Jane Shore, another of the Crookback's victims, did penance in St. Paul's for witchcraft; and her exquisite beauty, as she walked, bowed down with shame, touched the hearts of the citizens. On his accession, the evil king, with suspicious eyes, his fingers, as the old chroniclers tell us, ever twitching at his dagger, rode with his spiritual and temporal peers to the London cathedral, and was there received with the usual vociferous welcome.

Bosworth came at last, and after Richard's gashed and mutilated body had been thrown over a horse and carried to Leicester, Henry the Seventh donned the crown. To St. Paul's the grave and cautious conqueror came after his defeat of Simnel, in two solemn processions, the cowed impostor (afterwards a scullion in the royal kitchen) riding in his train. And soon again St. Paul's was defiled with blood. Fitzjames, Bishop of London, hating Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus, and furious against those early reformers, the Lollards, had two of them burned in Smithfield. One of them, named Hunn, who had contended against the abuses of the Ecclesiastical Court, he imprisoned in the Lollards' Tower, the bishop's private prison, at the south-west corner of the cathedral. One night the man was found hanged, and the bishop's chancellor, the summer, and the cathedral bell-ringer were tried for the Lollard's murder. The king, however, pardoned



the fanatical criminals on their paying fifteen hundred pounds to the dead man's family; and Fitzjames shielding his officers, burned Hunn's body, sixteen days after, at Smithfield. Colet himself had a narrow escape of the flames. The last time Henry the Seventh entered St. Paul's he was a passive spectator. On his death, at Richmond, in 1509, his body lay in state in St. Paul's; for his great carved casket of a chapel at Westminster was not yet ready for him.

Henry the Eighth's pride, splendour, and tyranny were all illustrated in the pageants and ceremonials that took place in the cathedral of London. When the pope, little suspecting the future, sent the young king a hood and cap of maintenance, the king rode to the church door wearing a purple satin gown, chequered with gold, a doublet of gold brocade, a jewelled collar, "worth a well full of gold," and a jewelled purple velvet cap. Wolsey, too, took no mean part in many of the high days at St. Paul's. In 1518 we find him preaching a sermon on the proclamation of the peace between France, England, and Spain, when the choir was hung with gold brocade, heraldically emblazoned. The king's pew was formed of cloth of gold, and in front of it stood a small altar crowded with small silver-gilt images, amongst which stood a golden cross. On the other side in a raised chair, under a canopy, sat the proud cardinal. The king's tunic was studded with pearls and jewels, and on the collar he wore round his neck glowed carbuncles as large as walnuts. It was after a mass by Wolsey at St. Paul's, in the king's chapel, that Henry, standing between two legates, signed the marriage contract of his beautiful sister, Mary, and the French dauphin. A few years later the king's aversion to Luther (for he had not yet quarrelled with the pope) was proclaimed at St. Paul's by the public denouncement of Luther by Wolsey, the while a pile of Luther's books was blazing outside in the churchyard. When Charles the Fifth paid one of his artful business visits to England, Wolsey said mass before him in St. Paul's.

With Edward the Sixth, rough hands visited St. Paul's. One November night, the great rood in St. Paul's and the images were pulled down, and the walls whitewashed, to the destruction of all idolatrous paintings. The rich plate and vessels were seized, and the Protector Somerset pulled down the chapter and charnel-house

in Paul's Churchyard, and carted off five hundred tons of bones to Finsbury fields. He demolished also the long cloister within the precinct, and used the stones for his new palace, called Somerset House, in the Strand.

The promising young "imp of promise" died, and Queen Mary very quickly reclothed St. Paul's, and raised again the fallen statues. At the first sermon at Paul's Cross, Doctor Bourne the preacher prayed for the dead, denounced the recent imprisonment of Bonner, and railed at Bishop Ridley. The Protestant mob, chafing into a rage, shouted "He preaches damnation; pull him down, pull him down," and a dagger was thrown at Bourne, who was only saved by the interposition of two good Protestants; and soon after this a bullet was fired at Doctor Pendleton, another preacher. Then Bonner replaced the rood, and there were constant processions of coped men to the restored cathedral, and King Philip, grim and cold, came and heard Gardiner preach against heresy in St. Paul's. All through this cruel reign of blood and flame, the martyrs, sent to the Smithfield fires with terrible rapidity, were arraigned at St. Paul's before the lord mayor, sheriffs, the Bishop of London, and his gloomy doctors; to-day, Cardmaker, the vicar of St. Bride's, and a poor Walbrook cloth-maker; to-morrow, an upholsterer, a preacher, and a tallow-chandler's apprentice—all went the same way to the last great argument of Bonner and his priests.

With Elizabeth, sunshine again broke out upon St. Paul's. The old cathedral was purified of its mummery, down went Bonner's rood cross, and in many places bonfires were made of copes, banners, robes, and altar-cloths. Soon afterwards, Miles Coverdale, and several well-known bold Reformers, preached at the Cross, and Veron, a popular preacher, fresh from the Tower, shouted from the pulpit, with justifiable exultation, "Where are the bishops and the old preachers! They hide their heads." In the midst of all this rejoicing, a more terrible purifier than the Tudor queen came to cleanse the sanctuary. During a terrible storm in 1561, St. Martin's Church, Ludgate, was struck by lightning, and, at the same time, the cathedral steeple suddenly broke into a flame. For four hours the fire raged till the bells melted, stones crumbled to ashes, and the great leaden roof fell in. "A judgment; a manifest judgment," at once shouted

Bonner's party. "A punishment for papal sacrilege," roared the Protestants. In vain Dean Nowell, the Sunday after, at the Cross, reminded the Roman Catholics that in Stephen's time, the church had been burned, and that in Richard the Second's time (the time of redundant faith), an earthquake had shivered down the spire. "A wonder it has been spared so long," still cried the zealots on both sides, and gloried in the ruin of God's temple.

Protestant zeal was not tardy, the queen gave one thousand marks in gold, and one thousand marks' worth of forest-timber. The clergy raised fourteen hundred and sixty pounds. A false roof was soon erected, and in November of the same year the lord mayor, aldermen, and all the crafts, with eighty torch-bearers, came and heard a suitable sermon. The steeple, however, as Dean Milman mentions, was never again restored, in spite of the irascible queen's protests. Queen Mary had, in her hot zeal, done her best to purify St. Paul's of many abuses, especially to prevent brewers, fish-hucksters, and fruit-sellers carrying casks and baskets through the church, and carriers and drovers leading mules, horses, and beasts through the cathedral aisle with as little reverence as English tourists, who lug their portmanteaus through German cathedrals. Her sister Elizabeth, following the same path, threatened two months' imprisonment to any one who dared or offered to draw his rapier, or fire his hand-gun or "dag" within the precinct of St. Paul's, and also warned off all who chaffered and bargained during the time of divine service. Yet so inconsistent is human nature, that although the very year of the fire a pillory was set up in the church, and a brawler's ears cut off, the disgrace still continued. Servants thronged to St. Paul's to be hired. Hungry and thirsty sponges hung about Duke Humphrey's tomb, waiting for a job or an invitation, stabbers came there to watch their victims, advertisements were posted up in the middle aisle, and hungry men-about-town paced up and down, bantering and laughing till the ordinary dinners were ready in Paternoster-row and Fleet-street.

Just before Bishop Sandys's election (1570), John Felton, a daring fanatic, had the hardihood to nail a copy of the pope's bull against the queen on the bishop's gates, before which he was very soon hanged. One extant anecdote of Elizabeth especially connects her with St. Paul's. One day Dean Nowell placed in her pew in the church

a German prayer-book full of illuminated pictures of the saints. Long and loudly the queen chided the rash dean for not knowing that she had an aversion to such idolatry. On another occasion the dean denounced from the pulpit, as full of superstition, a book, which had lately been dedicated to the queen, till the queen in a bitter voice called from her closet, "Leave those ungodly digressions, Mr. Dean, and return to the text," which nearly frightened the reverend gentleman out of his day's appetite.

Then came that glorious time when eleven Spanish flags, wrested from the shattered Armada, waved from the battlements of St. Paul's, as the queen, followed by her council, nobles, and judges, rode up to the cathedral in a chariot drawn by four white horses. Over the preacher on that triumphant day fluttered an idolatrous Spanish flag, representing the Virgin with the child in her arms. In this reign the choristers of St. Paul's performed plays in their singing-school. The first state lotteries in England were at the same period drawn in a shed at the west door of St. Paul's.

There was blood again shed at St. Paul's in King James's time. Four of the gun-powder plot fanatics were hung, drawn, and quartered outside the west door of St. Paul's, while Guy Faux and four others suffered at Westminster. A few months later, Garnet, the Jesuit confessor of these desperate men, perished also in St. Paul's Churchyard. King James, visiting St. Paul's to see the ruins of the old spire, headed a subscription for its restoration. Inigo Jones and other commissioners pronounced twenty-two thousand pounds to be requisite for that purpose, and the stone collected for the repairs the Duke of Buckingham afterwards begged for his palace, now gone, though the water-gate still stands in a Strand by-street.

With Charles the First, the zeal of Laud, Bishop of London, soon revived the dormant plans of James. Inigo Jones was building a palace at Whitehall, and he was chosen to restore St. Paul's. The king, himself a man of some taste, was so pleased with Inigo Jones's classical portico, that he undertook to pay for it out of his own purse. Laud gave twelve hundred pounds towards the fund, and it was proposed to shut all shops in Lombard-street and Cheapside, except the goldsmiths', to make the avenue to St. Paul's more splendid. Shops and houses crowding the west front were

recklessly pulled down, and the church of St. Gregory, abutting on the south-west corner of St. Paul's, quickly removed. Inigo Jones, who had been, according to Milman, born near St. Paul's, went zealously to work. He cut away the old Gothic carving wherever decayed. His design, though patchy, was splendid; his west front, supported by four florid Corinthian pillars, one hundred and sixty-one feet long, one hundred and sixty-two feet high, was remembered by Wren. Above the pillars were the statues of ten princely benefactors. The portico was to be an ambulatory for idlers. Land scraped together obnoxious ecclesiastical fines to pay the builders, while a princely citizen, Sir Paul Pindar, a silk mercer, whose house still exists in Bishopsgate, built a costly screen, and spent four thousand pounds in repairing the south transept. But when the axe fell at Whitehall the building at St. Paul's ceased. The parliament, driven hard for money, seized the seventeen thousand pounds of subscriptions, and paid Colonel Jephson's Puritan regiment with the price of the tower scaffolding, the removal of which quickly brought down part of the south transept. They burned the copes of St. Paul's to extract the gold, and sent the money to the Irish Protestant poor. They clapped Cavalier prisoners from Colchester into the deanery, and sold the silver vessels to buy gunpowder. A Puritan lecturer preached in a corner of the building. There is a tradition that Cromwell intended to sell the cathedral to the Jews. The royal statues over the portico were thrown contemptuously down, the portico was parcelled out into seamstresses' shops, the body of the church became a cavalry barrack, and the Puritan dragoons annoyed passers-by, by stopping and questioning them, and playing nine-pins at unreasonable hours. The churchyard cross was also pulled down.

Soon after the Restoration, Wren was called in to see the half-ruined cathedral. The carved stalls in the choir, with the organ, had been kicked to pieces by the Puritan troopers, or chopped up for bivouac fires by Cromwell's Ironsides; the preaching place of Doctor Burgess, the orthodox, who, too quote Hudibras,

*Proved his faith by blows and knocks,*

was now enlarged, but the rest of the church remained disordered and desolate. Wren's report was gloomy enough. The cathedral had never been well built. There was not abutment enough to resist the weight of the now ruined roof. The great pillars, eleven

feet in diameter, were bent outwards at least six inches. Moreover, the pillars themselves proved mere tubes filled with rubbish and mortar, and the outward coat of freestone was rent with age, and mouldered with the saltpetre it contained, which worked through the plaster. Wren advised that the inside of St. Paul's should be cased with large stone in the Roman manner, as Inigo Jones had flagged the exterior, and that the roof should be a thin and light shell of stone, or brick stuccoed, as in many Roman buildings. The tower was leaning, and the three buttresses left were so irregular that they were "incorrigible." One of Wren's remedies was to cut off the inner cornices of the cross, so as to reduce the middle space into a dome with a cupola and a lantern. "This," said the wise little man, "would give the church, which was at present much too narrow for its height, incomparable more grace in the remoter aspect than it is possible for the lean shaft of a steeple to afford." Wren's report closes with what Milman very truly calls a generous homage to Inigo Jones's beautiful portico, which his successor calls "an absolute piece in itself." On August the 27th, 1666 (six years after the Restoration), Evelyn mentions going with Wren and other of his brother commissioners to survey the old ruinous church. Some of the party were of opinion that the walls had been purposely built to bulge outwards, and were desirous to repair the church only on its own foundations, but Wren, Evelyn, and the rest rejected this poor economy, and resolved to alter the mean shape, "and build it with a noble cupola, a form not as yet known in London, but of wonderful grace." The plans and estimates were that very day ordered, and Wren set to work, gravely measuring with rule and compass.

That was August the 27th; at ten P.M. on Saturday, September the first, the Great Fire broke out, and dashed a red cancelling line across Wren's plans. Early on Sunday morning Pepys, who lived in Seething-lane, near the Tower, went out, hearing the alarm, and found the lord mayor in Cannon-street, begging people in vain to pull down houses and check the spreading and most threatening flames, but nobody obeyed, so Pepys calmly rolled home to bed. After dinner that same day Pepys again went to St. Paul's, and found the danger increasing. Goods brought for safety that morning to Cannon-street were now being carted off to Lombard-street. On Tuesday, the 4th, Evelyn saw the flames snatch hold of the scaffolds round St.

Paul's; ten thousand houses were in flames; two miles of buildings were alight; and the clouds of smoke trailed fifty miles away. People were too frightened even to try to save the cathedral. The stones burst like hand-grenades; the molten lead ran in cascades; the very pavement grew red hot. A certain Taswell, at that time a Westminster boy, saw, at eight P.M. on the Tuesday, the flames break out on the top of St. Paul's, and in an hour's time, standing near Westminster, could see to read a small Terence by the glare. The crypt of St. Paul's (the church of St. Faith) had been stuffed with books, and every aperture closed, but the fire soon burnt down to them. Taswell saw the bells melt and the great stones roll down. Near the east end of St. Faith's, he found the yellow shrivelled body of an old woman who had crept there for safety, and had been burnt to death. This was almost the only person who perished in the great fire. The boy, putting on a sword and helmet he had picked up among the ruins, passed safely through the dangerous region, though he saw engines near him on fire and deserted by the firemen. The ashes from the books in St. Faith's were blown as far as Eton.

On the Friday Evelyn again came to London Bridge to see St. Paul's. But alas, the beautiful portico was now rent in pieces, vast stones were split into flakes, and nothing was remaining but the inscription on the architraves, of which not one letter was defaced. Six acres of lead on the roof had melted clean away. The grand monuments, the stately columns, the rich friezes, the carved capitals, were calined. Yet strangely enough the fire, like a monster whose appetite was at last satiated, had capriciously left the lead over the altar at the east end. Among the monuments of deans one only escaped, the curious effigy of Donne, the great preacher and poet of James the First's days, in his shroud, as the artist, by his own desire, modelled him.

So passed away old St. Paul's.

#### A WATERING PLACE IN THE PYRENEES.

THE waters of Canterets are certainly not what the French call *les eaux pour rire*. While more pretentious watering-places, such as Eaux Bonnes and Luchon, boast amusements various enough to necessitate four or five toilettes daily, this

attractions as promenades, balls, or concerts. But few people are deluded enough to come here with any view but that of excursioning, or of drinking the waters. As a rule the convives of the *table d'hôtes* have strong legs or weak throats, and depart as soon as their respective courses are accomplished. But, devoid of agréments as Canterets indisputably is, we suspect that many, who, like ourselves, betake themselves hither with exclusively sanitary motives, prefer the quiet independent life here possible, nay inevitable, to one of more gaiety but less freedom.

Whereas elsewhere the towns cluster round the springs, the waters of Canterets are at so considerable a height up the mountain sides, that the double expedition in search of the daily dose, goes a good way towards reconciling those who are not strong to primitive hours and habits. A five-miles' walk or ride daily has a decidedly tranquillising effect, and most people intent on their régime find sufficient variety in the drinking, bathing, in the *table d'hôtes*, and in strolling about the village and mountains. Then, after a winter at Pau, inevitably leading to the discontent inseparable from keeping house in a foreign country, what luxury to be cheated at a fixed rate! to live for one brief month where one eats, drinks, and sleeps by tariff! For almost every one in the Pyrenees sojourns in hotels or pensions.

We have seen Canterets at all times of the year, excepting winter; have been here early in what is called the "peasants' season," in the fashionable summer months, and have lingered on into the autumn. The price of the waters and baths is very small up to June, to accommodate the poor, who flock here in great numbers from all parts; then the tariff becomes higher, and rises still more for July visitors. The season cannot be said fairly to begin before July the 15th, up to which day but few hotels or shops open, and no diligences ply to and fro the springs. For those, however, who are strong enough to be independent of such means of locomotion, and are not afraid of the cold weather to which one is, of course, exposed in May, the dead season has its charms. The crowds of water-drinkers are very picturesque. On the road to the Baillère and Mabourat fountains there is, morning and evening, a procession of the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind; the old carefully led by the young, little children

ported by relatives. The procession as it wends its way up the hill of health to descend more blithely from the healing springs, recalls the old picture of the crowds of decrepit folk going to be ground young again at the magic mill; and, indeed, the transformation wrought by the end of the season in numbers of the wan faces and feeble forms is little less than miraculous. Russet mixes with motley. Here comes a group from the Ossalois valley, the gigantic peaked hoods of their dark bernouses making them look like peripatetic extinguishers, while the tassels and pendent points of those knitted purse-like caps identify their wearers as Barégeois. Old hags, whose thread of life must be nearly spun out, mutter and mumble as they saunter along, distaff in hand, reminding one of the fatal sisters—apparitions hideous and gaunt enough to suggest the witches in Macbeth. The bright-coloured blouses and berrets of the young men, and the girls' dainty bizarre fichus, relieve the sombre hue of the ancients. Stately Spaniards, wrapped in striped blankets, stalk sulkily on, with their peculiar swinging gait, distancing the more dilatory Bearnais. But both now and later priests form one of the principal features of the place; some of the waters being a specific for weak voices, and "priests' throats," as common a malady here as "clergymens' throats" in England. The affection is, indeed, it is said, often greatly aggravated by the loud chanting of the funeral and other open-air services, often against strong wind and boisterous storm. One is tempted to exclaim with Front de Boeuf, "Surely the devil keeps holiday here, that, relieved from duty, the priests stroll thus wildly through the country!" The good men positively swarm, drinking, gargling, or bathing in the different établissements, and in the intervals of business muttering over their breviaries as they pace the roads and lanes. For those among them who have country tastes, or whose friends live in the neighbourhood, this must be a veritable priests' paradise—free to geologise, botanise, or explore the mountains, reverend curés are seen, armed with hammers and sticks, making, petticoats tucked up, for some distant spot, where stony or flowery treasures are to be found. In the park they sit chatting with aged parents, brothers or sisters, enjoying for a few short weeks the pleasures of domestic life, to which they have so long been strangers.

The principal streets of Caunterets are built, or rather have grown at different times, something into the shape of a Y, the centre of the fork forming a small open space, where is the Bureau des Diligences, and whence the huge unwieldy vehicles start. In small side streets which radiate from the diminutive Place are humble lodging-houses, shops, &c. The different établissements are perched about, some near the town, but most in distant spots on the mountain sides, sufficiently difficult of access to the aged and rheumatic limbs which toil painfully along. Early in the year the fashionable part of Caunterets is like a city of the dead; the main streets are almost uninhabited; and it is curious to watch the little town gradually coming to life—opening, as it were, first one eye and then the other. From a state of utter darkness we suddenly find our evening path enlightened by lamps hoisted to chains suspended across the streets from house to house, or from rock to rock. The narrow footways are monopolised by cleanly householders, busily engaged in washing the winter's dust and scars off their dismounted doors and shutters in the sparkling water which runs down each side of the street in open channels. The utopian standard upheld in the proverb should be attained here, for a pedestrian is speedily made aware that every one cleans his own doorstep, inasmuch as he is at all hours hunted off the pathway by energetic besoms and ladles which alternately sputter his boots with dust and water. Here and there a hôtel or shop opens, and great is the excitement over the unpacking of the goods on their arrival from the plain—greater still when a carriage tears up the steep little street, whip cracking, bells jingling. The first comers are marked men, and of greater importance than they can ever again expect to be, for they are affectionately regarded and welcomed by the population of Caunterets as the swallows who are to bring the summer. When we in our hôtel muster five or six, we constitute the first table d'hôte sérieuse, and are promoted to a dinner-bell, by no means a popular sound later in the year, for one of the torments of the place in the height of the season is the multitude of bells summoning the respective convives. Imagine a town of hôtels, each of which tries to outring its neighbours, all at nearly the same hour, varied by violent cracking of the whips of drivers, guides, and enterprising travellers entering the street! Then may be heard

a loud drumming preliminary to the announcement bawled out by the town crier, nicknamed *Récompense*. He in this somewhat original manner drums into notice all important news from the price of meat to a lost bracelet. Let us listen to his naïve invitation to a concert to be given by the *Orphéonistes* of *Canterets*, *Récompense* himself being one of the singers. "*Messieurs et Mesdames*. (Tum-darum-tum-darum.) *Voici comment on passe le temps à Canterets agréablement*," and then follows a programme of the performance, place, time, price, &c. These concerts are very creditable to the mountaineers, who spend their long dreary winter evenings in practising under the conduct of the kind and intelligent schoolmaster. Of course, there is a good deal of blustering and bawling about "*La Gloire*" and "*La Patrie*," but the shepherds' ballads and the songs of which the choruses imitate natural sounds, such as the rush of the Gave, and the whistling of the wind, are very characteristic and pretty. We this year brought the minstrels a selection of English music, so ere long the Pyrenees may (for not the first time!) echo the notes of *Rule Britannia* and the *Blue Bells of Scotland*.

The two great days of the year are the race day and the *Fête Dieu*. We have only once witnessed the *Courses de Canterets*, nor do we particularly wish again to see a performance which is a perfect farce and very cruel, as the unfortunate horses have to run along the hard road, the only available race-course, to the no small risk of their knees, and the certain ruin of their legs. The only interesting part of the spectacle was the foot races of the mountaineers, their broad and high leaping, and their throwing matches. The running, or more correctly speaking, climbing races, take place about a mile from the village. The shepherds, who practise for some weeks previously, start from the foot of a mountain, and make their bare-footed way, by any route they choose, circuitous or direct, to the heights on which are planted the two flags which serve as goals. Their agility is marvellous, and it is curious to observe the devious routes taken to the same end, some of the athletes finding it easier to run cunning even when doubling the distance, than to make direct for the goal. It is fortunate such differences of opinion and powers exist, or the danger would be greatly increased by the thronging of the direct and precipitous path, where an unintentional touch or jostle might

easily prove fatal, or the dislodging of a stone or crag by a foremost runner cause the fall of a rival. An unusual feature of this entertainment, the only one of a secular nature at which we have ever remarked them, was the number of priests among the spectators, and very picturesque were the white and dusky forms perched about the neighbouring heights.

A few days before a religious fête all the children's heads assume a pepper-and-salt hue, but the newspaper papillotes give place on the great day to magnificent bushes of curly hair. Special attention is bestowed on the angelic pates of those destined to figure in the procession, or to enact the parts of cherubim and seraphim at the *reposoirs*, as the extemporised shrines in the streets are called. On the morning of the *Fête Dieu* the barbers' shops swarm with incipient angels, whose divine heads contrast queerly enough with their decidedly human little bodies. The rapidity with which these "functions" are got up is marvellous. At eleven o'clock there was no sign of anything unusual; by twelve, men and women were bringing boughs and nosegays into the village, and by two o'clock the streets were a mass of green. Five large *reposoirs* had sprung into existence, constructed out of the roughest wooden scaffolding, tastefully wreathed with coloured muslin, and adorned with figures, flowers, real and artificial, and gold and silver tinsel; the steps were carpeted, and thereupon stood pairs of the cherubic beings, who, in white frocks and blue ribbons, were much more suggestive of cupids than angels. The processions consist of priests, choristers, and school children, preceding and following the parish curé, who slowly paces along under a grotesque awning carried by four men, and which exactly resembles the upper part of an old-fashioned four-poster bed. Small boys in white and gold wave before him censers, which produce a curious clicking sound like castanets, others strew his way with rose petals, to supply which all the neighbouring gardens are laid under contribution. So they make their progress through the village, chanting and singing all the way, and stopping to kneel and pray at every altar. Towards the end of the day we have noticed the cherubim and seraphim so irked and wearied that they had to be bribed to remain on duty by sticks of barley-sugar; sucking and brandishing which they were induced to stand and wait to the end; but oh! the glee with which

the fat little legs toddled down the steps as soon as permission was given!

On St. John's Day, in every village, the prettiest boy of five or six is chosen to represent the saint. Naked, but for a piece of skin fastened round his waist, he marches in the midst of the procession, followed by a lamb marked on the back or head with a magenta or blue cross. The animal ought voluntarily to follow close at St. John's heels, as he is reared with the child in his cottage home, and is fed and petted by the future saint; but bewildered by the crowd and by his master's unaccustomed appearance, the poor beast is seldom equal to the occasion, and has generally to be dragged by a cord, or, tied by the legs and cast, is carried outstretched on a shutter.

So have we seen the infant Baptist lag, and blubber till some one in the crowd, spreading an umbrella to shelter his fat little person from rain or sun, as the case might be, dragged him by the hand to the end of his journey. A pleasing diversion to the general routine was effected on one occasion by a friend of ours who consented to sing at one of the principal *repas*. Concealed by a boogie we extemporised in a balcony, Madame Olivier, whose voice is singularly beautiful, arrested the course of the procession by singing a *Salve Regina*.

The astonishment and delight of the people were great, and from our bowery balcony we could, unseen, watch the effect produced on the crowd below; study the uplifted faces fresh from prayer, and observe how the censers ceased to wave and the rosy shower to fall, as, entranced by such exquisite singing as they had never heard before, the simple mountaineers listened as though to angel strains.

Life at Les Eaux affords grand opportunities for flirtations, and matches are occasionally made there. Pleasant acquaintances are often formed, and sometimes real friendships. An association of three weeks or a month gives opportunities of knowing something of companions, and we ourselves owe more than one lasting friendship to neighbourhood at the table d'hôte of the comfortable Hôtel d'Angleterre. Those who have read the Abbé Perreyve's touching letters to the journeyman mason, Micol, his *ami des eaux*, know how close and valuable a tie may be formed under such circumstances, for points of common interest and of sympathy are numerous enough to draw people together. But it must be confessed that *amitiés des eaux*, in the ordinary sense of the word, is

not a system that would work well in England. Englishmen would not consent to associate for weeks on perfectly equal terms with those who, in their own neighbourhood and under other circumstances, would stand on a different rung of the social ladder. To a Frenchman such an association is merely an incident in his watering-place life, to be resumed or not as suits in each individual case, and neither party feels any incongruity in meeting again, it may be over the counter, it may be at a greater distance. Englishmen are far too much afraid of compromising themselves, and carry about with them a chilling atmosphere of self-consciousness which freezes those who approach them. It is a matter of congratulation to travellers in France that the national character and etiquette insure an *entente cordiale* among fellow-travellers for the time being, and forbids any breach of good manners. At first sight the French system recommends itself to an impartial observer, and there is no doubt that our countrymen lose a great deal that is profitable and enjoyable by their timidity and folly. Far be it from us to justify the stupid pride of the typical travelling John Bull, but it must be allowed, and to his credit be it said, that, his own prejudices altogether apart, no English gentleman would venture to bestow on a social inferior such capricious attentions as are given and taken in France as a matter of course.

Foremost among our convives occurs to our minds the kind old doctor who acts as president, and holds himself equally responsible for the credit of Monsieur Meillon's cuisine, and for the health of those who have recourse to his beloved springs, a specific, according to good Doctor Touég, for every known malady. So fearful is he of discouraging any pilgrims to the sulphur shrine, and so carefully does he consult varying tastes, that we, wily patients, could, by leading questions and suggestive remarks, induce him in one breath to contradict himself, and recommend what we wished; each doing by his neighbour as he would not be done by. So courteous and loquacious is the simple old man, that many a time have we, by entering into conspiracy turn by turn to engage him in conversation, deprived him of any satisfactory dinner. If we cannot be said to have found our warmest welcome at an inn, at least we are, each year, certain of a very warm one from the old patron of the hostelry. Blessings on your head, dear

old doctor! Seldom have we met your equal for courtesy and credulity! Then his friend the old naval officer, whose features won for him the nickname of Requin, how pleasant a companion when one was absolutely without engagement, for there was no possibility of curtailing or escaping his long technical yarns.

Shall we ever visit the pleasant château in Burgundy, to which our charming friends the D'E.s have invited us every year since we met amid the sulphureous fumes of the César?

Poor little Madame Olivier: we little thought when listening to you singing, or when playing chess in the shady park with Capitaine O., that before the next season at les Eaux, at which we had planned to meet, the devoted wife of the kindly frank sailor would be a widow! How we have laughed together over the simple young wine merchant who was complaisant enough to make a fool of himself for our amusement on the smallest encouragement—simple and yet crafty, for we used to marvel at the recklessness with which he would bet bottles of *recherche* wine on the least provocation, till we accidentally discovered that he supplied mine host with said wines, so that whether his bets were lost or won, profit accrued to the firm! Wonderful are the manners and customs of the English as represented by Boulerat to his credulous countrymen. He was supposed to be qualified to enlighten them on the strength of having paid a month's visit at the country seat of an Engleesh M.P., for the double purposes of business, and of studying English. Much has that fallacious M.P. for H—shire to answer for! The Prince of Wales was represented as directly interested in commerce, inasmuch as he is not above taking part in a large grocery business, and dining once a year in company with the brothers of the tea and cheese trade. To those British youths who may have a distaste for Euclid and mathematics, the alternative of playing a game of chess successfully is offered at the Oxford and Cambridge examinations. In this land of primogeniture, younger children occupy an unenviable position, as, according to our friend, it is illegal for parents to leave them a sou! But richest of all was Boulerat, when, inspired by his own wine, he treated us to choice morsels of "Omelette," better known, perhaps, as Hamlet, only as his acquaintance with the immortal Williams was limited, we learned to dread the bardic tone and bearing he

was wont to assume preparatory to declaiming.

Recollection peoples the long table of the *salle-à-manger* in the garden with the well-known faces of the aristocratic Swedish officer, the agreeable Prussian merchant, the egotistical Russian spy, the skittish English meeses, the chatty Breton squire, the shy Yorkshire farmer, and many more. Again and again, in the course of each day, do the "drinkers" encounter one another—on the way to and from the source—in the *établissements*, in the park, in the long stroll to meet the diligence, or on the *Mamelon Vert*. In the gargling-house and the pulverisation-room one finds oneself in ludicrous proximity, standing in long rows before the stone trough, like so many pigs or poultry. A greater trial to a self-conscious man can scarcely be imagined than said gargling-house. One is reminded of Albert Smith's bun-eater, to whose comfort spectators were fatal. To look at a shy tyro in the gargling art seems to paralyse his powers; disgusted or resentful he bides his time, and watches his companions with ill-concealed curiosity, trying by furtive glances to learn the dodge. A professor of gargling would really be a good institution, and would find more disciples than many a more learned brother! Some garglers, with inflated cheeks, like cherubs on a gravestone, go in for the sublime, some are elegant and languid, some audacious, while nothing is easier than to recognise old hands, or rather throats, by their indifference of demeanour. The poses assumed by the performers vary greatly. Here are garglers, and very accomplished ones, erect as soldiers on parade; others, their bodies thrown backwards at absolutely right angles; others, again, in graceful curves and supplicating attitudes. The chorus of gurgling sounds, spluttering, scraping, and coughing, can be likened to nothing but frogs in a pond afflicted with croup. Within the walls the patients are saved from interruption, but mocking relatives throng the door, looking at the spectacle. The *salle de pulverisation* presents a yet more ridiculous aspect. A *baigneur* envelops each patient as he enters with a huge white pinafore, and ties round his neck a long mackintosh bib. He is then seated on a three-legged stool, in a long row of fellow-sufferers, all facing a stone trough. Exactly opposite his lips, and at a distance of, perhaps, three inches, is a tube whence a narrow stream of mineral



water issues with such force that it reaches the sufferer's throat in the form of spray, or, so to speak, aqueous powder. This performance, too, requires a certain knack. It is by far the most expensive remedy for throat maladies, but wonderfully efficacious in some affections, especially the "priest's throat," and accordingly out of the spray imbibers a large proportion are always reverend fathers. Singers and readers also avail themselves largely of the spray douche. In a neighbouring salle people sit simply breathing the compressed sulphureous fumes with which the room is filled. Down-stairs, baths, foot and demi-baths, douches, and every imaginable application of mineral waters, may be obtained. An ordinary drinker's day is passed somewhat as follows: He rises so as to be at the distant source by seven or eight; returns, after draught and bath, on foot to a déjeuner à la fourchette at half-past ten; has to kill time in-doors or out till three or four, when dose number two is due, which, and the return from the source, occupies the time till table d'hôte, about six, and most people are glad to go to bed somewhat early. How far these primitive hours and active habits conduce to the cures performed here it is difficult to say, but those who have never watched the progress made by patients would find it impossible to believe in the results of a sojourn at Canterets, Eaux Bonnes, Eaux Chaudes, &c., to sufferers from gout, rheumatism, paralysis, and pulmonary complaints. The waters are, as a poor peasant poetically said, "La médecine du bon Dieu," a veritable Pool of Siloam in which to wash and be clean. Besides the largely frequented César, Raillère, and Mahourat sources, there are, at Canterets, the Oeufs Espagnols, the Bains du Pré, du Rocher, Rieumiset, the Great and Smaller Pauze, all varying more or less in quality and strength; iron, arsenic, and sulphur being the principal ingredients.

As we said before, Canterets forms capital head-quarters for those bent on serious mountaineering, but there is little to be done in the way of moderate excursions. As a lounging place the park is most enjoyable, literally carpeted as it is with wild flowers. Here is a patch golden with parrot

flowers, yonder the pretty blue grey of the common squill mixes with the purple crane's bill, and the yellow poppy, the whole spangled with large marguerites, while every rocky rill is dotted with the pretty penguicula. The beauty of the meadow flowers is doubled by the abundance of insect life. Dragon-flies, butterflies, and bees swarm. Often every blossom in a tuft of blue scabæus will be crested with a blue-black butterfly, while the red butterflies haunt their favourite flower, the creamy meadow-sweet. There is no end to the varieties of the beetle and spider tribes, while grasshoppers, common and uncommon, abound, producing the peculiar ringing noise which is so like that made by the grelots of a carriage in the distance that it will deceive any but an ear practised in mountain sounds. The park is shaded by really fine trees, while comfortable seats are afforded by the rocks tumbled about in all directions, and here we were wont to sit (in the air when not in the water) reading, drawing, or working.

The favourite expedition from Canterets is to the Pont d'Espagne and Lac de Gaube, which can easily be accomplished between breakfast and dinner, or tourists can breakfast on the salmon-trout caught in the lake. Then what pleasant rides have we had in the opposite direction, down the beautiful valley, to Pierrefitte or Argeles, taking a peep at St. Savin, or at Charlemagne's tower, on the way down to breakfast in the plain, at kind Madame Cressol's inn, or on Monsieur Peyrafitte's celebrated foies à la broche and pancakes! Monotonous as life must be, when such expeditions, the arrival of the diligences, carriages, or mail-cart, create quite an excitement, we never drive away down the valley without a feeling of regret that our sojourn in this quiet little out-of-the-way nook in the Pyrenees is ended.

The Back Numbers of the PRESENT SERIES of

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Also Cases for Binding, are always kept on sale.

The whole of the Numbers of the FIRST SERIES of

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,

Are now in print, and may be obtained at the Office,  
28, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C., and of all Booksellers.

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY  
**CHARLES DICKENS**

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 192. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER IV. TAKE HER UP TENDERLY.

THE blinds are up at the house in Great Walpole-street, some of the windows have been open to get rid of the prevalent "stiffness," and after the late melancholy week a general reaction towards sprightliness has set in among the household. This is confined to the lower regions, of course; up-stairs Mrs. Calverley, to whom the astute French milliner, aided and abetted by the counsel of Pauline, has actually given something like shape, sits full dressed and complacent, reading the letters of condolence which arrive by every post, and listening to the loud rings which precede the leaving of cards, and the making of kind inquiries. Pauline is very attentive to her friend, listening patiently, now to her querulous complaints as to the hardness of her fate, now to her childish delight at being the object of so many sympathetic letters and calls; she is unwearied in her endeavours to amuse Mrs. Calverley, and she succeeds so well that that worthy lady has given up her intention of visiting Brighton, which would not at all have coincided with Pauline's plans.

For, on further thinking over the subject, she has become more and more convinced that Martin Gurwood is in possession of some secret regarding Mr. Calverley's death, and she cannot divest herself of the idea that this secret has some bearing on the matter which she has nearest at heart, the identification of Claxton, as a means to the discovery of Tom Durham. The reverend is preoccupied now, and even graver than

usual. If she could only induce this old woman to let her have a little time to herself, she could watch where he goes to! Now, at this very minute, on the morning after the funeral, the servant is brushing Mr. Gurwood's hat in the hall, and he is about to start on some expedition which might perhaps have as much interest for her as for him.

Perfectly unconscious of the excitement he was causing to his mother's visitor, Martin Gurwood sallied forth and walked down Great Walpole-street, in quest of a cab to take him to the City. The good-looking young clergyman, unmistakably handsome, despite his grave and somewhat ascetic appearance, was an object of much remark. The nursery-maids, who were convoying their little charges to scamper about Guelph Park, were in some instances outspoken in their admiration of him. The people hiding behind the wire-blinds in the physician's dining-room, waiting their turn for an audience, looked out with envy at his trim figure and brisk activity, and turned back in disgust to refresh themselves with the outside sheet of the Times, or to stare with feeble curiosity at their fellow-victims. But however bright may have been his personal appearance, it is certain that he was in a state of great mental disquietude, and when he ascended the dingy stairs leading to Humphrey Statham's office, his heart was beating audibly.

Mr. Collins was a man who never repeated a mistake, so that directly he caught sight of Martin he gave him precedence over the business people, who were awaiting in the outer office, and showed him at once into Mr. Statham's sanctum.

Humphrey was not at his desk; he had pulled his arm-chair in front of the fire

and was reclining in it, his feet stretched out on the fender, his hands plunged in his trousers-pockets. So deep in rumination was he that he did not look up at the opening of the door, but thinking it was merely Collins with some business question, waited to be spoken to.

"Asleep?" said Martin Gurwood, bending over him, and touching him lightly on the shoulder.

"What, is it you?" cried Humphrey, starting up. "Asleep, no! but I confess perfectly rapt and engrossed in thought."

"And the subject was——?"

"Exactly the subject which you have come to talk to me about. Ah, my dear fellow, I have had the most extraordinary time since I saw you."

"You have been to Hendon?"

"Yes, I went yesterday."

"And you saw this young woman?"

"I did."

"Well, what is she like? Does she agree? What terms did you offer her?"

"Stay, it is impossible for me to answer all your questions at once. You must let me tell my story my own way, while you sit there, and don't interrupt me. Yesterday morning I drove out to Hendon in a handsome cab, and while the driver was pulling up for refreshment, I made my way to Rose Cottage, where I had been told Mrs. Claxton lived. Such a pretty place, Gurwood! Even in this wretched weather one could not fail to understand how lovely it must be in summer time, and even now how trim and orderly it was! I walked round and round it before I could make up my mind to ring the bell—I must tell you I had already arranged in my mind a little plot for representing myself as deeply interested in some charity for which I intended to request her aid—but the place looked so different to what I had expected, so cosy and homely, that I hesitated about entering it under a false pretence, even though I knew my motive to be a good one. However, at last I made up my mind and pulled the bell. It was answered by a tidy, pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman. I asked if Mrs. Claxton were at home, and she answered yes, but doubted whether I could see her, inviting me at the same time to walk in while she took my message to her mistress. And then she ushered me into what was the dining-room, I suppose—all dark green paper and black oak furniture, and some capital proofs on the wall; and as I was mooning about and staring at everything the door opened, and a lady came into the room."

"A lady?" echoed Martin, involuntarily.

"I said a lady, and I meant it, and I hold to the term," said Humphrey Statham, looking straight at him. "I don't know what her birth and breeding may have been—I should think both must have been good—but I never saw a more perfectly lady-like or a sweeter manner."

"What is the character of her personal appearance?" asked Martin, coldly.

"You mean what is she like to look at, I suppose?" said Statham. "Quite young, not more than two or three and twenty, I should think, with a slight girlish figure, and a bright, healthy, wholesome face. You know what I mean by wholesome—beaming hazel eyes, clear red and white complexion, sound white teeth, and in her eyes a look of frank honesty and innocence which should be her passport through the world."

"She will need some such recommendation, poor girl," said Martin, shaking his head.

"I am not at all sure about that," said Humphrey, energetically; "certainly not so much as you think! You wait until I have told you all about it, and I shall be greatly surprised if you are not of my opinion in the matter. Let me see, where was I? Oh! she had just come into the room. Well, I rose on her entrance, but she very courteously motioned me to my seat again, and asked me my business. I confess, at that moment I felt like a tremendous impostor; I had not been the least nervous before, as, with such a woman as I had expected to meet, I could have brazened it out perfectly; but this was a very different affair. I felt it almost impossible to tell even a white lie to this quiet little creature. However, I blundered out the story I had concocted as best I could, and she listened earnestly and attentively. When I stopped speaking she told me that her means were not very large, but that she would spare me as much as she could. She took out her purse, but I thought that was a little too much, so I muttered something about having no receipt with me, and told her it would be better for her to send her subscription to the office. I thought I might as well learn a little more, so I introduced Mr. Claxton's name, suggesting, I think, that he should interest some of his City friends in the charity, but her poor little face fell at once. Mr. Claxton was away, she said, travelling on business, and she burst into tears. I was very nearly

myself breaking down at this, but she recovered herself quickly, and begged me to excuse her. Mr. Claxton was not in good health, she said, at the time of his departure, and as she had not heard from him since, she could not help being nervous."

"This is very dreadful," said Martin Gurwood, covering his face with his hand.

"Ah, but if you had only seen her," said Humphrey, "her pale, wistful face, her large eyes full of tears! I declare I very nearly dropped the mask and betrayed myself. I asked her if Mr. Claxton were well known on the line on which he was travelling, suggesting that, if that were the case, and he had been taken ill, some one would surely have written to her. But she didn't seem to know where he had gone, and she did not like to make any inquiries. Mr. Claxton was, she said, a partner in the firm of Calverley and Company of Mincing-lane, and she had thought of going down there to make inquiries concerning him. But she remembered that some time ago Mr. Claxton had warned her in the strongest manner against ever going to the City house, or taking notice to any one of his absence, however prolonged it might be. It was one of the laws of business, she supposed, she said, with a faint smile; but she had now become so nervous that she was very nearly breaking it."

"That is precisely the catastrophe which we have been trying to avert," said Martin.

"And which we shall certainly not be able to avert in the manner we originally intended," said Humphrey Statham.

"The story grows blacker as you proceed with it," said Martin, looking uneasily at his companion. "From all I gather from you it seems evident that—this—"

"This lady," said Mr. Statham almost sternly.

"Certainly—this lady is quiet, sensible, and well behaved."

"More than that," said Humphrey, eagerly. "After I left her I had my luncheon at the inn. I dropped in at the little post-office and stationer's shop; I chatted with half a dozen people about Mrs. Claxton, and from one and all I heard the same story, that she is kind-hearted, charitable, and unceasing in doing good; that she is the vicar's right hand among the school-children, and that she is a pattern wife."

"Wife!" echoed Martin Gurwood. "Do you mean to say—"

"I mean to say, Martin Gurwood," said Statham, bending forward and speaking in

a deep earnest voice, "that I have not the smallest doubt that the woman of whom we are speaking was married to the man whom you buried yesterday. I mean to say that at this instant she believes herself to be his wife, and that it will be next to impossible to make her understand the awful position in which she is placed. I mean to say that she is the victim of as black a fraud as ever was perpetrated, and that—there I won't say any more, the man's dead, and we have all need of forgiveness."

"The Lord help her in her trouble," said Martin Gurwood, solemnly, bowing his head. "If what you say is right, and I feel it is, the mystery of the double name is now made clear."

"Yes," said Statham; "had this lady been what we originally supposed, it is probable that he would not have given himself the trouble of inventing any such mystery, but being, as she fondly imagined herself, his wife, it was necessary to give her a name by which she might pass unrecognised by any of his friends who might accidentally come across her. The whole scheme must have been deliberately concocted, and with its association of Claxton as a partner in Calverley's house is diabolically ingenious."

There was silence for a few moments, broken by Martin Gurwood. "The question comes back to us again," he said. "What are we to do?"

"It comes back," said Humphrey, "but this time I have no hesitation as to how it should be answered. When we last entered into this subject, after long discussion, we decided that the inhabitant of Rose Cottage must be informed of what had taken place, and that an annuity must be offered her on condition of her keeping the knowledge of her position and even her existence from Mrs. Calverley. Now, part of our programme must be held to, and part abandoned."

"It is our duty, I imagine, to break to her what has occurred," said Martin.

"And to do so without a day's delay," said Humphrey. "That is necessary for our own sake as well as for hers. I did my best to impress upon her the inadvisability of her going to the house in the City; but as each day passes and no news is heard of him whom she awaits, her anxiety will increase more and more, and there is no knowing what rash step she may take."

"Of course, if she went to Mincing-lane she would learn at once that no Mr. Clax-

ton was known there, and that Mr. Calverley was dead. Putting these two facts together she would at once understand what had occurred."

"Ay, and she would not be long in realising her own position, poor thing; for of course she would hear of Mrs. Calverley, and then nothing could be kept from her. No, to such a woman the horrible truth blurted out in that way might prove fatal, and though to die might possibly be the best thing that could happen to her, we must do our best to prevent any such calamity. The truth must be told to her, but it must be told kindly and gently, and it must be pointed out to her that as she has sinned unwittingly, she will not be condemned."

"Is she to be told that?" cried Martin Gurwood. "If whoever breaks the news to her talks to her after that fashion, he will be right if he is alluding to the Divine mercy, but can he say the same to the world? Will not the world condemn her, point at her the finger of scorn, bid her not darken its respectable doors? Will not women priding themselves on their goodness and their charity take delight in hunting her down, and withdrawing themselves from the contamination of her presence? Will she not henceforth, and for the rest of her life, lie under a ban, be kept apart, sent to Coventry, have to perform social quarantine, and to keep the Yellow Flag flying to warn all who approach her of the danger they run?"

Humphrey Statham looked at his companion with surprise. He had never seen him so animated before. "You are right," he said. "Heaven help her! it is the penalty which she will have to pay for this man's sin, in which no one will believe that she did not participate. There are thousands who will be ready to speak pityingly of him, while their hearts will be closed against her! Such is the justice of the world!"

"It must be our task, provided all that you imagine turns out to be true," said Martin, "to endeavour to alleviate her position as much as possible."

"As a relative of the dead man who has worked this wrong, and as a clergyman, your influence and example can do her more good than those of any other person. Except, perhaps, Mrs. Calverley," added Statham, after a pause, "who, I hope, for more reasons than one, will never know anything of Mrs. — Mrs. Claxton's existence."

"All that I can do, I will do most earnestly," said Martin.

"You must do something more, Martin Gurwood," said Humphrey, "you must go to Hendon to-morrow and break the news to this poor creature."

"I!" cried Martin Gurwood; "it is impossible—I——"

"You, and no one else," said Humphrey. "In the first place you are more accustomed than I am to such scenes, deeply painful, I grant, as that which will ensue. It is fitting that the words which you will have to say to her should come from the mouth of a man like you, a servant of God, keeping himself unspotted from the world, rather than from any of us who are living this driving, tearing, work-a-day life."

Martin Gurwood was silent for a few moments, his eyes fixed on the ground, then he said with a shudder, "I cannot do it. I feel I cannot do it."

"Oh, yes, you can, and you will," said Humphrey, touching him kindly on the shoulder.

"Shall I have to tell her—all?"

"The all is unfortunately simple enough. You will have to tell her that so far as she was concerned the life of this man who has just passed away was a fraud and a pretence; that his name was not Claxton, but Calverley; that he was not her husband, for at the very time when he, as she thought, made her his wife, he was married to another woman. You will have to expose all his baseness and his treachery—and you will find that she will speak pityingly of him, and forgive him, as women always do forgive those who ruin them body and soul!"

"You think they do?" said Martin Gurwood, looking at him earnestly.

"I know it," said Statham, "but that it neither here nor there. You must undertake this duty, Martin, for it lies more in your province than in mine. If my original notion had proved correct, I could have assumed the requisite amount of sternness, and should have done very well, but as matters stand at present I should be quite out of my element. It is meant for you, Martin, and you must do it."

"I will do my best," said Martin, "though I shudder at the task, and greatly fear my own powers in being able to carry it through. Am I to say anything about the annuity, as we settled before?"

"No, I think not," said Humphrey Statham, promptly; "that is a part of the affair which need not be touched on just yet, and when it comes to the front I had better take it in hand. Not that you would

not deal with it with perfect delicacy, but it requires a little infusion of business, which is more in my way. You are perfectly certain you are right in what you told me the other day about the will? No mention of any one who could possibly be this lady, whom we know as Mrs. Claxton?"

"None. Every person named in the will is known to me or to my mother."

"Have you been through Mr. Calverley's private papers?"

"I have gone through most of them; they were not numerous, and were very methodically arranged."

"And you have found nothing suspicious in them, no memorandum making provision for any one?"

"Nothing of the kind. But last night Mr. Jeffreys brought up to me the banker's pass-book of the firm, and I noticed that about four months ago a sum of two thousand pounds was transferred from the business account to Mr. Calverley's private account, and I thought that was remarkable."

"It was, and to have noticed it does you credit. I had no idea you had so much business discrimination."

"You have not heard all," said Martin. "On my pointing this out to Mr. Jeffreys, of course without hinting what idea had struck me, he told me that three or four years ago, he could not recollect the exact date off-hand, a very much larger sum, ten thousand pounds, in fact, had been transferred from one account to the other in the same way."

"Then it seems pretty clear to me," said Humphrey Statham, "that we shall not have to tax our inventive faculties, or to bewilder Mr. Jeffreys with any mysterious story for the purpose of furnishing Mrs. Claxton with proper means of support."

"You imagine this money was devoted to her service?" asked Martin.

"I have very little doubt about it. The ten thousand pounds were no doubt set aside and invested in some safe concern, yielding a moderate rate of interest, say five or six per cent, and settled upon her. From this she would have a decent yearly income, more than enough, if I may judge from what I saw of her yesterday, to keep her in comfort. I don't know what the two thousand pounds transferred recently can have been for, unless it was that Mr. Calverley found his health beginning to fail, and desired to make a larger provision for her."

"Might not this second sum have been

given as a bribe to some one?" asked Martin, "for the sake of buying somebody's silence—some one who had discovered what was going on, and threatened to reveal it?"

"Most assuredly it might," said Statham, in astonishment, "and it is by no means unlikely that it was applied in that manner. I am amazed, Martin, at your fertility of resource; I had no idea that you had so much acquaintance with human nature."

"In any case, then," said Martin Gurwood, ignoring the latter portion of his companion's speech, "it will not be necessary for me to touch upon the question of money in my interview with Mrs. Claxton."

"Certainly not," said Humphrey, "beyond broadly hinting, if you find it necessary, that she will be properly cared for. But my own feeling is, that she will be far too much overwhelmed to think of anything beyond the loss she has sustained, and her present misery."

"You do not under-state the unpleasantness and the difficulty of the mission you have proposed for me," said Martin, with a half-smile.

"I do not over-state it, my dear Gurwood, believe me," said Statham. "And all I can do now is to wish you God-speed in it."

When Martin Gurwood returned to Great Walpole-street that afternoon, he found that Mr. Jeffreys had been sent for by Mrs. Calverley, and was already installed in the dining-room, with various books and documents, which he was submitting to the widow. Madame Du Tertre sat at her friend's right hand, taking notes of such practical business suggestions as occurred to Mrs. Calverley, and of the replies to such inquiries as she herself thought fit to make. To Martin's great relief the banker's pass-book, which he had seen on the previous evening, was not amongst those produced.

Mrs. Calverley looked somewhat confused at her son's entrance. "I asked Mr. Jeffreys to bring these books up here, Martin," she said, "as it was impossible for me to go to the City just yet, and I wanted to have a general idea of how matters stood."

"You did perfectly right, my dear mother," said Martin, absently, throwing himself into a chair. His conversation with Statham, the story he had heard, and the task he had undertaken, were all fresh in his mind, and he could not concentrate his attention on anything else.

"You seem fatigued, Monsieur Martin," said Pauline, eying him closely; "the worry of the last few days has been too much for you."

"It is not that, Madame Du Tertre," said Martin, rousing himself; "the fact is I have been engaged in the City all day, and that always tires me."

"In the City!" repeated Pauline. "Madame asked Monsieur Jeffreys, and he told us you had not been there."

"Not to Mincing-lane. I had an engagement of my own in the City, which has occupied me all day."

"Ah! and you found that very fatiguing? The roar and the noise of London, the crowded streets, the want of fresh air, all this must be very unpleasant to you, Monsieur Martin. You will be glad to get back to your quiet, your country, and your—what you call—parish."

"I shall not be able to return there for some little time yet, I fear," said Martin; "I have a great deal yet to do in London."

"I should like you to go through some of these books with me to-morrow. Mr. Jeffreys can leave them here, and can come up to-morrow, and—"

"Not to-morrow, mother," said Martin. "I have an engagement of importance which will occupy me the whole day."

Mrs. Calverley looked displeased. "It is much better not to postpone these matters," she said.

But Martin Gurwood answered shortly, "It cannot be to-morrow, mother; the appointment which I have made must be kept." And as he looked up the tell-tale colour came again to his cheeks as he saw Madame Du Tertre's eyes eagerly fastened on him.

"An appointment which must be kept," muttered Pauline to herself, as she locked her chamber door for the night. "I was right, then! This man has been away all day, engaged on some business which he does not name! He has an appointment for to-morrow, about the nature of which he is also silent. I am convinced that he is keeping something secret, and have an inexplicable feeling that that something has to do with me. Mrs. Calverley will have to pass her day in solitude to-morrow, for I, too, have an appointment which I must keep, and when Monsieur Martin has an interview with his friend, I shall not be far away."

Madame Du Tertre was with her dear friend very early the next morning. She

had received a letter, she said, from a poor cousin of hers who, helpless and friendless, had arrived in London the previous evening. Pauline must go to her at once, but would return by dinner-time. Mrs. Calverley graciously gave her consent to this proceeding, and Pauline took her leave.

Soon after breakfast Martin Gurwood issued from the house, and hailing the driver of a hansom cab, which was just coming out from the adjacent mews, fresh for its day's work, stepped lightly into the vehicle, and was driven off. Immediately afterwards, a lady, wearing a large black cloth cloak and hat, with a thick veil, called the next hansom that appeared and bade its driver keep the other cab, now some distance ahead, in view.

An ostler, who was passing by, with a bit of straw in his mouth, and an empty sack thrown over his shoulders, heard the direction given and grinned cynically.

"The old game! Always a woman for that sort of caper!" he muttered to himself as he disappeared down the mews.

#### BOWLES, THE WAITER.

I AM often amazed—I have retired on a luxurious competence, which entitles me to enjoy such feelings, and have the recital of such attended to with respectful interest—I am often amazed, I say, at the common plans suggested in every-day conversation for acquiring knowledge of life, philosophy, getting through the world, and the rest of it. We hear of schooling, universities, foreign travel, Australia, and the bush. I have heard arguments by the hour on this subject. I have seen the same question discussed in that great engine of the press, which, as it truly states, has the largest circulation in the world, and is read from the rising to the setting of the sun. Yet one and all persistently overlook the great school for learning life, philosophy, and manners, which, to use a vulgarism, was lying under their very noses. I allude to WAITING—that honourable, intellectual calling by which I raised myself to ease and competence, finally letting a whole house out in apartments to an opulent connexion, but refusing all retaining briefs in my old business. The strain on the mind I now find too much. I am fairly entitled to a sort of judicial ease, and what, in the profession, is considered equivalent to a seat on the bench. For I would pray you to observe the distinction here, the confounding

which often does injustice to a superior body of men. Waitering must be viewed apart from butlerising, the woollack of the latter being the public-house. We look for a retreat where we can put to profit the manners acquired by the opportunities and practice afforded by the exercise of our profession, and can offer to those who favour our apartments a finish of attendance as can only be attained by years of proffering and withdrawing, and of quietly ascertaining the wishes of human nature. A house newly reddened, glistening with plate-glass from top to bottom, with clean muslin curtains, gasaliers everywhere, to be tenanted on the drawing-room floor by modest country families come to town for weddings or balls, on the parlour floor by a permanent gentleman with a club, is the honourable retirement to which we look.

There are vulgar people who suppose that we have something in common with greengrocers, and I have noticed that where entertainments are given in novels, gentlemen following this trade are invariably had in from round the corner. There is an ignorance, as well as a narrowness, in this view that is surprising. As well say that, because mere supernumeraries, like the coachman or stable-boy, with the flavour of their mode of life strong upon them, are had in, that such creatures really wait, instead of stumbling and bungling about the room. At rustic feasts, or where there is a dearth of professional hands, I see no objection to having in a dealer in market stuff to assist. But it speaks ill for the acumen of those who broach such idle talk, that they cannot distinguish between skill, training, and even genius, and the coarse workmanship of ignorance. It proves that such, I fear, only care, swine-like, for the gratification of their appetites, regardless of how they are served. Others, no doubt, are merely thoughtless, and repeat what they hear. But there is no greater popular error than this as to the greengrocer; he attends, but does not wait.

Again; talk of the statesman, the man who knows the world, and is full of stories! Why, it is amongst us that there is to be found the real statesman who knows the world. Day after day we see all the vices and meannesses of our common nature unrolled before us as on a map, and with the most amazing candour, for no one appears to credit us with even common intelligence, and we are minded about as little as if we were without eyes or ears. Frequently, as I have held the entrée forward, stooping my

head well down, between a lady and gentleman, the latter has not cared to lower his voice as he proceeded with his scandal about a lady of high honour round whose table I had travelled many times, only a few evenings before. Yet what a compliment was here implied. Look at the grave manners, at the trained expression of face, that shows neither joy, sorrow, interest, nor hilarity; look at the self-possession, the spirit of organisation, the forecasting, the aplomb, and own that there are few walks in life where such valuable virtues are developed. I am speaking of the average member of our bar—but the leaders are remarkable men indeed. Some, I can assure you, develop at our state dinners precisely the same qualities that would win them distinction in the field, or enable them to manage the House of Commons. There are, say, thirty people to be served at one of these state dinners, yet the true artist will prefer to have but a small force, trusty soldiers, on whom he can rely; he knows he would only be embarrassed by a crowd of volunteers, ill-disciplined, though willing. Everything must be ready in advance, and, as I have heard a House of Commons speaker say, though he did not think that the person who was filling his glass was treasuring up the remark, that while delivering one sentence you must be constructing the next, so the chief of our department must be all in anticipation, and, while one course is being happily carried through, must be looking to the next. There must be no noise, none of that jostling, shouldering, and clattering which betrays wretched fourth-class work. For it is a curious fact that what in other departments is accepted as a mark of good execution, is, to a judge of waitering, a sign of inferior work absolutely disgusting—namely, heartiness and eagerness to do the work. Such is exhibited by the coachman, and amateurs of that sort, to whom I have already scornfully alluded. As for the greengrocer before mentioned, words cannot portray how execrable he is in every point of view, for the worst vices of the other class, in his instance, are accompanied by a self-sufficiency which tempts one to fold one's hands and look on in despair.

I am not ashamed, though now enjoying comparative opulence, to turn back to a beginning which I may call humble. All will remember the late Mr. Bosh, Q.C., who was famous for his dinners, wines, cheerful manners, and good things, both of speech



and table; as well as for his defence of notorious criminals. It was at his house, I may say, that I made my studies, and a most improving school it was. It is seldom, indeed, that young beginners are so favoured. I was then a mere stripling, comparatively ignorant, with a heavy touch and elephantine tread, and with nothing to suit me for my profession but a burning desire to excel in it. Some of our connexions were high in the profession, but pronounced unhesitatingly that I had no gifts that way; but that I had the true instinct, the issue proved. It was reserved for Waddy, who was one of the leaders—attending at Court, Sutherland House, and such places—to secure for me the opening, which the dulness or indifference of my prejudiced relatives denied to me. This man, who was utterly unspoiled by his position, and never affected to draw a line between himself and his brethren, making it a point to accept engagements of even a poor character at suburban houses, on principle, so that it should not be given out that he was taking airs—it was Waddy, I say, who first prophesied the rise there was before me. He often afterwards spoke of the circumstance, and I shall not, I hope, be thought wanting in modesty by mentioning it, as it will be profitable for young beginners by way of lesson.

It occurred at one of the modest suburban places, where Waddy attended on principle, as before stated. It was near the close of dinner, when cheese and port wine went round, and I was attending my chief with a tray of wine-glasses. Through some accident, on turning suddenly, Waddy's elbow struck one of the frail port wine-glasses, tilting it over and deluging a lady's dress. Waddy carried it off as if it were part of his ceremonial, like the Scotch fashion of drinking a toast. But when the feast was over and the guests had gone, the lady of the house attacked me with great ferocity for my boorishness, declaring, I should never be had in again. I was tempted to justify myself, but an instinct of sagacity restrained me. The next day, when my senior came to receive the half-sovereign due upon his brief, the lady broke out in contemptuous abuse of his staff-officer, when Waddy awed her by avowing contemptuously that he was responsible. The truth was, he added, that such things ought never to happen, and never did happen, at the houses of gentlemen where a liberal spirit prevailed; but where fuss and flurry, and, above all, a want of confidence was present,

such accidents followed as a matter of course. He hinted that a few more such scenes would corrupt his style.

Waddy was pleased to declare that I was the only gentleman present in the place, that my taking the blame on myself was "worthy of the Guards at Waterloo," in which corps, and on which occasion, a relation of his own had figured. From that hour he was my fast friend and patron. Like a great barrister with a favourite junior, he would get me introduced into all his heavy cases. Under such patronage I rose almost at once into first-class business, working with him at the best houses, and, what was very welcome, going down special with him to the country for a week at a time to a shooting party, or a "coming of age." The "fill your house" parties, which lasted, perhaps, a fortnight, were the holidays most popular with the profession. Although the work was hard, and we had no sooner "cleared away" than we had to "lay" again, still there was gaiety, and much pleasant society below, agreeable ladies'-ladies, pleasant valets, who had acquired polish and knowledge of the world by travelling over it with their masters, and whose company was pleasant. I am bound to say, too, that the regular official of the house honourably dealt with us as guests, more or less, and had too much delicacy to make us execute heavy tasks. They seemed to rely on us chiefly for the finer touches and ornamental work. The butler, at such places, if the family have a town mansion, is always found to be a superior man, who in a higher station would have made an excellent director of an office, or even magistrate. The popular ideas about those men, the descriptions in novels, or plays, which shows them secretly taking the port, &c., are all wrong and false. They are above all that, and do not care for it. Many of them, I am proud to say, have graduated at our university; I mean, have done years of what we call "grinding" at our work. This is what gives them that Robert Peel manner, that calm portliness which inspires confidence, and is so different from the comparative flippancy of an ordinary footman. Indeed, there is really no such school of discipline in the world as waiting. And after this people talk of the greengrocer!

Greengrocer, indeed! I could give instances by the hour of the degradation, the dead loss, the burlesque introduced into any entertainment by these impostors. Yet

I am man of the world enough to admit that they have a strong hold on human nature, for so long as cheese-paring, and scraping, and pretence have their place in the mean corner-cupboards, as I may call it, of character, so long will the greengrocer waiter be in demand—in certain circles, of course. The people who give cheap poisonous wines, and who make the persons they employ go through the cheat of saying, "Champagne, hock, port!" (I have often been tempted to add, "at two-and-six the bottle!"); who have messes from the pastry-cook's which they call vol-au-vents and mayonnaises, are exactly the class who have the greengrocers. Having impostures of dishes, you may as well have impostors to hand them round. As I have heard gentlemen of eminence make the remark at table, "Great is truth, and it will prevail," so I have seen the remark come out in practice in the most singular way.

Those who, in spite of respectful warning, will have in the favourite greengrocer, are almost invariably put to shame and disgrace before the night is over. I think I should be doing a service by putting on record here one remarkable instance of a party being thus hoisted by their own petard, the latter instrument of war being in this case represented by the greengrocer.

Waddy being one evening hastily summoned to a nobleman's, sent for me, and begged me to undertake a "light dinner," with a ball and supper, at another house, in his place. The light dinner was in the Camberwell direction, at Number Five, Matilda Villas. The owners of Number Five were Mr. and Mrs. E. Piper Johnson, parties who were, as I discovered, particular about the E being never left out on their cards or the direction. This looked third-class rather; but I knew that Waddy refused to recognise distinctions of the kind, and where there had been a suitable introduction, I can assure you went through his duties as conscientiously as though he were performing at the very best house in London. The Matilda Villas were just what you might have expected: a row of boxes, with a bit of a garden, and walk, and railing. I was met in the hall by E. Piper Johnson himself, in a sort of dressing gown, with an excited face, and bearing a cloth in his hand! That spoke volumes. I heard Mrs. E. Piper Johnson screaming over the stairs for some one "to bring down the sperm candles," and some of the children were carrying up and down

bits of furniture. All this spoke more volumes. I know this sort of thing at the first glance: it means cheapness, nastiness, pretence, make-believe, and forfeiture of self-respect. I was not in the least surprised when E. Piper Johnson said to me, loftily, "You will, of course, have assistance, as Cowmeadow will be here in a few minutes."

Cowmeadow was the greengrocer.

"Might I ask," I said, "of how many parties will the party consist?"

"Of ten," he replied, consequentially.

"Well, then," I said, "we could do far better without Mr. Cowmeadow; it will be a great extra exertion for me, still I should prefer doing it all myself."

"Out of the question," he said, with a lofty smile. "I could not disgrace the thing by having a single waiter."

"It will be better done," I said, "believe me, by having only a single attendant."

"Nonsense," he said, "we always have Cowmeadow. He goes to the best houses. In fact, he is next to being my butler—you understand?"

I took this to mean that at Number Two, Matilda Villas, and at Number Nine, this greengrocer was patronised by the doctor and clergyman, and that I was expected to assist him, not he me. Here was more speaking of volumes, but I spoke not a word myself. In a few minutes Cowmeadow arrived, a tall, red-faced fellow, with greengrocer written on every part of his person. His manner to me was inexpressibly free and familiar. He said this was a disappointment about Mr. Waddy, but he supposed he and I would "hact" very well together. E. Piper Johnson came, and in a solemn way said he hoped we would be most particular to make things go off well, that there would be no mistakes or delays.

"Oh, we'll take care of that, Mr. Johnson. You leave it all to hus."

I said not a word.

"Oh yes, Cowmeadow, that's all very well, you know. But there is a great deal depending on this, and you must be most particular; Mr. and Mrs. Byles, of the Bank, are coming, and I wouldn't for fifty pounds anything was wrong. Mr. Byles goes out into the best society, and I request everything will be attended to, and I am sure there can be no excuse with two waiters."

I could have corrected him—one and a greengrocer—but I still said nothing. I knew Mr. Byles of the Bank very well,

having handed him entrées many a time at the great state dinners; and during the day I made out readily enough, not by pumping the maids as greengrocers would do, but simply by listening to what was said openly before me, that E. Piper Johnston had got a sort of half promise of a place in the Bank.

As for Cowmeadow, I never met such a combination of ignorance and self-sufficiency. That he knew nothing, absolutely nothing, save perhaps how to carry in a leg of mutton, may be conceived; but his vulgarity of style was almost incredible. When, after a short absence, I found he had twisted the napkins into some ridiculous shapes that would have only done for a pantomime, and that he was making idiotic arrangements with the knives and forks, and doing it all with great pride, as if it were something artistic, I went straight to the owner of the house. I told him all the facts. I hinted that I would speak to him as one man of the world to another—though, as I need scarcely tell you, I knew well enough he was nothing of the kind. As he was having Mr. Byles and lady, and as the object was to give satisfaction to those parties, I conveyed that things were not being done in a way that would exactly give satisfaction. The person who was appointed as my coadjutor would, in every detail, jar upon Mr. Byles, and the end in view would inevitably be defeated. He grew red and angry, as I knew he would, and asked did I dare dictate as to his arrangements. Did I know who he was? I went on—that I had noticed from the labels of recently arrived bottles that the wines were from a well-known house, more distinguished for the energy of its advertisements than for the quality of its liquor. I knew enough of Mr. Byles to say that if such were set before him, the offence would never be forgiven. This of course I suggested merely in a general way, and it was entirely a matter for his private consideration; but as for co-operating with the person who was at that moment twisting the napkins into shapes fit only to be exhibited at the Chamber of Horrors, and places of the kind, that concerned my own self-respect. Firmly and distinctly I required that our relations should be changed, or I would ask leave to resign, engaging to send within half an hour a substitute who had no scruples, and was accustomed to work of the kind. He sputtered, grew red again; but, after a consultation with Mrs. E. Piper Johnson,

had to agree. Cowmeadow was called up, and after some time came down, puffing his cheeks, and saying, "Very well. This must come to an end. To be told at that time of day that he didn't know his business! But we should see."

But being now officially recognised, I at once took another tone, and assuming a firm and haughty air of command, proceeded to level the ridiculous Chinese puzzles he had been constructing, and relaid the table according to true principles. Of course he and they thought everything was spoiled, having uneducated eyes, but I remained firm. The wine was of course their concern; but I had discharged my duty, and my conscience was free. All the while the greengrocer was not of the slightest use; everything he had done I was forced to undo. He stood there, gaping and puffing, occasionally rendering assistance by putting everything in the wrong place. I saw at once, too, that he was what we call in the profession "a blower"—a sure sign of a low-class workman; I mean one of those creatures who, as they offer a dish "blow" on the guest's cheek, and who are especially disagreeable to ladies. Bunter and the great cooks and confectioners always look to this department of breath, and never employ any afflicted with this complaint. By the hour of dinner the rude and tasteless hosts, I could see, had to admit the presence of taste, and seemed astonished at the quiet, unobtrusive elegance I had thrown over the poor materials I had to work with.

At seven o'clock the guests began to arrive, and I and the greengrocer were at our posts. I put him to the door, but even for that department he was hardly qualified. But his costume! A high-collared, short-waisted coat, a shrunk white waistcoat, a cravat of enormous size and cloudy hue, and white thread gloves that reminded me of the bandits at Richardson's show. It almost made me shudder. My own costume was, of course, simply that of a private gentleman. It puzzled them, and I fancy they preferred the coarse theatrical display of the other; but they understood nothing of these things. Cowmeadow, I could see, was subdued and nervous, for I did not speak much, but fixed a cold eye on him. I announced Mr. and Mrs. Byles in my best, quiet, grave style; Doctor Trumper, the vicar; Captain and Mrs. Blucher, and Miss ditto, and Lady McCulloch, whom I very soon ascertained to be only the widow of a Scotch major. I wish

I could describe the solemn grandeur and importance of E. Piper Johnson and lady, as he received these great people—their trembling pride and delight, the excited way in which he said, "Now dinner, Bowles!" as if I were the old family butler. All below I saw depended on me; nothing coherent was to be expected from the "had in" cook, the loaned scullion from next door to "wash up," and the hired greengrocer—the latter literally incapable under my cold eye. At the last minute I said to him quietly, "You will make a mess of this, I can see, and your only chance is to take your time and orders from me—mind." He was pushing and bustling about, taking up dishes and putting them down. "Leave those," I said, firmly; "you will smash something before the night is over." "Yes; do, Mr. Cowmeadow," said the regular cook of the house. He had sunk even in their eyes!

They were now coming down. Mr. E. Piper Johnson and Mrs. Byles in front; Mrs. E. Piper Johnson and Mr. Byles bringing up the rear. We stood to arms below, the greengrocer looking like a bad parish beadle. I looked, I know, like a gentleman who had just stopped to see a procession pass, with an air of quiet self-possession that contrasted with the vulgar importance of my miserable subordinate. Yet not one of the party but saw who was the guiding spirit of the night. Then began the business. The work I had to do was inconceivable. I had to see to everything—kitchen, hall, and dining-room. The wretched greengrocer was "off his head" from the first moment; now dragging away plates before their time; offering things here, there, and everywhere, and blowing all the time like a walrus. When I was busy trying to repair his blunders, I could have blushed, as I heard his coarse voice in altercation with the maid outside the door; and I never felt such complete degradation as when, after hearing something like a scuffle, I passed out and found the wretched creature struggling with the deputy cook for a dish! Both appealed to me; it was to be brought in—it was not to be brought in. Shocked inexpressibly, I ordered the scullion below, merely fixing him with my eye, under which he quailed. But Cowmeadow was beyond decency.

I found I must do everything, unless a sheer breakdown was to be expected, and the moment was now come to help round the wine. Cowmeadow insisted on undertaking this duty, and was weak enough to

fancy he might be equal to such an elementary business. Yet there he was, actively struggling with the cork, allowing it to "fizz" and burst, holding the flask in alarm, and I had to come to his rescue. Then his style—"Champeene, sir, Mr. Byles!" in a loud coarse voice, as if it was some real Johnsberg from the cellars of the Austrian ambassador himself, though *there*, there would be no more noise than if it were a glass of dry sherry. What I had predicted came about. Mr. Byles gave one sip, looked down into his glass as if there were a fly floating in it, and then deliberately put it away from him. When it next came round he said with a testy voice, "No, give me a glass of sherry!" What would it be when he came to the claret furnished from the same famous bins?

I own I lost all patience, when, just after wild-duck time, I met Cowmeadow hurrying up with the ice-pudding, which he had forced the cook to turn out in spite of all protests. Of course he insisted on carrying and helping the shape of jelly, which he caused to reel and nearly totter off the dish, and which he attempted to catch with his clumsy fingers; and, of course, when helping it he allowed some to escape from the spoon and heap down between Mrs. Byles and her neighbour. But why linger on these humiliating scenes? I can only reflect with pride on my fortitude, self-possession, and training, which repaired and glossed over all mistakes, and kept everything together in some shape. As for the celebrated claret, at three shillings a bottle, I felt for the wretched guests, and had gloomy presentiments as to their probable condition next day. Mr. Byles, a good judge, as I have intimated, after the first sip persistently declined, saying again, "Give me a glass of sherry." It was a bit of comedy to hear E. Piper Johnson flourishing his meagre drink. "Pass the claret. You are stopping the claret, Trumper. No more claret? Do let us have up some more!" as if there was a cellar below with a row of choice bins. They knew no better, poor grovellers, and drank it.

Cowmeadow, when all was over, began to assume a revolting self-sufficiency, and said, "we had got through very well!" From that day I registered a vow never more to serve with a greengrocer, and this on principle. I felt a few more such trials would corrupt me, and perhaps spoil my style for ever. As I had anticipated—for I took pains to find out the fact—Mr. Byles was furious at the cheap wine, and

exerted all his influence to prevent E. Piper Johnson from getting the place. And this fact alone supports me through the recollection of that trying scene.

#### FREE, AMONG THE DEAD.

HERR, thy way was set with snares,  
Mid thy harvest sprang the tares,  
Cankers lurked in fairest flowers,  
Nightshade twined in brightest bowers.  
Misconstructions, doubts, and scorn,  
Filled thy every path with thorns;  
Now, the haunting fears are fled.  
Thou art free, among the dead.

Baffled here thy eagle sight,  
Weakened here thy arm of might,  
Tired here thy upward foot,  
Blighted here thy ripened fruit;  
Coldness mocked thee—blindness jarred,  
Love was false and friendship hard;  
Now, the latest sneer is said.  
Thou art free, among the dead.

Nothing now compels thy heart,  
To the feeble human part,  
Nothing now can sting or fret,  
Nothing now of vague regret.  
Springing free from earthly stains,  
Doubt nor cloud thy soul restrains;  
Free, where God's full light is shed,  
Free, my darling, 'mong the dead.

#### A PREY TO THE LIONS.

My cousin, Richard Roe, had come up from Cumberlandshire to spend a few days in town, and was therefore haling and hurrying me from exhibition to exhibition. He was of a methodical and thrifty turn of mind, and was bent upon obtaining as much sight-seeing as possible in return for his outlay of time and toil. Mine was a false position, for whereas he credited me with being a thoroughly competent guide to the curiosities and spectacles of London, I was, in truth, very inadequately informed on the subject. Though I seemed to be, therefore, a sort of steam-tug, towing my massive relative hither and thither, I was really propelled by him in directions of which I knew little, and at a rate of speed I was wholly unable to control. For the sights of London exist less for its residents than for its visitors. But of this fact my cousin did not appear to be aware.

Still, in acknowledgment of the cordial hospitalities I had met with during my occasional visits to Roe Hall, I had felt bound to place myself at the disposal of its proprietor, and to wander, or rather to rush, with him to and fro, since that was his good pleasure, in quest of sights. I trust it was sport to him; I know that it was to me something very different. I forbear to

catalogue the galleries, exhibitions, and institutions we visited; the task would be endless. For days I lived in a whirl of pictures, sculpture, waxwork, machinery, at rest and in motion, stuffed birds, beasts, and fishes, raw materials and manufactured articles, models, preparations in glass bottles, specimens in glass cases, natural products and artistic achievements, until my brain grew giddy and my eyes dim. I had, in fact, fallen a prey to the lions of London; bound hand and foot, I seemed to be bodily handed over to them, and they were making very short work of me. Asleep or awake, it was all the same; I was the victim of exhibitions. Even in the dead of night I found myself starting from my fevered couch in obedience to fancied demands for the price of admission to this or that show, for shillings for catalogues and guide-books, for the surrender of my umbrella and overcoat. Voices were for ever whispering in my ear scientific theories, learned explanations, profound lectures upon all kinds of subjects, while marvels of every sort were being forced upon my bewildered gaze; and over all I was conscious of the strident tones of my cousin, and the tug of his stalwart arm, as he urged me on to renewed efforts, and compelled me to traverse and explore the galleries, cabinets, nooks and corners of yet other valuable and interesting institutions.

I felt that my mental powers were yielding, and that my consciousness was abandoning me. At last I hardly knew where I was, or what I was doing. I have a recollection, however, of sinking in an exhausted condition upon a stone bench somewhere, and imploring my companion mercifully to leave me there awhile, to go on his way alone, and, his task concluded, to come for me again at a later period of the day. This, I think, after a slight remonstrance, he consented to do.

Rest and peace were permitted me but for a few moments. I felt myself touched upon the shoulder. A tall, elderly gentleman, with a profuse snowy beard, stood before me. In one hand I noticed he carried a large bunch of keys, in the other what looked like a baton of office—it was, in truth, as I discovered upon closer inspection, a sheet of paper closely rolled up.

"You will follow me," he said, in a grave tone, as he bowed to me with an air of dignified politeness.

"Another exhibition?" I moaned, as I prepared to obey his bidding, for, indeed,

at the moment I felt myself without strength to resist anybody or anything.

As I rose to follow him I was struck by the curious nature of his attire. It appeared to be entirely composed of paper, hanging from his shoulders in large loose sheets, partly written on and partly printed, arranged one above the other like the manifold capes of a cabman's great-coat. Upon his head he wore a tall, conical, brimless hat, also made of paper of a bluish-white colour.

"It is in some sort an exhibition," he paused to explain, "but it differs from all other exhibitions. We collect here in our museum, not what is rare, but what is common. Necessarily our institution is on a very large scale, and we are very much cramped for room. At the same time we do not demand of our visitors that they should curiously examine our collection in detail. A cursory glance is generally found sufficient by most people. They are content to recognise familiar objects, and to pass on. Merely to hurry through our rooms and galleries occupies very considerable time, however. Still, I should state that our institution is generally regarded as of a very interesting character. It has been founded out of pure benevolence. It is especially commended to the favour of authors and readers. Nor is it as an exhibition that we claim encouragement and support. Our institution is also to be viewed as an asylum, a hospital, a sanatorium, and a penitentiary. This is the Miller Ward, but here you will probably not care to linger long." As he spoke he unlocked a large door, and ushered me into a spacious chamber, with shelves and cabinets neatly arranged against its walls. I should mention that I have faithfully recorded the purport, if not the precise terms, of his speech.

Still I did not clearly understand the nature of the institution I was visiting.

"You are the curator?" I said, doubtfully.

"Yes," he answered, with some hesitation; "I may so describe myself. But I am also a patient, and, I must confess, a prisoner."

"And this is——?"

"The Miller Ward, as I said. It is so called after Joseph Miller, comedian and author, who flourished many years ago. We have here a very complete collection, not only of the jests of which Miller was the unquestionable originator, but also of those which, by common consent, have

long been ascribed to him. I need not inform you that their number is very great indeed, and that it is only by dint of the most careful packing and arrangement that we have succeeded in disposing of them in a space so limited. The great majority of these jests are in a sadly tattered and worn condition. You see they have been about in the world so long, and have been subjected to such very severe wear and tear. It was really a most charitable act to receive and care for them under this roof. But it was quite time that something was done. In a Christian land it could no longer be permitted that these aged jokes should wander about the country, exposing everywhere their poverty and wretchedness, and most painful infirmities. To sensitive people they had long been the occasion of very acute distress. Some few may possibly still be at large; but I am thankful to believe that by far the most of them are now here, safely under lock and key. Perhaps the inspection of one of these forlorn creatures will be quite sufficient for your purpose."

He again plied his keys, and forthwith I found myself gazing upon a venerable and painfully familiar jest, although it really bore upon it but the faintest traces of humour or comicality. It was shrivelled and bent double with age and hard usage, and was covered with innumerable lines. Upon inspection through a magnifying-glass, kindly handed to me by the curator, I discovered that these lines recorded the number of times, the occasions when, and the names of the persons by whom, the poor old jest had been employed. I was surprised to find how often the Houses of Parliament, and the Courts of Justice, and the theatres of England were mentioned in this record. Among the names registered were some well known to fame, and standing high in public estimation. I mentioned the fact to the curator.

"It is very true," he said, mournfully. "And I may confess that my own name is included in the list. It is owing to my own weakness in that and similar respects that I am reduced to the humiliating position in which you now find me."

"But surely these poor creatures, who after all are for the most part inoffensive enough, are not always kept in durance thus? You let them out sometimes, I suppose. They must have many friends in the world outside who would rejoice to see them again; would welcome them, and make much of them."

"Too much," said the curator. "It has been their misfortune that they have been made too much of, and that they have had too many friends. But they are treated here with extreme indulgence. They have frequent holidays. It has been found, indeed, that the world cannot altogether dispense with them. I must add that they return to us in a dreadful state—more jaded and soiled than ever, and often in liquor. They have been to convivial meetings. They have associated with undergraduates—with students of all professions; they have appeared at the call-parties of barristers, at debating societies; in fact, society generally admits them to its assemblies. Several have even assured me that they have been regaled with tea and muffins by popular ministers of various denominations. For my part I cannot but think that they are over-indulged by the institution. A little more severity would be better for all concerned."

"I begin to understand," I observed. "This wing of your building was designed for the reception of decayed and indigent jokes. They were to remain here in peace and quiet until they really expired of extreme old age."

"Just so. But they don't expire. Their longevity is quite amazing. The vitality of some of these old jokes is beyond belief. However exhausted and decrepit they may seem, some one or other is sure to discover life in them. So long as I can remember—and I've been here now very many years—there has never been a death in the Miller Ward. Every now and then an inmate may fall seriously ill—even to losing all his faculties, such as they are, and becoming paralytic and bedridden—but eventually he recovers, although he may never again be quite the same substantial old joke he once was. Still he is able to get about, and drag on his poor existence somehow."

We quitted the Miller Ward.

"Whither are you taking me now?" I inquired. The curator was turning the lock of another door.

"This is our collection of Latin quotations."

"Thank you," I said; "I will not trouble you. I know them all too well."

"As you please," he answered. "But it is my duty to point out the contents of our museum." He had opened the door, but upon my urgent entreaty he was prevailed upon to close it again. Something of the contents of the apartment I could not help seeing. There caught my eye:

*Horresco referens; Quantum mutatus; Simplex munditiis; Quorum pars magna fui; Monstrum horrendum; and other too familiar acquaintances.* On account of some of them and their authors I had been birched in my youth. I hurried away, the curator following me, his paper robes flapping and rustling about him as he moved along.

"They are in very fair preservation, all things considered," he observed. "Latin quotations are wonderful things for wearing. To some people they're always as good as new."

He led me down a long corridor. "We now approach," he said, "what we call our Great Gallery of Illustrations and Figures of Speech, perhaps the most interesting department of our institution. I should explain to you, however, that this is something in the nature of a loan exhibition, after the manner of South Kensington. The articles collected are only here temporarily, and we are often obliged to part with possession of them for a term. It thus happens that some of our most precious specimens are not at present on view. They have been borrowed upon the express understanding that they are to be returned to us before very long. As you are aware, stock figures of speech are greatly in request now-a-days, especially during the parliamentary session. It was only yesterday that one of the chief ornaments of the House of Commons insisted upon carrying away the Stone of Sisyphus to hurl at a rival statesman. The Sword of Brennus has been borrowed by a popular dramatist, who declared that without that weapon he found himself unable to repel the assaults of his critics; while a well-known journalist who came here avowing that he could not rest for want of the Bed of Procrustes, was of course allowed to remove that famous piece of furniture. There is no help for it; but of course, this loan system often injures very seriously the worth and completeness of our collection. At present it is by no means what I could wish it to be. Still, I do not doubt you will find much to interest you, if only on account of the extreme commonness of everything exhibited."

We stood in a vast hall of handsome proportions, lighted by means of a Gothic lantern in the roof. The light streamed down upon the strangest congregation of objects, indescribable by reason of their number, variety, and incongruity. Now the hall and its contents seemed to me to wear something the look of a pawnbroker's

shop—now of a waxwork exhibition. Here were traces of a zoological museum, there of an Indian bazaar, or of an Australian goods store.

"On the right," said the curator, pointing, as he spoke, to the different objects with his roll of paper, "on the right you will observe the Coffin of Mohammed, still hanging, as you are aware it has long hung, between heaven and earth. On the left is Mohammed himself, and the well-known Mountain towards which, as it will not come to him, he is seen to be advancing. Here is the eminent German metaphysician and a figure of the camel he evolved from the depths of his own internal consciousness. Next to the German comes the popular New Zealander standing upon a broken arch of London Bridge contemplating the ruins of St. Paul's. He has been away for some days, and only came back this morning. I've no doubt he will be out again to-morrow, for we're seldom able to keep him long, he has so very large a circle of admirers. Here we have Philip Drunk, and his inseparable companion, Philip Sober. Here is Sir Boyle Roach's Bird, in two places at once, and here are Sir John Outler's Stockings, darned entirely. These are greatly admired specimens. In this corner you will find a curious collection of classical objects and figures. You recognise Homer, nodding of course, and the Caudine Forks. Close by you will observe the Gordian Knot, Pandora's Box, the Shirt of Nessus, and a choice stock of the mantles of various eminent personages; Cæsar's Wife, who must not even be suspected; the Bow of Apollo, the Cestus of Venus, the Apple of Discord, the Cup of Circe, the Foot of Hercules, the Ear of Dionysius, and the Eye of Mars. Here is the Cynthia of the Minute, here Niobe, all tears, and here the White Elephant, a very noble animal. On this shelf are some smaller objects, very highly prized, however: a Stab in the Dark, a Snake in the Grass, and the very celebrated Thin End of the Wedge."

"Enough," I cried. "I'll see no more. For Heaven's sake let me out!"

"What!" he said, "you won't look at the Last Ounce that broke the Camel's Back, at the Straw which shows which way the Wind Blows, at the Bird in the Hand, nor the Eggs in the Bush?"

"No," I answered, rather rudely; "nor do I want to hear the Tune of which the Old Cow Died."

"We have the skin of the cow carefully

preserved," he explained, "and the original manuscript of the fatal composition locked in a drawer up-stairs. There's no knowing when it may be wanted. It may even prove to be the Music of the Future. But I will not detain you longer, though I should much like to have shown you the Two Birds, and the One Stone that killed them; the Harp that once; the Pierian Spring—we keep it in a tank—it's rather unclean from so many dipping their fingers in to taste it; and a charming picture of the Long Lane that had no Turning, as it originally existed—it's been a good deal built on of late years. However, no doubt you will pay us another visit, when you can more carefully examine the treasures of the gallery."

I escaped from the great hall of the institution with the feelings of one roused from a nightmare. We now stood in a much smaller room, which looked like a library. It was well supplied with books, in bindings that seemed rather serviceable and enduring, than ornamental.

"I confess," said the curator, "that there is nothing here that need detain us long. This is called the Chamber of Familiar Similes and Expressions. They are registered in alphabetical order. No one can have the slightest difficulty in finding the one wanted. You will be content, probably, with a few examples. Here, then, is Black as Night—Clear as Day—Plain as a Pikestaff—True as Steel—Quick as Thought—Pale as Death—and so on. We also collect here, for the use of novelists, the most established forms of beginning and concluding works of fiction. Here you have the favourite opening lines, 'The sun was slowly sinking in the west;' 'Fifty years ago in the county of Blankshire there lived,' and the familiar mention of 'Two horsemen who might have been observed,' &c. And here are the most esteemed concluding phrases. 'He vanished—into the night.' 'The sins, sorrows, trials and troubles of Giles Scroggins were over for ever,' and 'He raised her from the ground—she was dead.' You are tired, I see, or I should like you to visit the other departments of the institution. We have what we call our Poet's Corner, with a very fine collection of fancies and imaginings, tropes and figures, some fetched from a very great distance, and some that are really so advanced in years that they should know better than to expose themselves as they do; but they have been much in request, however, and highly rated in every sense,



of late. We have also our Orator's Refuge, where, in a conservatory, we preserve the flowers of rhetoric. Many, I venture to think, are rank weeds, and some are dreadfully faded; but generally speaking they all flourish very fairly. I account for it from their so often having airings. We will pass over these wards. The Sanatorium and Penitentiary, however, I cannot allow you to leave unvisited."

I followed him again, as he walked briskly forward, rattling his keys, his paper robes rustling behind him. But to what a strange institution he had introduced me! And I had never before even heard of its existence!

He threw open the double doors of a large room. It was crowded with people of both sexes and all ages. I was struck by the extremely youthful appearance of some of them. They were variously occupied in writing, reading, conversing, or walking to and fro. Some were plainly in a dejected condition of mind, and sat at tables leaning their heads upon their hands. They looked jaded and worn, their dress neglected, their hair rumpled, and their eyes wandering. Others maintained a certain spruceness of aspect, bore themselves erectly, and glanced about with a sort of defiant self-satisfaction. They spoke in loud tones, and laughed frequently, always, it seemed to me, at their own jokes. I noticed that here and there sat ladies in elegant dresses, with a simper on their faces, writing on loose sheets of paper very rapidly indeed. One of them, I remember, was smoking a cigarette, and sipping now and then from a Venetian glass full of amber-coloured liquid. In my own mind I decided that these were fashionable female novelists. As fast as they wrote, and they wrote very fast indeed, their manuscript was taken from them, torn to shreds, and flung into a waste-basket, by certain fierce, hungry-looking men. I took these to be critics. Nevertheless, the ladies continued their labours as persistently and industriously as ever. Glancing at the other groups I observed that while there were very many talkers, there were no listeners.

"We need not advance beyond the threshold," said the curator.

"You think these people dangerous?" I inquired.

"Not exactly," he answered. "But many find it more easy to get in here than to get out again." I thought he looked at me significantly as he spoke. "These are our patients," he resumed. "Some have

been lodged here by their friends, in hopes of amendment of their condition. Some have been committed here for a term for safe custody and punishment in consequence of their persistence in error after repeated warnings. You will observe that a few are conscious of wrong-doing, and properly penitent. They will probably be released shortly with a ticket-of-leave and a certificate of their good behaviour, upon their signing a pledge not to give occasion for their detention here again. I regret to state that pledges of that kind are, in truth, of very little worth. But the majority endeavour to justify themselves, assert their innocence, or rather, I should say, brazen out their guilt. These are our most hopeless inmates."

"But in what respect have they sinned?"

"The worst offenders have been guilty of savage assault and battery upon the Queen's English. Of these there are not very many here at present. There has been some reform in that regard. Others have been convicted, after a fair trial, of passing hackneyed quotations, and the abuse of familiar expressions, trite illustrations, and figures of speech, &c. They have erred almost involuntarily in the first instance, but transgression of this kind soon becomes a habit. It's very like drinking, only perhaps less pleasant. Our inmates may be regarded in the light of literary dipsomaniacs. When they once begin there is no stopping them. They go on and on, from 'Consule Planco' to 'every inch a king,' from 'ab initio' to 'ad infinitum,' or 'hic jacet,' until, in short, you find them here."

"And you?" I said, turning to the curator.

"I was an author," he answered, bowing his head. "I own it, but I'm not proud of it. I am here for my sins. I have in my time used and abused every article contained in this institution without, so far as I can now call to mind, one single exception. I have ransacked our Poet's Corner, and made available the contents of our Orators' Refuge, even of Miller's Ward. I have little excuse to offer for my sins. Only this I would state. I had often to write under extreme pressure. I was once the esteemed contributor of a leading newspaper." He even mentioned the title of the journal. This I regret I cannot now recal. "But I can only assure you that I am now deeply penitent, and if my time were but to come over again—but that, of course, is impossible. I now hold the

office of curator of this institution, and am also a warning of what a popular writer may sink to. I do not hope that I shall ever live to be relieved of my present odious duties, though I cannot but think that there are many offenders equally guilty still at large in the world."

"Then all these are authors?" I said, pointing to the inmates of the large room.

"Of course they are; for what else did you take them? They are poets, historians, essayists, novelists, journalists; many of them enjoy the highest popularity. Surely you must know them; they cannot, indeed, be unknown to you or to any one. Why, their photographs are in all the shop windows, and in some cases have a prodigious sale. Look at them again."

I did so. Forthwith I recognised several of my most intimate literary friends. One of them, I remembered, I had called upon quite recently. I was told that he was from home; that he was not expected back for several days. It was true enough. He had come, or he had been brought to this most extraordinary asylum.

"Some of our patients," said the curator, perhaps reading my thoughts, "present themselves here quite voluntarily. They feel an attack coming on, and they know that they are safer here than anywhere else. The paroxysm over, they are immediately released. Others are quite incorrigible offenders; they are here for safe custody and reform, if that could reasonably be expected of them. But if released to-day, they would certainly recommence to-morrow their old evil courses; and they cannot be brought to a sense of their guilt. Strange to say, many are even proud of their cruel abuse of terms and their savage assaults upon language. They are as lunatics who dress themselves in all kinds of worn-out frippery and tawdry finery, and persist in believing that their appearance is thereby improved."

"I think I'll go now, please," I said; for it was painful to me to be standing thus gazing at so many afflicted acquaintances, although I should state that they appeared to be quite unconscious of my presence. But a strange uneasy feeling had come over me. I turned to depart. Suddenly I found opposite to me the face and figure of a man I knew well. He recognised me immediately. As I bowed, smiled, and advanced, he did the same. I put out my right hand to greet him. Strange! He stretched forth his left. Ah! I was looking at my own reflection in a large mirror!

"I thought as much," exclaimed the curator. "I've suspected it for some time, and now I'm convinced of it. You are an author; it's useless to deny it. You ought to be locked up here as much as any one. *You*, in your time, have made free, very free, with the Miller Ward. *You* have resorted frequently, too frequently, to our gallery of Familiar Illustrations, and all the rest of it. Our Figures of Speech have often posed before your desk. Your writings, I don't doubt, are full of them. Come, a brief stay in our sanatorium, a sharp course of remedial treatment will do you all the good in the world. Let me have the immediate pleasure of turning the key upon you."

"Never," I cried. "I have been guilty with the rest, no doubt. But," I added, resorting to the simple penitential phrase familiar to me in my childhood, "I will never do so any more."

I endeavoured to avoid him, but he arrested me by the collar to hinder my departure. A desperate struggle ensued. The curator's bunch of keys fell with a great crash. His paper robes were torn to shreds. "Another victim!" shrieked the inmates of the institution, suddenly perceiving the conflict, and hurrying towards us, dancing, leaping, and howling maniacally. I was surrounded. Still I fought with the curator. But it was impossible to hold him; his frail raiment gave way in my grasp. He was overpowering me. My last effort merely knocked off his tall, conical hat. Then, strangely, his aspect underwent a change. His features were transformed. Gradually he had ceased to be the curator. He was my cousin, Richard Roe, shaking my arm very violently indeed.

"Hullo, I say, old fellow," he observed, "you've been asleep, and having a jolly dream, by the look of you, no doubt. It comes of taking so much sherry at lunch. Now, come along, and see the mummies. They're no end of a lark."

"No, thank you," I answered. "I've seen mummies enough, and larks enough. Two killed by one stone!" I was talking incoherently. "Let me alone, please."

"But you'll be locked up if you stay here much longer."

"Locked up? Never; I'm not so lost as that comes to." Presently, I resumed, with greater sobriety, "You've had enough of exhibitions, I trust."

"Thank you, yes. I think I've seen all I want to. I shall go back home to-night by the late express."

"Thank Heaven! I mean I hope you've enjoyed your stay in town."

"Very fairly. Only at these exhibitions the worst of it is there's too much to be seen."

"I agree with you. There's a great deal too much to be seen; I've found it so. The lions of London, like other lions, are terribly devouring. They've made quite a meal of me."

I don't think he quite followed the meaning of my remarks. Indeed, he rarely did.

"Talking of meals, let's have done with sight-seeing and dine," he said.

It seemed to me I had never heard a more sensible speech. He had at last appreciated the fact that man has other faculties than those of eyes and ears, and that the dinner-table has attractions which lions cannot afford.

### MY SPANIARD'S MYSTERY.

It is just fifteen years since I revisited the north of Italy, and renewed my acquaintance with Venice. Lest you should mistake me at starting, and your interest in my little story collapse on learning the truth, I must tell you that I am neither a pretty widow, nor a handsome young gentleman, nor even a profuse and fastidious lord, but a middle-aged English bachelor. I am not rich, but I can do very much as I please, you understand, because, although my income would by no means, according to your ideas, make a wife and family comfortable, it suffices to make me very easy indeed.

I am popular among my friends; an affable traveller, easy of access. My tendency is in railway carriages, at a table d'hôte, in the galleries, nay, in the churches, and in the very streets, to ask questions, fall into talk, and add to the long muster-roll of my acquaintance. I am one of those gossiping and companionable persons who cannot enjoy sight-seeing, music, art, the theatre, quite alone. I believe I am good-natured, that is to say, a little officious, and I know I am inquisitive. I wear spectacles, and carry a good deal of copper coin loose in my coat-pockets.

I had not been at Venice two days, when I made the acquaintance of a Spanish gentleman who boasted the classic name of Gonzales.

He was a handsome man, and very accomplished; a fine musician, and a real

connoisseur in painting. He was a man who had thought and read, and seldom said anything that was not worth listening to. His great fault, as a companion, was that he was melancholy, and even gloomy. Nothing seemed really to interest him; not even dinner, which I confess I love.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, I liked his company, and cultivated his acquaintance. His conversation interested me, and he had, in a high degree, the quality of being always ready to accommodate his plans to his companion's; to walk or to row, to go to church or to the theatre; it was a polite apathy, which, while it showed how genuinely blasé he was, was yet a most convenient and comfortable attribute in the companion of a somewhat capricious and impulsive sight-seer like myself.

I was often tempted to compare my acquaintance with the gloomy Spaniard who, in the same romantic city, as you probably remember, sold the vial containing the bottle imp to the renowned German tourist.

I did not, every day, meet my Spaniard. I had made other acquaintances, and when I devoted a day, as I sometimes did, to exploring the older parts of the city, I took a gondola to myself, and made it a solitary excursion.

One day, while thus employed, floating on a dark canal in a luxury of contemplation and reverie, I saw some pictures in a window, very dirty, and "old enough to be good enough," as the old phrase has it; and thinking I might possibly pick up a bargain, I slipped from my gondola, and talked with the brown-eyed dealer in his studio, or rather in his workshop, for he seemed something of a "jack-of-all-trades." He led me up-stairs, after awhile, to a back room, where there were some better pictures. The window was open; a pet cat was sitting on the window-stone, in the sun, blinking demurely; two flower-pots, with geraniums in them, pleased the eye with a little bit of green and red. The sun was shining askance, and the light on the window-sill looked pleasant in the deep shadow of the rest of the room. There was a small picture there, a very good sketch, which he said was a Titian, and which he advised me to buy. The price he asked, however, was considerable; and I resolved, although I liked it, and was not deterred by the probable cost, to take my Spanish friend's opinion upon it, before making the purchase.

After I had looked at the pictures, and

bought one or two trifles, I walked to the open window, and stood there for a minute.

On a sudden there broke upon my ear a female voice of the most ravishing sweetness. The spell was irresistible. I held my breath and listened. I could distinguish the words, for the articulation was exquisitely distinct. I perceived them to be Latin; it was one of those ancient hymns that are composed in what is termed monkish rhyme. The air was so awful, though beautiful, that I trembled as I listened. I had never heard anything like it. It ceased as suddenly as it began, and I remained breathless for awhile in silence.

So soon as I was satisfied that the songstress had no intention of singing more for that time, I popped my head out of the window on the chance of detecting her as she peeped from her casement. I looked right and left, but, alas! nowhere was there a head out but my own.

I turned to the artist, who was smiling in the shade.

"What a neighbour you have!" I said. "What a divine singer! Who is she?"

"Your signoria will be perhaps surprised when I tell you that I know not even her name. They are two ladies—one at least is young. They go out now and then; they are dressed in mourning, and wear long black veils. I have seen them only once get into the gondola. I think they are poor."

I had half fallen in love with that voice. If I had been a young fellow I should have been in for an adventure.

"You have heard, though; it is only next door; I am sure with that voice—is she beautiful?"

"I have not heard, signor; I doubt whether any one except her friend and the one servant who accompanies her has seen her face since she came here."

"How long ago is that?"

"About a fortnight, signor."

"Well, her figure; you saw that as she came down the steps and entered the boat."

"Your signoria is right; I did; it is a very fine and graceful figure."

"Is she a singer? Is she on the stage?"

"I know not, signor, certainly not here; there is no opera at present."

"I am curious," I said; "such a voice as that should make all Europe ring; we must make out all we can about her. I'll visit your studio again in a day or two; perhaps you will have heard something more about her in the mean time."

Full of this resolution, I took my leave; haunted incessantly by a luxurious curiosity, and next day, in the afternoon, I called upon Don Gonzales in his lodgings on the Canale Grande.

He was talking to his servant as I was shown into his sitting-room, and seemed, I thought, embarrassed when he saw me. There were traces of agitation in his manner, man of the world though he was, while he spoke to me; and I observed that the old confidential servant looked also pale and distressed.

He signed to the man to leave the room; and so soon as we were alone, I told him that I had come to induce him to accompany me to see the sun set on the Lagunes.

"I was thinking of going to the church of Santa Maria della Salute this evening," he said, and seemed, I thought, unwilling to accept my proposal.

"Oh, yes," I recollected, "I heard there is to be some good singing there to-night; I don't mind if I go with you."

"I prefer your plan, however," he continued, as if I had not spoken; "by all means, let us see the sun set over Venice."

He took up his hat which he had laid upon a chair, having only a few minutes before come home from his ramble; and as I turned I saw the sketch which I had heard the day before attributed to Titian, placed upon a table, with its back leaning against the wall.

"I bought that yesterday," he said. "It was called a Titian; I have my doubts; but it certainly has something of the master about it."

I laughed a little; and he looked at me a good deal surprised.

"You must forgive me; but I saw that yesterday, and I had made up my mind to ask you to come and look at it."

"Oh! Then you were at Antonio Meloni's house?"

"I suppose so; I forgot his name, but I have it to a receipt."

"Yes," he said, "he has a great many pictures; a great deal of rubbish; but he has two or three things that may be of value. Did you stay long there?"

"No, a short time; and it would have been shorter, but for the most heavenly voice you can imagine."

"I hate heavenly voices out of place," said Gonzales, dryly.

"I don't agree with you there," I answered. "I think a beautiful voice heard unexpectedly gains so immensely by the surprise."

"That is exactly what I mean," he answered; "it gains so immensely that you don't perceive its inferiority to others. Let the same voice that charms you in a dingy street from a garret window, be heard before the footlights from the lips of the prima donna, surrounded by the splendours of the opera, and you will know its real quality. It will be hissed, very likely, off the stage."

"Not this one, I would stake my life on it. You must hear it."

"When you please; only let us come down; we shall miss the sunset if we delay much longer."

And so we got into our gondola, and glided eastward over that beautiful highway of the sea. I am no poet, but that wondrous old city of palaces predisposes me to the serene and melancholy rapture which is akin to poetry. We scarcely exchanged a word till we reached the Lido. I don't think my Spaniard was amusing himself with romantic fancies just then; on the contrary, his dark eyes were fixed moodily on the water through which we swept.

I called his attention to the scene. We had by this time glided from island to island, and stood exactly to the east of the beautiful city, its white phantom-like structures, its domes, and towers looming in deep purple shadow against the broad flood of red and golden sunset.

Gradually these beautiful tints faded, twilight came, and the moon began faintly to silver the waves.

I had observed one gondola, and one only, to leeward of us. I don't know how far away it was. It lay a little black mark on the water.

The gondola was motionless. I suppose the people in it were employed, as we had been, in contemplation of the beautiful scene. My companion had begun to grow chatty, a little excited even. He talked eloquently of the follies of youth, and the retributions of mature age.

"You are happy," he said; "you have no remorse to trouble you."

"Every one," said I, "has something to trouble him. I make it a rule to be as cheerful as I can."

"Every one," he said, "is, I fancy, as cheerful as he can be. But when you sink below a certain point, there is no recovery by your own effort. If we could only get rid of the relation of cause and effect, or if, when we have learned prudence, we could only pull up, and make a fresh start, emancipated from the Nemesis of the past, the mystery of life would lose its terror, and

the dreadful spell of necessity be broken. But no force is ever lost, consequences are eternal, and the chain of this dreadful law surrounds us. Here am I, an example of that immovable servitude, under an eternal yoke. What can release me? Nothing. Prayer? Will prayer dry up this sea, or roll back those stars in their course? You can enjoy that sparkling sea"—he threw some drops of it into the air with his fingers—"that sublime sky, and fading scene. But I cannot; the smoke of my torment spreads between it and me, and discolours and defaces all, the smell of death is everywhere, and I am already under my eternal bondage."

As he concluded this rhapsody, with a deep groan, he looked like a man fainting from a painful wound. He was white as death, and there was a strange clammy damp over his face and forehead.

"You brood too much over your vexations, be they what they may," I said, more shocked, however, than I allowed him to perceive. "That is the way to make oneself a hypochondriac."

"If you were suffering under a persecution, such as I endure, you would speak as I do," he answered, gloomily, "but lamentation is as vain as wishing. See, the mist begins to steal in from the sea. Shall we return to the city?"

I assented, and we began to move swiftly towards Venice, whose red lights were now reflected in multitudes of streaks upon the tremulous water.

In the thin white haze that was now dimming the city lights, and spreading over all things a transparent but delusive medium, a solitary boat—the same, I suppose, which we had seen nearly a mile to the east—came sweeping by us swiftly and silently, and on a sudden, clear and high as a bugle-call, a bar or two, and no more, rose the powerful voice I could not forget. The thrilling notes, swelling and soaring, swept by us, and all round, and seemed to die away in the distance with a sigh, and leave all again to silence. Already the boat, from which the ringing notes had come, looked like a thin, grey shadow far off in the mist, and, at the same strange speed as before, continued its flight, until we lost it among the shipping that lay between the Dogana and the quay of the Doge's palace.

"That is the voice I told you of. Isn't it magnificent?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is sweet, and it is powerful," he said; "do you perceive its third quality?"

"I don't quite see what you mean," I answered.

"Don't you perceive that it is the voice of a demon?" he replied.

I smiled, but I did not feel quite easy in his company; in fact, I began more than half to suspect that my companion was not "in his right mind," and I prudently resolved "to keep a civil tongue in my head," at least until we had reached terra firma; for my friend Gonzales could have soused me in the waves, and given me to the fishes, as easily as I could have drowned a kitten.

"My couriers precede me in couples," he said, after a long interval, during which he seemed to be thinking of some totally different subject. "One is sin, the other death. Choosing one, you must accept the other, and so they both have you. But I am dreaming, and my dreams are for no one but myself. Therefore, let us talk of other things. Ay, you like travelling?" he said, as we were nearing the quay, at the end of the Piazzetta, "because, perhaps, you have everything to keep you at home, at least, there is nothing to compel you to leave it. In my case it is different. 'Wandering stars, clouds driven of the wind;'" he made his quotation from the sonorous Latin of the Vulgate. "Even in a strange city I am never suffered to find rest for the sole of my foot. Pain drives me on; it is the punishment of the Wandering Jew. And although I shall not outlive my natural tale of years on earth, yet shall I find rest hereafter?"

We landed at the Piazzetta, and walked side by side under the two famous pillars, between which so many lives have come to a tragic end.

In the place of St. Mark gloomily he took his leave, having appointed next morning to go with me to my new acquaintance, the man from whom he had bought the sketch by Titian.

In the morning, however, when I called for him, he was gone; he had left the city, I was told, with his servant, and all his luggage, at daybreak. He was represented only by a little note, in which he told me that sudden business in another part of the world had called him away, adding some civil generalities about a chance of meeting me again before long in my wanderings through Europe. My curiosity, therefore, was balked for the present.

Nearly two years had passed before I returned to England, where, for a time, I led very much the life of a tourist.

In the year 1856, I passed a month at the

It is small, surrounded with trees, and has many quaint and even curious old houses in its High-street, and one of the prettiest old churches I ever beheld. It does not contain a spot from which you have not a peep at the green fields and woodlands that surround it. Nothing can be more quiet, rural, and antique. You feel in those serene and old-world precincts as if you had been carried back two centuries, and found yourself among the simple folk and manners of George Herbert's and Izaak Walton's days.

I had not been in that pretty little town a week, when in the quaint High-street I saw a face which I fancied I had seen before. It was that of a thin, grave man, with a brown face—a foreigner. I saw him look at me, I thought, with a half recognition and a hesitating smile. It emboldened me to stop and ask him if I had not met him before.

Yes; he was the servant of my old Spanish friend, Gonzales.

Was he in Wykebridge?

No, he was to arrive next day, and the servant had just taken lodgings for him.

I was curious to see this man once more, although, on the whole, I hardly knew whether the prospect of his arrival pleased me.

The country about Wykebridge is, to my mind, quite beautiful. It breaks here and there into glens, precipitous, rocky, and wooded, with nearly always a little stream flowing deep down in their shadow through the thickets and broader foliage of their hollow windings. There are wider valleys of greater length, and now and then a bold stretch of level moor or sloping sheep-walk. Near the straggling town, among little hills and hollows, surrounded by lofty trees, and the long grass and grey tombstones of its churchyard, stands the pretty little church I have mentioned.

I arrived in the evening, and had tea; and by this time, seeing that a beautiful moon was shining over Wykebridge and all its hills and trees, I was tempted to take a stroll in that enchanting light. A stroll with a cigar or two in such a scene is a rather desultory business, and I presently heard the clock over the town-hall strike ten. In my homeward ramble I found myself near the grey tower of the old church surrounded with its majestic trees. Between two open piers a short avenue, lined with immense lime-trees, led up, in the shade, to an iron gate, between the bars of which I saw the tombstones, white in the moonshine.

tiguity with this haunted-looking spot; so I turned about and sat down on the fallen trunk of a great tree about half-way down the avenue.

There was just air enough to make a low, melancholy sighing in the trees above me; and faintly over the now silent fields and hedge-rows floated the distant chimes of a quarter-past ten from the old town clock.

There had been stealing over me the "pleasing terror" that in maturer hours recalls at times something of the thrill, without the panic, of the supernatural alarms of the nursery, when on a sudden two black figures, draped in long garments, and separated from me only by the narrow road, passed down the avenue from the churchyard as noiselessly as the shadows of a cloud might glide over the grass.

I lost sight of them almost as soon as I saw them. I confess I was considerably startled; and as soon as I felt a little more myself I hastened to escape from the profound darkness of these trees, and was glad to find myself once more under the clear light upon the open road.

Next evening I revisited the scene of my adventure.

A stile admits into this picturesque churchyard, and a portion of it at the north side is thickly planted with flowers. I walked about here in a contemplative mood among the tombs, reading the inscriptions, and, with an indolent melancholy, moralising on the trite but solemn themes they suggested. All within these precincts seemed deserted; but on a sudden, through a church window that was open, the plaintive swell of the organ came.

I paused delighted, for I instantly recognised the hand of a master in the sublime art. I listened in a rapture to the ever-varying chords that swelled and faded, forming those glorious transitions and undulations of sound that roll and melt one into the other like the prismatic hues in the clouds with a magnificent graduation. I withdrew to a little distance, and sat down at the foot of a tombstone.

The sun had set when the sound of the organ ceased; and the solemn sky and hour enhanced the impression its music had made. As I rose, a few minutes later, I heard the iron gate clang, and I saw two ladies in deep mourning, who had evidently just passed out, disappear among the trees and underwood that grow about the entrance. At the same time the sexton made his appearance, with the church key in his hand, and I at once, full of curiosity, accosted him.

The younger of the two ladies I had

seen was, I learned from him, the skilled performer whose music had so delighted me. They had arrived only a few days before in the town, had taken lodgings in an old house in a very quiet situation, and seemed to be in deep affliction. Their only pleasure appeared to be that derived from visits to the organ-loft in the old church. The sexton had two keys, and had lent, with the vicar's sanction, one of them to these ladies. No doubt the sexton had his own reasons for obliging them, which were no business of mine.

For the organ these ladies had such a passion that, in defiance of churchyard superstitions, they had visited the church by night more than once.

This, no doubt, explained my mysterious encounter of the night before.

That woman who played so divinely, and brought out with such transcendent effect the limited capabilities of an organ not much more powerful than average country-church organs, must be a genius. I was thinking that she ought to be taken up by some rich lover of music, and cultivated into a prodigy.

As I followed my desultory train of thought, I approached the town circuitously, through a rocky hollow, which soon assumed the character of a wooded ravine.

Presently I heard a hasty step approaching. I raised my eyes, and beheld Gonzales. I was shocked. Little more than two years had passed since I had last seen him, and he seemed twenty years older. His hair was white as snow, and lines of malignant pain appeared in his face. His great dark eyes were the only features that retained their youth. Their fire had increased; they were unnaturally vivid.

"I have been miserably ill since I saw you; you see a ruin; but the worst, I hope, is over," he said, "and now I am determined to be happier than heretofore; I have made a successful run, I hope, from my afflictions. I have scarcely stopped three times, and not a day each, on my route from Vienna to this quiet English nook; and I have seen no enemy all that way. Hitherto, like a man who walks away from the sun, I have projected a shadow before me. Go where I would, I have been always preceded by those who seek my ruin. I have found hope at last. They drove me from Venice as they did, afterwards, from Malaga, from St. Petersburg, from Berlin, from Malta. Their power is expended, not their malice. I am well advised; I believe my bondage is over, and I am free. Let us now speak of other things."

So he began to talk agreeably, and even cheerfully; insomuch that I became interested, and even amused by his conversation, and gradually I got over, not only the shock of the change which so short a time had wrought in his appearance, but the kind of antipathy with which his strange wild talk here, and at Venice, had inspired me. I was soon very glad that he had come. We rambled together by footpaths and stiles to the village; and I parted with him at the door of his lodgings, having appointed to take a short walk in the moonlight an hour or two later.

Before our appointed hour he called for me. We directed our steps along a road which I had not yet tried; steep and narrow it was, and the woodbine that clung in the hedge of hawthorn and hazel at its side, diffused a delicious perfume in the air. By a curve this sequestered road united itself with that by which I had repeatedly walked before, and quite unexpectedly I found myself again under the noble lime-trees and the grey tower of the church. We turned up the broad avenue; it was at this moment intensely dark, for rising clouds had just screened the moon. Looking through the iron gate of the churchyard, I saw from the window near which I had sat that day to listen, a large square patch of light thrown upon the grass. I instantly concluded that the mysterious musician was making one of her nocturnal visits to the organ; I touched my companion's arm, and in a low tone told him to follow me noiselessly. I heard the faint peal of the organ as we approached. We picked our steps softly among the stones and graves, and took our seats at the foot of the great flag which had served me for the same purpose some hours before. My companion seemed strangely interested by the music. In a little time he became even agitated; he pressed his hand on my arm, and whispered, "Let us go."

I rose, but he hesitated. "No," he said, "I can't yet; I can't."

As I listened, to my amazement, the music suddenly broke into that wild and awful hymn which I had heard through the window of the old house in Venice; the air had seized upon my imagination; the organ ceased, and shrill and terrible the voice I had heard in Venice thrilled me. So powerful was the effect that I had instantly risen to my feet, and had turned toward the open window without being conscious, for some time afterwards, that I had altered my position.

In the window stood the two black figures. They had thrown back their veils.

A tall old woman, not thin, with a face unnaturally white, and a fixed smile of horrible benignity, was gazing with large eyes full at us. In her left hand she held a candle that seemed to my scared sense to emit an almost unbearable light. A graceful, girlish figure was leaning with its head resting on the old woman's right shoulder. She had passed her right arm over the girl's neck, and with it seemed to direct her hand toward us. If this girl was elegantly formed, and her attitude full of grace, her pallid face, scarred as it seemed with fire, and her blind, white eyeballs turned toward us with a faint smile as she sang, were revolting enough to make the whole image frightful.

As she reached the end of the hymn the older woman extinguished the light, and all in a moment was dark and silent, except that a sound like wings in the air seemed to pass close over my shoulder.

We left the place. My first distinct recollection is that of finding myself side by side with my Spanish companion, at the end of the short road leading up to the church. We were still under the great trees, and he, as we walked on, was upbraiding me fiercely for seeking to gratify my curiosity by practising an experiment upon him.

I assured him and I think satisfied him, at length, that no such motive had entered my mind.

He walked on in an agitated way, and was silent until we had nearly reached the town. Then, stopping on a little eminence that overlooked it, he said:

"I shall leave this place in the morning. It is now plain that nowhere on earth can I find rest for the sole of my foot. You do not understand the nature of the persecution under which my health, my energy, my youth have vanished. If you care to hear a story that will amaze and horrify you, I will relate it before we finally part. At this moment I am not able."

We pursued our way homeward, and I parted from him at the door of his lodgings. I returned to mine, nervous, and a prey to new alarms. I was so visibly and disagreeably haunted by the group I had seen in the church window, that for a long time I remained in my sitting-room, ruminating upon the adventure, and no longer doubtful that these persons were connected with the sufferings of Gonzales.

I scarcely slept that night; the moment I closed my eyes those frightful figures appeared before me as I had seen them in the window of the church.



At daybreak I got up and dressed. I was nervous and gloomy; it was a relief to have done with that haunted night, and I longed to hear the confession of my Spaniard.

At nine o'clock I walked to his lodgings, which occupied the drawing-room floor of one of half a dozen old and roomy houses that form a short street diverging from the High-street.

You enter this street between the back walls and old garden trees of the corner houses of the High-street, and at the further end a thick clump of fine old elms closes the perspective with piles of sombre foliage. Thus these few old houses acquire an isolated and gloomy air.

The servant-girl was standing on the steps, looking down the quiet approach, as I drew near. From her I learned what a little surprised me. A few minutes after I had taken leave of Gonzales, the night before, he had gone out alone.

He had not returned during the night, and his servant had been out since, before eight o'clock, in search of him.

Near the town, as I think I have told you, there is a narrow by-road, which finds its way into a deep and dark glen, wooded throughout, and with here and there sides, not of jagged and graduated rock, but perpendicular as a wall.

At a very dark corner of this glen, under a steep cliff which rises in the shadow from the edge of the narrow road, the body of the missing man, late in the evening, was found among weeds and brushwood, mangled and lifeless.

The clouds had cleared, by the time he had gone out again, on the night before, and there was bright moonlight, so that his fall from the edge of the precipice could hardly be referred to accident.

The sun had set as I mounted the stairs of the Spaniard's lodgings, conducted by his servant, to the room where the body lay.

It was a large square wainscoted apartment in the front of the house.

The body lay upon the bed. Whatever his story and his sufferings were, they were now

Hushed into depths beyond the watcher's diving.

I had expected to meet the village doctor at the bedside; but no one, except its cold and awful tenant, was in the room as we entered. The windows were wide open. Along the roof of the substantial old house

opposite, the golden light of sunset was lingering. All below lay like the silent street itself, in grey shadow. The windows on the corresponding floor, in the house opposite, were wide open also, as I observed, on turning after my melancholy contemplation of the dead face.

I was now looking through them into the shadowy interior; I fancied I saw something moving there. I asked the servant if he knew who lodged over the way. He said he understood that the tenants were two ladies who were in great affliction.

Again I fixed my eyes, and after some time, standing back in the room to escape the light, I began to see the outlines and tints of things dimly in the apartment, as one sees them come out, under the sponge and varnish of the cleaner, in an old Dutch picture.

With a strange chill, I saw again the same figures and faces, grouped exactly as I had looked at them the night before; and the same hateful air stole sweetly, shrilly out upon the gentle evening air, and trembled in the room where I stood.

The servant had left the apartment. I hurried from it, closing the door, and leaving it full of that music, not without a strange fear that, even now, the fatal sounds might wake the rigid form upon the bed.

I had contracted a horror of these weird women. I passed out by the back door, and as I paced through the garden, under the old trees, to make my escape through the lane in the rear, I still heard the same strange music, though faintly, in the air above me. I hurried away from that place; my ear was not as yet haunted by the air, as my retina was by the hated group. That night I left Wykebridge for London, and went on to some friends in Cornwall. I could not dissociate those two recluse women in black from the supernatural. I lived in terror of remembering the strain of music, which seemed to me to possess an unearthly power, and instinctively I felt that if it had fixed itself in my memory, the rapport commenced by the organ of sight would have been established, and I should gradually have become the victim of a mysterious persecution.

Thank Heaven! I never saw them more. Nor did I ever learn more of the secret of Gonzales, and I think that, with respect to my Spaniard's mystery, there does not live a human being capable of enlightening me.

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 193. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1872.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER V. PARSON'S WORK.

MARTIN GURWOOD had a disturbed ride to Hendon. The difficulty of the task which he had undertaken to discharge seemed to increase as he progressed towards his destination, and he lay back in the cab buried in thought, revolving in his mind the best manner of breaking the fearful news of which he was the bearer, and wondering how it would be received. From time to time he raised himself to gaze at the prettiness of the scenery through which he was passing, to look at the wild, gorse-covered expanse of Hampstead Heath, and to refresh his eyes, wearied with the dull monotony of the London bricks and the glare of the London pavement, with that soft greenery which is so eminently characteristic of our northern suburbs; but the thought of the duty before him prevented his enjoying the sight as he otherwise would, and resuming his reverie, he remained absorbed until he roused himself at the entrance of Hendon village.

"There is the finger-post that Statham spoke of, and the little pond close by," he said to himself. "It is no use taking the cab any further; I suppose I had better make the best of my way to Rose Cottage on foot." So saying, he raised his stick, and, obedient to the signal, the cabman drew up at the side of the road. "You had better go and put up your horse at the inn," said Martin to him; "it has been a long pull for him, poor animal, and I shall have some little time before I want to return." The driver carefully inspected his fare.

He had come a long way, and was now setting down, not at any house, not at any lodge, but in an open country road. "Was it a case of—no!" The gravity of Martin Gurwood's face, the length of his coat, the spotless stiffness of his white cravat, had their effect even on this ribald of the cab rank.

"You will come for me, sir, then, to the public when you want me?" he said, touching his hat with his forefinger, and drove away contented.

Then Martin Gurwood, following Statham's directions, walked slowly up the little street, took the turning leading to the church, and looked out for Rose Cottage. There it was, standing some distance back from the road, with the ruddy glow of the Virginia creeper not yet wholly gone from it. Martin Gurwood stopped at the garden gate and looked at the little paradise, so trim and orderly, so neatly kept, so thoroughly comfortable, and yet so fully unpretentious, with the greatest admiration. Then he lifted the latch and walked towards the house.

The gate swung to behind him, and Alice, who was in her bedroom hearing little Bell her lessons, heard the clanging of the latch. She laid down the book, and stopping the child's babbling by her uplifted finger, leant her head to listen.

"What is it, mamma?" asked little Bell, in wonderment.

"Hush, dear," said Alice, "I heard the garden gate. No sound of wheels! Then he cannot have brought his luggage—still it must be John!" She rose from her seat and hurried down the stairs into the little hall. Just as she reached the half glass-door, and had her hand upon the lock, a man stepped into the portico, the figure was strange to her—it was not John.

She thought she would have fainted; her grasp on the door relaxed, and she staggered against the wall. Seeing her condition, the gentleman entered the hall, took her with a kind firm hold by the arm, and led her into the dining-room, the door of which stood open. She went passively, making no resistance, taking as it were no notice, but throwing herself into a chair, and staring blankly at him, stricken dumb with sickening apprehension.

"I am speaking to Mrs.—Mrs. Claxton?" he said, after a moment's pause, in a soft, kind voice.

He was a young man she began to notice, fair and good-looking, and dressed in clerical garb. That last fact had a peculiar significance for her. In the far north-east of England, on the sea-coast, where some of Alice's early days had been passed, it was the practice of the fishermen, when one of their number had been lost, to get the parson to go to the newly made widow and break the news to her. In a stormy season Alice had often seen the sable-garbed messenger proceeding on his doleful mission, and the remembrance of him and of the "parson's work," as it was called, when he was so engaged, rose vividly before her, and inspired her with sudden terror.

"You are a clergyman?" she said, looking hard at him.

"I am," he replied, still in the same soft tone. "My name is Gurwood—Martin Gurwood; and I have come here to——"

"You have come here to tell me something dreadful—I know it, I feel it—something dreadful about my husband!"

She pushed her hair back from off her face, and leaned forward on the table, looking at him, her eyes staring, her lips apart. Martin thought he had scarcely ever seen anything so beautiful.

"My visit to you certainly relates to Mr. Claxton," he began, and then he hesitated and looked down.

"Ah!" she cried, immediately noticing his confusion. "It is about John, then. There is something wrong, I know. Tell me all about it at once. I can bear it. I am strong—much stronger than I look. I entreat you not to keep me in suspense!"

"I am deeply grieved for you, madam," said Martin, "for you are right in anticipating that I bring bad news about Mr. Claxton. During his absence from home, he was attacked by a very sharp illness."

"He was ill when he left here," cried Alice. "I knew it, and Mr. Broadbent,

the doctor, knew it too, though I could not get him to say so. He ought not to have gone away. I ought not to have let him go. Now tell me, sir, pray; he has been very ill, you say; is he better?"

"I trust he is better," said Martin, solemnly.

Something in his tone struck Alice at once. "Ah," she cried, with a short sharp scream, "I know now—he is dead!" And covering her face with her hands, she sobbed violently.

Martin Gurwood sat by, gazing at her with tear-dimmed eyes. He was not a man given to the reading of character; he had not been in the room with this girl for more than five minutes, he had not exchanged ten sentences with her, and yet he was certain that Humphrey Statham was perfectly right in the estimate which he had formed of her, and that however cruelly she might have been treated, she herself was wholly innocent.

After some moments, Alice raised her head from out her hands. "I can listen to you now," she said, very quietly; "will you tell me all about it? I suppose it was the fact of my recognising you as a clergyman that gave me the intuitive knowledge that something dreadful had happened, and that you had come to tell me all. I am ready to hear it now!"

Martin Gurwood was horribly discomposed at this. He felt he could give her no information, for it would be impossible to tell her that the man whom she supposed to be her husband had died on the day that he left Hendon, as she would naturally inquire why the news of his death had so long been kept from her, and Martin owed to himself that he was not good at invention. He did not know what to say, and he therefore remained silent, his hand fluttering nervously round his mouth.

"My dear madam," commenced Martin, with much hesitation, "beyond the awful fact, there is indeed nothing to tell."

She looked disappointed for an instant; then striving to control the working of her lips, she said: "Did he ask for me? did he speak of me before—before— Ah, my darling John! My dear, good old John, kindest, best, and dearest. I cannot bear it; what shall I do!" She broke down utterly, and again buried her face, down which the tears were streaming, in her hands.

Knowing the impossibility of affording her any relief, Martin Gurwood sat helplessly by. He could only wait until the

outburst of grief should moderate; he knew that it was of no use attempting to check it, so he waited.

Presently, she raised her head. "I thought I had more command over myself," she said. "I did not know I was so weak. But when there is any occasion for me to act, I shall be found strong enough. Tell me, sir, if you please—where is he? When will they bring him home?"

Martin Gurwood was not prepared for this question; it was not one of those which he had talked over with Statham. Its being put so straightforward and direct, was a contingency which he never contemplated, and he knew not how to meet it.

"Where is he?" repeated Alice, observing his hesitation. "There is perhaps some difficulty about his being brought here."

"There—there is," said Martin Gurwood, catching at the chance.

"Then I will go to him! I will be taken to him at once!"

"There will be some difficulty about that, my dear madam," said Martin. "I am afraid it cannot be managed so easily as you seem to anticipate."

"Difficulty! Cannot be managed! I do not understand what you mean, sir!"

"Why," said Martin, hesitating worse than ever, "you see that—in these matters—"

"In these matters who should be with them, who should be by them," cried Alice, "but their nearest and dearest? Who shall tell me not to go to my husband? Who shall gainsay my right to be by him at such a time? He had no relatives; he was mine—mine alone, and I was all the world to him! Oh, my dear old John!" And again she burst into an agony of tears.

Martin Gurwood was almost at his wits' end. He foresaw that if the question were put to him again—as it would be put, he knew, so soon as her access of grief was over—if Alice again called upon him to take her to her husband, in default of any reasonable excuse he should probably be forced to confess the truth, and then he must be prepared to take the consequences, which he knew would be serious. This girl's utter prostration and humiliation, Mrs. Calverley's first outburst of rage, and subsequent malignant revenge, the shattering of the dead man's reputation, and the despicable slander and gossip which would ensue, Martin Gurwood thought of all these; knew that their being called into

action was dependent on how to manage to get through the next few minutes. Why on earth had he undertaken this business? Why had not Statham, whose experience in such matters ought to have forewarned him that such a point was likely to arise, why had he not instructed him how to deal with it? From her point of view this poor girl was, no doubt, strictly right. She considered herself to be the dead man's widow (Martin had now not the smallest doubt on that point), and was therefore perfectly justified in demanding to be taken to him. Even if Martin Gurwood's conscience would have absolved him from telling a white lie on the occasion, his inventive powers were not of calibre sufficient to devise the necessary fiction; he felt there was no chance for him but to tell Alice as little of the truth as would satisfy her, in as roundabout a manner as he could manage, and then to risk the result.

Just as he had arrived at this determination he raised his eyes, and saw a little child run past the window. A small, delicate-looking girl, with long fair hair streaming down her shoulders, prettily, even elegantly dressed, and laughing heartily as she pursued a large elastic ball which bounded before her. Martin saw her but for an instant, then she disappeared down the garden path.

But that momentary glimpse was sufficient to give Martin Gurwood an idea. And when Alice raised her tear-blurred face, now stern with the expression of a set and determined purpose, he was to a certain extent prepared for her.

"You must take me to my husband," she said, quietly. "I am grateful to you for coming here, Mr.—"

"Gurwood—my name is Martin Gurwood."

"I am grateful to you for coming here, Mr. Gurwood, and for the delicate manner in which you have performed your task. But now I wish to be taken to my husband. I have a right to make that claim, and I do so!"

"My dear madam," said Martin Gurwood, in the same quiet tone, but with much more firmness than he had hitherto exhibited, "I will not allow that you owe me the smallest obligation; but if you did, the way in which you could best repay me would be by exciting yourself as little as possible. Under these most painful circumstances, you must not give way, Mrs. Claxton; you must keep up as best you can, for the sake of his memory, for the

sake of the child which he has left behind him."

"Little Bell? the child who is playing in the garden, and who just now passed the window?"

"Yes, a fragile, fair, bright-looking mite."

"Little Bell! She is not Mr. Claxton's child, sir, nor mine, but she is another living proof of John's goodness, and thoughtfulness, and care for others." She rose from her seat as she spoke, and wandered in a purposeless manner to the window. "So thoughtful, so unselfish, so generous," she murmured. "It is three years ago since little Bell first came here."

"Indeed," said Martin, delighted at the unexpected reprieve, and anxious to divert her thoughts as long as possible from the one dread subject. "Indeed. And where did she come from?"

"From the workhouse," said Alice, not looking at him, but gazing straight before her through the window, against which her forehead was pressed; "from the workhouse. It was John's doing that we brought her here—all John's doing. It was from Mr. Tomlinson, the clergyman," she continued, in a low tone, and with a certain abrupt incoherence of manner, "that we heard about it—such cold weather, with the snow lying deep in the fields. Mr. Tomlinson told us that they had found her lying against a haystack in one of Farmer Mullins's fields, half frozen, and with a baby at her breast. So thin and pale and delicate she looked when we went down to see her lying in the workhouse bed. She had been starved as well as frozen, Mr. Broadbent said, and her cheeks were hollow, and there were great dark circles round her eyes. But she must have been pretty, oh, so pretty. Her chestnut hair was soft and delicate, and her poor thin hands, almost transparent, were white and well-shaped."

In his first relief from the repetition of her demand which he expected Alice would make, Martin Gurwood did not pay much attention to the commencement of her little story, but as it progressed his interest became excited, and at this point he left his chair and stood by her at the window.

"Who was she?" he asked. "Where did she come from?"

"We never knew," said Alice, shaking her head. "She never spoke from the time they found her until her death, two days after; but she had never been married; there was no wedding-ring on her finger,

and when they told me that, I turned to John and spoke to him."

"Do you recollect what you said?" asked Martin, half with a desire to satisfy his own curiosity, half wishing to lead her on."

"Recollect?" said Alice. "I remember the very words. 'Oh John,' I said, 'my dear old John, isn't it an awful thing to think how this poor creature has been deceived; you may depend upon it, John,' I said, 'that the man who has brought her to this shame made her a promise of marriage, or deceived her in some cruel and heartless manner.'"

"Did you say that?" asked Martin, in a low voice.

"I did, and more. 'Her death will lie at his door, John,' I said, 'as surely as if he had killed her with his hand. He did kill her, first her soul and then her body, and he will be held responsible for the murder of each!' I recollect then that John threw his arms around me, and implored me to stop. His face was quite white, and the tears were streaming down his cheeks, for he had the tenderest heart. And then when the poor girl died, he proposed that we should take the baby and adopt it for our own, and we did so. Strange it was, I recollect, that for weeks after that, whenever John was at home, and in one of his silent moods, which came upon him first about that time, I would see him of an evening, when he thought I was not looking at him, with his eyes fixed upon me, and with the tears stealing down his cheeks."

Was it strange, knowing what he did? Martin thought not, but he did not speak.

"He was thinking of that poor girl, I suppose," murmured Alice, half to herself; "thinking of all the troubles and sufferings she had gone through; thinking, I shouldn't wonder, that they might have been mine, if I had not been mercifully placed in a different position, and out of the reach of temptation, for he had the tenderest heart, and he loved me so dearly—oh, so dearly, that the mere thought of anything happening to me to cause me pain or suffering, was enough to make him utterly wretched." Then the sense of her situation dawning again upon her, she cried out: "And now he is lost to me for ever! There is no one now to think of or take care of me! We were all in all to each other, and now I am left alone in the world; what shall I do, oh, what shall I do!"

It had been Martin Gurwood's lot, in the

discharge of his clerical duties, to listen a hundred times in his life to this despairing wail from women just robbed of their husbands by death: a hundred times had he cheered the darkened and dispirited soul with recapitulations of the Almighty goodness, with the hope that the parting from the loved and lost one was but temporary, and not of long duration, and that in the future the two reunited might enjoy an eternity of bliss such as they had never known here. What could he say to the woman now grovelling before him in her misery and despair? What word of encouragement, what scrap of hope could he whisper into her dulled ear? How could he, with the fearful knowledge which he had acquired, speak to her of the future of this man, whose memory she so blindly worshipped, ignorant of the manner in which he had basely betrayed her? How could he even speak kindly of the dead man's past, and echo the terms of affection in which she mentioned him, knowing, as he did, the full measure of the deceit and iniquity practised upon her by the man whom she imagined to have been her husband?

No! In all Martin Gurwood's clerical career (and the experiences of a zealous and earnest clergyman in an agricultural district are fraught with far more horrors, and tend to a far lower appreciation of the human race than the uninitiated can imagine), he had never had to deal with such a case as this. In his reproof he could temper justice with mercy, in his consolation he could bid "despair and anguish flee the struggling soul," but to attempt now to cast down the idol from its pedestal, to attempt to show to the heart-broken woman, whose sobs were resounding through the room, that the man whose loss she was deploring had been her worst and bitterest enemy, to point out that the emotion which he had exhibited at the story of the outcast woman and her baby, was merely caused by "the conscience prick and the memory smart," proving to him the similarity of his own crime with that of the man on whom he was invited to sit in judgment—to do all or any of this was beyond Martin Gurwood's power; he ought to have done it, he knew, but he was only human after all, and he decided to leave it alone.

The story of the frozen woman with the baby in her arms—his thoughts had wandered away to that—slight and delicate was she, and with long chestnut hair—what

a strange coincidence! That this man, who had himself deceived a young and trusting woman, should by his unsuspecting victim be called upon to exercise his charity towards another victim, should be expected to denounce the crime of which he had himself been guilty! How strange to think that—Martin was interrupted in his reverie by a movement on Alice's part. She had risen to her feet, twisted her dishevelled hair into a knot behind her head, and stood pale and statuesque before him.

"I shall be ready in five minutes," she said, "and I shall then expect you to take me straight to where my husband's body is lying. If you refuse to do so, I shall call upon you to tell me where it is—to give me the address. I have a right as his wife—oh, my God!" she moaned—"as his widow! to demand that, and I shall do so."

The critical time had arrived! Martin knew that, and felt stronger and more self-reliant than he had anticipated. The fact was, that he thought he saw a way of tiding the matter over until he could communicate with Humphrey Statham, and possibly get his friend to take the burden of the disclosure upon himself.

"My dear madam," he said, "I can quite appreciate your anxiety, which is perfectly natural under the circumstances, and which I shall be most anxious to alleviate, but I must ask you to have a little patience. This evening—should you still wish it—you shall be taken to the place where Mr. Claxton's body was conveyed."

"Where is that place, Mr. Gurwood?" cried Alice. "There is some mystery about this which I do not understand; I insist upon knowing where this place is!"

"You shall know," said Martin, quietly. "The place to which the body was conveyed, was Mr. Calverley's house in Great Walpole-street."

"Mr. Calverley's! What, John's partner?"

"Mr. Calverley, of Mincing-lane. You have heard of him?"

"Oh, a thousand times. Mr. Claxton was a sleeping partner in the house of Calverley and Company, you know. Oh, of course it was quite natural that my poor darling should be carried there! I am so relieved, Mr. Gurwood. I was afraid that poor John had been taken to some horrid place, and thought that was the reason why you objected to my going there; but as he is at Mr. Calverley's house——"

"For that reason you must defer going there until the evening," said Martin Gur-

wood, with more firmness than he had hitherto shown. "This sad event has thrown the house into great confusion, and it will be necessary that I should go back and apprise Mrs. Calverley, whom you do not know, I think, of your intention of coming there to-night."

"I suppose you are right," said Alice, in a disappointed tone. "I suppose, even at such a dreadful time as this, there are regulations and observances which must be respected. Will you promise me that you will come to me this evening?"

"Either I myself or some friend whom I can trust," said Martin. "And now I must leave you, for the time is short, and I have a great deal to do in it."

He took one glance at her pale, tearful face, with even more than interest, and withdrew.

He was thinking to himself how very beautiful she was, when his reflections were checked by his catching sight of a female figure, in a black cloak, in the path before him.

On his near approach the lady raised her veil, and to his astonished eyes revealed the features of Madame Du Tertre.

### STONEHENGE; WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE usual autumn manoeuvres will this year be held on the broad expanse of Salisbury Plain. A nobler arena could not be selected for the purpose. But it is not to discuss the military question, or anything connected with it, that I take up the pen; but to direct in advance the attention of the thousands of spectators who will be attracted to the spot to one of the most venerable monuments of antiquity that remain on the globe—the ruins of Stonehenge. Ruins, alas! they are, but precious relics of a pre-historic age, of which we know but little, though we may guess a great deal. There are many monuments of antiquity still remaining in England that, if destroyed, could be restored—as York Minster was, and as Warwick Castle will be—but there are other and still more interesting memorials of the past, which, if destroyed, could never be restored, and which, running no risk from fire, are nevertheless exposed to a greater danger than that arising from any anger of the elements short of an earthquake—the danger of piecemeal removal at the hands of the owners of the ground on which

they stand, or the ruthless utilitarianism of people who would not scruple to pave a road, or build a barn or a wall with the precious relics of antiquity. Need it be said that the monuments referred to are the Druidical stones still left standing in mysterious antiquity at Avebury, in Wiltshire, and those equally mysterious, but grander and more sublime, in the centre of Salisbury Plain, and known to the whole civilised world under the comparatively modern name of Stonehenge?

Had our ancestors been as wise and provident as they might have been, even so late as three centuries ago, these singular remnants of a dead religion and a worn-out civilisation might have been made national property, and preserved at the national expense from the hands of the spoiler. But this unfortunately was not done; and of the great temples of Avebury and Stonehenge, but little now remains to testify to the Titanic architecture of the people who inhabited the British Isles a thousand years before the invading hosts of Julius Cæsar set foot upon the shore. The Avebury stones have suffered greatly from the depredations of the Wiltshire farmers and proprietors. In the year 1648, when John Aubrey, the antiquary, visited the place, he counted sixty-three of the pillars still standing within the circular trench. In 1720, Doctor Stukeley found only twenty-three remaining; and in 1812, Sir Richard Hoare found but seventeen. At present only two monoliths of the great western avenue are standing. The rest have been broken into pieces, and removed—possibly to build pigstyes, possibly to build barns or out-houses for the greedy or unthinking depredators, who never heard of the difference between a Druidical high-priest, who lived three thousand years ago, and a clodhopper who perpetrated these acts of Vandalism the day before yesterday. For some time past the antiquaries and scholars of Wiltshire and elsewhere have been up in arms to prevent these encroachments—but "may not a man do what he will with his own?" And as the scholars and antiquaries were either unable or unwilling to purchase the land and its precious relics from the legal owners, these latter did as seemed best in their own eyes, and left scholarship and antiquarianism to show their teeth in the approved British fashion—without biting. Fortunately, one gentleman with the means, the knowledge, and the public spirit, was found to do what ought long ago to have been done by the

State. Sir John Lubbock stepped forth to the rescue of Avebury, and by his liberality its monuments will be preserved as they stand—safe from all further danger. But ought such priceless relics of the early British people—as old as, or it may be older than, the Pyramids—be exposed to such forlorn hopes as this? And ought not the British nation, though late in the work (but not too late), determine once for all that a greater than Avebury, the grand, the weird, the mysterious, the awful Stonehenge, shall no longer be at the mercy of the owners of Salisbury Plain, and all that stands thereon, but be preserved for ever as the property of the British nation? It would not cost much, and if the cost were a hundred times greater than it is possible to be, it would not be too great to pay for the preservation of so mighty a monument of our earliest ancestors.

Though everybody in these days of reading is supposed to know all about everything (especially if they are candidates for employment under the government, and are to undergo the crucial torture of a competitive examination), nobody knows much about Stonehenge, except that it stands upon Salisbury Plain, and is the imperfect and comparatively small remnant of a much larger edifice; that it consists of two circles—an inner and an outer—the outer composed of a number of huge monoliths, and connected at the top by architraves of similar monoliths, many of which have fallen from their places by the action of time, or the more ruthless agency of man; and that in all probability the edifice was a temple or place of worship, erected by the earliest inhabitants of Great Britain, perhaps two thousand years before the Christian era. Indeed, some writers, so great is their reverence for these remains, and so decided their opinion of their vast antiquity, have not hesitated to express their belief that they were erected before the days of Noah, and are the only architectural remains of the "World before the Flood."

In matters relating to pre-historic times, names have the value of things, and throw light upon much which might, without their assistance, be hopelessly dark. The British name of this temple, as enshrined in the pages of early writers who knew nothing whatever of the language of the early Britons and Celts, was described as *Choir-Gaur*, or *Choir Vaure*; and the Saxon name given to it in the comparatively recent times of the conquest of the aboriginal Britons

by that Germanic people, is *Stone Hengo*. A few remarks on the meaning of both of these names will help to clear up some doubtful points that have never yet been explained by any writer on the subject.

Firstly, as regards *Choir-Gaur*, or *Choir Vaure*. The Saxon and Norman monks, and the other early writers who first mention Stonehenge, were utterly ignorant of the language of the Celtic people, though that language was then, and still continues to be, spoken in the British Isles in its two great varieties of Cymric or Welsh, and Gaelic or Erse, the former confined to Wales, and the latter to the Highlands of Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man. Looking to Greek and Latin for the etymology instead of to the Celtic, they discovered that *Choir-Gaur*, or *Choir Vaure*, meant *Chorea gigantum*, or the "Dance of Giants." Another set of etymologists, not satisfied with this derivation (the chief of whom was one Doctor Smith, who wrote in 1771), maintained that "choir" was the same as the English "choir" of a church, "the true sense of the word being lost in all the Celtic languages," and that *gaur* in the Irish, *gaur* in the Armorican, spoken in Brittany, and *gafr* in Welsh, all signify a he-goat, the sign of the zodiac known as Capricorn. From this Doctor Smith inferred that his readers "would be convinced that Stonehenge was an astronomical temple erected by the Ancient Druids for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies."

In support of the first derivation many supposed ancient legends and traditions were cited; one to the effect that the enormous monoliths of which the temple was composed were brought by giants from Africa, as was set forth by Nennius in the ninth, and Geoffrey of Monmouth in the twelfth century, and repeated by Giraldus Cambrensis, and many subsequent writers. It was further stated that these giants first conveyed the stones from Africa to Kildare, in Ireland, and that the great British magician, Merlin, transported them by demoniacal agency from Kildare to Salisbury Plain. The stones were believed to possess a mysterious and medicinal virtue, and it was supposed that the object of the giants in bringing them from Africa, and of Merlin in bringing them into England, was to make baths of them, that the stones might impart their healing virtue to the water. Most of these legends and fancies were evidently due to a false etymology and a mistranslation. The meaning of the



British word *coir*, or *choir*, as may be seen in any Erse or Gaelic dictionary, is "right" or "justice," suggestive of the idea that the edifice was a court of justice or religion (the English court and the French *cour* are derived from this root). The word *gaur* is a corruption or misapprehension of the sound of the adjective *vaure*, more properly *mhor*, pronounced "vor," great. Thus, *coire vaure* or "*coir mhor*" would signify in this ancient language, by far the most ancient now spoken in Europe, the great hall, court, circle, or Temple of Justice and Right.

The word *Stone Henge*, or *Hanging Stones*, is derived from those stones, placed by nature during some great convulsion, or by the art of man, at such an angle or inclination upon the top of another, that they will rock with a slight propulsion without being overthrown. On this point the learned Jacob Bryant, in his *Analysis of Ancient Mythology*, throws a flood of light. "It was usual," he says, "among the ancient Egyptians, to place, with much labour, one vast stone upon another for a religious memorial. The stones thus placed they sometimes poised so equably that they were affected with the least external force; nay, a breath of wind would sometimes make them vibrate. . . . I question whether there be in the world a monument which is much prior to the celebrated Stonehenge. There is reason to think that it was erected by a foreign colony, one of the first which came into this island. There is extant at this day (the close of the eighteenth century) one of those rocking stones of which I have been speaking. The ancient Egyptians distinguished stones erected with a religious view by the name of *amber*, by which was signified anything solar and divine. The Grecians called them *Petræ Ambrosiæ*, and there are representations of such upon coins. *Horapollon* speaks of a sacred book in Egypt styled *Ambres*, which was so called from its sanctity, being a medicinal book of *Hermes*, and intrusted solely to the care of the sacred scribes. Stonehenge is composed of these *amber stones*; hence the next town (*Amesbury*) is denominated *Ambresbury*—not from a Roman *Ambrosius*, for no such person existed, but from the *Ambrosiæ Petræ*, in whose vicinity it stands. Some of them, as I have taken notice, were rocking-stones, and there was a wonderful monument of this sort near *Penzance*, in *Cornwall*, though I believe it is now in a great mea-

sure ruined. It still retains the name of *Main Amber*, by which is signified the sacred stones."

The name *Stonehenge* is the Saxon translation of the Celtic *Crom-lech*, hanging, inclined, or crooked stones, of which so many exist not only in the British Isles, but in every part of Europe. By the time that the Celtic or Gaelic had ceased to be the dominant language in the south of England, and had been to a large extent superseded by that of the Anglo-Saxon conquerors, another meaning was found for the words *Stone Henge*, and they were interpreted to signify the stones of *Hengist*, who, along with *Horsa*, was supposed to have commanded one of the invading hordes of Germans who established themselves in the east and south of England. It is doubtful, however, whether such persons as *Hengist* and *Horsa* ever existed, for *Hengist* is but the German *Hengst*, a horse, and *Horsa* a mare—figures that were emblazoned on the flags of the invaders. *Nennius* is the first who has recorded this tradition, and has been duly followed by *Geoffrey of Monmouth*. He says: "*Stonehenge* was a monument erected in the reign of *Aurelius Ambrosius*" (an imaginary king) "*by Ambrosius Merlin*" (the famous wizard), "to perpetuate the treachery of *Hengist*, the Saxon general, who, having desired a friendly meeting with *Vortigern*, at the monastery of *Ambresbury*, assassinated him, with four hundred and sixty of his barons and consuls, after which the bodies of the slaughtered Britons were interred at a burying-place near the monastery where they had received their deaths; and *Aurelius Ambrosius*, going to see the sepulchre soon after he had mounted the British throne, not only shed tears at the sight of it, but resolved to perpetuate the memory of that piece of ground, which was honoured with the bodies of so many noble patriots that died for their country, with some noble monument." This, then, according to the early historians, was the first idea of *Stonehenge*, communicated by the monarch to the prophet *Merlin*, who brought the stones from *Kildare* by magic art and the aid of the devil. This second myth hangs upon the misunderstood word *Hengst*, as the first did upon the mis-translated word *choir*, and both are equally illusory, more especially the Saxon legend which would make *Stonehenge* an erection of no greater antiquity than the middle of the fifth century. That the temples of *Ambury* and *Stonehenge* existed at the time

of the Roman invasion, though not mentioned by Julius Cæsar or the Roman historians, is clear from the fact that the Roman way from Bath, the city of the *Aquæ Calidæ*, or warm waters, to London, reached Silbury Hill in a straight line at Avebury, and then turned abruptly south to avoid these memorable remains. This fact alone would be sufficient to disprove the Saxon origin of Stonehenge, as also the equally absurd supposition of Inigo Jones, who was requested by King James the First to write an essay on this mysterious subject. Inigo Jones, who does not appear to have visited the place, was of opinion that Stonehenge was a temple of the Romans of the Tuscan order, dedicated to the worship of *Coelus*.

The questions always asked with regard to Stonehenge, or the *Coir-mhor*, are: Whence came the mighty monoliths to Salisbury Plain? For what purpose were they erected on end, in the form of an inner and an outer circle, and long avenues of approach? And who and what were the people, and at what age of the world did they flourish who erected these and similar monuments in other parts of Europe?

With regard to the first question, it is impossible to believe that in the very early age to which the building must be referred—when the largest ships were but small boats in comparison with ours—that such ponderous monoliths, so difficult to handle, could have been conveyed into England by sea. Either England, at that remote epoch, must have been a portion of the European continent, or, being an island as now, the stones must have been found in the vicinity of the place where they stand, or transported from some other part of England at no great distance. Going back to geological epochs, long before the earth was first fitted for the habitation of man, one of two agencies must have been at work to account for the enormous masses of stone, standing in plains, remote from mountains in every part of Europe and of the world. These are, first, volcanic action projecting them violently from the bowels of the earth, and hurling them to great distances; and, second, glacial action, by which these rocks were wafted on the moving sea or current of ice from the North Pole southwards, until they were deposited on the soil in warmer latitudes. It is far more probable that the huge monoliths of Salisbury Plain were found there by the ancient Celtic people, than that they

were transported by mechanical agencies from any considerable distance. And this suggests an answer to the second question. Bringing with them their own religion, their own civilisation, their own rites and customs, these monoliths would appeal strongly to the imagination and feeling of the immigrants, and remind them of the similar monoliths and gigantic rock-carving of the religion and the civilisation which they had left behind. The tradition that the stones came from Africa suggests the Egyptian home of the Druidical religion which these earliest colonists introduced into the then sparsely inhabited, or perhaps wholly uninhabited isles of Britain. The Egyptians, living in a flat country, and skilled in the raising of great monoliths, were partial to their use, not only in the construction of their religious temples, but as conspicuous monuments in a flat country. Cleopatra's Needle, now lying in the sands of Egypt, is one instance, and the beautiful obelisk of Luxor, standing on the Place de la Concorde in Paris, and brought from Egypt, and erected by the government of King Louis Philippe, is another example of the great part played by monoliths in the art and civilisation of the East. The Sphynx is another monolith of world-wide fame. Jacob Bryant suggests that the Pyramids themselves are each formed of a single rock, roughly hewn into the form in which we now see it, and made even on the surface by artificial masonry fitted into the inequalities of the original mass. Whether or not Great Britain was colonised by Egyptians or Phenicians, or by some other Asiatic race, it is impossible to affirm or deny with certainty, though, on the evidence of language, we are compelled to believe that they were an Eastern people, and that Druidism, their form of religion, was Eastern also. Bel, or Baal, "the living God," was worshipped by the Irish and Scottish Celts and Druids long after the Christian era, and that the same god, under the same name, was worshipped by the contemporaries of Moses, we know from the books of the Old Testament. The Beal fire, or Bel-tein, formerly lighted on all the hill-tops, from Cornwall to Cape Wrath, is still spoken of in Scotland, and renowned in Scottish legendary poetry. Little is known as to the Druids and their worship, their rites or their observances. The first writer who mentions them in Britain is Julius Cæsar, who, coming as a military conqueror, is not likely to have known

very much about them, or to have been initiated very deeply, if at all, into their mysteries. He records that Britain was the great school of the European Druids, and that their chief seat was in the Isle of Mona, or Anglesea. The people of Gaul and Germany, who wished to complete their education in Druidical learning, resorted to Mona for the purpose. The Druids formed a distinct caste, being the theologians, the philosophers, the poets, the musicians, and the scientific men of the nation. They performed all the public sacrifices and rites of religion, distributed rewards and punishments, and performed all the functions of justice. They had the power to excommunicate offenders and unbelievers, and deny civil and religious privileges and rights to all who dared to oppose their decrees. They taught that there was one supreme and only God, the creator and upholder of the universe. They believed in the immortality of the soul, and its transmigration through various bodies to all eternity. They studied the motions of the heavenly bodies, and were both astronomers and astrologists. Yet, although this much is learned from Caesar, and corroborated by other authorities, not only their doctrine, but their name, remains more or less of a mystery. The Greeks, not knowing the venerable Asiatic language which the Druids brought into Europe along with them, misinterpreted and misunderstood their words, and fell into an error, which has pervaded all literature and history to this day, as to the true meaning of Druid. The word is supposed to be derived from drus, the Greek for an oak-tree, and it is alleged that they worshipped their god, or gods, in oaken groves, and were therefore called Druides. There is no proof that the Druids worshipped under oaks, or any other trees, except in circumstances where they could not construct a stone temple on a plain, or where was the necessity for such magnificent edifices and central temples as they erected in Avebury and Stonehenge in England, and Carnac in Brittany? There is, moreover, no reason why a religion and a language so much more ancient than the language and religion of Greece, should have borrowed a title from a more modern tongue. In the ancient Celtic and the modern Gaelic, which are fundamentally the same, an oak is called darag, a word which has but two letters in common with, and but very slight resemblance to the Greek drus. In Celtic the word druid means to enclose, to shut, to surround; druidheadh means the act of

enclosing, encircling, or surrounding; and druidh means a philosopher, a magician, a wizard, a high priest. These derivations would seem to show that a Druid was a priest of the inner circle, or holy of holies, and one who had been duly initiated into all the mysteries of the shrine, or sanctuary, into which the profane vulgar were not permitted to penetrate.

Another curious point with reference to the Druids is, that they were sometimes called in Greece by the name of Saronides, from Saron, who, says Mr. Bryant, "was undoubtedly an ancient god in Greece. Diana, the sister of Apollo, was named Saronia." Mr. Bryant, ignorant, as he confesses himself, of the Eastern languages, as well as of the Celtic, defines Saron as meaning the Lord of Light. The same people that gave the name of Coir-mhor to Stonehenge, possess in their language the two syllables which the Greeks borrowed from an Eastern source, namely, Sar, meaning a lord, a prince, or a hero, and An, or On, a planet. Thus Saron, in Celtic, would mean the Lord of the Planet, or the Sun, or the Lord of Life and Light, the same as Apollo, a fact that would help to prove what is already known, that the Druids were sun-worshippers.

All the religions of the ancient world, with the sole exception of the Hebrew, were astronomical, and either taught the worship of the sun, as the visible representation of the one supreme God, or included in their worship the whole of the heavenly bodies, as manifestations of His power and glory. The priests of India, Egypt, and Phenicia were all astronomers, as were those, though perhaps to a smaller extent, of Greece and Rome. Their chief temples always served an astronomical as well as a religious purpose. It has recently been established that the Pyramids were astronomical edifices, formed for the verification of the motions of the heavenly bodies. It is suspected, with good reason, that Stonehenge partook of this character, so essential to the objects of Druidism. "Stonehenge," says Mr. Wansley, writing in 1796, "stands in the best situation possible for observing the heavenly bodies, as there is an horizon nearly three miles distant on all sides. But till we know the methods by which the ancient Druids calculated eclipses long before they happened, so as to have made their astronomical observations with so much accuracy as Caesar mentions, we cannot explain the theoretical uses of Stonehenge."

A letter, dated the 22nd of June, 1872, signed W. Beck, and published in the Times three days afterwards, corroborates, in a striking manner, the tradition that Stonehenge was originally intended for astronomical, and consequently for devotional purposes. "It is no slight inducement," says the writer, "that will take a person into so exposed a situation as Salisbury Plain at the chilling hour of three o'clock in the morning; but, unless bad weather prevails, a group of visitors, more or less numerous, is sure to assemble at that hour of dawn on every 21st of June, there to watch for the rising sun. As the hour approaches they gather to the circles of Stonehenge, from the centre of which, looking north-east, a block of stone, set at some distance from the ruin, is so seen as that its top coincides with the line of the horizon, and, if no mist or cloud prevent, the sun as it rises on this, the morning of the longest day in the year, will be seen coming up exactly over the centre of the stone, known, from this circumstance, as the "Pointer." Our group of watchers yesterday morning numbered some thirty-five, assembled chiefly from the neighbouring towns—four of them, however, from London, who had walked from Salisbury through the night, for the chance of seeing this interesting proof of the solar arrangement of the circles of Stonehenge. As one who has now on several occasions been present, and seen the sun thus come up over the Pointer, and strike its first rays through the central entrance to the so-called altar stone of the ruin, I commend this obvious proof of solar worship in its constructors to those recent theorists who see in Stonehenge only a memorial of a battle or a victory. Let a visitor, also, on any day at noon look to this Pointer, and see if the huge stone be not set at such a particular inclination as to be like the gnomon of a sun-dial."

Stonehenge, its age, its origin, its whole purposes and intentions are, and probably ever will be, mysterious, unfathomable, and only partially provable. All the greater is the reason that a monument so remarkable, and undoubtedly one of the most ancient of the works of man now existing on the face of the globe, should be taken at once and for ever under the national protection. It has suffered much from the rude hands of the spoiler. It is more than time that such spoliation in the future should be prevented by all the powers which the nation, as custodian of so priceless a me-

morial of antiquity is alone able to employ. Almost any other of our national monuments, if destroyed, could be replaced. This alone, if lost—and it only can be lost by wilful destruction—would be a calamity, in every respect irreparable. There may not be another Sir John Lubbock to step in to the rescue, and if there be, it should not be left to chance, and a single person, to do that which the State should consider it both its pride and its duty to undertake.

## AT THY GRAVE.

WAVES the soft grass at my feet ;  
Dost thou feel me near thee, sweet ?  
Though the earth upon thy face,  
Holds thee close from my embrace,  
Yet my spirit thine can reach,  
Needs betwixt us twain no speech,  
For the same soul lives in each.

Now I meet no tender eyes  
Seeking mine, in soft surmise  
At some broken utterance faint,  
Smile quick brightening, sigh half spent.  
Yet in some sweet hours gone by,  
No responding eye to eye  
Needed we, for sympathy.

Love, I seem to see thee stand  
Silent in a shadowy land ;  
With a look upon thy face  
As if even in that dim place  
Distant voices unto thine ears,  
Memories of vanished years,  
Or faint echoes of these tears.

Yet, I would not have it thus.  
Then would be most piteous  
Our divided lives, if thou  
An imperfect bliss shouldst know.  
Sweet my suffering, if to thee  
Death has brought the faculty  
Of entire felicity.

Rather would I weep in vain,  
That thou canst not share my pain,  
Deem that Lethean waters roll  
Softly o'er thy separate soul,  
Know that a divided bliss  
Makes thee careless of my kiss,  
Than that thou shouldst feel distress.

Hush ! I hear a low sweet sound  
As of music stealing round.  
Forms thy hand the thrilling chords  
Into more than spoken words ?  
Ah ! 'tis but the gathering breeze  
Whispering to the budding trees,  
Or the song of early bees.

Love, where art thou ? Canst thou not  
Hear me, or art all forgot ?  
Seest thou not these burning tears ?  
Can my words not reach thine ears ?  
Or betwixt my soul and thine  
Has some mystery divine  
Sealed a separating line ?

Is it thus then after death,  
Old things none remembered ?  
Is the spirit henceforth clear  
Of the life it gathered here ?  
Will our noblest longings seem  
Like some dim-remembered dream  
In the after-world's full beam ?

Hark! the rainy wind blows loud,  
 Seuds above the hurrying cloud;  
 Hushed is all the song of bees;  
 Angry murmurs of the trees  
 Herald tempests. Silent yet  
 Sleepest thou—nor tear, nor fret  
 Troubles thee. Can I forget?

### MAD DOGS.

THE French equivalent of "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him," is, "Quand on veut tuer son chien, on dit qu'il est enragé;" "When you want to kill your dog, you have only to say that he is mad." France has a right to her version of the proverb, because, whatever may be the reason, canine madness is much more common in that country than it is in the United Kingdom, to a degree quite unaccounted for by its more southern latitude, or any other obvious cause. The number of deaths there from that frightful malady is annually so great as to startle strangers who for the first time become cognisant of the fact.

Nor is the unequal prevalence of hydrophobia confined alone to European countries. Mr. Darwin found the same irregularity occurring in South America. In one valley in Northern Chile, an order had recently been issued that all stray dogs should be killed, and he saw many lying dead on the road. A great number had lately gone mad; several men had been bitten, and had died in consequence. On previous occasions hydrophobia had prevailed in this valley. It is remarkable thus to find so strange and dreadful a disease, appearing time after time in the same isolated spot. It has been remarked that certain villages in England are in like manner much more subject to this visitation than others.

We may even ask how hydrophobia got to South America. Doctor Unanue states that it was first known there in 1803; it broke out in Central America, and slowly travelled southwards. This statement is confirmed by the fact of Azara and Ulloa having never heard of it in their time. It reached Arequipa in 1807; and it is said that some men there, who had not been bitten, were affected by eating a bullock which had died of hydrophobia. After 1808, a long interval ensued without any cases. On inquiry, Mr. Darwin did not hear of hydrophobia in Van Diemen's Land, or in Australia; and Burchell says that during the five years he was at the Cape of Good Hope, he never heard of an instance of it.

Webster asserts that at the Azores hydrophobia has never occurred; and the same assertion has been made with respect to Mauritius and St. Helena. Would it be possible to stamp it out, once for all, in the British Isles?

Canine madness, that hopeless malady which is communicable to other animals and to the human race, is commonly spoken of as "hydrophobia." As no known remedy exists, it is important to be able to recognise its symptoms, in order to be upon our guard and take every possible preventive measure.

Hydrophobia simply means the dread of water, which is one of the symptoms of canine madness; but the same symptom also occurs in other diseases distinct from it. The horror of water almost (not absolutely) always accompanies canine madness, but it is also met with, in greater or less intensity, in several nervous diseases. It may be brought on by strong mental emotion of various kinds. A school-master, after a violent fit of anger, died in fifteen hours, with decided symptoms of hydrophobia. Fear will have the same effect. A man bitten by a dog which he believed to be mad, had fearful attacks of hydrophobia, which ceased several months afterwards, on his learning that the dog remained in perfect health. A girl who witnessed a sudden broil, in which the disputants fought with swords, was so terror-stricken that she was seized with hydrophobia, and died. A woman whose companions had abandoned her alone in the fields all night, was greatly terrified thereby; next day, she refused every sort of liquid, and shortly died.

It is therefore not surprising that an aversion to water should have been occasionally induced by the bite of men and animals that were not mad. Malpighi records the case of his mother, who became hydrophobic after having been bitten by her daughter in an epileptic fit. Cases are not rare in which, when one person has bitten another, the bitten person has been attacked by, and sometimes died of apparent canine madness. The most singular instance is that of a young man, twenty-nine years of age, who bit his own finger in a violent fit of rage, and became so hydrophobic in four-and-twenty hours, that at the very name of water he fell into strong convulsions. The above facts (which might be considerably multiplied) are very important to reassure timid persons that a passing repugnance

for liquids does not necessarily imply the existence of true, hopeless, canine madness. It is curable, and has often yielded not only to judicious medical treatment, but to mere moral remedies.

It is high time, however, to demolish the prevalent belief that if a dog eats and drinks there is nothing the matter with him. He may eat and drink, and yet be, all the while, a great deal madder than the maddest March hare. It is equally incorrect to suppose that madness in dogs manifests itself by fits of rage and attempts to bite. This error is all the more dangerous, because it induces us to accept, without mistrust, caresses from an animal whose bite may prove ultimately mortal. An ailing dog, although sulky in his behaviour to indifferent persons, feels increased affection for his real masters. He even licks their hands and face more frequently than when in good health; but at that stage the spittle is already infectious. As the disease proceeds in its course, the dog tries hard and makes every effort not to bite the persons he loves. The increased caresses of a dog out of health should be far from setting his owners' minds at ease.

Monsieur H. Bouley (whose *Rapport sur la Rage* deserves careful perusal, both by the medical profession and the police authorities) relates the following fact. Two ladies came to the veterinary school of Alfort, accompanied by a little girl four years old, to consult the surgeon about a dog which they nursed on their knees throughout their drive, and which wore a perfectly useless muzzle. This dog, they said, who slept in their room, had become so excited as to prevent their sleeping. All night long, he did nothing but scratch the floor with his feet.

The dog was evidently mad. He was scarcely within the iron gates of Alfort before his characteristic bark put the students on their guard. And yet this very dog, during the three days following his first indisposition, had scrupulously respected his mistresses. He had slightly bitten the child, but his teeth had not penetrated her clothing. When Monsieur Bouley expressed his astonishment at the easy way in which the ladies treated the affair, they answered, "How could we suppose the dog to be mad? He drank frequently; he even seemed thirsty and anxious for drink."

The bark which is peculiar to madness is the symptom most easily recognised by unprofessional persons. That bark

has lost its usual strength; its tone is mournful; it is hollow, stifled, degenerating into three or four half-uttered howls, producing a plaintive and singular effect on the ear. The first symptoms of canine madness are a sullenness of temper and an involuntary restlessness which manifests itself by a continual change of position. Instead of being snappish or aggressive, the dog tries to hide himself. During this first period, he does not always refuse his food.

Soon, however, he begins to loathe it. Then comes on an irresistible desire to bite; to gratify which he tears, crushes with his teeth, and swallows all sorts of things which are useless as food. A young dog certainly will tear things for fun, but he will not swallow them, whereas post mortem examinations of mad dogs show their stomachs to be full of sticks, straw, wool, stones, and other indigestible substances. Consequently, every dog past puppyhood who cannot be prevented from dragging about and destroying the carpets, mats, and cushions in the house, ought immediately to be placed under strict surveillance. The same precaution should be taken with dogs who show themselves unusually aggressive towards other animals of the same species. Indeed, a symptom of madness not to be neglected is the impression made on the mad dog by the dog in good health. Immediately the sick animal perceives the healthy one, a fit of rage is the consequence. At Alfort, this very test is had recourse to in doubtful cases. When the patient is shown another dog, if truly mad he does his utmost to get at him, and if allowed to do so, bites him furiously.

Curiously enough, all animals, of whatever species, when suffering under canine madness, are similarly affected by the presence of a dog. All are equally irritated, and manifest the same desire to attack the dog; the horse with his feet and teeth; the ram and the bull with their horns; even the sheep, gone mad, butts at the dog. Still more curiously, the anger of the ailing animal seems especially directed against the species of animal by which the disease was communicated to it. For instance, a horse inoculated at Alfort from a mad sheep, contracted the disease in its most exaggerated form, since he tore the skin of his own forelegs off with his teeth. But when a sheep was put before him, he was immediately seized with a paroxysm of rage, and the poor creature in no time was bitten to death.

The tendency of human patients to bite has been imagined, or enormously exaggerated. There is no case of the disease having been communicated from one human being to another. The friends of a sufferer may therefore fearlessly and charitably nurse him, without employing any greater precaution or any more violent or barbarous means than the strait-waistcoat during crises. His mind requires support and calming, as much as his body. Moral remedies are most efficacious; indeed material remedies, it may be believed, derive much of their influence from their moral effect. Every effort should be made to divert the patient's attention from the fixed idea which masters him. Even superstitious fancies have rendered good service.

Nor is an imitation of the voice of dogs a sign of hydrophobia, but rather one of those impostures and hallucinations which people delight in from time to time. At one epoch, extraordinary births; at another, marvellous abstinence from food; at another, communications with the unseen world, will be the rage, and find many imitators. Now and then the human voice assimilates itself to canine utterances. The Philosophical Transactions give an account of an extraordinary Spasmus of the kind, wherewith two families at Blackthorne, in Oxfordshire, were seized. The novelty of the thing attracted numerous visitors, and amongst them Doctor Willis, who a good while ere he reached the place heard a terrible noise of barking and howling. Upon his entering the house he was straight saluted by five girls, howling and answering each other by turns, with violent motions of the head. At intervals they had their reason and senses entire. Doctor Friend, the author of the memoir, himself visited another family in the same village, where one boy and three girls had been seized ten weeks, without any apparent preceding cause. At his arrival they were all at play unconcernedly before the door. Soon the eldest girl, about fourteen years of age, was seized with a fit. The others followed, making incessant and disagreeable noises. The doctor took the affection to be natural, arising from what was then supposed to be the common cause of all convulsions; namely, "from the animal spirits growing unruly in the nerves and driving the muscles into various contractions, according to the circumstances of the indisposition." It is a pity the doctor did not try the experiment of a good ducking under the pump, at the first symptom of an approach-

ing paroxysm, with an additional application of birch to the boy.

Diogenes, the cynic or doggish philosopher, is reputed to have died of hydrophobia. He is known to have snarled at his fellow-creatures, although it is not recorded that he howled, barked, or bit. Still, an attack of the disease may be preceded by curious premonitory feelings. The fourth Duke of Richmond—the Atheneum tells us—was doubly celebrated. He fought a duel with a prince of the blood, and he fell a victim to canine madness. It is right to add that he was a brave man, of unblemished character. The circumstances of his death were very sad. It happened long after the wound had healed. The duke was dining in a tent pitched in a Canadian clearing, when he said, "I don't know how it is, but I cannot relish my wine as usual; and I feel that, if I were a dog, I should be shot as a mad one."

Virulent hydrophobia appears to originate with quite a few animals. Dogs, wolves, foxes, and cats are alone susceptible of becoming spontaneously mad, and of transmitting the disease to other animals. The virus secreted by mad wolves is even more virulent than in mad dogs. That is, of a given number of persons bitten by a mad wolf, more will die than if the same number had been bitten by a mad dog. Not every animal gone mad after being bitten is able to communicate the madness. Among these are swine, cows, and sheep. Indeed, a mad sheep makes no attempt to bite, but evinces its excitement by butting with the head. Canine madness is most developed neither during severe winter's cold nor in the greatest summer heats, but in the months of March and April with wolves, and in May and September with dogs. It is rare both in very hot and very cold countries; in Egypt and in Siberia it is scarcely known. It is erroneously supposed to be confined, in Europe, to the dog days, or at all events to the warmer months of the year. In France, cases are nearly, if not quite, as frequent in winter as in summer.

It often happens that a dog, as soon as he feels ill, runs away from home. One would say that he is conscious of the danger which his presence might cause to those he loves, and that he intentionally goes to die in a corner or get killed in a street. Sometimes, and exceptionally, yielding to a natural attraction, he returns, and responds to a caress with a bite. Once

really mad, and running about at liberty, he attacks every living creature he meets, giving the preference to dogs over other animals, and preferring any animal to human beings.

We cannot too often repeat that, whatever charlatans may say, there is no known remedy for canine madness. When bitten, the surest means to escape infection is the application of red-hot iron with a firm hand, and as soon as possible. A curtain-rod, a small poker, a bit of stout wire, a knife, any iron nearest to hand, heated to a bright red, will suffice. With this the wound must be sounded and burnt. It is good to put the iron again into the fire and repeat the operation effectually. The pain is quite supportable. Monsieur Leblanc, senior, says that the cauterisation gives the person bitten, not exactly pleasure, but decided satisfaction, because the sense of preservation and safety completely overpowers the pain inflicted. In Haïti, where canine madness is common, they apply gunpowder to the wounded parts and then set fire to it. After this a blister, and mercurial treatment carried to salivation, complete the cure, or rather prevent the disease. Of course, after these necessary precautions, any known nostrum may be employed. Old women's receipts and popular prescriptions can do no harm, and may do good by keeping up the patient's spirits, and inspiring him with hopes of a favourable result.

Old fancies about hydrophobia are strange enough. Persons attacked never recovered, except when they were able to recognise themselves in a mirror, "because that was a proof that the poison had not yet taken possession of the animal parts." The hair of a mad dog, placed on the wound he has bitten, attracts the venom and cures the patient. Some people appear to think that one madness may homeopathically be driven out by another. A new prescription, from a missionary in Annam, and quite as strange as new, is, "Take three handfuls of thorn-apple leaves (*Datura stramonium*, a fearful poison); boil them in a quart of water until it is reduced to a pint. Let the patient drink this off at a draught. Violent madness will follow, but of short duration; profuse perspiration will succeed. In twenty-four hours, the patient will be cured"—if not killed in twelve. It is considerably added that the remedy may be tried on animals only. It reminds one of Jerome Paturot's famous mode of preventing sheep from dying of the rot. "In-

troduce into the œsophagus a certain quantity of prussic acid." A similar plan has long been practised by shepherds, who send for the butcher, to save the lives of ailing lambs.

It is a great consolation to know that a person may be bitten by a really mad dog without contracting the disease. A bite through clothing has rarely serious consequences; the saliva—the only vehicle of infection—being thus wiped from the animal's teeth. Out of twenty individuals bitten, it is uncertain how many will go mad; perhaps none. But it is quite certain that they will not all go mad. The cause of the escape is unknown; but such escapes make the fortune of charlatans, cunning men, and practisers of superstitions. Bitten persons, who have taken such and such drugs, or have gone through such and such devotional forms, and remain unharmed, never fail, they and theirs, to attribute the result to the means employed. But it is a reassuring thought, likely to have a favourable influence, without hindering the employment of rational precautions, to know that, although bitten, it is quite possible not to be touched by the poison. Infinitely better is it to persuade the patient of this, than to hazard remedies which will make as many victims as there are persons foolish enough to try them.

Taxes, after all, may be good for something. The high tax on dogs in England probably prevents many sad accidents. Even now, in France, since the imposition of the dog-tax at the beginning of the Second Empire, there is at least one dog to every eighteen inhabitants. Before that tax, there must have been nearly as many canine as human inhabitants. Deaths from hydrophobia were terribly frequent—they still are much more so than in England—and more occurred than met the public ear. Sudden deaths, mysterious hints as to sufferings shortened by opium and other means, were some of the fruits of the plague of dogs. You could not traverse a village without being barked at and pursued by a pack of curs. If you complained, every villager assured you that his own particular dog was the best-tempered possible, and was never known to bite. Many of these dogs, kept for poaching and other forms of private amusement, were maintained at the expense of their owner's children. The writer has often seen them snatch away the meal (a thick slice of bread and butter) that had been given to their master's child,



who had therefore to fast until meal-time came round again.

When the dog-tax—one of Napoleon the Third's boldest measures—was decreed, dogs were hung and drowned, throughout the land and the water, by thousands; and there still remain too many to be either safe or pleasant. Why does not Monsieur Thiers triple that tax? Doctor Boudin, in a memoir read before the Paris Academy of Medicine, calculates that the maintenance of the dogs existing in Europe costs more than forty thousand pounds sterling per day, or more than fourteen millions and a half annually. He does not believe in the spontaneous outbreak of hydrophobic madness, either in the dog or any other animal, but that it is always communicated.

The muzzle is as questionable a precaution as it is inefficacious. Most muzzles are simply inconvenient and irritating appendages to a dog's head; mere pretexts for giving the dog liberty to bite. A muzzle tight enough to prevent biting, would also prevent breathing by the mouth.

### STAGE STORMS.

ADDISON accounted "thunder and lightning—which are often made use of at the descending of a god or the rising of a ghost, at the vanishing of a devil or the death of a tyrant"—as occupying the first place "among the several artifices put in practice by the poets to fill the minds of an audience with terror." Certainly the stage owes much to its storms; they have long been highly prized both by playwrights and playgoers as awe-inspiring embellishments of the scene; and it must have been an early occupation of the theatrical machinist to devise some means of simulating the uproar of elemental strife. So far back as 1571, in the Accounts of the Revels at Court, there appears a charge of twenty-two shillings paid to a certain John Izarde "for mony to him due for his device in counterfeting thunder and lightning in the play of Narcisses; and for sundry necessities by him spent therein;" while to Robert Moore, the apothecary, a sum of twenty-seven shillings and fourpence is paid for "prepared corianders," musk, clove, cinnamon, and ginger comfits, rose and "spike" water, "all which," it is noted, "served for flakes of ice and hayle stones in the maske of Janus; the rose-water sweetened the balls made for snow-balls, and presented to her majesty by

Janus." The storm in this masque must clearly have been of a very elegant and courtly kind, with sugar-plums for hail-stones and perfumed water for rain. The tempests of the public theatres were assuredly conducted after a ruder method. In his prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, Ben Jonson finds occasion to censure contemporary dramatists for the "ill customs" of their plays, and to warn the audience that his production is not as others are:

He rather prays you will be pleased to see  
One such to-day as other plays should be;  
Where neither chorus waits you o'er the seas,  
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please,  
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afraid  
The gentlewomen; nor rolled bullet heard  
To say it thunders; nor tempestuous drum  
Rumbles to tell you when the storm doth come, &c.

It has been conjectured that satirical allusion was here intended to the writings of Shakespeare; yet it is certain that Shakespeare sustained a part, most probably that of Old Knowell, in the first representation of Jonson's comedy. Storms are certainly of frequent occurrence in Shakespeare's plays. Thus *Macbeth* and the *Tempest* both open with thunder and lightning; there is "loud weather" in the *Winter's Tale*; there is thunder in the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* when La Pucelle invokes the fiends to aid her endeavours; thunder and lightning in the Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth* when Margery Jourdain conjures up the spirit Asmath; thunder and lightning in *Julius Cæsar*; a storm at sea in *Pericles*, and a hurricane in *King Lear*. It is to be noted, however, that all these plays could hardly have been represented so early as 1598, when *Every Man in his Humour* was first performed.

From Jonson's prologue it appears that the rumbling of thunder was at that time imitated by the rolling to and fro of bullets or cannon-balls. This plan was in time superseded by more ingenious contrivances. It is curious to find, however, that some fifty years ago one Lee, manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, with a view to improving the thunder of his stage, ventured upon a return to the Elizabethan system of representing a storm. His enterprise was attended with results at once ludicrous and disastrous. He placed ledges here and there along the back of his stage, and, obtaining a parcel of nine-pound cannon-balls, packed these in a wheelbarrow, which a carpenter was instructed to wheel to and fro over the ledges. The play was *Lear*, and the jolting of the heavy barrow as it

was trundled along its uneven path over the hollow stage, and the rumblings and reverberations thus produced counterfeited most effectively the raging of the tempest in the third act. Unfortunately, however, while the king was braving, in front of the scene, the pitiless storm at the back, the carpenter missed his footing, tripped over one of the ledges, and fell down, wheelbarrow, cannon-balls, and all. The stage being on a declivity, the cannon-balls came rolling rapidly and noisily down towards the front, gathering force as they advanced, and overcoming the feeble resistance offered by the scene, struck it down, passed over its prostrate form, and made their way towards the foot-lights and the fiddlers, amidst the amusement and wonder of the audience, and the amazement and alarm of the Lear of the night. As the nine-pounders advanced towards him, and rolled about in all directions, he was compelled to display an activity in avoiding them, singularly inappropriate to the age and condition of the character he was personating. He was even said to resemble a dancer achieving the terpsichorean feat known as the egg-hornpipe. Presently, too, the musicians became alarmed for the safety of themselves and their instruments, and deemed it advisable to scale the spiked partition which divided them from the pit; for the cannon-balls were upon them, smashing the lamps, and falling heavily into the orchestra. Meantime, exposed to the full gaze of the house, lay prone, beside his empty barrow, the carpenter, the innocent invoker of the storm he had been unable to allay or direct, not at all hurt, but exceedingly frightened and bewildered. After this unlucky experiment, the manager abandoned his wheelbarrow and cannon-balls, and reverted to more received methods of producing stage storms.

In 1713, a certain Doctor Reynardson published a poem called the Stage, which the critics of the time agreed to be a pretty and ingenious composition. It was dedicated to Addison, the preface stating that "the Spectator's account of the Distrest Mother had raised the author's expectation to such a pitch that he made an excursion from college to see that tragedy acted, and upon his return was commanded by the dean to write upon the Art, Rise, and Progress of the English Stage; which how well he has performed is submitted to the judgment of that worthy gentleman to whom it is inscribed." Doctor Reynardson's poem is not a work of any great distinction, and need

only be referred to here for its mention of the means then in use for raising the storms of the theatre. Noting the strange and incongruous articles to be found in the tiring-room of the players — such as Tarquin's trousers and Lucretia's vest, Roxana's coif and Statira's stays, the poet proceeds :

Hard by a quart of bottled lightning lies  
A bowl of double use and monstrous size,  
Now rolls it high and rumbles in its speed,  
Now drowns the weaker crack of mustard seed;  
So the true thunder all arrayed in smoke,  
Launched from the skies now rives the knotted oak,  
And sometimes naught the drunkard's prayers prevail,  
And sometimes condescends to sour ale.

There is also allusion to the mustard bowl as applied to theatrical uses in the Dunciad :

Now turn to different sports, the goddess cries,  
And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of Noise.  
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart  
With Shakespeare's nature or with Jonson's art,  
Let others aim; 'tis yours to shake the soul  
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl.

And further reference to the frequency of stage storms is continued in the well-known lines, written by way of parodying the mention of the Duke of Marlborough in Addison's poem the Campaign :

Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,  
'Mid snows of paper and fierce hail of peace;  
And proud his mistress' orders to perform  
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

A note to the early editions of the Dunciad explains that the old ways of making thunder and mustard were the same, but that of late the thunder had been advantageously simulated by means of "troughs of wood with stops in them." "Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not," writes the annotator; "but it is certain that being once at a tragedy of a new author he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, 'Sdeath, that is my thunder.'" Dennis's thunder was first heard on the production at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1709, of his Appius and Virginia, a hopelessly dull tragedy, which not even the united exertions of Booth, Wilkes, and Betterton could keep upon the stage for more than four nights. The Dunciad was written in 1726, when Pope either did not really know that the old mustard-bowl style of storm was out of date, or purposely refrained from mentioning the recent invention of "troughs of wood with stops in them."

In July, 1709, Drury Lane Theatre was closed by order of the Lord Chamberlain, whereon Addison published in the Tatler a facetious inventory of the goods and movables of Christopher Rich, the manager, to be disposed of in consequence of

his "breaking up housekeeping." Among the effects for sale are mentioned :

A mustard-bowl to make thunder with.

Another of a bigger sort, by Mr. D——'s directions, little used.

The catalogue is not of course to be viewed seriously, or it might be inferred that Dennis's new thunder was still something of the mustard-bowl sort. Other items relative to the storms of the stage and their accessories are :

Spirits of right Nantz brandy for lambent flames and apparitions.

Three bottles and a half of lightning.

A sea consisting of a dozen large waves, the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

(According to poetic authority, it may be noted, the tenth wave is always the largest and most dangerous.)

A dozen and a half of clouds trimmed with black, and well conditioned.

A set of clouds after the French mode, streaked with lightning and furbelowed.

One shower of snow in the whitest French paper.

Two showers of a browner sort.

It is probably to this mention of snow-storms we owe the familiar theatrical story of the manager who, when white paper failed him, met the difficulty of the situation by snowing brown.

The humours of the theatre afforded great diversion to the writers in the Spectator, and the storms of the stage are repeatedly referred to in their essays. In 1711, Steele, discoursing about inanimate performers, published a fictitious letter from "the Salmons of Covent Garden," demanding pity and favour on account of the unexpected vicissitudes of his fortune. "I have for many years past," he writes, "been thunderer to the playhouse; and have not only made as much noise out of the clouds as any predecessor of mine in the theatre that ever bore that character, but have also descended, and spoke on the stage as the Bold Thunderer in the Rehearsal. When they got me down thus low, they thought fit to degrade me further, and make me a ghost. I was contented with this for these last two winters; but they carry their tyranny still further, and not satisfied that I am banished from above ground, they have given me to understand that I am wholly to depart from their dominions, and taken from me even my subterraneous employment." He concludes with a petition that his services may be engaged for the performance of a new opera to be called the Expedition of Alexander, the scheme of which had been set forth in an earlier Spectator, and that

if the author of that work "thinks fit to use fire-arms, as other authors have done, in the time of Alexander, I may be a cannon against Porus, or else provide for me in the burning of Persopolis, or what other method you shall think fit."

In 1714, Addison wrote: "I look upon the playhouse as a world within itself. They have lately furnished the middle region of it with a new set of meteors in order to give the sublime to many modern tragedies. I was there last winter at the first rehearsal of the new thunder, which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a Salmons behind the scenes, who plays it off with great success. Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore; their clouds are also better furbelowed, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent storm looked up in a great chest that is designed for the Tempest. They are also provided with a dozen showers of snow, which, as I am informed, are the plays of many unsuccessful poets, artificially cut and shredded for that use." In an earlier Spectator he had written: "I have often known a bell introduced into several tragedies with good effect, and have seen the whole assembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing." Pope has his mention in the Dunciad of the same artifice :

With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,  
New sink in sorrow with a tolling bell;  
Such happy arts attention can command,  
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.

The notion of storing lightning in a bottle for use when required seems to have been frequently reverted to by the authors of the last century as a means of entertaining the public. Thus a writer in the World, in 1754, makes no doubt "of being able to bring thunder and lightning to market at a much cheaper price than common gunpowder," and describes a friend who has applied himself wholly to electrical experiments, and discovered that "the most effectual and easy method of making this commodity is by grinding a certain quantity of air between a glass ball and a bag of sand, and when you have ground it into fire your lightning is made, and then you may either bottle it up, or put it into casks properly seasoned for that purpose, and send it to market." The inventor, however, confesses that what he has hitherto made is not of a sufficient degree of strength to answer all the purposes of natural lightning; but he is confident that he will soon

be able to effect this, and has, indeed, already so far perfected his experiments that, in the presence of several of his neighbours, he has succeeded in producing a clap of thunder which blew out a candle, accompanied by a flash of lightning which made an impression upon a pat of butter standing upon the table. He is also confident that in warm weather he can shake all the pewters upon his shelf, and fully expects, when his thermometer is at sixty-two degrees and a half, to be able to sour all the small beer in his cellar, and to break his largest pier-glass. This paper in the *World*, apart from its humorous intention, is curious as a record of early dabbings in electrical experiments. It may be mentioned that in one of Franklin's letters, written apparently before the year 1750, the points of resemblance between lightning and the spark obtained by friction from an electrical apparatus are distinctly stated. It is but some thirty years ago that Andrew Crosse, the famous amateur electrician, was asked by an elderly gentleman, who came to witness his experiments with two enormous Leyden jars charged by means of wires stretched for miles among the forest trees near Taunton: "Mr. Crosse, don't you think it is rather impious to bottle the lightning?"

"Let me answer your question by asking another," said Crosse, laughing. "Don't you think it might be considered rather impious to bottle the rain-water?"

Further it may be remembered that curious reference to this part of our subject is made by "the gentleman in the small-clothes" who lived next door to Mrs. Nickleby, and presumed to descend the chimney of her house. "Very good," he is reported to have said on that occasion, "then bring in the bottled lightning, a clean tumbler, and a corkscrew."

The illusions of the stage were greatly enhanced by Garrick's Alsatian scene-painter, Philip James de Loutherbourg, a man of genius in his way, and an eminent innovator and reformer in the matter of theatrical decoration. Before his time the scenes had been merely strained "flats" of canvas, extending the whole breadth and height of the stage. He was the first to introduce set scenes and what are technically called "raking pieces." He invented transparent scenes, with representations of moonlight, rising and setting suns, fires, volcanoes, &c., and contrived effects of colour by means of silk screens of various hues placed before the foot and side lights.

He was the first to represent a mist by suspending a gauze between the scene and the spectator. For two seasons he held a dioramic exhibition of his own, called the *Eidophusikon*, at the Patagonian Theatre in Exeter Change, and afterwards at a house in Panton-square. The special attraction of the entertainment was a storm at sea, with the wreck of the *Halsewell*, East Indiaman. No pains were spared to picture the tempest and its most striking effects. The clouds were movable, painted upon a canvas of vast size, and rising diagonally by means of a winding machine. The artist excelled in his treatment of clouds, and, by regulating the action of his windlass, he could direct their movements, now permitting them to rise slowly from the horizon and sail obliquely across the heavens, and now driving them swiftly along according to their supposed density and the power ascribed to the wind. The lightning quivered through transparent places in the sky. The waves, carved in soft wood from models made in clay, coloured with great skill, and highly varnished to reflect the lightning, rose and fell with irregular action, flinging the foam now here, now there, diminishing in size, and dimming in colour, as they receded from the spectator. "De Loutherbourg's genius," we are informed, "was as prolific in imitations of nature to astonish the ear as to charm the sight. He introduced a new art—the picturesque of sound." That is to say, he imitated the noise of thunder by shaking one of the lower corners of a large, thin sheet of copper suspended by a chain; the distant firing of signals of distress from the doomed vessel he counterfeited by suddenly striking a large tambourine with a sponge affixed to a whalebone spring, the reverberations of the sponge producing a peculiar echo as from cloud to cloud dying away in the distance. The rushing, washing sound of the waves was simulated by turning round and round an octagonal pasteboard box, fitted with shelves, and containing small shells, peas, and shot; while two discs of tightly-strained silk, suddenly pressed together, produced a hollow whistling sound in imitation of loud and fitful gusts of wind. Cylinders, loosely charged with seed and small shot, lifted now at one end, now at the other, so as to allow the contents to fall in a pattering stream, effectually reproduced the noise of hail and rain. The moon was formed by a circular aperture cut in a tin box containing a

powerful argand lamp, which was placed at the back of the scene, and brought near or removed from the canvas as the luminary was supposed to be shining brightly or to be obscured by clouds. These contrivances of Mr. De Louthembourg may now, perhaps, be deemed to be of rather a commonplace description—they have figured so frequently, and in such amplified and amended forms upon the modern stage; but they were calculated to impress the painter's patrons very considerably; they were then distinctly innovations due to his curiously inventive genius, and the result of much labour and heedful ingenuity. If the theatrical entertainments of the present time manifest little progress in histrionic art, there has been, at any rate, marked advance in the matter of scenic illusions and mechanical effects. The thunder of our modern stage storms may no more proceed from mustard-bowls, or from "troughs of wood with stops in them," but it is, at any rate, sufficiently formidable and uproarious, sometimes exciting, indeed, the anxiety of the audience, lest it should crush through the roof of the theatre, and visit them bodily in the pit; while for our magnesium or lime-light flashes of lightning, they are beyond anything that "spirit of right Nantz brandy" could effect in the way of lambent flames, have a vividness that equals reality, and, moreover, leave behind them a pungent and sulphurous odour that may be described as even supernaturally noxious. The stage storm still bursts upon the drama from time to time; the theatre is still visited in due course by its rainy and tempestuous season; and thunder and lightning are, as much as in Addison's time, among the favourite devices of our playwrights—for sufficient reasons, we no longer designate them poets—"put in practice to fill the minds of an audience with terror." The terror may not be quite of the old kind, but still it does well enough.

### LORD WESTBOURNE'S HEIR.

#### A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

It was as a great favour to me that my lord's agent let me stay on at the farm, after my poor husband died. It was but a small farm, and it was sadly overrun by the hares and rabbits, so there were not many good tenants offering for it. The house lay in a corner of the great wall which my lord had built, miles and miles long all round his park, for nothing but to spite the fox-hunters. He had lived such

a wild, bad life, and there were such goings-on at the Hall, that no lady in the county would set her foot in it, and as years went by even the gentlemen turned a cold shoulder upon him, in spite of his lordship. It was then he built the wall ten feet high round the park, in the midst of a great hunting country, and many and many a good run had been spoilt, and many and many an oath sworn against him by the fox-hunters.

That was all over now—the wickedness I mean. The wall was standing still, falling here and there into great gaps. My lord had been so angry at last with the gentry, who avoided him, that he shut up the Hall, and took himself off to some foreign place abroad, him and his heir, Mr. Lionel. There the grand old house remained, deserted and silent, as if it was being purified from its great wickedness. All the servants were discharged, and only an old valet of my lord's was left, who was trusted to sleep in it alone, quite alone in the solitary attics, with all the great galleries, and reception-rooms, and guest-chambers, which had once been alive with many faces, and voices, and footsteps, now as silent and empty, more empty, than a churchyard. It used to make me shake and dither to think of it, when I lay awake of nights, in my own little house.

Not that my house was much less lonesome, after my husband died. I'd a little servant-girl sleeping under the same roof, and that was all. There were only two labourers working on my farm, and they were married, and lived in cottages of their own. Nancy Trevor, the wife of one of them, was my other servant, the best and truest woman in all the country side, as careful for me as ever I could be for myself. For a few nights after my husband's death she slept at my house, but I could not keep her away from her own place always; so now I used to lie awake of nights, listening to the stillness, and thinking how awfully lonesome was my lord's valet, in the great pile of buildings, far away out of hearing or seeing of any other dwelling.

That feeling of nervousness was growing upon me very fast, when one day I saw a strange gentleman riding up to the fold-gate; for the house stood in the fold, and there was no other way of getting to it. There was no road passing my farm nearer than a mile away; and whoever came to it must come on purpose, and for business of his own. There were very few people, besides the butcher and the cheese-factor,

who had any business with me. I had just finished making the morning's cheese, and had only time to take off my coarse apron, and put on a clean cap, before the strange gentleman was up at the front door. He was a young man about thirty, very pleasant looking; and I could see by his dress that he was a clergyman. I dropped him a curtsy, and asked him if he'd please to step into my little parlour. As I was trying to open the window, which stuck fast from not being opened often, I could see him looking about very attentively. It was only seldom we used the parlour, but it was as clean as Nancy's hands and mine could make it; and though the furniture was very old, having belonged to my husband's mother, it was kept very bright. So I did not feel offended at the gentleman's keen eyes going from one thing to another.

"I called to ask you, Mrs. Abbott," he said, "if you'd have any objection to taking in a lodger who would pay you well."

I wondered if he meant himself, and I felt in a moment how much less lonesome it would be with another person in the house. But I waited for him to say more, only curtsied again to let him see I was attending.

"I wish to find a home for a young married lady," he went on, "with a baby a few months old. She is used to a quiet, country life, and a farm-house, and will not give you much trouble. If I might tell you who she is, and who her husband is, you would know that it would be very much to your advantage to receive her; but you must take my word for it. I, too, will be responsible for any money due to you, and will pay you once a month."

"Will you please to say who you are, sir?" I asked, half afraid of giving him offence, but he only smiled very pleasantly.

"I am Charles Vernon," he said, "the rector of Glen Parva. I know your little farm well; for Lionel Westbourne and I lunched here, in this pretty room, six or seven years ago."

Then I recollected him, for I had had a feeling all along of having seen him before; and it had been a rare enough thing, even in my husband's lifetime, to have a visitor; though now and then young gentlemen who were shooting about the place, might call in, and ask for a draught of our home-brewed ale. Yes; I remembered him, and the young lord, as would be, sitting there, eating bread and cheese as hungry as labourers, and laughing and joking together

like great friends. After that I could give no other answer save yes.

"I want you to meet her yourself," said Mr. Vernon, after all arrangements had been made; "you have a trap of some sort, I suppose, and she will come down to Newton by the half-past three train to-morrow. I do not wish to be seen with her myself; why, you will understand fully some day soon, I hope. By-the-bye, she is not an Englishwoman, and does not know a word of English; but she will learn quickly. You will know her by that, and by her having a baby in her arms. I will prepare her to know you when she sees you."

It was a lovely afternoon the next day. Hay harvest was just over, and the fields were almost as bright a green as in the spring; while the corn was at the yellowest and sunniest; before growing brown with ripeness. My gig had been made many and many a year, and it was large enough to hold three with comfort; and my old cob was as sure-footed as a donkey. But it was a long time since I had driven into Newton, and the town seemed so full of folks that I inquired at the inn if anything was going on out of the common. But they said no; it was always as full as that. The station was ten times worse; there was such a hurry, and confusion, and scrambling when the train came in that I was fairly bewildered; and it was not till it was gone on again, and nearly out of sight, that I saw a young lady, very sweet, and pretty, and pale-looking, who was standing all alone, with a little baby held tight in her arms. I ran to her, and offered to take the child from her.

"I'm Susan Abbott, ma'am," I said, "the person Mr. Vernon sent to meet you."

But the poor young thing only shook her head, and smiled; though I saw the tears start into her eyes. Then she murmured a little word or two, which I could not make any sense of, and laid her baby in my arms. It was as fine and lovely a child as I ever saw, and I could not forbear bending my face down to it, to kiss its soft rosy cheek. As I lifted up my head again I saw the young lady wipe away her tears.

"Come with me, ma'am," I said, very loud, and pointing to the gig outside in the station-yard. She understood me quite well and followed me like a lamb, and got into the gig, and took the child upon her lap. Then I saw to the trunk being safely tied at the back of the gig, and so we started off home.

It was very queer riding beside a person

who did not know a word you said. She looked about the country, with her lovely blue eyes, as blue as the sky overhead; and I did my best to explain what the places were. We had to pass the Hall gates, with their great stone pillars covered over with moss, and the hinges all brown with rust. I pulled up the cob to let her look down the long avenue of lime-trees, and see the deer lying down among the bracken in the shadow of the trees.

"Hall!" I cried, very distinctly, "Hall! Lord Westbourne, his house! Lord Westbourne!" I thought she seemed to understand me a little, for the colour came into her face, and she leaned forward to look the better into the park, all green and sunny, with long shadows across the turf thrown by the low light of the sun. So we lingered a minute; and then we drove on to the fields, which lay between the high road and my farm.

I never knew a creature settle down so quickly and naturally into a new home. It was like a stray, unfledged bird come back to its nest again. The sweet pretty darling found a place for all her few things immediately, made a little cot for her baby, undressed him herself, and then sat in my rocking-chair outside the door, for it was a warm evening, singing him to sleep, while Nancy and I milked the cows in the fold. All the house seemed changed, with her and the child there. It was cheery and sociable like a home. The very click of the rockers on the quarries was almost as much music to me as her singing was; though that was very sweet and soothing, and brought to my mind the days when I was a child, and had a mother. I felt that I did not much care whether Mr. Vernon paid for them being there or not.

But he did pay regularly, sending a ten-pound note every month for me inside a letter to the young lady. These letters were all written in a foreign language; and, of course, I did not know a word of them. She was learning a little English; just the names of the things she wanted most; and how to call me and Nancy, and the names of the animals about us. Generally she made herself very content; but now and then she would be low and moose a little. Once when she was most melancholy, I fetched her bonnet and shawl and made signs to her to put them on; and I dressed myself and the baby. I thought we would go across the park and up to the Hall, for I fancied a little change would do her good.

So long as we were in the park it did do

her good. It was very beautiful with the old trees branching out across the turf, and the leaves all brown and red and gold with the autumn, and tossing and dancing in the wind; and the deer watching us shyly from a distance; and here and there a hare leaping across our path. But when we reached the stables, which we had to pass to get to the house, they looked forlorn enough. There were stalls for a hundred horses, and many coach-houses, and a large clock over the archway; but there was not a sound to be heard, and the clock was standing, and grass was growing up between the stones of the yard. Madam, as I called her, not yet knowing any other name, pressed close to my side, and looked eagerly into my face.

"Stables!" I said, "horses! No horses now!" and I shook my head mournfully; for I had known the time when we should have heard many a whinny and the stamp of many a hoof, and the whistling of a score of grooms and the rattling of carriage-wheels going in and out. How different it was now!

But if the stables were desolate what do you suppose the house was? We found my lord's valet in the kitchen looking like a single parched pea in a big canister. He was small, and thin, and spare, and had a scared face as if every night he slept with the clothes drawn over his head for fear. We were welcome to see over the Hall, he said; and he would go with us, for it was not often he had a chance of any talk with anybody save himself. So he and I walked together, and my sweet young lady, with her baby in her arms, strolled here and there with a serious sad face which scarcely brightened up once.

It was no place to raise one's spirits, it is true. There were all the grand saloons with the furniture left in them as if they were in daily use, and you might expect my lord to come in and sit down on one of the satin chairs, or come upon some of his gay London visitors playing at billiards, or laughing and chatting in one of the boudoirs. The bed-chambers were the same, with the beds made up as if they were slept in every night; and I could not help the feeling that they were slept in, though I would not have said so to my lord's valet for the world. Desolation reigned over the place; and I could not get it out of my head that it was being cleansed from the stains and disgrace of my lord's wicked ways, by being given up to silence and loneliness, and the soundless creeping presence of inmates whom we could not see.

"When will my lord come back?" I inquired.

"Never!" said the valet, very drearily; "but I live in hopes that Mr. Lionel will marry, and come here. I live in hopes."

We were walking through a gallery just then, with polished floors and great windows looking out upon the terrace. There were a few portraits hanging against the wall, as large as real life: and we heard a little cry, and saw madam standing as still as a post before one of them, her face deathly pale, and her blue eyes full of pain and terror.

"That's Mr. Lionel," said my lord's valet.

I ran to her, and called "Mr. Lionel! Mr. Lionel!" in her ear, as plainly as I could speak. Then she began to shiver and sob a little, and I took the child from her, and she sank down on a window-sill, and wept quite quietly, without a sound, but as if she would cry her very heart away. It was times like that I most longed to know how to talk to her, and comfort her; but I could do nothing, save sit down by her, and draw her pretty head on to my bosom, and let her feel the baby's face against her own. When she had recovered herself pretty well, we bid good-bye to my lord's valet, and went away home.

After that she began to droop and fade like a flower that lacks sunshine. But I hoped that the sun would break out upon her soon, and cheer and revive her. Sometimes I thought I would write a line or two to Mr. Vernon; but it was hard work, was writing, and I put it off from day to day, especially as he wrote regularly to her, and she to him. January came in very cold, the snow lying feet deep over the country, and we were shut out from all the world. She liked the snow, I was sure, for she sat at the window hours together, her poor face almost as white, and her eyes a deeper blue than the frosty skies were. I noticed, too, that she left off trying to learn English, and would talk and sing to the baby in that strange, outlandish tongue, as if she wanted to teach it to him.

Yet it was all so gradual, the fading and the pining, that I did not think of death till his hand was upon her, and I could see it in her pinched face and shining eyes. Then I sent Nancy's husband for a doctor, in spite of the deep snow and heavy roads; but when he came he said it was of no use, and he could have done nothing if he had come sooner. But I made up my mind that I would drive over to Glen Parva,

Mr. Vernon, as soon as ever there was a little thaw to soften the roads.

The end came quicker and sooner than I expected. The pretty dear called me to her side one afternoon, and I stood by her, looking down on her white face, with the pillows, and linen, and curtains of the bed all white, and the white snow out of doors glistening very coldly, and lying like a winding-sheet over the fields and meadows. It made me shiver till I could hardly stand steady, and keep her icy cold hand in my hard worn fingers. The baby lay beside her, fast asleep, with a face like a rose on the pillow. Her blue eyes were growing glazed and dim, but they fastened upon mine with a beseeching, frightened look, like a poor dumb creature caught in a snare. She talked fast, very fast, but every word in that unknown language, and her head tossed to and fro restlessly as she turned from me to her boy, and then back again to me. I knelt down by her side, and kissed her hand, poor love! telling her over and over again that the boy should be like my own. But the pity was she could not understand; she could understand nothing save my tears and kisses; and she went on talking, talking, till her voice began to fail, and her thin cheek was getting chilly with death.

Then the poor young thing made a sign with her fingers on the bed-clothes, as if they held a pen, and she was writing. All at once it came across my mind that she might have written what she had been trying to say to me, and somebody would have known the meaning of the words. At the least Mr. Vernon would. So I ran and fetched the slate that hung behind the dairy door, where I used to set down things I had to recollect; and I laid it before her, and put the pencil into her stiffening fingers. She opened her eyes, and roused herself with a smile of great gladness on her pretty face; but it was almost too late. It was growing dark with her, and her hand would hardly do what she wished. But she wrote a few words in large, unsteady letters, stretching across the slate, and then with a very quiet, soft sigh, her head dropped again on the pillow, and I knew that all was over.

Just then the baby awoke, and began to cry, feeling about for his mother. I took up the poor darling, and carried him away; taking care my tears should not fall upon his face, for luck's sake. Nancy was waiting down-stairs, and I sent her to do what must be done in every death-room, bidding



to lay the poor young foreign lady in. A very dreary night it was to me, though the baby, dear child! slept sweetly and soundly in my arms.

The next morning early I left Nancy in charge, and drove over to Glen Parva. Before I started I copied the words from the slate, just as my young lady had written them. They were these: "Aimez-le bien, mon pauvre petit Victor. Quand son père reviendra." That was all. It seemed a thousand pities everybody did not speak English, which comes naturally to one. However, Mr. Vernon would understand the words, and know what must be done with the child. I only hoped he would leave him with me for awhile; for the baby had been weaned these three months, and I had done almost everything for him since his mother had been taken ill.

I drove to an inn near the church and rectory, and got down from my gig. The landlord gave a helping hand, and when I was safe on the causeway, I asked him right away, for I was in haste to get home again, twelve miles out and in, and the days so short, if he knew where I could meet with Mr. Vernon.

"Lord love you!" he cried, "where do you come from, as you haven't heard the news? Mr. Vernon was drowned dead a week last Wednesday, skating on the river, and trying to save a lady as had fallen through the ice. He was buried yesterday."

You might have knocked me down with a straw; and the landlord, seeing me like that, helped me into the bar-parlour. He told me all about it, so exactly, that I seemed to see the fine, pleasant young gentleman being drawn out of the river, with the water streaming down from his hair and clothes, quite dead. "He hadn't any near relations," said the landlord; "but all the country gentry had made a great funeral for him which I should have seen, if I had only come the day before."

Though I was in a good deal of perplexity, I did not say much to the landlord. Only I showed him the words I had copied, and he held the paper to the light all ways; but he could make nothing of them, except he thought Victor was a Christian name. There was nobody at the rectory to go to; so as I was afraid of the

night, I started home again, as soon as my cob was ready to take me back.

Everything rested upon me now. So I buried my young lady quietly in our parish churchyard, following her to the grave with the little laughing baby in my arms. I was also careful to examine her trunk for papers or letters, but I did not find one. Not even Mr. Vernon's letters. There was not a thing to show who she was; not even a single ring, or trinket, or keepsake. Very likely Mr. Vernon had taken care of everything of that sort, for fear of her losing them in a country foreign to her. The linen and gowns she had left I used up for Victor whilst he was wearing frocks; for I liked to see him in his poor mother's things.

The child was mine, all my own; and never was woman so glad as I was. Everything prospered with me after that. My ewes brought two or three lambs apiece, and none of my calves died, and the cows flourished, and even the hares and rabbits seemed less mischievous than formerly. I gave Victor a good education, only I brought him up to farm-work as well, so that he might do for either his mother's station or mine, supposing we ever found out who his mother and father were. We used to talk much and often about her, as he grew older; and he was never tired of hearing what I could tell him. I think it kept him gentler and better mannered than country boys often are, though he was fond of work, such as I let him do, taking the cattle to water, and driving the cows to pasture, and seeking for eggs in the farm-buildings.

He was near upon ten years of age, as bonny a lad as any in the country-side, when one day I heard his clear, boyish voice talking earnestly at the wicket in front of the house. I glanced through the window, and saw a gentleman standing there, with a handsome face, only spoiled a little by high living, such as is common enough among our gentry. Victor had his hat off, and his brown hair was pushed off away from his wide, white forehead, and his blue eyes—like his poor mother's—were shining brightly as he looked up into the stranger's face. I had often fancied Victor reminded me of somebody I knew; and now as those two stood opposite me, a sudden pang shot through my heart. You would have sworn they were father and son.

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 194. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

#### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER VI. RUN TO EARTH.

THE driver of the hansom cab which Pauline had chartered did his duty nobly by his fare. In going so long a distance, and on a comparatively deserted road, he knew too well the impossibility of endeavouring to conceal his pursuit from the observation of his brother Jehu; indeed, no sooner did they pass the confines of Guelph Park than the driver who had Martin under his charge turned round, and there ensued between the two men an interchange of signs familiar only to the initiated of the craft, which set them both at their ease, and prevented further interrogation. Pauline's driver followed the other hansom at sufficient distance never to lose sight of it; and when Martin Gurwood stopped the cab and alighted from it, the pursuing cabman drew up at a convenient bend of the road and communicated the fact to his fare. Then Pauline jumped out, discharged the man—she would provide her own means of return she said—and slowly and stealthily followed Martin's retreating figure.

The pursuit in which she was engaged was by no means unpleasant to Pauline; indeed, she rather liked it. There was, as as before been noticed, something stealthy and cat-like in her nature and her manner; and the mere fact that, unknown to him, she was watching a person who was evidently engaged on a private mission, the discovery of which might seriously affect him, and would in any event be disagree-

able to him, had for her a potent charm. As she journeyed onward in the cab, her thoughts, too, had been preoccupied as to the object of Martin Gurwood's secret expedition. That it was of importance she was certain, or he would not otherwise have refused with so much decision his mother's request that he should devote the day to the inspection of documents in Mr. Jeffrey's company. That it had to do with the mystery of Calverley and Claxton, and consequently with the greater, and, to her, far more interesting mystery of Tom Durham's disappearance, she fully believed. As yet she had been able to elucidate nothing concerning the paper which she had discovered in the wooden box underneath Mr. Calverley's desk, the memorandum of the transfer of the two thousand pounds "to be given to T. D. at the request of A. C." Perhaps the very business on which she was engaged might give her some clue to it—might reveal the identity of this Claxton which Mr. Calverley had so pertinaciously concealed from her. Once brought face to face with him, she could readily trust to her own wit and tact to extract from him the information she required, or, at all events, to learn something that would be of service to her in accomplishing her self-imposed task.

What can there be for Martin Gurwood to search after in this queer, out-of-the-world village, amongst these old-fashioned cottages, standing back in gardens, where the size of the trees, the hedges, and the evergreens shows the length of time they have been growing? This man Claxton cannot live here in this place, so remote from the bustle of life, so inaccessible to ordinary traffic. This is a spot to which one might retire for rest and repose after a long career of business. What has brought

Martin Gurwood to such a place? Whom can he be seeking here?

As these thoughts passed through Pauline's mind, the object of her pursuit turned from the high road and passed out of her sight. She noted the spot where he had disappeared, and when she reached it was just in time to see him leaning over the half-gate, and contemplating the garden stretched out before him. Pauline passed at the end of the road until she saw him open the gate and enter the garden; then she slowly sauntered on.

When Pauline reached the gate Martin Gurwood had disappeared. The gate, slammed to by the spring attached to it, was still vibrating on its hinges, his retreating footsteps on the gravel path were still faintly audible, but the man himself was not to be seen. So far, then, she had succeeded. She had tracked him to the house which he had come to visit; now she must ascertain what was his business there.

How to set about this perplexed her sorely. A score of different notions rushed into her mind. It would be easy to ascertain the name and character of the occupant of the house from any of the tradespeople in the village, but on looking round Pauline found that there were no shops within sight, and she was fearful that during the time occupied by her absence Martin Gurwood might leave the place. Should she open the gate, boldly march up the carriage-drive, and ask for the master of the house, trusting to herself to find some pretext for disturbing him when he came? That would lay her open to the chance of Martin Gurwood's seeing her before she had been able to gain any information, and either postponing the business which had brought him there, or deceiving her as to its nature. She must think it all over more carefully before she acted, and meanwhile she would walk round and survey the premises.

The cottage stood, as has been stated, in the midst of a very large old-fashioned garden. On the left of this garden was a narrow path, bounded on one side by the garden itself, on the other by a huge hedge belonging to Doctor Broadbent, and encouraged by him in its wildest luxuriance, to screen his premises from the observation of such of the villagers as used the path for the short cut from the village to the London road. The hedge had at one time been equally luxuriant on the Rose Cottage side, but Alice had strong notions of the neces-

sity for plenty of air, and had persuaded John to have it trimmed to a moderate height. "What on earth do we want with that great green screen, keeping off every breath of air," she said: "and as for what Mr. Broadbent says about privacy, that is all nonsense. Not ten people in the day go down the lane, and none of them ever think of looking into our garden. If they did, they would be perfectly welcome; would they not, John? I am sure there is nothing here that we wish to conceal; is there, dear?" And John acquiescing, as he did in everything she proposed, the hedge was trimmed accordingly. So that Pauline, walking down this path, found that as soon as she had proceeded a certain distance she had an uninterrupted view of the back of the house, and of a large portion of the garden.

She knew nothing of horticulture, and had never given any attention to gardens, they had not come into her line of life, but she was always observant, and she noticed the trim and orderly manner in which this place was kept, and thought that it reflected great credit on the gardener, whom she saw in the distance wheeling away a great load of dead leaves, which he had collected into a heap and pressed into his barrow. She was about to call the man to her, and compliment him on the state of his garden, at the same time taking advantage of the opportunity of asking a few questions about his employer, when a little girl, with long fair hair streaming down her back, ran out of the shrubbery, in chase of an india-rubber ball which bounded before her.

Pauline drew back for an instant, but the child did not notice her, so engrossed was she by her game. In a few minutes, however, the ball bounded over the hedge, and fell at Pauline's feet.

The child looked round for aid, which was generally available in the person of the gardener, but the gardener had wheeled his barrow out of sight by this time, and all that the child could do, therefore, was to put her finger to her lip, and burst into tears.

"Don't cry, my child," said Pauline, softly, speaking to her.

The child looked up, but on catching sight of Pauline hid her face in her hands, and cried more copiously than before.

"Don't cry, my child," repeated Pauline. "Don't be afraid. See, here is your ball," holding it up. "Shall I throw it to you."

"Ess," said the child, looking up shyly

through her fingers, "frow it down at wunst, please."

Pauline complied. The ball fell at the child's feet, and rolled a little distance behind her, but she took no notice of it; she was fully occupied in examining her newly found friend.

Out of her great blue eyes the child stared in silence for some moments, then coming closer to the hedge she said, still staring earnestly, "Are you a Hinjin?"

Pauline was completely puzzled.

"A what, child?" she asked.

"A Hinjin," repeated the child. "Do you tum from Hinjia?"

"Gr—r—rand Dieu," cried Pauline, surprised into one of the exclamations of her old life. "No, child, what makes you think that?"

"Tos you have dot a brack face, and you speak so funny," said the child.

Pauline smiled. "A black face," she said to herself. "I am swarthy enough, I know, but if this child thinks me black, she must needs have lived with very fair people. She seems sufficiently intelligent, and may probably be able to give me some information. What is your name, my dear?" she said to the child.

"Bell," said the child, promptly.

"Bell," repeated Pauline; "what a pretty name—blonde et belle. What is your other name, my dear?"

The child thought for a moment, and then said, gravely, "Lickle Bell."

"Oh, but you must have some other name besides that," said Pauline. "What is your other name?"

"No more," said the child, shaking her head.

"Yes, but your nom de famille—your family name. You have that?"

"No, no, no," said the child, emphasising each word with a shake of her head.

"But your papa—"

"He's dorn away tavelling on 'ail'oad."

"Gone travelling on the railroad, has he? Has your mamma gone with him?"

"No, me mamma's at home—been teaching me my 'eripture 'istory."

"What a kind, good mamma," said Pauline, with curling lip. "And what is your mamma's name, dear?"

"Misse C'axton, 'Ose Tottage, 'Endon, Mid'sex," said the child, all in a breath, the sentence being evidently the result of much practice.

Mrs. Claxton, the wife of the man at whose request Mr. Calverley had given the two thousand pounds to Tom Durham!

Ah, how Pauline's heart bounded, and how the colour flushed into her swarthy cheeks, at hearing those words! She had been right, then; the instinct that so seldom deserted her had served her truly in this instance. She had felt all along that the secret business on which Martin Gurwood had been engaged had some reference to her affairs, and now she had proved it!

What were the relations between Martin Gurwood and Mrs. Claxton? Pshaw! Had her steady business-like brain taken to weaving romances? What more likely than that Mrs. Calverley's son should come out to seek an interview on business matters with the wife of her dead husband's partner. Stay though—with the partner, yes; but the child had said that Mr. Claxton was away travelling on business. Pauline knew of her own knowledge that Mrs. Calverley had never seen Mr. Claxton, much less his wife, and recognised at once that had business been the object of the interview, it was Mr. Jeffreys who would have been despatched to seek an interview with the partner, and not Mr. Gurwood to see the wife. The mystery still remained in fullest force, and had yet to be elucidated by her!

Of what more use could the child be to her? The child, who, seeing her newly found friend immersed in her own thoughts, had again turned to her ball. There might be still some more information to be obtained, and Pauline would try and gain it.

"And so your papa is not at home?" she commenced.

"Tavelling on 'ail'oad," said the child, making the ball bound again.

"And your mamma is all alone?"

"Not all alone now, gemply tum. Mamma thought it was papa, and me got off 'eripture 'istory. Me saw it was strange gemply, and run off wif my ball."

"A strange gentleman, eh!" said Pauline. "Did you never see him before?"

"Me never saw him before; me wish he would always tum at lesson time."

"And how long has your papa been away from home?"

"Two, free weeks, two, free months. Me frow my ball to you, and you frow me back again."

As she spoke the ball came bounding across the hedge. Pauline took it up and threw it back to the child.

"Do you know Mr. Calverley, dear?" she asked, as Bell stood with the ball in her hand, ready to launch it at her again.

"Misse Calverley," repeated the child,

"me not know him; me know Doctor Broad-bent, what brings nassie powders in his pocket."

"You don't know Mr. Calverley?"

"No, me not know Misse Calverley. Me go and get George to play at ball," she added, after a moment's pause, finding that there was no more amusement to be had from her newly found friend, and running away after the gardener.

Pauline watched the child disappear in the shrubbery, then folding her arms across her breast, fell into her old habit of walking to and fro to think out the emotions under which she was labouring.

Perhaps she had deceived herself after all, perhaps her fertile brain had been conjuring up and given life and name to a set of phantoms. There was no evidence to connect this Mrs. Claxton with the pale-faced woman whom she had seen at Southampton, who might have been a mere emissary of Tom's, employed by him to get the money and bring it to him there. It seemed impossible that the wife of such a man as Mr. Claxton, who was on all sides represented to be a partner in the house of Calverley and Company, could descend to such a position, it seemed impossible that— She stopped in her walk motionless and transfixed.

She had been looking at the house, and at one of the lower windows, a large French window opening on to the grounds, she suddenly saw the figure of a woman. She recognised it in an instant; recognised it as the pale-faced woman whom she had seen walking to and fro on the railway platform at Southampton with Tom Durham, and of whom he had taken such an affectionate farewell, pale-faced still, and tearful, with bent head, and wringing hands. She stands for a moment alone, the next instant she is joined by Martin Gurwood, who seems by his actions to be exhorting her to confidence and courage. It is, of course, by their actions alone that Pauline can judge what they are doing, but her southern nature leads her to translate their pantomime, feeble though it may be, more readily than could any one less accustomed to gesture and action. See her bent head, her shrinking figure, her hands outspread before her. Then notice his look turned upward, the growing uprightness of his stately figure, his elevated hand. Evidently she is giving way under the weight of some distress, while he is consoling her, and, as Pauline judges from his actions, pointing out to

her the course of duty. The reverend's consolation has but little effect, Pauline thinks, as the pale-faced woman, giving way to her grief, sinks upon the ground, and lays prostrate at her companion's feet.

Now to see what is the exact state of the relations between them, now to see whether the secret which from the first she has believed Martin Gurwood to be concealing in his breast has reference to a woman; whether this misogynist, as his friends think him, and as he strives to prove himself, is but as other men are, frail and feeble, liable to be diverted from his path of duty, and to be turned hither and thither by a woman's influence.

By Martin's actions the reply is patent to her at once. Had he been this woman's lover, had he been striving to become her lover, he would have cast himself down on his knees beside her, and striven to have raised her, bidding her repose herself and her grief on him. As it was, he stood there looking at her, as Pauline could distinguish, with eyes full of sorrowful regard, with head bent, and hands that involuntarily sought to raise her, and were then restrained and folded across his breast. No further action, no movement of his lips so far as she could see. "It is in his capacity as priest," she said to herself, "that he is here; there is no question of his being this woman's lover; evidently she is suffering from some great trouble, and he has come to announce it to her. They are not as our priests, these Protestants, and he is an Englishman besides. He has told his story in their usual cold, matter-of-fact, unimpassioned way, and awaits now quietly until she shall arise from the swoon into which the receipt of the intelligence has thrown her. So far I have been wrong. That he had a secret, I still believe; but that it is not in the least connected with this woman, I am sure. What it may be I have still to learn, and I will learn it, that it may give me power over him, and, through him, over his mother, whom I intend to minister to my comforts, and to be my principal source of support for years to come. This pale-faced woman, too!" She had thought that she had brought down both the birds with one stone; now each mystery was still a sealed book to her.

How was she to get at them? It would have been useless to inquire of the tradespeople in the village now, who would simply tell her what she knew already, the name of the occupant of Rose Cottage, of his

station in life, of his position as Mr. Calverley's partner. Of all this she was already aware. From whom was she to learn more? From Martin Gurwood himself, and no one else. She must brave it out with him; she must bring to that interview, which must take place at once, all her courage and all her knowledge of the world, the one to bear her up in confronting the rage which he would undoubtedly feel at finding he had been followed, the other in enabling her to see through any deception which he might try to practise upon her.

See! they move. The pale-faced woman rises from the floor. Ah, with what dignity, Pauline acknowledges to herself, keeping her eyes straight upon the window. She stands upright now before her companion, and is evidently speaking with simple, unexaggerated action. He is striving to refute what she is saying, if he can be judged by the bending of his shoulders, by the moving of his hand. He fails, though; Pauline sees that. Then he bows in taking his leave, and disappears.

What she has to do must be done at once. She is to meet and confront him, and brazen it out before him. She had noticed that the cab in which he had come, after setting him down, had rolled off in the direction of the village. To get to the village he must pass the end of the path in which she then stood. If she could get there before him she would be in time. In another instant she had gathered her skirt around her and set off into a swift and steady run. She reached the end of the path as Martin Gurwood emerged through the garden gate, and remained still, awaiting his approach.

He came on steadily, his eyes fixed upon the ground, until he was within a short distance of her. Then he looked up, and wavered in his walk for an instant, seeing her planted directly in his path. For an instant; the next he continued his advance—continued it even when she threw back her veil, and when, as she saw by a quick upward glance at him, he recognised her features.

It was best, she thought, that she should speak first.

"Good morning, Mr. Gurwood," she said, in a light and pleasant tone. "You are surprised to see me here?"

His face was stern and rigid, as he replied: "Had it been any one else, I might have been surprised; in Madame Du Tertre such conduct appears to me per-

fectly natural, and what I always imagined her perfectly capable of being guilty of."

"Such conduct! guilty of!" she repeated. "This is harsh language, Monsieur Martin. Of what conduct pray have I been guilty?"

"Of following me, and spying upon my actions, madame; of that there can be little doubt!"

"And yet at that you are not surprised," she said, with a laugh. "You had so low an opinion of me, that you take 'such conduct' as a matter of course. Well, I am not disposed to deny it. I have followed you, and I have, as you call it, spied upon your actions. It is for you to explain them!"

"To explain them!" cried Martin Gurwood, with a burst of indignation; "to whom, pray? To my conscience, I can explain them readily enough; to those who have any claim upon me to ask for an explanation, I can give it. But to you, in what capacity am I to explain it?"

"In my capacity as Mrs. Calverley's friend and agent," said Pauline, making a bold stroke. "I am here in her interests; it is by her that I am authorised to do what I have done."

The shot had told; she saw its effect at once in his blanched cheek, and his hesitating manner.

"You have come here as my mother's agent?" he asked.

"I have," she replied, looking him straight in the face.

"Then," he said, after a moment's pause, "if you are really and truly her friend, I must ask you in her interests to conceal from her all you have seen, to tell her a story in no way bearing upon the truth, to divert her thoughts and suspicions—for she must needs suspect, if she has employed you, as you say, to watch me in what I do—into some totally different channel."

Pauline smiled grimly. "I thought so," she exclaimed. "It will not suit the Reverend Martin Gurwood, rigid moralist, the most holy of men, to have it known, even by his mother, that he has been to visit a pretty woman, and that his conversation with her has been of such effect that she has cast herself at his feet during her husband's absence, and that he has been enabled to give her consolation in her deepest sorrow."

"If your taunt fell upon me, and upon me alone," said Martin, drawing himself up, and looking straight at her, "it would be harmless enough, but I have others to

think of, and others to shield. If you knew who the lady is of whom you are speaking in this thoughtless manner, you would——"

"I know well enough," said Pauline, with a sneer, "this woman—this friend of yours, is the wife of Mr. Claxton, the partner of your mother's husband, whom you have just buried."

"You think so," cried Martin. "She thinks so herself, but it is for me to undeceive you, though I have kept the truth from her. This woman is one whom Mr. Calverley most basely deceived! Under a false name, the name which you have mentioned, he wooed and won her, and she at this moment believes herself to be his widow!"

### WHAT WE WEAR.

CLOTHES, dwellings, and cooked food, take equal rank as necessities of the human race. There are, no doubt, members of the great family whose requirements are met by a minimum of all three, but even the Root Digger and the Andaman Islander have some representative of house, kitchen, and wardrobe. It is on the last of these that mankind have exercised their inventive powers the most freely. For one style in architecture there have been a dozen in dress. A new dish is a rarity, but new fashions sprout up with the spontaneous rapidity of so many mushrooms. An exhibition which should comprise every vagary of tailor and milliner, from the dawn of history to this present year of grace, would be great indeed.

The skins of beasts, mentioned in Genesis as the raiment of our first parents, take precedence of all the materials for wearing apparel. They furnished the winter garb of the wood-stained Britons. They supplied a covering for sundry of the wild tribes that followed the polyglot host of Xerxes in its expedition against Hellas. Hercules deigned to don the lion's skin, and Bacchus that of the leopard. The spear-throwing heroes of Homer, in leaguer against white-walled Troy, lay down to rest, wrapped in shaggy capotes of goat-skin, such as their robber descendants, the Klephts of the mountains, still affect. The brown bearskin was bed and mantle in one to the Norseman, and that of the white bear was held too precious, by early converts from paganism, to be used for meaner purposes than the covering of some high altar. The skin of the seal is the

only available resource to protect the Greenlander from deadly cold, as the reindeer gives clothing, food, and means of locomotion to the Laplander. The opossum rug of the Australian black, the kaross of the Kaffer, the sheepskin of the barbarous hordes who once ranged over at least two-thirds of the vast empire of Russia, were in a manner prescribed to them by the circumstances of their condition. Turkish family tradition represents Othman as wearing a wolfskin, and the bleached buffalo robes of the North American Indians, soft, white, and stamped in variegated patterns, as well as their deerskin vests, gay with tinted embroidery, with beads and shells, with stained quills and coloured sinew-threads, show how much can be done by taste and skill to beautify the humblest materials.

Old Europe, the Europe of Gaul and Greek, of Etrurian and Iberian, was clothed in linen and in wool, the latter predominating. Western Asia wore much wool, and a little linen. China added to wool and cotton her exclusive treasure of silk. Egypt had flax and cotton to supplement the fleeces of Goshen. The Roman gown, the old-fashioned virile toga, was, like the belted plaid which Campbells and Gordons wore before the invention of the modern philabeg, adapted either for peace or war. The Quirites literally girded themselves up for battle or broil, and it was only in quiet times that sweeping garments were to be seen. The kilted Greeks entertained a peculiar antipathy to the loose robes and wide Oriental trousers of their Persian foes. Such articles of attire were, in Athenian eyes, the very badge and symbol of Medish tyranny, and the comic dramatists spoke of them as English satirists of the later Stuart reigns alluded to the wooden shoe that typified French influence. At a much subsequent date the braccæ of the conquered Gauls, odious and absurd in Roman estimation, came to be regarded as the distinguishing mark of a barbarian.

From mutilated statuary, from frescoed paintings, marvellously preserved beneath the ashes of Pompeii and the lava of Herculaneum, we can eke out the verbal descriptions which have come down to us from the writers of antiquity, and form a fair idea of how the women of classic times were wont to dress. The flowing drapery which they wore was certainly graceful, but scarcely convenient, while the apparent unstudied arrangements of those folds cost much toil, and many a sharp reproof to the slaves who acted as tiring-

women to the ladies of Argos or of Aquileia. We find at this day garments not very dissimilar in universal use, not merely in India, south of the Nerbudda, where Mohammedan modes have never made way with the non-Moslem population, but also in Burmah and Siam. Various monastic orders, Capuchins and Carmelites above all, have kept, as the habit of their obedience, a tolerably accurate copy of the costume worn by the poorer subjects of the Eastern Empire during the three or four first centuries of the Christian era. The brown sergo cloak, the cowl to shade the head and face from the fierce sun, the rough but serviceable girdle of plain rope, and even the hair shirt which we identify with the asceticism of the anchorite, were borne by many not as yet weaned from the old faith of once imperial idolatry. The poor man of Syria, of Egypt, and of Lesser Asia, was indeed somewhat, in his hardy and abstemious method of life, given to mortify the flesh. Gaulish and Umbrian monks, on the introduction of the austere Eastern discipline, regarded as dire penance and unendurable privation the meagre diet and coarse apparel of their more stoical brethren near the Nile.

Romans of rank, if they had one darling weakness, manifested it in their passion for purple. It was not merely because the dye of the Tyrian shell-fish contrasted well with the prevalent whiteness of classic garments, but because the purple hue was sacred to Cæsar, and a reflected glory of imperial dignity clung about those whose high station gave them the privilege of bordering their gowns with a stripe, more or less narrow, of the courtly colour. Never did the envied scrap of red ribbon that decorates a Frenchman's button-hole occasion such proud delight, such angry heart-burnings, such eager longings, as did the concession to wear purple among the masters of the world. Even the pearls of the Orient, brought by Alexandrian keels to the harbours of Neapolis and Ostia, hardly fetched a higher price, weight for weight, than the precious pigment for which the fishermen were ever seeking among the lone rocks where once had stood the Venice of Syria. Alaric's greedy demand, the ransom of besieged Rome, coupled "all the purple," with gold, silver, and slaves; for nothing, as the wily Goth well knew, sold better at every mart, from Gades to the Persian frontier. Sumptuary laws limited its use within such strait limits that had there not been the usual discrepancy between theory and practice, a very few

netfuls of the valuable mollusc would have supplied emperor, consuls, and senators, with the little they required for their own adornment. But an indictment, then as now, could not lie against a nation, and the knights and notables of the provinces vied with the aristocracy of Old Rome and New in staining hem and fringe, scarf and buskin, with the coveted tint. Yet the imperial purple was but a dusky dye, often ignominiously likened to bull's blood, and the whole of the colours employed by the ancients in staining textile fabrics were inferior in brilliancy and beauty to those with which we are now familiar.

The rise of the Norman power in Europe, with all its adjuncts of chivalry and thirst for plunder, its love of display and its desire of domination, was marked by the first introduction of what may be called caprice in wearing apparel. Up to that time dress had been traditional, as it still remains throughout the East, and changes few and far between. But now there suddenly appeared in the front rank a race newly civilised, and uniting the valour and cunning of their pirate grandfathers with that aptitude for learning which had caused them to outstrip their Frankish schoolmasters. Nothing came amiss to this subtle and whimsical people, who first won wealth by hard blows and hard bargains, and then spent it lavishly on castle and cathedral, banquet and procession, tournaments and tailors. The short coats and long cloaks of the conquered at Hastings were unquestionably more reasonable attire than were the long coats and short cloaks of the conquerors; but very soon the Normans set the fashion, not merely to England, but to all the western portion of the Continent. Their fashions, constantly varying, exhibited considerable power of invention, combined with an utter disregard of cost or convenience, and the ball of change, once set rolling, was not easily again set at rest.

Fashion, as befitted so wayward a sovereign, seldom deigned to hold her court for more than one or two generations in the same capital. It is difficult now to realise the fact that Rouen was once the arbitress of taste; that the eyes of foreigners were ever riveted on London, splendid in the flaunting finery worn under her Angevin kings; that Ypres, Bruges, and Ghent were mistresses of the situation, and that Paris copied Mantua, and Milan dictated laws of dress, before her sceptre of elegance bowed to that of Madrid. A curious reversal of feeling must have taken place



since the gorgeous pageants of the Middle Ages, with all their revelling and hunger, all their magnificence and squalor, their sentimental charity and indifference to suffering, passed off the stage. For in all the short-lived splendours of which the old chroniclers tell so much, women had but little part, whether as the wearers or the makers. The first milliners were bearded men. It was a tailor, not a mantua-maker in the modern sense of the word, who brought home Katharine's new gown to the house of Petruchio. Nor did the comparatively simple and becoming attire of the ladies of feudal times change by any means so often from the decorous grace of its original type as that of their more fickle lords. There is less difference, sartorially speaking, between Queen Eleanor and Margaret of Anjou, between Berengaria and Isabel of France, than between the men of their respective times. They never made themselves sublimely ridiculous, as masculine vanity so constantly urged the fops of the period to do. Until we reach the bristling ruffs and steeple-hats of Elizabeth's reign, there is nothing—unless it be the fantastic contrast of colours brought in by Henry the Sixth's imperious consort—to provoke a smile, from the days of the Confessor to those of the Defender of the Faith.

But the men of those centuries were arrayed as superbly as so many bright-winged butterflies, flashing with rainbow tints and powdered with gold. In every household of any pretension to rank, even in those of the poorer gentry who groaned over the fashioner's charges and haggled smartly with the chapman who sold the wares, a large slice of the family income was devoted to clothing its head. Squire Claypole, worthy man, might usually wear hoden grey not better than that of his few tenants, and ride in untanned boots about the swampy fields of his small estate; but it was thought incumbent on him, half a dozen times a year or so, to come forth like a strutting peacock, glorious in brave apparel. Perhaps my lords the king's justices were at the assize town, with trumpeters and javelin-men; and all the legal rout, serjeants in silk and stuff, clerks, bag-boys, attorneys, scriveners, assessors, riding with sword and dagger, and steel jazerans under their black cassocks, because of rebel and robber. Possibly the legate of his holiness had journeyed down to exhibit his violet coat and purple dalmaticum in our bishop's court plenary and throne in the cathedral.

It might even be the king's grace who was condescending, with his retinue of three hundred men and proportionate mules and palfreys, to eat the mitred abbot of Slochester out of house and home. At such a moment, when the gentlemen of the shires were mustering to do honour to the county's great guest, could the head of the Claypoles be absent, and did he not owe it to the name he bore to ruffle it with the best?

It must have been a grand spectacle, that Claypole toilet, at which wife and sister, son and daughter, lent all the aid they could, hovering about the chamber where the Claypole regnant was getting ready to confront at least reflected royalty. With what tender reverence did they lift from the oaken chest, where it lay in lavender, his worship's doublet—that doublet of Florence satin, quilted with silk, stiff with embroidery, and sown with seed-pearl, which represented a mortgage on nine corn ricks and the swine of Brackley Fen. Those slashed sleeves, cunningly pinked with cloth of silver, had been the innocent causes of thin ale and stinted beef, last winter, at the Hall, and the broad gold laces on those hose, the amber leather of the Cordovan boots, had swallowed up the profit of all the yarn so painfully spun by the mistress and her maidens, this twelvemonth past. Even that Moloch of a hat, which all the establishment fall down before and do homage to, with its jewelled clasp and nodding feather—white as snow, and said to pertain to a monstrous bird called the estridge or ostrich, hunted by the Mahound worshippers of Paynim Afric—has cost the price of a load of as good barley as ever malster bought. But what matters that, while the blue-coated serving-men are saddling their horses and burnishing broadsword, badge, and buckler, to ride behind their master as gallantly as becomes the attendants of a Claypole?

Not merely vanity and ostentation, but the gregarious instinct which we share with sheep, pushed mediæval mankind into a practical compliance with fashions which were directly injurious to health. The warm clothing, and in particular the weighty hoods worn in Edward the Third's reign, were excellent allies to the deadly epidemics of the time, and may even have whetted the scythe of that Black Death that mowed among our forefathers as among thick grass, and that swept away half the population of Europe. The extravagant tightness of the French hose and doublet worn under Louis the Eleventh—

and of which Charles the Bold's towering effigy, as he stands in stone, larger than in life, beside the famous chimney-piece of the Bruges town-hall, is the best example—was succeeded by the ludicrous bulk of the bombasted garments of Francis of France and bluff Harry of England. Trunk hose and Flanders coats, stuffed out with hair and wool, with bran or straw, according to the liberality of the customer, was what tailordom had then to offer to a discerning public; and soon afterwards the stiff Elizabethan ruff, excruciatingly starched, and with its bristling points as sharp as the spiked leaves of a holly-hedge, began to encase the much-enduring necks of both sexes. Then to the brocaded doublets and short hose of the originals of the Vandyke portraits there succeeded the lace falls, the knee-buckles, flapped coats, fathomless waistcoats, and majestic periwigs of that Augustan age of which the Cæsar held his revels at Whitehall, and spent in a month of easy-going, careless, almost joyless prodigality, the yearly income which England and the French King subscribed for Charles the Second.

Down to the time of the battle of Pavia, or thereabout, Spanish influence in dress had been unfelt beyond the Pyrenees. In truth, the Christians of Spain, engaged for centuries in their long grapple with the Moors, were of no more account to other nations than if their country had been on the south of the Mediterranean. Politically speaking, Spain was in Africa, not in Europe. She had more to do with armaments at Fez, with a revolution in Tafilet, the rise of caliphates and the incursion of Amazirghs, than with what happened in France and Flanders. She could send few lances to the Crusades; the infidels were at her threshold, and every nerve had to be strained to keep the crescent from bearing down the cross. At last the Moor grew feeble, and Spain, mistress of the Netherlands and of half Italy, with her fires ablaze for Jew and Moslem, with her sternly disciplined infantry, and tall war-ships horrent with cannon, the silver of a subject continent gorging her exchequer, assumed a very high place in the scale of nations. It so happened that the Spaniards—probably through their aversion for the favourite Moorish white—had a peculiar liking for black garments, and that this fancy was strongest among the aristocracy. Sancho Panza speaks of some richly-dressed person as being in "gold and jewels, like a foreign count," and, indeed, the hidalgos of Castile were

prone to leave gay hues to the alien, and to wear few ornaments beyond a weighty gold chain, or collar of pearls. The Puritans, then in every land, becoming formidable, had for widely different reasons an abhorrence of glittering colours and gewgaws, and the don and the precisian between them brought in that custom of wearing sober black, which has gained ground ever since, until in the United States it almost rises to the dignity of a national uniform.

All this time the mass of the people of all countries had been sufficiently ill-clad, that their poor attire should make a dusky background, against which the rainbow radiance of their lords and masters glittered with artistic effect of light and shadow. England and Flanders had, as a rule, a better-dressed population than France or Germany. For in the former countries the bulk of the people were free, whereas, elsewhere, the bonds of serfage continued to shackle the limbs of the cultivator until the close of the eighteenth century. But frieze cloth, leather, and coarse linen, must have seemed all the uglier and plainer for the glaring contrast with velvet pile and cloth of gold. Underclothing was scarce, and of indifferent quality. Gentlemen could afford fine holland, and my lord the earl the delicate web from Cambray looms, but the poor man's linen was of rough mixture, and too commonly dispensed with altogether. Calico shirts, when the material was first introduced by the Merchants Adventurers of India, produced the same effect on the English drapers and pullers and wool-combers that a red rag is supposed to do on the temper of a bull. They cried out to the legislature to forbid the gentry from "flaunting" in a cotton garment made by turbaned unbelievers at Calicut, while English fleeces and English flax awaited purchasers. As it was, an Act of Parliament commanded that the dead should sleep their last sleep in woollen wrappers, and there was precedent enough for coercing public taste into paths approved of by the collective wisdom of Lords and Commons.

Parliament had been busy, from the first, in assigning to every man and woman in the realm the raiment that befitted his or her rank and fortune. Miniver and silk and fine cloth for one, catskin and lamb-skin and plain stuff for another, and for none below the condition of an earl or countess, the rare and more expensive furs, the tissues of silver and gold, the embroideries, the satins, from over seas. But it

would have taken Argus himself to have informed against the breakers of the sumptuary laws, and Briareus, as beadle or constable, to collect the fines. The statutes were so systematically disregarded, as to be dead letters from the beginning, yet they were published. Even Sir Walter Raleigh's historical suits, heavy with pearls, and worth several thousands of pounds, were worn, probably to the admiration of the queen's highness, of whose court he was an ornament, but in defiance of law. Presently the Themis of Albion grew wiser, and ceased to prohibit in principle what she had never restrained in practice. The hoop of Queen Anne's reign, like the crinoline of the Second Empire, although an exotic, found, perhaps, its truest devotees among the ladies of England. The reason of this widespread adoption probably was, that, in our country, what is called a national costume had died out among the million, far more rapidly than was the case elsewhere. It was not merely the wealth of London which caused William of Orange to declare that when he made his triumphal entry, he beheld more well-dressed people than he had ever before seen. Nowhere else could have been collected such a multitude of persons who, according to their means, attired themselves after the fashion of their superiors in station. In Paris or Amsterdam, the white coifs or kerchiefed heads of the peasant-women, the blouses or serge jerkins of the labouring men, would have badged and ticketed the immense majority of the gazers. It would have been easy to discriminate between the brown cloth and black velvet of the tiers état, and the peach-blossom and sky-blue, the red, the purple, the gold and silver, of the classes privileged to wear their swords, and dangle their clouded canes in courtly ante-rooms. But a London crowd, so early as the end of the seventeenth century, was exceptional. Those who could pay for fine clothes, were at liberty to wear them. Joe Thrum, citizen and hosier-expectant, at the sign of the Golden Lamb, wore on work-days a flat cap, or slouched hat, grey stockings, and a sad-coloured suit of Wiltshire woollen. But Joe was his father's heir and junior partner, and his broad-pieces were as welcome as those of the wild young Scourers west of Temple Bar to that judicious man, Solomon Shears, merchant-tailor, of the Strand. On high days and holidays, Master Thrum could come forth in a plum-coloured coat, with gold on every seam, in Flanders cravat and ruffles, his long waistcoat covered with

blush-roses in floss silk, his periwig curled like that of my late lord, His Grace of Monmouth, and perfect in every particular, from the amber snuff-box to the diamond shoe-buckles, sword, fan, fringed gloves, clocked stockings, and all. A few old-fashioned civic heads might be shaken in pitying disapproval of the young mercer's dandyism, but that was all. There were in London no swaggering noble guards, no vapouring mousquetaires, no gaunt cadets from Gascony, to flout and buffet, and finally run through the body the audacious tradesman who assumed the guise of a cavalier.

Dress, like the garish tints and violent contrasts of a young beginner in painting, has been gradually toned down to suit the calm, easy flow of modern social life, against the placid decorum of which all loud sounds, vehement expressions, and gaudy colours, appear to sin. That handful of Nestors among us who have seen George the Fourth tightly buttoned in blue, with strangling cravat and dangling seals, could hardly realise the mental image of the same monarch, when a prince of three-and-twenty, leading off the dance at a public ball in a pink silk coat and powdered hair. Great is the gulf that divides us from the time, when pink silk was possible wear for any male, other than a jockey. But this was the epoch, not so far removed from our own in mere years, but an æon away from us as to taste and feeling, when officers wore scarlet about the public streets, and in travelling; when you knew the divine by his cassock and bands; when the physician clung to his gold-headed cane, and Counsellor Silvertongue deemed his wig and gown fit wear for a morning visit; when the professions, in short, were labelled and docketed; when a star on the breast denoted rank; when bankers wore drab, and when a countryman in town, or a Londoner in the country, attracted an amount of notice that would now-a-days not be bestowed even upon a Japanese or a Parsee.

#### A ROUND OF VERY OLD JOKES.

IN a recent number of this journal\* some examples were given of the cosmopolitan character of anecdote and humour, and of the curious fidelity with which the same joke, although localised and assigned to a particular individual in one country, is found to reproduce itself among other races and nationalities.

\* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. vii. p. 496.

It is less commonly known through how long a line of tradition these "merry jests" have come down to our day, and how many of the drolleries, still popular among ourselves, are almost literal reproductions of the fun and humour which shook the sides of generations past and gone in remote ages of antiquity.

Probably one of the very last quarters to which a modern humorist in search of specimens of the wit and humour of the ancients would think of turning, would be the works of the philosophers; and among the philosophers, perhaps the least promising would seem to be the spiritualised and dreamy school of the Neo-Platonists. One might, with equal appearance of probability, expect to find a rechauffé of Joe Miller in the metaphysics of Reid, or in Bishop Berkeley's Minute Philosopher, or look for a string of puns and comicalities, such as Hood's, in Wordsworth's Excursion. Nevertheless, if the reader's curiosity be active enough to encounter the trouble of looking through a little-known and very unattractive volume, printed in the seventeenth century—the works of Hierocles, a Neo-Platonist philosopher, who lived at Alexandria about the year 450—he will find, strangely associated with a Book on Providence, Fate, and Free Will, a Commentary on the Golden Verses of Pythagoras, and seven books On Duties to the Gods, to Parents, and to Society, a little collection of Asteia or Pleasantries, which, with a few modifications of name and place, would in almost every respect fall in with the tone of a modern jest-book, and might take its place most appropriately as a supplementary chapter of Joe Miller. Perhaps it is only reverent to the memory of the grave Neo-Platonist to add, that although printed among his acknowledged works, and formerly ascribed to him as author, the verdict of modern criticism has set this judgment aside, and assigned the authorship of the Asteia to another Hierocles, of later date and of very inferior fame.

But whoever may have been the author of this little collection of comicalities, it is impossible not to be struck by the fidelity with which their spirit, and almost their very terms, have been handed down to us through all the intervening centuries. Even the hero, or, more properly, perhaps, the victim, of these pleasantries (for they are almost invariably at his expense), is identical with his representative in modern anecdote. He is a certain Scholasticus, or "scholarman," the Dominic Samson of

Sir Walter Scott's novel—whose simplicity, awkwardness, and want of perception of the fitness of things, betray him into all kinds of blunders and absurdities. No special nationality is assigned to Scholasticus in the Asteia, but his blunders are for the most part of the class which the modern anecdotist would ascribe to an Irishman, and which among the Greeks were popularly represented as characterising the people of Abdera.

Every one, for example, has heard the Irish counterpart of the following:

"One of two twin-brothers died. Scholasticus soon afterwards chanced to meet the survivor. 'Was it you that died,' said he, 'or your brother?'" Again, there is a story still popular among our storytellers, of a gentleman writing a letter at his club, and breaking off in the middle of the page by telling his correspondent that he had a great deal more to write, but can go no further, on account of a confounded Irishman who is looking over his shoulder and reading every word as he puts it on paper, whereupon the Irishman unconsciously convicts himself by solemnly declaring that he had not read one single line of the letter. Who can fail to see the germ of this anecdote in the analogous blunder of Scholasticus?

"When Scholasticus was in Greece, a friend wrote to request that he would buy some books for him. Scholasticus neglected the commission. After some time, when he returned home, he met his friend. 'By-the-bye,' said he, 'I never received that letter which you wrote me about the books when I was in Greece.'"

There is another well-known Joe Miller story about an Irish soldier, who, during a battle, was carrying on his back a wounded comrade to have his leg amputated by the surgeon. On their way to the ambulance, a cannon-ball, without the Irishman's perceiving it, carried away the wounded man's head, and the surgeon, when he saw the headless body, rated the Irishman for bringing him such a case. "By the powers," replied the Irishman, "he told me it was his leg." This blunder is anticipated almost in its very terms by Scholasticus.

"Scholasticus's son was sent off by his father to the wars. When he was setting out from his home he promised his father that he would bring back to him the head of one of the enemy. 'Oh!' said Scholasticus, 'I don't care if you come back even without your own head, provided only I see you come back safe and happy.'"

Still more literal is the identity of the modern story of the Scotchman's horse, which died just as the owner had brought it to live on a straw a day, with the joke against Scholasticus.

"Scholasticus wishing to train his horse to live on very little, gradually took away the fodder from him. At length, of course, the horse died of starvation. 'What a pity!' said Scholasticus, 'just as I had him trained to live on nothing at all, he dies!'"

There are several similar prototypes of the Irish bull, or the Irish blunder.

Scholasticus in trying to learn to swim has a narrow escape of drowning. Straightway he vows that "he will never touch water again till he shall first have learned how to swim."

A friend tells him that he was dreaming about him last night, and that he imagined he met him in the street and saluted him. "I beg your pardon," said Scholasticus, "for not returning the salute, but I did not observe you."

Another of his friends falling seriously ill, Scholasticus goes to see him. On his asking him how he was, the patient was not able to answer him, and Scholasticus became very angry; "I hope I shall soon be sick myself," says he, "and when you ask me how I am, I shall pay you back for this by not answering you."

Again, wishing to see how he looks while sleeping, he shuts his eyes and stands before the looking-glass. Hearing that ravens live to the age of two hundred years, he buys a raven in order to test by experiment whether this account as to their age is true. On another occasion, on board ship in a storm, seeing the rest of the passengers lashing themselves to planks, hencoops, oars, and other objects, as a security in case of wreck, Scholasticus makes himself fast to an anchor. Finally, having occasion to make a hurried journey, upon his coming to a ferry, he enters the ferry-boat on horseback, booted and spurred, and when asked why he does so, replies, that he wants to get over the river more quickly.

In some of the anecdotes, two Scholasticuses are introduced, in order to play each other off, and thus mutually to heighten each other's absurdity.

Scholasticus one day is surprised to meet a brother Scholasticus who had lately been reported to be dead. "Is it possible?" says Scholasticus. "Why I heard that you were dead!" "Well," replied his friend,

"you see me still alive and kicking." Scholasticus shook his head. "That is all very well," said he, "but I assure you that the person who told me was a much more credible authority."

So, again, Scholasticus and his friend, who, as it chanced, was bald, having occasion to keep watch together, agreed to divide the duty between them, each in turn sleeping while the other kept watch, to be by his partner awakened when the time of his own watch arrived. During one of Scholasticus's sleeping times, his friend played him the trick of shaving his head. Scholasticus on awaking, put up his hand, and feeling his head bald, called out in alarm, that "they had awakened the wrong person!"

But for the most part the point of the joke is purely the simplicity and awkwardness of the unhappy subject, or his ignorance of the affairs of common life. Thus when he sees a friend who was about purchasing a horse, carefully inspecting his teeth, with a view, of course, to ascertaining the horse's age, he expresses his surprise that his friend would take so much trouble, whereas he might be satisfied that the horse's teeth were all right, as he had just seen him eat his corn with great avidity. On another occasion, having a house to sell, he brings with him one of the stones of the wall "as a sample of the house." On another, seeing his doctor coming up the street, he hides behind a wall, "being ashamed," as he says, "to meet the doctor—it is so long since I have been ill." And when a thievish slave continued to steal his wine by boring a hole in the bottom of a jar, the mouth of which Scholasticus had carefully sealed, and when a friend in explanation suggested that, although the seals at top were safe, perhaps the wine had been abstracted from the bottom, "You fool!" says Scholasticus, "don't you see that it is not the bottom of the wine, but the top that is gone!"

Such are the jokes of our old friend Hierocles. Not very profound, it must be confessed, nor of a high order of humorous invention. But, nevertheless, it is impossible not to recognise in them the type, if not the actual germ, of much of what passes for humour in our self-satisfied age; and, in common with the analogies between the tradition, the legend, and the fiction of different races, and of ages widely distant in time from each other, they serve to illustrate that community, or it may be that mutual inter-

communication of thought which is a bond of connexion between all literatures, the rudest and the most refined, that which has hardly emerged from the simplest elementary stage, and that which has reached the highest degree of culture and elaboration.

## DESERTED.

Never a ripple upon the lake,  
Never a sound on the lea,  
Never a rustle amid the leaves,  
Nor a note from the bird on the tree.

Never a stir mid the heather bloom,  
In its purple, shot with gold  
By the sunset; never a plaintive bleat  
From the tenants of yonder fold.

Silence afar, around, anear,  
Silence—silence, and rest;  
Only a tumult of bitter woe,  
Stirred in mine own sad breast.

Never a cloud in the rose-streaked sky,  
Never a glistening tear  
In the pure white folds of the lily-cup,  
Nor a mote in the sunlight clear.

Why did he come, with his low, deep voice,  
With his manly sunburnt face,  
With his clear dark eye, and his tender smile.  
With his manhood's supple grace?

Ah me, ah me! to the bird on the tree  
Would I tell my old, old, tale;  
From hour to hour, would I sigh to the flower,  
If but my grief would avail.

'Tis past, 'tis gone, that dream of a morn;  
I move as a thing apart,  
From the joys of summer, of life, of love.  
Cold winter is in my heart.

## OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

## A POETICAL ASSASSIN.

ON the 14th of December, 1834, about noon, two men, one short and pale, the other taller and more robust, knocked at the door of a room on the first floor, No. 271, in the Passage du Cheval Rouge, Rue St. Martin, in Paris. The rooms were inhabited by a begging-letter impostor, named Chardon, lately discharged from the prison at Poissy, where he had been committed for theft, and even still more disgraceful offences. He lived with an old mother who received a pension, but who was suspected of possessing a secret store of money and plate. Chardon, who called himself "a brother of the Charity of St. Camille," hawked about emblems of devotion made of cut glass, and had lately been petitioning Louis Philippe's good queen Marie Amelie, to establish an almshouse, towards which, it was said, the queen had already sent ten thousand francs.

The two men, the taller of whom had sharp, keen features, the other reddish grey and cat-like eyes (no one replying when they knocked), were coming down stairs, when, in the passage, they saw Chardon without his coat, and with a brush in his hand. He asked them to come up. The moment they had entered, and the door was shut, the shorter man seized Chardon by the throat, while the other stabbed him repeatedly in the back and chest with a small three-cornered file, which had a cork for a handle. Chardon fell, and in falling his feet struck open a sideboard full of plate. The shorter man then despatched him with an axe, which he found hanging near the door; and the taller assassin entering the inner room, where Chardon's mother lay ill in bed, stabbed her with his poniard. He then threw the mattress over the poor old creature's body, and drew back the bed to get at a great bureau, which he believed contained the treasure. He there found five hundred francs in silver, some dish-covers, a great furred cloak, and a black silk cap. The two rascals divided the spoil, and, on the point of leaving, they turned and saw under the glass of the clock a little ivory figure of the Virgin, which they supposed to be of great value, and carried off. At the very moment the two assassins were closing the door upon their victims, two persons came up the stairs and asked for Chardon. The taller man, with fearful calmness, replied that he was gone out, tugging all the time at the door, which would not shut because a piece of carpet was in the way. Had the visitors been importunate, and looked in, they would have seen the corpse of Chardon lying in a pool of blood near the buffet.

After this crime the two men went from the Passage du Cheval Rouge to a notorious café estaminet in the Boulevard du Temple, the taller man in the stolen cloak, the shorter wearing the black silk cap. All at once each noticed that there was blood on the other's hands, and the shorter man discovered that his clothes were covered with spots of blood. They at once went to the Turkish baths on the other side of the Boulevard, washed off the blood, then went and dined, finished the busy day by going to the play, and then parted. This double murder produced only five hundred francs; the plate, it is true, was disposed of for two hundred francs, but the purchaser paid only twenty; as for the ivory Virgin, a curiosity dealer on the Quai Voltaire offering only three francs for it,

the shorter man destroyed it as a useless and dangerous piece of evidence.

The murder of the Cheval Rouge was not discovered for two days. A man lodging above the widow Chardon had heard groans on the night of the 14th, but thought the sounds came from the shop of a baker in the passage. That same night, about half-past twelve, a young man named Brabant, lodging with the Chardons, came home, but no one answering his knocking, he went away. On the 15th, a notary, who usually drew up Chardon's begging petitions, was astonished at his client's non-appearance. On the 16th, a commissary of police broke into the rooms, and found the bodies. They also found near the bodies the file with the cork handle, and two knives, one of which had a broken point.

The double murder had made the assassins thirsty for more blood. The following day the taller of the two took a lodging in the Rue Montorgueil: three small rooms in the fourth story. They installed themselves there as law students on the 17th, and paid the quarter in advance. The two agreeable tenants had planned to decoy bankers' clerks to their den, but on the 20th a slight imprudence led to the arrest of the man with the cat's eyes. Attempting a rescue in a street disturbance he was seized by the police, and his tall friend, who came to bail him out, had some difficulty in escaping. The tall man at once sought for another accomplice in Baton, a tailor, a supernumerary at the Opera Comique, and in his leisure moments a thief. Baton refused, but pointed out François, an old soldier, with greated whiskers, who had served in Africa, and who being looked for by the police, was ready to kill any man for twenty francs. The plot was soon concocted. On the 29th of December the tall man presented himself to Messrs. Mallet and Company, bankers, and handed in a bill drawn upon Mahossier, Rue Montorgueil, by a house in Lyons. The trap was all ready. The name of Mahossier had been written up in chalk on the door, and the tall man had gone to a lodger on the ground floor, borrowed some straw for a bed, and begged that if a banker's clerk came about a bill he might be shown up. He then sat down, lit a pipe, and read a chapter in Rousseau's philosophical work, the *Contrat Social*. François sat by him, grimly rubbing his dirty red whiskers and listening for a step. At three o'clock the expected knock came. A young clerk, of about eighteen, entered hastily, carrying

twelve hundred francs in his courier's bag, and twelve thousand francs in notes. François opened the door and ushered in the lad. There was a table in the otherwise empty room, paper, ink, pens, and a sackful of straw. All at once the man of the Cheval Rouge stabbed him with a file through the shoulder into the lungs. At the same moment François, instead of seizing the youth's throat to stop his cries, stuck his fingers into his mouth, as he was already shouting "Thieves!" The clerk, with a blow of the elbow, struck François in the face and shouted louder than before. The assassins, alarmed, turned and fled. The old soldier, eager only to save himself, slammed the door after him, and left his comrade trapped. He, nevertheless, soon found the latch, and also escaped. The young clerk descended the stairs also, but on the way fainted with the pain of his wound in the arms of a lodger, who met him. Soon after the two men went to Issy, returned to Paris, committed some thefts, and then parted. Soon afterwards François was thrown into Poissy. On the 22nd of February, the tall man with the sharp features was arrested at Beaune, where he had passed himself off as a clerk under the name of Jacob Levi.

The police had all this time been searching in vain for the assassins of the Cheval Rouge. All at once a report arose that a convict at Poissy, named François, had disclosed the name of the murderer of the Chardons. The assassin was Lacenaire, a man already well known to the police. Avril, the short man with the cat's eyes, had also already betrayed Lacenaire, and confessed himself as his accomplice.

M. Allard, chief of the Paris detectives, informed Lacenaire of these revelations. The assassin, enraged at the treachery of his comrades and accomplices, at once offered to disclose everything.

The antecedents of this wretch were infamous enough. He was born in 1800, at Francheville, a village in the department of the Rhone; his father, an iron merchant of Lyons, became bankrupt late in life, and his thirteen children grew up in a scrambling way. Educated at the seminary of Alix, and the college of Lyons, where he was studious and docile, he left, wishing to become an advocate, but at his father's wish he entered a silk manufactory, then became a notary and a banker's clerk. Tired, by turns, of all these, Lacenaire enlisted, and served during the war in the Morea, deserting, however, twice before

the regiment even sailed. He was discharged in 1829, and, on his return to Lyons, found his family broken up, and his father departed from France. Henceforward, he resolved to prey upon society. With five hundred francs, lent him by a friend, Lacenaire came to Paris, but did no good. He very soon turned forger and thief, and, by natural downward steps, assassin. "My only ruling passion," he used to say, "is the love of gold. I have a horror of an empty pocket. I can't live without money." In 1829 he was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. On coming out of prison he set to work writing verses and political songs against Louis Philippe and his obnoxious ministers. In July, 1833, Lacenaire was condemned to thirteen months' imprisonment, under the assumed name of Gaillard, one of his twenty-two aliases. While at La Force, he became acquainted with M. Vigouroux, editor of *Le Bon Sens*, and a political prisoner. The editor, struck with the elegant language and caustic humour of his companion in trouble, read the verses he wrote, and showed them to his friends. Believing Lacenaire to be merely a sufferer from some youthful folly, he tried his best to win him back to industry and virtue. Lacenaire was cunning enough to appear grateful. In a letter of thanks to M. Vigouroux he said:

"Your kindness proves to me that if I cannot aspire to recover the rank to which my talents might have raised me, I may hope to recover the esteem of some enlightened and unprejudiced persons who, like you, pardon a repentant man, and do not wish to punish him all his life for the fault of a moment."

M. Vigouroux also inserted in the *Tribune des Proletaires* an article of Lacenaire's (not without sense and even eloquence) on the degrading and crime-producing prison system of France. The writer drew a powerful picture of a young offender thrown for his first offence into that cloaca called the *Depôt* of the Prefecture of Police, where, herded with the most degraded of a degraded race, he soon learned the worst vices, and was urged on to the lowest depth of crime. In August, 1834, Lacenaire, dismissed from prison, visited M. Vigouroux, and begged clothes and money. In his posthumous memoirs Lacenaire says that he asked for literary work and was offered only twenty francs a month. This was a lie; in plain fact he said to his patron with shameless impudence:

"I am no unfortunate imprudent fellow. I am a thief by profession;" and M. Vigouroux naturally let him drop for ever.

In prison for the last time, Lacenaire posed himself in the character of a poet and philosopher, a man who had been led away by misfortune, despair, and irresistible temperament. His words were caught up as eagerly as if they had been spoken by an apostle. He acted the impassible stoic, the atheist by conviction, his cold logic, his quick replies, were the talk of Paris—an untiring text for the talkers in the salons. Lacenaire's favourite topic was the exceptional disposition with which nature had endowed him. He philosophised over his victims. One day a favourite cat of his offended him, so he threw it on the ground and killed it. Then he sat down and analysed his feelings in the true manner of your grand sentimentalist.

"Strange," said the polished monster, "I regard the agony of that animal with an interest and compassion I never felt for my victims. The sight of a corpse, or a death agony produced no effect in me—I kill a man just as I drink a glass of water."

The murderer's only anxiety now was to have a speedy revenge on his associates who had betrayed him. This restless wish was suspended for a time by an author's vanity. On the 30th of November, three persons were tried for publishing a volume of treasonable songs. Amongst these was one of Lacenaire's. It was not in his usual Byronic manner, but in the Beranger strain, bitter and cynical enough, and dipped in the dye of the old revolution. It was entitled, *The Petition of a Thief to a King, his Neighbour, and commences thus*:

Pardon, your grace, the song I sing;

I'm lately from the galleys free;

I am a thief and you are king,

Let's join then in fraternity.

Good people, how I hate the gang,

My heart is hard, I'm vile I feel;

Pity and honour, let them hang:

Make me a sergeant—a sergeant-de-ville.

To the journalist who had stolen his verses he wrote a vindication that commences in the following way:

I am a rascal fond of pelf,

A wicked thief, there's no denying;

Yet when for money I was trying

I'd not a son to bless myself.

Now hunger is a great excuse

A poor dog with an appetite,

The devil feels that he can noose;

But you have robbed me of my right,

My wits. Were you too poor to choose?

One day, in the infirmary of La Force, Lacenaire was "interviewed" by a crowd



of literary men, avocats, and doctors, and, sitting with a cold cynical smile on his lip, the new prophet discoursed on literature, morality, politics, philosophy, and religion. In France only was such a levee possible.

This was one of Lacenaire's speeches on this interesting occasion :

"In politics, as in gambling, one must be either dupe or scoundrel. If some men die for their cause it is because politics, like other passions, becomes absorbing, and men stake their heads for a passion."

The conversation then fell on the St. Simonians and religion. Lacenaire believed in the transmigration of the soul, the vital principle passing into brute matter, remaining there without fixed laws or limits, and passing on to animate by turn other substances.

"In organised beings," said Lacenaire, "all impressions tend to a common nervous centre, and the brain converts them into sensations. Interrupt the communication, there is no more sensation. You may cut and burn a paralysed limb, but the impressions are not transmitted to the brain, the individual feels nothing; that is the case with the man whose head had just been cut off." The listeners shuddered, but Lacenaire's face remained calm and smiling.

On another day one of his visitors led Lacenaire into a strange conversation upon the philosophy of murder.

"I asked myself," said Lacenaire, "if I was my own victim, or that of society; and I decided that I was the victim of society."

"But you struck only the innocent," remarked the visitor.

"That is true," returned the cold-blooded ruffian. "I lamented those I killed, but I struck them because I had taken arms against all. I made a system of assassination—a means of preservation to insure my own existence. I felt no frenzy of crime or pleasure in the deed. I committed it as a commercial operation—a calculated combination. I am not cruel, but the means must be in harmony with the end. An assassin by system, it was necessary for me to stifle all sympathy. I felt no remorse, no fear. My head was the stake I laid down. I never counted on impunity, because I knew that society is founded on order. The idea of death does not frighten me. Die to day or to-morrow; apoplexy or the axe, what matter? I am thirty-five years old, and I have lived more than a life; and when I see old men trying to prolong their misery, I prefer to die suddenly. If I possessed

the most active poison now I would not swallow it; besides, is not the guillotine the most subtle of poisons? An assassin, I knew I had established between myself and the scaffold a link—a contract. My life belongs to the executioner. It is not an expiation, but a gambling debt that I owe."

"Do you believe, Lacenaire, that all ends with life?" asked the visitor.

"I never wish to think of that. I have such a power over my imagination, that if I chose I would not think of death till I ascended the steps." Then, after a pause, he added these strange remarks: "Do you think they will despise me? What I hold as insupportable is the contempt of others."

When this strange and ghastly conversation was ended, Lacenaire refilled his glass, and said: "This is not Falernian. This liquor was not '*nata mecum consule Manlio*.'"

A young advocate, who was going to defend Lacenaire, fell ill and died before the prisoner. Almost the last words of the young lawyer were: "Alas! I shall reach there before him."

Lacenaire, on hearing of the death, said philosophically: "Eh, bien, sooner or later it comes to that. No doubt, he suffered much before he went. I shall suffer less—I know that well enough."

Lacenaire was impatient for revenge and for the trial which would secure it. On the 12th of November the trials opened in the Seine Court of Assizes. He did not wish to be defended, but an avocat was retained for him by the government. The court was full of ladies. Lacenaire wore his usual stereotyped smile. His dress was careful, his manner elegant and refined. Avril and François, who seemed mere vulgar workmen, were silent and depressed. When the evidence bore heavily on his accomplices, Lacenaire glanced at them ironically; at other times he read the paper, or engaged in smiling conversation with his avocat. It was not difficult for Lacenaire to prove the complicity of Avril and François. Frechard, a man condemned to penal servitude, deposed that he had been blinded in attempting to save a turnkey at Poissy from being stabbed by Avril. He met Avril on the Boulevard after he left Poissy, and he and an English woman who was called "the Serpent," went and had some wine together. Avril then, to the horror of the woman, proposed to him to assassinate Chardon, which he said would be an affair of ten thousand francs, of which he (Frechard) was to receive three thousand.

Baton also appeared, and tremblingly confessed that he had first introduced Lacenaire to François, and that after the affair of the Rue Montorgueil, Lacenaire had arrived last, and told François that he had left him in the lurch.

The doctors, who gave evidence on the Cheval Rouge murders, deposed that the handle of the file was found covered with blood, and the assassin must have wounded himself with the violence of the blows. Lacenaire admitted this, but Avril said that a mere avowal was not sufficient. Lacenaire, who was calmly reading a paper, then rose, showed a scar on his hand, and then renewed his reading with a contemptuous air. The advocate, in his defence of Lacenaire, pleaded that death was an insufficient punishment for his crimes. "Death," he said, "had no empire over that diseased or warped organisation, for see with what calmness and tranquillity he waits your verdict. This trust in atheism, this sangfroid in presence of the scaffold, this passionate love of letters, overwhelms my mind. Death for such offences?—death for the man who smiles at and derides it?—oh, no, that would be too little—you must condemn him rather to live! When you, Lacenaire, have trodden under foot the holiest laws of society, you will find that there are severities against which even you have not fortified your soul. In the midst of your new sufferings—miseries ever renewing—you will open your eyes and recognise the finger of the God you have blasphemed; you will at last bend your head before His power, and you will accept all your sufferings as only an expiation of your crimes."

Lacenaire was anxious to defend himself from any charge of impure motives in denouncing his treacherous accomplices. Vengeance was his only motive. Life he did not want. "For a long time," he said, "I have lived only in the past. For eight months, every night, Death has been sitting on my bed. Those who think I would accept a commutation are deceived. A pardon? you cannot give it me. I shall not ask it of you! I don't want it of you—it would be useless to me!"

When, calm and smiling, he re-seated himself, the young advocates crowded round him to congratulate him on his brilliant début. "Ma foi," he said, "life is a combat. I have played well, but I have been beaten. Society did not want me when I was good for something. Whose fault was that?"

At last François broke out and addressed the jury: "You have heard that orator," clenching his teeth and trembling in a convulsing rage, "heard him with the soft voice, that catches you like bird-lime—now I—I will show his lies—his miserable lies."

Then turning to Lacenaire, who regarded him with an ironical smile, he shouted:

"Yes, miserablescondrel, you who would kill every human being, it is you who drive me to the scaffold. I know you well; you play the bravo and orator here; they listen, they admire you; these gentlemen applaud you—you do not fear justice on earth—you don't fear even Heaven—you believe in nothing. But a time must come, nevertheless, when you will appear before the Great Judge. You, too, will have an account to render; we shall be all there then together. It is there, Lacenaire, that your bleeding victims wait for thee. If I go with you, at least my conscience will not reproach me. You play the bravo, but I have less fear of death than thou. I have fought twenty times against the enemies of my country; I had no fear of death then, I have no fear now; but what I do fear is death upon the scaffold. Hear, Lacenaire, I go to death, but I shall go without fear. I shall die innocent. But you, you will turn coward at the moment of death—coward!"

Avril, when sentence was pronounced only ground his teeth, and said sullenly to the jury, "I prefer death to irons in perpetuity; but I swear this is a judicial assassination." Lacenaire and Avril were both condemned to death, François to hard labour for life. That night Lacenaire ate with appetite and talked gaily.

"I don't value my life," he said, "a five-sous piece. Avril says I sold his head. I got nothing. Besides, if both heads were sold on equal terms, I should have lost, for it must be allowed that his is not worth mine—the stuff isn't the same."

In prison it was only the smaller annoyances that seemed to annoy this cruel and shameless egotist. He complained of the strait-waistcoat that he had to wear the night of his arrest. The next day when it was removed he told a visitor that he slept "like a god." One of his former professors at Alix, writing to the papers to deny that Lacenaire as a boy had been irreligious and immoral, the classical assassin wrote to him in reply.

"You exhort me to courage," he wrote; "I tell you frankly and truly that my heart

has never failed, and if I dare I should apply to myself those lines of Horace :

*Si fractus illabatur orbis  
Impavidum ferient ruinae.*

But I prefer to say, simply :

*Equam memento rebus in adversis  
Servare mentem.*

You see, my dear professor, that I have not quite forgotten all your lessons."

The Archbishop of Paris sent the Abbé Cœur to the condemned man. Lacenaire received him with respect and cold civility, but bade him not talk mere logic or conventional homilies. He should address the reason of a man on the threshold of death. The abbé spoke of the religion which had been accepted by such great intelligences as Descartes, Pascal, Bossuet, Fenelon, and Massillon.

"You talk of Massillon," said Lacenaire, closing the audience, "who to obtain a mitre, had the cynicism to consecrate the Cardinal Dubois. One cannot believe in a religion into whose service entered a lacquey steeped in vice like this Dubois." He soon after interviewed sculptors and phrenologists, and casts of his face and head were taken. When the sculptor divided the mould into the two halves Lacenaire said :

"The executioner will make only one slice of it." He said afterwards the casting nearly killed him, and he almost wished it had, for the world would have talked of it. Such was the depraved vanity of this murderer.

A few hours before quitting the Conciergerie, Lacenaire wrote a prayer, which contains the following remarkable verse :

*Mais non, mon Dieu, la bonté paternelle  
N'a pu vouloir enfanter pour punir !*

He now wrote one of the most ideal of his poems, *To Two Friends*, which ends thus :

*Oh, mes amis, lorsque dans la nuit sombre,  
Un songe heureux bercera votre ennui,  
Quand sur vos lits s'étendra un ombre,  
Reconnaissez l'ombre de votre ami !  
Oui près de vous je reviendrai peut-être,  
Esprit follet, que chasse le matin !  
Ah ! pour vous seuls, puisque je dois renaître,  
Sans murmurer je puis mourir demain.*

The autographs, the epigrams, and the portraits of this detestable wretch were now sought for by half Paris. Lacenaire wrote frequently to the papers to claim these verses or to disown those. A lady of rank wrote him the following request :

"Madame D. begs of Monsieur Lacenaire to write for her some lines on an imaginary subject. She is making a collection

of autographs, and would be glad to include that of Monsieur Lacenaire."

The following was the reply : "Monsieur Lacenaire has received Madame D.'s note. He has not much time left to devote to imaginative subjects; but, as he is also making a collection of autographs, he will include in it the handwriting of Madame D."

On the 26th of January, Lacenaire was allowed to invite Avril to a parting dinner of reconciliation. For this agreeable party roast mutton, a fowl, a dessert, two bottles of wine, coffee, and a *chasse* were allowed. Lacenaire wrote a song for the occasion. "Drink to some beauty; no, to Death," wrote the young cynic. "Drink to wisdom and the virtue that sustains our souls; drink to the forgetfulness of our sorrows; drink to all good people, and that will not need much wine. *Hang Massillon and vive Rabelais.*" Nevertheless, Lacenaire had the forethought to tell the gendarmes :

"Avril is quick as a tiger—don't lose sight of him, and when I give a look throw yourselves on him."

Two gendarmes and four soldiers, with bayonets fixed, stood behind the chairs. The friends drank and laughed. All went well, till suddenly, over the coffee, Avril grew serious and began to play with his fork.

"It is all very well, Monsieur Lacenaire," he growled, "but it is you who drive me to the scaffold."

That was the moment the gendarmes threw themselves on him and dragged him back to his den.

Two days afterwards the summons to Bicêtre found the two assassins sleeping soundly.

"Better sooner than later," was Lacenaire's remark. "To-morrow, if it is to be to-morrow." He then wrote a final paragraph of his memoirs, which were to be published. "Adieu," he said, "to all those who have loved me, and even to those who have cursed me. They were right. And you who read these memoirs, whose every page is steeped in blood, though you will not read them till the executioner has wiped my blood from his steel triangle. Give me a place in your memory. Adieu !"

M. Allard showing emotion at parting with him, Lacenaire said : "Courage ! we must all go. To-day or to-morrow, what matter ! Take it gaily, like me. Thanks, however, for your offer to take my place," and he laughed violently at his own horrible pleasantry. On their

way to Bicêtre, Lacenaire and Avril sang the Parisienne. The next day Avril wrote to his comrade to beg him to compose a song that he might sing it on the scaffold. "No, mon cher Avril," was the reply, "one only sings when one is afraid. I hope we shall neither of us sing." After prayers in the chapel, Lacenaire asked for a cup of coffee and a glass of cognac, and smoked a cigar. "One must not lose one's old habits," was his remark.

The morning of execution was cold and damp. The doctor of Bicêtre watched Lacenaire closely as he stepped briskly out of the carriage. His lips were dry, his colour came and went, his limbs slightly shook; but he was calm, his will fixed. Avril ascended the scaffold with a firm step. Already tied to the plank, he cried out: "Adieu, Lacenaire, adieu, mon vieux!" and the blade fell. Lacenaire tried to see it fall, but the Abbé Montes said: "Lacenaire, they will think it bravado," so he drew back. The moment came. "Courage, Lacenaire," said the confessor. Lacenaire nodded, as much to say, "I am all right." He was strapped fast, they slid his head under the clip. Then came twenty seconds of ineffable horror. The grooves of the guillotine had swollen with the damp, and the axe would not run. Twenty times the axe slipped to within a few inches of his throat. Lacenaire, with a despairing effort, turned his head to look up with a frightful expression at the axe. At that moment it fell, and into the red basket of saw-dust rolled the head of the poetical assassin.

### LORD WESTBOURNE'S HEIR.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

I DO not know how I got to the front door, and drew the bolts, and turned the key in the lock, and opened it for the gentleman. He came up the path, and held out his hand to me.

"Don't you remember me, Mrs. Abbott?" he said; "not Master Lionel, as you used to call me?"

I dropped a very low curtsy, though my knees were trembling so I thought I should fall to the ground. The old lord had been dead these six months, and Master Lionel was lord now; and there was a talk of him bringing his family to live at the Hall again. I had been pleased to hear of it; but now I wished he had stayed away in foreign parts.

"You have a very fine lad here," said

my lord, with his hand resting on Victor's shoulder; "but he tells me he is not your son."

"No, my lord," I answered.

"Whose son is he then? and how does he come here?" he asked.

"I don't know whose son he is, sir," I said, forgetting in my trouble I was speaking to his lordship; "his poor mother died here ten years next January."

I soon found that he had more curiosity than enough; for he would hear every word about my young lady, and Mr. Vernon, and Victor. He turned white once or twice as I spoke, and looked at my boy with keen eyes like a hawk.

"Go away, Victor," he said, "I wish to speak to Mrs. Abbott alone."

Then my lord began, and gave me a strange and cruel history of his younger days; only he did not seem to feel how cruel and wicked he had been. He told me how he had fallen in love with a young girl, a farmer's daughter, in a village in Switzerland, and how he had tried to get her away from her father's house. But when she was too good and dutiful to leave her parents secretly, how his mad passion had forced him to marry her, none knowing of his marriage, save Mr. Vernon; and how after awhile he had grown weary of her, and the quiet home among the mountains, and left her from time to time, until he had gone away altogether, giving her no clue where to find him. He supposed she must have had Mr. Vernon's address, for there seemed no question in his mind that his peasant wife, Annette, and my poor young foreign lady, were the same.

"Was the marriage binding, my lord?" I asked, not daring to show my anger at his story.

"To be sure," he said, "and I would give half my estate to have an heir like this lad."

Then I remembered that he had no heir to his estates, save a boy of eight years of age, who had been born an idiot, and who every year grew worse and worse. My lady had had no other children, and people said that this heir would be set aside, and the property go to a side branch of the family.

"I shall take the boy home at once," he said, without giving a thought to me, who all these years had been content to work and toil for the child whom he had deserted.

"My lord," I answered, in a low, quiet voice, "we ought to prove first that he is

your son. Leave him as he is till you have got the proofs. What use would it be to anger my lady—for you never told her you were married before, did you?"

I saw him flinch at that; and when I came to think it over, I found that he had been married to my lady only a few days after my poor darling's death; so that if she had lived a little while longer, my lord's second marriage would have been unlawful, and what would my lady think of the risk she had run? He owned I was right, and he promised to leave Victor with me till he could prove him to be his son. Then he called the boy in, kissed him on the forehead, and gave him a sovereign; and so went away, leaving us in peace for a time.

But the next day I made Victor drive me in the gig to Newton, where I had never been since I went for his poor mother; and I bought a railway-ticket, and got into a train, and travelled up to London, where I sought out a lawyer who could somehow know who I was. I told him all the history, only keeping back the names; and I asked him if my lord could force me to give up the boy unless he produced the proofs that he was his father. He assured me that no person whatsoever could take him from me, after he had been intrusted to me by his mother and Mr. Vernon, unless he could establish a claim of near kith and kin to him. So I returned home more easy in my mind, to wait until my lord had collected his proofs.

It was some weeks after this that I received a message from my lord, bidding me come up to the Hall. It was a long time since I had been there; and oh! how changed it was again! The stables were no longer empty, nor the yard grass-grown; the kitchens were crowded with servants as thick as blackberries in autumn; all the rooms seemed filled, and there were sounds of talking and laughing, with singing here and there, and music. It was like the old lord's time; too much like it, I fear. My lord had got visitors down from London, and they were feasting and frolicking from morning till midnight.

I was taken into his private room, where he lay on a couch, suffering from gout; though he was some years younger than me. He bade his servant place a chair for me near to him; and when we were alone he spoke in a low and cautious voice, as if afraid of being overheard.

"Mrs. Abbott," he said, "I have procured the proofs of my marriage with Annette, and of the birth of a boy, whom she

had christened Victor. There can be no doubt he is my son."

"My lord," I answered, "I believe he is your son; but that won't make him your heir by law. There is no real proof that my poor young lady was the same as your Annette."

He saw that as plainly as I did. We might be quite sure that it was so; but there was the law to satisfy; and how could we do that?

"Did she leave no papers at all? No letters?" he asked, though he had asked that before.

"Not one," I answered; "she must have destroyed Mr. Vernon's letters, for he wrote to her every month."

"There must have been some among Vernon's papers," he said, groaning either from pain or vexation; "my agent in Switzerland tells me she took with her a copy of her marriage certificate, and of that of the birth and baptism of our child, when she left the village. Her father and mother were dead, and she started off for England, with only money enough to take her there, and without knowing a word of any language but French."

"She wrote a few foreign words as she lay dying," I said.

"Where are they?" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Good Heavens! Mrs. Abbott, why did you never tell me before! They may contain some clue, or I might swear to the handwriting——"

"They were written on a slate, my lord," I answered, "and got rubbed off in a day or two; but I copied them first, and I believe I could write them this minute, if I tried."

"My good woman," he said, groaning heavily again, "just go to my desk yonder, and see if you can write them so that I can make any sense of them."

It was a splendid writing-table, and the paper had a coronet on it, so my hand was more unsteady than usual, almost as unsteady as my poor darling's when she wrote them on the slate; but I had pondered over the words so often I could scarcely make any mistake in them. I wrote them down on the paper, and carried it back to my lord, as he lay on his couch with a heavy and troubled face.

"Is that all?" he said, "just glancing at it, 'is there nothing else?'"

"No," I answered, "and I don't know what that means. Would you be so good as to tell me, my lord?"

"Love him, my poor little Victor. When his father comes back—that is all,

Mrs. Abbott," he said. "Are you sure there is nothing else? Can you recollect nothing else?"

"Yes," I answered. "I recollect bringing her to see the Hall one day, and she walked through the room with the baby in her arms, till we came to the great gallery, and we heard her cry out sharply as if she was hurt; and she was standing before your picture, my lord; and then she sank down on the window-sill, and cried as if her heart was breaking. She never looked the same after that day. But I did not understand a word she said; not even her own name, poor dear! nor her baby's name, till she wrote those words, and I fancied Victor meant the baby. That is all."

"He is my boy!" he cried, "he is my boy!"

"Yes, my lord," I said, "but would the lawyers own him, and the next heir? I'll give him up then, but never before. I love him too much to give him up, till it is all proved and settled; and I hope you'll not be offended at me."

I don't think he was offended. Besides, he wanted to keep it all close and quiet from my lady, unless it could be clearly proved according to law, and Victor established as his heir. He had to go cautiously and secretly to work, trying to get possession of Mr. Vernon's papers. In the mean time he came often to the farm, and grew dotingly fond of Victor; though the boy remained cold and indifferent to him, in spite of all his fine presents. My lord wished to send him to a school for noble-men's sons, Eton I think it was called; but I was firm against that. I did not care how well he was educated, so as he was not taken out of his own position as my adopted son. I was saving money fast for him; and he was content and happy in his life, fond of the cattle, and the fields, and the work; and fonder than anything else of a young niece of mine, who came to live with us, when he was twelve years old.

She was four years younger than him, and was something like his mother, though how that could be I don't know. But Victor took to her on that account at first, for he was passionately fond of the pretty young mother he could not remember. Annie had the same fair and innocent face; and they two grew up together. I never thought of it till he was near upon nineteen, and then it all came upon me in a flash. How foolish I had been with all my wise doings! Though nine years had passed by, and my lord could not yet prove his

parentage to Victor, it was still possible that some day he might be Victor, Lord Westbourne. And then how could he marry a farmer's niece? I must put a stop to it at once.

But it was not so easy to put a stop to it. There Annie was, and there Victor was, as innocent yet of making love to one another as two lambs at play in the same fold, but quite ready to do it, if there came any sudden separation. Besides, if Victor's rights could never be proved, and he remained a farmer, who in the wide world would make him a better wife than my dear little niece? Perhaps it was best to leave them quite alone, to love each other or not, as their own hearts prompted them.

So time went on; the idiot heir growing worse and worse, and my lady living chiefly abroad; and my lord carrying on much as his father had done before him. Whenever he was at the Hall, he would send day after day for Victor, who could not bear to go there, and see the wild living, and dreary wickedness and waste-fulness. He did not know why my lord was so fond of him, and used to grumble and murmur whenever he had to leave Annie and me, to spend some hours with him. Our farm had been enlarged from time to time by my lord, until now it was the best on the estate, and a new house and buildings had been put upon it; so that Victor's position was not a bad one even for my lord's son. He rode a good horse, and might have joined in with all the sports and pastimes of the gentry, had he cared to do it; but he liked work better; above all the scientific farming in fashion now-a-days, so different from the farming of my young years.

Victor was two-and-twenty when he asked me for my consent to look upon Annie as his future wife. Though I had more than half expected it, I did not know what to say. How amazed he was that I did not say yes gladly.

"What is it you object to?" he asked; "we have grown up together; and she is dearer to me than anything this world holds."

"We do not know yet who you are, Victor," I said, blundering out an answer; "we do not even know your name."

"Are you afraid I should be a disgrace to Annie?" he cried, his face burning, but his eyes cast down to the ground.

"No, no, my boy!" I said. "I'm afraid you may prove too high for us; and Annie must not wed above her station."

"No station would be above her!" he answered, smiling, "and nobody will claim me now, a deserted son; and I would not leave you, mammy, to be one of the royal princes. Give me Annie, and let us all go on living together, and I shall be the happiest man in England."

"Victor," I said, after he had urged and prayed of me to say yes, "let us go on as we are till you are five-and-twenty; and then if we know nothing more, it shall be as you say."

As far as I could judge he was not far off being five-and-twenty, for it was four-and-twenty years since his poor mother died, and it was just such another winter, with snow lying feet deep over all the fields and meadows, when one evening, whilst I was sitting in my easy-chair, and Victor and Annie were reading one book together, just as they had done when they were children, one of the maids came in with a message for me from old Nancy. Her husband had died long since, but she had lived on in the cottage; and Victor had been very good to her, for he was good to everybody who could tell him anything about his mother. She was older than me, and had been ailing all the autumn, so it was no wonder that the bitter cold should be the death of her. The maid said she was dying, and begged to see me once again, even to-night, for to-morrow might be too late.

I bade the girl bring me my warm cloak, and hood, and pattens; and Victor put on his great-coat to go with me. It was not dark, for the snow gave a faint light, and I could not help speaking to him of his poor mother's white face, and the white bed, and the white snow out of doors. We reached Nancy's cottage whilst I was talking; and I went up into the low room where Nancy lay, with the thatched roof coming down nearly to the floor on each side. The bed looked dark, and the old woman's face was dark, and drawn with pain.

"I've been a good servant to you, missis?" she said, whimpering a little when she saw me; "I've done my duty to you."

"Yes, Nancy," I answered, sitting down beside her, "you've been a trusty servant to me; as faithful as a woman could be."

"God 'ill set that agen anything I've done amiss?" she said, looking eagerly at me; but I scarcely knew what to say.

"Missis, come close," she went on, drawing me nearer to her, and whispering; "it's four-and-twenty year since that poor young

forin' lady lay dead, and you told me to lay her out in your best linen bed-gown. How pretty she looked, and still, with her blue eyes shut, and her little hands laid across her bosom! Missis, don't be angry with poor old Nancy, as 'ill be a corpse herself soon. Hearken quiet to me! There was a very little box inside her trunk, with some gold sov'reigns, as I thought, inside it; and the devil, he tempted me. I'd had a deal o' trouble with her, and she'd never given me a farthing, so I put it on one side. If you'd made any noise about it I should ha' made believe to find it; but you never said a word, never a word, and I brought it home with me at last."

"What did you do with it, Nancy?" I asked.

"It's never been any good to me," she answered; "the sov'reigns wern't sov'reigns at all. I tried changing one at market, and there was such a noise made over it I didn't dare to try again. I said it were yourn, and I'd take it home again to you. There's a little hole in the thatch in your corner, and it's all there. But I never robbed you, missis, never; not one farthing's worth."

"Oh, Nancy, Nancy!" I cried, "I am very sorry."

I was grieved to the heart, for I had trusted her as I never trusted any one else, and it was a sore disappointment to me. I went to the corner she pointed out, and pulled away a handful of thatch, and found a little carved work-box. I opened it; but there, besides the gold pieces, lay two or three papers, and the letters Mr. Vernon had written to the poor love.

I knew in a moment, with a sharp pang at my heart, what those letters would do. They were all in a foreign language, and I could make no sense of them; but I was sure they were the proofs my lord needed to show that Victor was his son. I spoke a few words to Nancy, and said good-bye to her kindly; for surely God was her judge, not me. Then I went down, with the little box under my cloak; and I put my arm in Victor's, and walked home, leaning upon him as an old mother upon a good son, but knowing it would be the last time. He asked a few questions about Nancy, but when he heard my voice trembling, he kept silence, only seeming more careful lest I should slip on the snow. He whistled as we drew near the house, and Annie ran herself to open the door, with the light of the candle she carried shining on her fair hair and pretty face, as she looked out watching for us.

"Ah! she is like thy mother, Victor," I said, with a sob.

I could not sleep when I went to bed, and after awhile I partly dressed myself again, and sat over the fire, with those papers on my lap. He was going to be taken from me, my boy, my son; whom I had reared myself, and whom I worked, and toiled, and saved for, these many years. I was too old now for any one to take his place in my heart. His footsteps would never more go about my house, and his voice call me of a morning, and his face smile at me over the table. And Annie, too, he could not wed her now, and she would fret, and pine, and perhaps fade away, as his mother had done before my eyes. If he had been brought up with me as my young lord, I should only have looked on myself as his nurse and foster-mother. But he had grown up as my son, and I could not tear him all at once from my heart and life.

At last I took up my candle and the papers, and went to look at him as he slept. Annie was sleeping in a little room within mine, and her face had a smile upon it, and looked rosy and happy. His face, too, was as peaceful as a child's, and his breath came and went between his lips as softly as when he was a baby. I stood shading the light from his eyes, my own almost blind with tears, when Victor awoke suddenly and started up at seeing me there.

"What is the matter, mother?" he cried, for he sometimes called me mother; "is Annie ill?"

"No, no, Victor," I said, "only I've found out who your father is."

Then I told him all this history, very nearly as I am telling you, but more fully, with other things in it about his mother, and her slow fading away, after his father had forsaken her. Victor listened without a word at first, as if he was too bewildered to speak. But then he read the letters, for he knew several languages, and could give me the sense of them. There were three certificates, of his mother's marriage, and of his own birth and baptism; and Mr. Vernon's letters left no manner of doubt that he knew all her story. It was plain from them that she had written to him, and he had furnished her with money to come to England, and had placed her with me as in a safe and suitable home, until he could persuade my lord to acknowledge her.

Still Victor did not say anything, but lay silent with his arms tossed above his head and his face very grave. It had

all come upon him so suddenly, you see, whilst it had been hanging over me ever since my lord first saw him. Besides it was a splendid position to step into, heir to forty thousand a year, with grand mansions to live in, and everybody to pay him court. No wonder he was silent and grave.

"Mother," he said at last, "do not say a word to any person about it. Not even Annie."

We were both so quiet at breakfast the next morning, that Annie tried her best to rouse and cheer us, thinking it was all for poor old Nancy. After breakfast Victor did not go out round the farm as usual, but lingered about watching Annie and me busy at our work; only dainty work now, for I kept servants to do all that was hard and rough. He listened to Annie singing in the store-room as she looked out the stores for the week, and he looked at me washing the china breakfast things as I sat comfortably by the fire. I knew what my boy was thinking. All this familiar home-life was slipping away from him, and he was crossing the threshold of another and a very different one.

"Mother," he said, thoughtfully, "I think I will go and stay a week at the Hall."

My lord was always urging him to visit there, and just now the Hall was full of Christmas guests, those who would be his friends and comrades in the years to come. I put up his best clothes with a very heavy heart; but I kissed and blessed him at the door, and Annie and I watched him till he waved his hat at the last turn in the road, and we could see him no more.

"Why do you cry so, auntie?" asked Annie, "he has only gone away for a week."

But I knew better. Victor had gone away for ever. When we saw him again he would be my lord's acknowledged son and heir, so far above us that we could only see him from a distance. To be sure he would always love us and be true to us after a fashion; but he could never, never be one of us again. It was a lonesome, melancholy week, and Annie herself began to fret a little; I feared it was the beginning of a great sorrow stretching through all her life.

The last morning of the week brought a footman with a note from Victor, asking me to go up to the Hall that afternoon. I sent word back I would not fail, and at five o'clock, the hour he said, I was there, and he, almost without a word, led me to



my lord's room, where I had been once before.

My lord had aged very much since then, and looked older than he was, for he was not much over fifty, but his way of living had worn him out. He had the gout badly now and could not stir from his couch, nor set his foot upon the ground. Yet he greeted me very affably, as he always did.

"Well, Mrs. Abbott," he said, "we've conquered this obstinate jackass of a lad at last. He has stayed his first week with me."

"Yes, my lord," I answered, very sad at heart.

"And I cannot part with him again," he went on, "though he is as sober as a judge, and as grave as a bishop, and puts us all to shame. I'd give all I possess to have a son like him."

"My lord," said Victor, very gravely, "I am your son."

"Ah!" he cried, "so good Mrs. Abbott could not keep the secret! Yes, you're my son, Victor. Would to God I could only prove it!"

"You never owned me as a son!" cried Victor, his face flushing strangely, "why should I own you as a father?"

"It would do you no good, if you did," said my lord, sharply, for there was something haughty and defiant in Victor's manner.

"Mother," he said, sitting down beside me, with his arm about my waist, as if to comfort me, and give me heart, "tell Lord Westbourne all we know."

Then I told all about Nancy, and the letters, and how Victor had read them, and found in them full proof that he was my lord's son. My lord's face grew full of triumph and exultation as he listened, and he swore, with a great oath, it was news that would make a young man of him again; for now he would have an heir to his estates.

"Stay," said Victor, very calmly and deliberately, "I came here to pass a week and see the sort of life I should have to lead; and I refuse to be your acknowledged son. You deserted my mother, and let her die of a broken heart; and you would have deserted me if you had had any other heir. I owe you nothing, my lord. I choose to go back to my old life, to my dear old mother, and my promised wife, and the healthy work of every day, rather than

waste my days in riotous living. I refuse to be called the son of such a man. My mother was a farmer's daughter, and to her station I will betake myself."

"Fool!" cried my lord, with a sneer, "but you cannot choose. You are my son and heir; and no folly of yours can alter that."

"Yes," said Victor, rising from his seat, and throwing a packet of papers upon the fire that blazed in the grate, and stamping them down with his heel, "I destroy all the proofs you have that I am your son. I belong to the peasant class; not the noble."

I saw my lord struggling to get up, his face purple with passion, and his tongue unable to cry out. The proofs were burning before his eyes, and Victor stood guarding them, as if afraid of opposition. Then my lord fell back with a groan of such utter wretchedness, that I could not but be grieved for him. I ran, and shook up his pillows, and put a glass of water to his lips.

"Victor," I cried, "come and say a word of kindness to your father."

So my boy came, with his flushed face full of pity now; and he took his father's hand, and spoke kindly to him. But he was scarcely conscious of it; and after a minute or two we left him, and sent in his valet. Then Victor and I walked home together across the park; happier than words can tell.

I do not think he ever regretted it. We did not think it wise to remain on the estate he had thrown away; so we gave notice to leave, and disposed of our stock well; and with Annie's fortune and my savings, we had near upon ten thousand pounds. Victor and Annie were married; and we, even me in my old age, resolved to emigrate across the seas, and buy a plot of land in Australia. As Victor says, he is going to found a family in the name of Abbott, instead of being heir to one where all the goodness of the old stock is worn out. No; I do not think my boy will ever regret it.

#### NOTICE.

In September will be published the opening chapters of a

#### NEW SERIAL STORY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE ROSE AND THE KEY."

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 195. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

#### BOOK II.

##### CHAPTER VII. A THIRD IN THE PLOT.

EVEN Pauline's stoical calmness was not proof against the announcement which she had just heard from Martin Gurwood. She staggered back, staring wildly at him, and putting her hand to her head as though doubting the evidence of her senses. Martin, thinking she was about to fall, proffered his arm, but she put it aside gently.

"Thank you," she said, "I shall be very well presently, the shock was a little too much for me. To have one's faith in such a man's character rudely shaken is—— But I will not add to your distress, Monsieur Martin, by any observations of mine. You are going this way? Then let us walk together. After a little reflection, I shall be better able to comprehend the full nature of the disclosure you have been good enough to make to me."

Martin bowed. And they set off walking towards the village, both silent, and buried in their own thoughts.

Pauline had, indeed, need for a little quiet, in which she might turn over in her mind the news which she had just heard, and calculate its bearing on her future. Mr. Calverley, under the assumed name of Claxton, was living with this woman at Hendon, and of course was in the habit of visiting her when he pretended that he was away on business, inspecting the ironworks in the North. Pauline saw that at once, and half smiled as she allowed to herself that Mrs. Calverley's hatred of the

Swartmoor Ironworks was not without cause. And as for the reverend's story that the woman had been betrayed by a false marriage—bah! that was to be taken for what it was worth.

What a strange old man this Calverley! How rusé, how cunning! He had deceived even her. So quiet and staid, and long-suffering as he seemed! It was not difficult to understand now why Mr. Claxton had never been formally presented to the household at Great Walpole-street. She was—stay though! the link connecting her with Tom Durham, that was still wanting, and must be found. Could the reverend help her to it? She would try!

"Tell me, Monsieur Martin, is this the first time you have seen this poor creature who has been so cruelly deceived?"

When Martin Gurwood raised his face his cheeks were flushed at the imputation which he conceived Pauline's question to convey. "This is the first time I have ever seen the lady," he said, in a grave tone, "and it is only lately that I have known of her existence."

"Indeed," said Pauline. "And from whom did you hear of her existence—not from Madame Calverley?"

"Good Heavens, no!" cried Martin. "It is of the utmost importance, for more reasons than one, that my mother should know nothing of this sad affair."

"Exactly," said Pauline, looking at him narrowly; "I perfectly agree with you. Then from whom did you have the information? You will pardon me, Monsieur Martin," she added, in a soft voice, "but I take such interest in this sad affair."

"From Mr. Broadbent, the doctor residing in this village. He happened to be with Doctor Haughton when the body was found, and recognised it as that of the

gentleman whom he had known as Mr. Claxton."

"Oh! indeed—how sadly interesting," she said. "This reverend knows nothing about this pale-faced woman," she thought to herself, "and cannot help me in any way respecting her. Why my husband left me, where he is now, that tormenting mystery of my life, is still—save that I know that he and this woman are not now together—as far from solution as ever. That knowledge is, however, a point gained, and possessed as I am of this secret, I think I shall be enabled not merely to prevent their coming together again, but to have my revenge on her for what she has done already. And now let us see how the land lies, and how this reverend intends to proceed in the matter. His plumes were rather ruffled, I thought, just now, I must set them straight again."

She turned to Martin Gurwood, who, with his eyes still downcast, was striding by her side, and said, "I have been thinking over what you told me, Monsieur Martin, and I do not remember ever to have heard a sadder story. Ah, Monsieur Martin, it is lucky that it is into your hands that this poor young woman has fallen—you whose life has been so pure and blameless——"

"Madame Du Tertre," he interrupted, hurriedly, "I must beg of you——"

"I repeat, Monsieur Martin, you whose life has been so pure and blameless—have I not heard of it from your mother? have I not watched it for some time myself?—can feel true Christian pity for this girl so cruelly betrayed. You are right, too, in keeping the mere fact of her existence secret from Madame Calverley. She would be furious, that good lady, and not without cause. She would be furious; and when she is furious she loses her head, and would bring trouble and scandal upon the family. Do you know what I have been thinking about during our walk, Monsieur Martin? I have been thinking that you will require my assistance in this matter."

"Your assistance, Madame Du Tertre?"

"Mine, Monsieur Martin. You who can see things so clearly will not require to be told that I have great influence with Madame Calverley; that influence shall be exercised in your behalf. I will enter into a compact with you to help you in aiding this unhappy woman, of whom you take so compassionate a view, by every means in my power, provided you do not interfere with any plans of mine as regards your mother."

"I—I must first know what those plans are before I can agree to your proposition, madame," said Martin, with hesitation.

"Are you in a position to make terms?" asked Pauline, with a short, hard laugh. "I do not know myself what those plans are at present—nothing to hurt you or any one, you may be sure; but you see I am in possession of your secret, and can work for or against you as I choose. There, don't look so scared, Monsieur Martin; I meant no harm. You will find me a trusty ally; a woman can do more in these cases than any man, however well-intentioned; and we may perhaps keep the truth of her real position from this poor creature for a time. And whenever it must be told, you may depend upon it I should break it to her better than you would."

Martin glanced hurriedly at her as he comprehended the full force of what she said, as the exact position in which they stood to each other dawned upon him. He had been taken unawares, when his nervous system, always highly strung, was at its extreme point of tension after the interview with Alice, and scarce thinking what he was saying, he blurted out the secret which should never have passed his lips, and the revelation of which involved such dire consequences. What would Humphrey Statham say when he knew what had happened, as know it he must? He, cool, far-seeing, and methodical, would be sure to reproach his friend with having acted on headstrong impulse. Martin blamed his own rashness, but what was said could not be unsaid. Madame Du Tertre, as she had remarked, was in possession of the facts, and the only way to treat her now was to make her a friend instead of an enemy, and to give in to her as far as was compatible with the plan already laid down. Her tendency was at present undoubtedly amiable, Martin thought, and it was best to encourage that spirit. He knew that in her assertion of her power over Mrs. Calverley she spoke truth, and it was all-important that that power should be exercised in their favour. His mother was splenetic and stubborn; once raised to a sense of her injuries, she would leave nothing undone to sweep this wretched woman from her path, and to crush her altogether. For Alice's sake, it was most important that the knowledge of her real position should be withheld from her as long as possible, and that when the announcement had to be made, it should be made with due delicacy. He had been

wrong in taking any outsider into his confidence, but under existing circumstances it was clear that Madame Du Tertre should be won over to their side, and treated with the respect which she seemed inclined to exact.

So his mind being filled with these thoughts, Martin Gurwood turned to her and said: "You are perfectly right, Madame Du Tertre; your co-operation will be most valuable to me; and as to the terms which you propose, I am quite willing to accept them, recognising the rectitude of the principles by which you are governed."

Recollecting his warlike declaration at the commencement of their interview, Pauline was more than half inclined to smile at this utterance, but she checked herself, and said: "Then it is understood, Monsieur Martin, that our alliance commences from this moment. To prove my interest in it, I should be glad if you would tell me what immediate steps you propose taking in reference to this poor lady. Much will depend upon your present action; I am anxious to know what it is."

"Well," replied Martin, rather taken aback by her prompt decision, "the fact is that you will probably be called upon to exert your powers of diplomacy at once."

"Such powers," said Pauline, "unless ready on an emergency, are but little worth. This poor creature does not know her position; under what circumstances have you left her?"

"I had a long and most heart-rending interview with her," said Martin, "part of which it appears you saw. I had to break to her that the man whom she supposed to be her husband, and whom she loved with all the strength and fidelity of her girlish nature, was dead—that was enough for once. I had not the heart—I had not the courage even to tell her that he was not her husband, but her betrayer, a being whose memory should be loathed and abhorred, rather than worshipped."

"There was no necessity for that just now," said Pauline; "that announcement can be made later on, and then can be made more quietly and delicately. What else did you say?"

"I told her when I left her that I would return and take her to London, to-night."

"To London! To what part of London?"

"To Mrs. Calverley's house, where I was compelled to tell her—her husband's body was lying. Of course she had heard

of Mr. Calverley as her husband's partner, and with this explanation she seemed content."

"Ah, poor creature," cried Pauline, "she does not know then that the body has already been buried?"

"No, I did not tell her that, and fortunately she did not ask me the date of the death."

"And when you made this promise, may I ask what plan was in your mind?"

"My idea was," said Martin, blushing somewhat, as the vagueness of this same idea dawned upon him; "my idea was, to go to a friend of mine, named Statham, a very clever man, kind-hearted, and with a vast knowledge of the world, who has already helped me in this business, and indeed has seen Mrs.—the young woman, I mean—and first gave me the notion that she was not what one might have imagined she would have been."

"Oh, indeed," said Pauline, eyeing him closely, "this Mr. Statham has seen the poor lady, and finds her thus?"

"Exactly," replied Martin. "Well, I thought I would go to Statham and tell him what I had done, and get him to come down with me here this afternoon, and then I thought that between us both we might tell her—tell her—all!"

"I can imagine how much of the narration would fall to Mr. Statham's share," said Pauline, with a quiet smile. "Now, I don't know Mr. Statham, and cannot therefore judge of his method of treating the subject, but I think I have a better plan to propose, and as it is one in which I assign the principal part to myself, I am perhaps qualified to speak about it."

"I am sure," said Martin, jumping at the idea of any relief for himself or his friend, "that we shall be delighted to enter into it, provided of course that it is consonant, as I know it will be, with our idea of sparing Mrs.—this lady's feelings as much as possible."

"For that," said Pauline, "you may depend upon me, understanding that is the mainspring of my motive in offering my services to you. As I have told you before, in such matters as these, a woman's delicacy is of course required, and I am convinced that I shall be enabled to do more with her than Mr. Statham, even with all the honesty and astuteness for which you give him credit. My idea is that you should not return to this place. Your natural candour and straightforwardness prevent your being much of a diplo-

matist, Monsieur Martin, and it is due to your sacred office that you should be mixed up as little as possible in an affair of this kind. I have but little doubt that the successful commencement of the work is due to your kindness and consideration, but I think its carrying out should now be left to other hands."

"And those hands are?"

"For the present, mine. Instead of your going to Rose Cottage this evening, as you have arranged, I propose you should send me as your representative."

"But you are not known to this poor girl—she will refuse to see you."

"Not if I bring proper credentials from you. A letter, for instance."

"A letter; to what effect?"

"Telling her that you are unable to come, and that you have sent me in your place."

"In my place," repeated Martin. "But, as I have told you before, I had arranged with her that she should go to London with me."

"That arrangement can continue, only the letter should say that she could go with me, instead of with you."

"And what on earth will you do with her when you get her to town?"

"I do not intend taking her to town at all."

"My dear Madame Du Tertre," said Martin, looking up, with a shade of annoyance in his face, "we are evidently playing at cross purposes, and I shall be glad if you will explain yourself to me."

"My dear Monsieur Martin, as I told you before, you are too honest and straightforward, not merely to practise diplomacy, but, as I find now, to comprehend it. Armed with this letter from you, I shall go and see this young lady—she will be most anxious to start off at once with me, and I shall make no opposition. On the contrary, I shall express my extreme readiness, but shall suggest that, as she is weak and unnerved by the events of the day, she had better take some restorative. Now, among other odd varieties in my life, I have been a garde-malade, and I know quite sufficient of medicine to enable me to administer to our young friend, with perfect safety, and without the remotest chance of doing her any harm, a draught, which, instead of being a restorative, will be a powerful soporific."

"Soporific!" cried Martin, aghast.

"How wrong of me to have used that word," said Pauline, who could not refrain

from smiling at the horror-struck expression of his face; "it fills your mind with thoughts of castles and spectres, and bleeding nuns; it is in truth the language of romance. I should have said an anodyne, which means exactly the same thing, but being a medical term, is more proper for use."

"Well, but," said Martin, very little relieved by the explanation, "the effect will be still the same. This draught, by whatever name you may choose to call it, which you propose to give her, will send her into a deep sleep."

"Unquestionably!"

"And what is the object of that?"

"The object of that," cried Pauline, beginning to lose patience, "the object of that, my dear sir, is to prevent this lady from leaving her house, to give us twenty-four or thirty-six hours, as the case may be, to turn ourselves round in, and see what is best to be done."

"I do not like it, I confess," said Martin, hesitating, "it appears to me a strong proceeding."

"My good Monsieur Martin, is not the whole affair one which necessitates a strong proceeding, as you call it? The matter seems to me to stand thus: You have told this young woman that her husband's body is lying at the house in Great Walpole-street, you have promised that you will take her there this evening. If you do not arrive at the time appointed, she will become suspicious, and go off by herself, with what result we can imagine. If you go there, and decline to take her, making what excuse may occur to you, she having probably had enough of such excuses already, will go off just the same—she knows the address—with the same result. Suppose you go there determined to reveal the truth; suppose you tell her that the man whom she worshipped was a villain, that his name was not Claxton, but Calverley, and that she was not his wife, what do you arrive at? So far as we are concerned, at exactly the same result. There is a dreadful scene, she refuses to believe anything you say, she insists upon going off to Mrs. Calverley, and there is, to use your charming English expression, all the fat in the fire! You will not accuse me of exaggeration, Monsieur Martin, I am representing things exactly as they will happen, am I not?"

"Upon my word, I believe you are," said Martin Gurwood, "it is a most unfortunate state of affairs, most unfortunate, and I really do not see what we are to do."

"Wait," said Pauline, "until you have

heard the result of my proposition, which you condemned so quickly as dangerous. And first, as to the danger. I will guarantee that she shall not suffer in the smallest degree; but even if you thought the effects of the draught were strong, and it were necessary to call in Doctor Broadbent, we need not object to that, as he would be certain not to betray us. If I am allowed to have my own way, I shall so regulate the strength of the draught that she does not return wholly and entirely to consciousness until after forty-eight hours; then the story can be told to her of the sudden manner in which she was seized by illness, and she can be informed that while she was in a state of unconsciousness the funeral had taken place! There is nothing extraordinary in these circumstances, which are simple and coherent, and there is no reason to think that her suspicions will be aroused."

But, though perhaps with less hesitation than before, Martin Gurwood still shook his head. "I do not like it," he said; "it is such an underhand proceeding."

"What have all your proceedings been since you first found the position in which you were placed with regard to this woman?" asked Pauline. "This is one of those matters which it is not possible to treat by ordinary means. Bah! Monsieur Martin, let us have no more of this childishness! Will the plan which I propose get you out of the mess in which you are involved?"

"Yes—it seems so—I should think so—"

"Then leave it to me to carry out!"

"I think I had better consult Mr. Statham in the matter, Madame Du Tertre, if you have no objection," said Martin. "You see, I have taken his advice already—and could see more—"

"My good monsieur," said Pauline, impatiently, "I have no objection to your consulting Mr. Statham, or any one for the matter of that, but do you see that time presses? We are already in the afternoon, and it is this evening that action must be taken. I confess I do not see how Mr. Statham can improve upon my proposition!"

"No," said Martin, "I do not know that he could." His yielding nature was no match for this woman's determination. "Then the best thing I can do is, I suppose, to get back to London?"

"Yes," said Pauline, with a smile, "but I must trouble you to take me with you. I

have sent away my cabman, and I must see Mrs. Calverley, and make up some story to account to her for the two or three days during which I must necessarily be absent from her. Ah, Monsieur Martin, what a world of deceit it is!"

"Did you say that you were coming back in my cab, Madame Du Tertre?" said Martin, looking rather blank.

"Yes," she said, with a laugh, "I must. I have no other means of getting back to town. But don't fear, Monsieur Martin, I will bring no disgrace upon you—you shall set me down as soon as we reach the outskirts of town, and I will go to Great Walpole-street by myself. When you get there you must write me the letter to this poor girl—you can give it to me as I come down-stairs after my explanation with Mrs. Calverley."

When Madame Du Tertre walked into the drawing-room in Great Walpole-street, she saw from the expression of Mrs. Calverley's face that that sainted woman was considerably out of temper. Mrs. Calverley kept her eyes rigidly fixed on her work, and took no notice of Pauline's entrance.

"Ah, behold a pleasant woman," muttered the Frenchwoman between her teeth. "It is well that I have something to look forward to in the future, for the position here is not a particularly pleasant one, and is sufficiently hardly earned. And how are you this evening, my kind friend?" she said at last, gliding into a chair by Mrs. Calverley's side.

"If you call me your kind friend, I am sorry I cannot return the compliment, Madame Du Tertre," hissed Mrs. Calverley, spitefully. "I thought the arrangement between us was, that you were to be my companion, and endeavour to cheer me up with some of the liveliness of your nation, at least I know that was suggested by Mr. Calverley when he made the engagement; and instead of that, here I have been left by myself the whole day, without one creature to come and say a word to me."

"Ah, my kind friend," said Pauline—"for so you have always proved yourself to me—it is only in a matter of necessity that I would ask to be absent from your side. My poor cousin, she that I spoke about to you, is lying ill at a poor lodging. She has no friend in this wide London, does not know one creature besides myself; she has no money, she cannot speak your language, and is utterly helpless. I am the sole person on whom she can rely. I have been

with her all day ; it is from my hand alone that she will take her medicine and her drink ; and I have come to ask you to excuse me for yet a little while longer, until she has reached the crisis of her malady."

"It is nothing catching, I hope?" said Mrs. Calverley, pulling her skirts close round her.

"Ah, no ; she is poitrine—consumptive, as you call it. I have been talking to her about you, telling her how nobly you have borne your present sorrow, and she is interested about you, my dear friend. She asked permission, when she recovers, to come and see you."

The coarse compliment acted as was intended, and Pauline received Mrs. Calverley's gracious permission to absent herself for as long as was requisite.

As she came down the stairs she saw Martin Gurwood standing at the study door. He stepped forward, and without a word placed a letter, addressed to Mrs. Claxton, into her hands.

Then Pauline went to her bedroom, and descending therefrom with a small bag in her hand, hailed a hansom, and for a second time that day was conveyed to Hendon.

In the dusk of the evening, Alice, long since attired in her bonnet and shawl, and waiting eagerly for Martin Gurwood, saw a woman alight at her door. Little Bell, who had been playing about in the garden, saw her too, and running up to Alice, cried, "Oh, mamma, you recollect what I told you about the dark lady? She has come again. Here she is at the gate."

### SEA-SICKNESS.

HORATIUS FLACCUS (when rendered into English) is of opinion that, "Or oak or brass, with triple fold, That hardy mortal's daring breast enroll'd, Who first, to the wild ocean's rage, Launch'd the frail bark, and heard the winds engage Tempestuous, when the South descends Precipitate, and with the North contends." Assuredly Horatius Flaccus is right; the first man who put to sea was a stout fellow; but in my opinion, a stouter was he who first went to sea a second time after one exhaustive experience of sea-sickness. "Of what," he might ask, "is this the presage? Is it a warning and a menace to presumptuous man? Is death to be the consequence of perseverance in an audacity which almost rivals the stealing of fire from heaven? Ought we not to rest

content with our native element, land? May not the gods detest the sight of men presuming to traverse untracked oceans, and in this way manifest their deep displeasure?"

Misgivings, most assuredly, must have been the consequence of such unaccustomed and unpleasant sensations. But interest, curiosity, pride, would gradually overcome all scruples; and once started in the way of maritime discovery, and its money-making consequences, men would soon brave the penalties for the sake of the prize. But with all our immense progress in the art of navigation, we have not yet silenced the original intimation that the wisest step is never to set foot on board any vessel that floats on the sea, but to confine all our steps to the solid shore. Doctor Johnson's definition of a ship, "A prison, with the chance of being drowned," requires to complete it, "and the probability of being dreadfully and helplessly ill."

How ill, not a few of us know; so ill that this illness makes us forget every other suffering and every danger. The moral and the physical prostration are equally complete. Far from fearing death, we are indifferent to it, wish for it, even pray for it. "Oh, do throw me into the sea, and drown me!" is not a rare entreaty to escape from a despairing victim's lips.

"Get up, monsieur! Get up!" shouted Jacques Arago's servant—himself a sufferer, though to a less degree—soon after they had started on a voyage round the world. "A thunderbolt has struck the ship. The vessel is on fire!"

"So much the better," groaned Arago, "it will put an end to my agonies."

Nobody pities you, nobody comforts you. Until absolutely compelled by necessity, you are afraid to ask for the official assistance of the steward or the cabin-boy. The least compassionate companions are fresh-water sailors, men who have ventured as far as Kew or Richmond, snobs who, for a little while, prance the deck with a cigar between their first and second fingers, singing, "The sea, the sea is the place for me!" or discoursing purposely, in your hearing, of the delights of a fat boiled leg of pork; all because they see you have been uneasy and yellow for the last quarter of an hour, and they, superior beings, are not so yet. But their turn comes five minutes afterwards, and, if that could do you any good, you have your revenge.

You are consoled by the hope that you

will get over it in time. Perhaps you will; perhaps you won't. The human constitution has a wonderful power of adapting itself to circumstances, but sometimes success is beyond its strength. The aforesaid Jacques Arago, during his four years of circumnavigation, was certain that, at frequent intervals, he would have to "compter ses chemises"—the French slang for "feeding the fishes." Our distinguished countryman, Charles Darwin, suffered a like infliction while putting a girdle round the earth, in Her Majesty's ship the *Beagle*. Nelson, after passing a month or so on shore, was sea-sick when he resumed his professional duties. There are jolly jack-tars, worthy of Dibdin's muse, who, for the last twenty years, have been running backwards and forwards between the Channel ports of England and France. When the weather is fine, they get on capitally; when middling, they are middling too; but when really rough, they cease to be jolly, and begin to be as sick as landsmen who don't know what tar smells like.

If naval nausea were inevitable, like death, the common lot of all mankind, you might bear it without grumbling, though you might not like it. What makes you savage is, that some people are never sea-sick at all. Nor can you guess, before a trial, who enjoys this blessed immunity. People who can waltz all night without giddiness, or swing and see-saw all day without feeling sick, or ride in a close carriage with their backs to the horses, may count on a tolerable chance of freedom.

Sex, strength, and florid health, are no certain guarantees. A frail, thin, delicate-looking girl will delight to ride on the dancing waves, while her ruddy cousin, a lad of fourteen stone, will beg for his life to be set on shore. A great lady, who kept a yacht, was said, when her husband did not please her, to propose a trip at sea, for the benefit of his health and the correction of his disobedience. Crazy folk are reputed to defy the stomach-searching movements of the sea, making one ask which is the worse of the two, the bodily or the mental ailment. Physicians who have tried the experiment, in the hope of curing a crack-brained patient, have brought horrible sufferings on themselves, while their invalids enjoyed perfect ease and comfort. There is a legend of a doctor who excursionised, à la Cook, an insane party out to sea, in the hope of curing them by a marine emetic. They were not ill, but the doctor was; so, for fear of catching

the disease, they threw the doctor overboard.

Ago may have something to do with a liability to the visitation. Young people, as they grow up, often get over the qualms brought on by riding backwards in a coach. We knew a person, a capital sailor from his boyhood upwards, obliged to desist from taking runs out to sea soon after passing three-score years and ten. The stomach had no longer the same powers of resistance. On a long voyage, some recover from sickness after a couple of days, others in a week, others never, so long as they remain at sea.

For short passages, there are sundry means and recommendations, more or less efficacious, or not efficacious at all, for keeping the evil at bay for awhile, and perhaps staving it off entirely. For instance, by swallowing thirty or forty drops of laudanum immediately before going on board, assuming a horizontal position at once and before the vessel is in motion, and shutting your eyes, you may cross the Channel (where it is narrow) with tolerable impunity. But you cannot live on laudanum, and keep laid with your eyes shut for a fortnight or three weeks. For long voyages, such measures are nearly useless. They may be employed temporarily for the first few days. After that, there is no choice but to test the enemy's strength, and your own, and take your measures accordingly. If you are likely to recover from sea-sickness, you will by that time have exchanged the short, choppy waves of the English Channel for the totally different billows of the Atlantic Ocean or the North Sea. The latest authority on the subject,\* who has several times crossed the Bay of Biscay, and has passed three months on board a sailing vessel, lays stress on the entirely different kind of sea to be met with outside the Channel. He can understand that any relief which he felt on the broad swelling waves of the Atlantic, would not have been so soon experienced had he been still pitching about between England and France.

Apart from theory, which will be alluded to by-and-bye, one or two practical hints may be accepted. Do not go on board fasting, neither the day after a jovial Greenwich dinner, followed by a gay ball supper. The latter would be the worse preparative of the two. Between the paroxysms, very, very weak brandy-and-water, acidulated,

\* Observations on Sea-sickness, and on some of the Means of Preventing it. By Sir James Alderson, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: R. Hardwicke.



perhaps, with lemon-juice (never pure brandy), sipped, and plain biscuits munched, may act as a sedative and a supporter. The middle of the vessel, where the least motion is felt, is evidently the best location. If you look at anything, scan the horizon, rather than the objects around or the waves beneath you. On deck, the freshness of the breeze will often avert sensations that would overtake you below. Not a few other remedies are inefficacious, because, as we shall see, they are based on a mistake.

Peter Pindar makes his George the Third make a Mem.: "To remember to forget to ask Old Whitbread to my house one day. Not to forget to take of beer the cask Old Whitbread offered me, away." Now we are told that sea-sickness is partly brought on by thinking about and fearing it. So please enter on your Agenda for the day of starting, "Mem.: To remember to forget everything relating to stomach disturbance. Also, like Jack Spratt, to eat no fat." With some dry cracknels, with others pickled onions, are infallible specifics. Then there are miraculous belts and girdles, charmed globules, magic ice-bags. "All of which," says Sir James, "not being based on any true knowledge of the evils to be met, are merely empirical." The futility of such devices is proved by the fact that no one has yet made a fortune by them.

Nor is the evil experienced by salt-water sailors only. It is perfectly easy to be sea-sick on the larger lakes of Europe, and, a fortiori, of America. Without crossing the Atlantic to try the experiment, on the lakes of Constance and Geneva people can be sick to their heart's content. The affection is identical, even in name. The Germans call a lake a See; the malady, therefore, is true see-sickness. There is this curious difference, however, between the Sees; See, a lake, is masculine, while See, the open sea, is only feminine.

Considering the enormous amount of misery inflicted by the heaving motion of the waves, medical literature is singularly scanty in information, and even in guesses, respecting sea-sickness. Medical men excuse themselves by the plea that it is not a disease, but a mere transient affection voluntarily incurred. In French it is the "mal," not the "maladie" de mer. As servants in an overgrown household maintain that "it isn't their place" to do this or that, so the prevention and cure of sea-sickness "isn't the place" of the faculty. Everybody can escape it by remaining on terra firma. "Now had those children

stayed at home," the doctors might urge as a case in point, "or slid upon dry ground, a hundred pounds to one penny no child had e'er been drowned." Don't go to sea, and you will have no occasion to trouble us. The thing does not lie within our department. We study morbid action only, and broken limbs, and gun-shot wounds. Sea-sickness is none of these. Knock at some other office door.

Even amongst superstitious nostrums, the follies or cheats of a bygone time, charms or remedies against sea-sickness are rare. Perhaps cunning men and women feared to risk their reputation on the event. A child's caul may fetch five guineas, as a preservative from death by drowning. The purchaser, if drowned, will not complain. But to promise that it will save him from sea-sickness would be putting it to too dangerous a test.

The greater, therefore, is our obligation to Sir James Alderson for having done something to supply this want. He traces the disturbance to its origin, and contends that it is not the stomach which is first affected, but the brain, through which the stomach suffers. The vomiting, for instance, thus induced, is of a peculiar character, very different from that proceeding from a commonly disordered stomach. It occurs in a spasmodic manner, and violent retching remains after the contents of the stomach have been ejected; all which indicates some more distant and less obvious cause.

As Sir James's treatise costs only two shillings, we will not pillage his advice, nor explain why he gives it, although his theory of the cause of sea-sickness is the same as that propounded by Doctor Woollaston more than half a century ago. To this theory critics have objected that it scarcely accounts for the sickness produced by walking, and by whirling in a roundabout, and still less for that occasioned by riding backwards in a carriage. All we can say is, that if this be not the true theory, there is none better yet offered to the world, and that Sir James's means of preventing it are the best yet known.

We may, however, quote a couple of hints. It is admitted by all sufferers from sea-sickness that they are most sensible of the miserable feeling at the moment of the descent of the ship. They are also conscious, at that particular time, of an instinctive effort to sigh or take breath, the meaning of which is manifest, if the theory alluded to be admitted. Take, therefore, a

deep inspiration, if standing, at the time of the descent of the vessel, when it pitches. Also, follow Sir James's earnest advice to avoid all stimulants. Brandy would not only be likely to disorder the stomach, but to affect the brain, the very organ which it is desirable to keep in a quiet state.

The only specific for sea-sickness is either disembarking, or acclimatisation to the motion of the ship by the wonderful power of accommodation to circumstances possessed by the human frame. The one is certain, the other doubtful. But we cannot indorse what some writers assert, namely, that the evil ceases the moment the patient sets foot on land. Far from that, it often takes days to set right the derangement of the digestive organs. Neither does the giddiness depart immediately. The present writer once underwent the punishment of travelling from Aberdeen to London by sea. On arriving, he was offered admission to the House of Lords, whose evening sitting he attended. But the Upper Chamber pitched so violently, that he wondered how their lordships kept their places. Reason only told him, against the evidence of his senses, that the House of Parliament was not out at sea.

A word may be added respecting the benefits of sea-sickness. It cannot cure insanity, if insane people cannot be sea-sick. It has been recommended as a means of throwing off bilious attacks; but if its continuance is lengthened and violent, the remedy is worse than the disease. Doctor Andrew Combe (whose admirable *Physiology in Regard to Health* ought to be known to most of our readers) advised a sea voyage of some duration to persons threatened with pulmonary disease. The nausea induced would excite the skin, and the action of the skin would relieve the lungs. He tried the prescription upon himself, and perhaps prolonged his life by the experiment.

A friend of the writer, a lieutenant in the French navy, has communicated his personal experience, which time has only too well confirmed.

"I can quite understand," he writes, "why medical men have not troubled themselves much about this matter. Certainly, there are remedies for sea-sickness, but they are completely out of the doctors' line, and all the drugs of their pharmacopœia are of little or no avail. For my own part, I began to taste the delights of sea-sickness in 1850, two-and-twenty years ago, and I am still sure that, any day, were I to go to sea

in rough weather, I should taste them again. I am sea-sick for the same reason that I cannot waltz, and that swinging makes me ill. From the very outset I was sea-sick, just like a City tradesman venturing to cross the Channel. I was then a mere boy, and it was in passages between Havre and Cherbourg that I first experienced the indisposition destined to accompany me during my professional career. On one particular occasion I was so ill that, on arriving at Havre, my legs could scarcely support me, my head was in a whirl, and my stomach incapable of taking any nourishment. I had to start immediately for Paris. The movement of the carriage renewed most unpleasant sensations, and in the evening, while dining at a friend's house, I still felt sea-sick.

"As a midshipman, my first cruise was in the Baltic, a nasty and most fatiguing sea. Gale followed gale, and I was always ill. Nevertheless, the last of those gales restored me to my normal state of health. I need not remind you of the arrangements of our old sailing vessels. A formidable wave struck me, and for a moment I fancied I was washed overboard. But it was a false alarm. When I picked myself up, the deck was a pond in which four hundred men were floundering. Of course, I did not want for work to occupy my attention, and when I went to lie down, I had completely recovered as if by magic. I thought I had done with sea-sickness for ever, but I was very soon undeceived. After several months spent on land, I had to renew its undesirable acquaintance; the same whenever, in the course of a long voyage, rough weather succeeded to fine.

"In the beginning I was obliged to absent myself from duty; but before long I was able never to miss a day, and that through becoming accustomed to sea-sickness. As soon as I feel my head getting heavy, and I remark the movements of the vessel—movements which, in health, I never notice—I hasten to eat a piece of bread and drink a large glass of wine. With the stomach thus ballasted, the head recovers; I take the air on the deck, and avoid going below as much as possible. But the effect of the nourishment soon goes off, the head gets confused, and the stomach is tortured with peculiar pains. Eating and drinking become difficult; I am obliged to search for the spot where the wind is most felt, and, by exposing myself to it, contrive to keep the enemy at bay. At other times, less fortunate, I cannot

escape actual sickness, but that has not happened for some years past.

"Sea-sickness, in short, always exists for me; but its effects are violent headaches and atrocious pains in the stomach. At such times, I can neither smoke nor work, and the days seem interminably long. At night the symptoms are aggravated. I go to bed and sleep well, but on waking am obliged to get up in haste, and immediately eat something, with a good glass of wine; without which, nausea would speedily come on. This happens especially when I am awakened for the watch at midnight, or four in the morning, even in very tolerable weather. The deck is then my only place of safety. I have been partly round the world, with sea-sickness in what I call a latent state all the while. Strange enough, I have never been ill in a boat in the very worst weather, even when a child, except when the boat was moored, or at anchor. The motion then is insupportable. I have also remarked that the enormous waves at the Cape made me less ill than seas of more moderate height.

"You see that I speak from experience; and yet I have known many individuals more ill than myself, because it is an illness to which one should not give one's self up. With energy, you may contrive to resist a portion of its pernicious effects. The first point is not to think about it, by fully occupying the mind with other things. The stomach should be liberally supplied, and the alcoholic stimulus of wine is excellent. I should not, however, carry this too far, lest it would prove injurious, rather than salutary. By day, the deck is the best place; and at night a well-suspended hammock, as a sleeping-place, is far preferable to a crib or alcove."

#### THE MOTHER OF MELODY.

THERE is no more fanciful fable in the whole Grecian mythology than that which tells us that a mountain nymph, the daughter of Aër and Tellus, or earth and air, and one of Juno's attendants, was employed by Jupiter to baffle and mislead the queen, while he, faithless husband as he was, sported with her sister nymphs in the glades of Boëtia. As soon as Juno discovered the deception she punished the nymph by changing her into an echo. In this condition she became enamoured of Narcissus; and when that exquisite but notoriously egotistical youth failed to re-

turn her love, she pined away, till at length nothing remained of her but her voice. Miss Echo's fate ought to be a warning to deceitful lady's-maids in all time coming.

Modern science, however, furnishes a less romantically poetic account of this unfortunate young woman of the Cephissus. Echoes, as we know well enough in these matter-of-fact days, are produced by the reflected waves of sound. When a sufficient interval exists between a direct and a reflected sound, we hear the latter in an echo. But, as Professor Tyndall has shown us, sound, like light, "may be reflected several times in succession, and as the refracted light under these circumstances becomes gradually feebler to the eye, so the successive echoes become feebler to the ear. The reflection of echoes is also in part due to the fact that the reflecting surfaces are at different distances from the hearer." Not only is sound in all respects reflected and refracted like light, but it may, like light, be condensed by suitable lenses. For instance, a bell placed on an eminence in Heligoland failed, on account of its distance, to be heard in the town. A parabolic reflector, placed behind the bell, so as to reflect the sound waves in the direction of the long sloping street, caused the strokes of the bell to be distinctly heard at all times. It is found, too, that curved roofs and ceilings act as mirrors upon sound, a fact of interest to the architect. In some apartments the singing of a kettle seems, in certain positions, to come, not from the fire on which it is placed, but from the ceiling, and so with the ticking of a clock. A rather remarkable instance of the same thing is cited by Sir John Herschel. In one of the cathedrals in Sicily the confessional was so placed that the whispers of the penitents were reflected by the curved roof, and brought to a focus at a distant part of the edifice. The focus was discovered by accident, and for some time the person who discovered it took pleasure in hearing, and bringing his friends to hear, utterances intended for the priest alone. The whispering gallery of St. Paul's is another well-known instance. Here the faintest sound is conveyed from one side to the other of the dome, but it is not heard at any intermediate point. In Gloucester Cathedral a gallery of an octagonal form conveys a whisper seventy-five feet across the nave, while the ticks of a watch may be heard from one end of the abbey church of St. Albans to the other. Equally curious effects produced by the reflection of sound were met with in the once celebrated Colosseum

in Regent's Park—a circular building, one hundred and thirty feet in diameter. Placing himself close to the upper part of the wall, Mr. Wheatstone found a word pronounced to be repeated a great many times. A single exclamation appeared like a peal of laughter, while the tearing of a piece of paper sounded like the patter of hail.

While echoes whisper secrets in the areas of antique halls, in the windings of long corridors, in the melancholy aisles of arched cathedrals and ruined abbeys, they are no less partial to caverns and grottoes, and reverberate with loudest voice among mountains. There are single and compound echoes. Some repeat only one syllable, and sounds of a certain pitch; others, known as tautological echoes, repeat the same words many times in varied tones. The reason of this is, that the echoing body is far off, and there is time for one reflection to pass away before another reaches the ear. Misson, in his description of Italy, mentions an echo in the vineyard of Simonetta, about two miles from Milan, which reflects a word twenty times over. Gasendi tells of another, near the tomb of Cecilia Metella at Rome, which repeated the first verse of the *Æneid* eight times; and a third near Coblenz repeats seventeen times. There is a deep cul-de-sac, called the Ochsenenthal, formed of the great cliffs of the Engelhörner, near Rosenlani, in Switzerland, where the echoes warble in a wonderful manner. The sound of the Alpine horn also, rebounding from the rocks of the Wetterhorn or the Jungfrau, is in the first instance heard roughly. But by successive reflections, the notes are rendered more soft and flûte-like, the general diminution of intensity giving the impression that the source of sound is retreating further and further into the solitudes of ice and snow. A very famous echo is that at Lurlei. It is thus described by the author of the Rhine and its Picturesque Scenery: "An old soldier, who announces himself as *l'homme qui fait jouer l'écho*, blows a *tantivy* on his huge French hunting-horn. No sooner have the fine brassy notes ceased, than you hear them repeated on the opposite shores, so distinctly, too, that, though you know it is but an echo, you can hardly persuade yourself that there is not some one concealed on the top of Lurlei imitating the sounds. The next portion of the entertainment is with the musket; and for this the old guard waits till the air is perfectly still. Then, directly a lull ensues in the breeze, click goes the trigger, and the report rattles

against the wall of the opposite rock as if the crags were tumbling down in a shower; and no sooner has it burst upon the ear than you hear a second explosion, almost as loud as the first, clattering behind the summit of Lurlei. This time, however, the echo does not end here, for the moment after, the sound seems to be ascending the river in a kind of small thunder-peal, muttering along the opposite cliffs; then comes a pause as it leaps across the stream, after which you catch it again on the same side of the Rhine as yourself, descending along the rocks in fainter and fainter peals, till it reaches the vineyard adjoining the Falsenbank, by St. Goar; and the next instant, after another pause, the ear detects it across the river once more, where it ultimately expires, with a faint puff, just above the ruins of Katz."

Perhaps no country is more celebrated for these remarkable and interesting phenomena of nature than our own. Visitors to Killarney will remember the fine echo in the Gap of Dunloe. When a trumpet is sounded in a certain place in the Gap, the sonorous waves reach the ear in succession after one, two, three, or more reflections from the adjacent cliffs, and thus die away in the sweetest cadences. One at Woodstock Park, near Oxford, repeats seventeen syllables by day, and twenty by night; another at Shipley Church, in Sussex, does no fewer than twenty-one syllables. We get more astonishing effects still at Ulleswater, lying between the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. There used to be, and may be now, a small vessel on the lake, mounted with brass cannon for the purpose of exciting the echoes. A gunshot was distinctly reverberated seven or eight times. It first rose overhead in one vast peal; then subduing a few seconds, it rose again in a grand interrupted burst on the right. Presently it rose on the left, and thus thrown from rock to rock, in a sort of aerial perspective, it was caught again perhaps by some nearer promontory, and, returning full on the ear, surprised you, after you thought all was over, with as loud a peal as at first. The grandest effect, however, was produced by a successive discharge of cannon, at the interval of a few seconds between each. The effect of the first was not over, when the echoes of the second, the third, or perhaps the fourth, began. Such a variety of awful sounds, mingling and commingling, and at the same moment heard from all sides, made one imagine that the very foundations of every rock on the lake were giving way,

and the whole scene, from some strange convulsion of nature, was falling into general ruin.

Though the natives of Scotland are generally supposed to be extremely reticent of speech themselves, their country, as it happens, is very loquacious in the matter of echoes. This is accounted for by the rugged and mountainous character of the northern kingdom. Roseneath, near Glasgow; Cartlane Craigs, Lanarkshire; Loch Dochart, Perthshire; Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh; Loch Kinellan, Cromarty; the castles of Achinduin and Kingerloch, in Argyllshire, are all noted for what Doctor Tyndall calls wave-motions, and tourists linger at these places and listen with delight to the curious effects produced. At Roseneath, if a trumpet be played, the echo will begin the tune, and repeat it accurately; as soon as this echo has ceased another will give the tune in a lower note, and, after the second has ceased, a third will succeed with equal fidelity, though in a much feebler tone. But the most beautiful echo in Scotland—one of the finest, indeed, in the world—occurs in the ancient and ruined abbey church of Paisley. When the door of the chapel is shut, the reverberations are equal to the sound of thunder. Breathe a single note in music, and the tone ascends gradually till it dies away in soft and most bewitching murmurs. If a good voice sing, or a musical instrument be well played, the effect is indescribably agreeable. In this chapel, lulled by etherial echoes, sleeps Margery, the daughter of Bruce, the wife of Wallace, and mother of Robert, King of Scotland.

With happy phrase, the Jews were wont to call the echo the daughter of the voice, and the mother of melody.

#### THE REWARDS OF SONG.

I HAVE a little, soft and plaintive,  
Mellow, murmuring lute,  
To which I oft attune my voice  
When Earth and Air are mute,  
And though the plodding, busy world  
Cares not to hear the strain,  
I make my music to myself  
A solace to my pain.

I reckon not though none hear me,  
More than the nightingale,  
Or lark beneath the morning cloud,  
High poised above the vale;  
These seek not men's approval,  
But sing for love of song,  
As I do in the wilderness  
When summer days grow long.

Perchance a passing stranger,  
That loiters on his way,  
May hear the distant echoes  
Of my rejoicing lay;

And bless the unseen singer,  
Embowered amid the copse,  
Or soaring, singing, soaring  
Above the mountain tops!

Perhaps—who knows?—a mourner  
For present grief, or past,  
May hear my hopeful music  
Upon the wild winds cast,  
And so take heart and courage  
To wander less forlorn,  
And turn from evening shadows  
To sunlight of the morn.

The stars rejoice in shining,  
And I rejoice to sing,  
For sake of love, for sake of song,  
And not for praise 'twill bring.  
Despise me, if it please you,  
Ye traders of the mart!  
Not all your gold could purchase  
The freshness of my heart!

#### COOKS AND COOKERY IN BENGAL.

THIS is how I made acquaintance with my cook.

It was evening in Bengal. The sun was setting in hot haste, as it always sets in the East; with an effective relation to many objects, I dare say, but apparently with an especial intention to leave its latest rays behind the tops of mango-trees which shaded my bungalow. Two travellers stood in the verandah of that bungalow. One of these was myself, the other was a friend from whom I had taken over the house with its establishment complete.

We were waiting for our horses with a view to an evening ride. Watching minute things, as people do when they are waiting, I presently saw issue from a little outhouse, on the side opposite the stables, a person of singularly unattractive appearance. He was an elderly man, with a short, grizzled beard. The colour of his skin was something between chestnut and bay. And there was plenty of skin visible to judge by, as he was unencumbered by any costume worth mentioning—unless we may pay that mark of attention to a bit of white-brown cloth about his loins. His head, to be sure, was properly provided for by a linen turban, bearing obvious indications that the white of other days was superseded by “matter in the wrong place.” His heels supplied the place of a chair as he accommodated himself in a sitting posture, and sucked the smoke from a rough hubble-bubble, evidently enjoying himself to his heart's content.

I was so new in the country that I might be excused for asking the question I did.

“What is that naked brute,” I demanded, “who is making himself at home,

and smoking that sickening pipe in front of the cook-house?"

"That man?" was the answer. "Why, that man is no less a person than your own cook. You must not allow him to smoke so near to the doorway; but he is a very fair specimen of a bowachee. His undress uniform is excusable on account of the heat, and I am afraid that you will do no good by making remonstrances on that score. He has just got our dinner in train, and is recreating himself while it develops. You would think that he was suffering from remorse, that he had killed a child perhaps, and did not wish it generally known; but the probabilities are that his rich Oriental fancy is running wild among rupees, annas, and pie, and certain little prospects of speculation. In this way, however, he has not much to expect, for the khansamah—the major-domo through whom you have all your supplies—will take care to have as much as possible the monopoly of cheating you. But here are the horses at last."

A month after I could have told my friend about as much as he could have told me concerning my cook and my kitchen. A little experience goes a great way in such matters, provided one looks after one's own affairs. In the course of three months I had even mastered my khansamah's mystic manner of keeping accounts, and was able to keep him in proper check. Otherwise my friend Mohamed Ali (of course he was a Mussulman, like the cook, though the latter is not unfrequently a Hindoo Christian) was apt to prove himself an adept in an art not unknown in our own happy land, that of increasing the totals of successive bills for similar supplies supposed to be furnished at the same prices. He had a happy way, too, of charging for the same articles under different native names, and even dividing compound names into two items, on the principle, say, of charging for the bishopric of Sodor and Man under Sodor and under Man also. When he found this kind of thing was not allowed, he became rather honest than otherwise. The cook had not the same opportunities of making fancy charges; his little frailties consisted mainly in confiscating surplus provisions, and performing his duties too much through the medium of an assistant to do credit to his own talents. There are cooks who will surreptitiously take office with a second master in the neighbourhood, and endeavour to perform the celebrated feat of being in two places at once; but Elihu Buksh never, to

The cook-house in India is apart from the residence, an out-building in the compound, with a primitive door consisting of a mat. Its interior is suggestive of a stable, and about as unlike a kitchen as anybody could devise. There is a batterie de cuisine, to be sure, in the shape of a fireplace made of clay, the two sides of equal length, and the centre having a convex surface to raise the fire, so that the heat may be as near the bottom of the cooking utensil as possible. The fuel employed is charcoal, enclosed upon the same principle as that of a French stove, the vessels being ranged of course at the top. These vessels are of copper (though the poor make clay answer the purpose), carefully tinned inside, the tinning being renewed every month, and in the shape of round bowls, narrowing at the neck and innocent of handles. There is a rolling-pin; a long iron flat spoon and ladle, and another of the same kind bored with holes; a vegetable cutter and scraper; a flat stone, with roller for grinding the curry materials; and an iron or stone pestle and mortar, employed for similar purposes. Beyond a common knife or two, your cook will scarcely require more appliances and means. Left to themselves natives use the most primitive methods of cooking: a little hole in the ground and a couple of bricks are sufficient for their private meals, and you may see wonderful things done with such resources in travelling or at a pic-nic.

The cuisine is Mussulman, otherwise it could not include animal food. In the Hindoo Sanscrit receipts meat is never mentioned, whereas meat is mentioned in the Koran as forming a food of the faithful, as well as game, fowl, and fish. But there are many vegetable preparations which are eaten by Mussulmans and Hindoos in common, though not in company, and the lower castes of the latter freely take animal food, as will indeed most of the Anglicised Bengalees, who, without being Christians, have been educated out of their own faith.

The Hindoo takes delight in cakes of wheat and various grains; rice dressed in different ways; curries prepared with vegetables; oil, flavoured with spices and the acidity of vegetables, and accompanied with chutnies of various descriptions; and pickles made with vinegar, oil, or salt, and above all, milk, and ghee, or clarified butter. The Mussulman prepares his food more substantially, using meat freely. But Eastern tastes are not those of the West. The Franks, say the Mussulman, make

meat raw, and only when it is digested is it properly cooked. The Mussulmans at least take care to err on the other side, and in connexion with much of their food one would think digestion an open question. Their roast meats are indeed so overdone and dry, that nourishment can scarcely enter into their scheme of utility, and their boiled meat is quite as impoverished, and has only one advantage over the roast, it is just a little less indigestible. I need scarcely say that it is easily separated into portions fitted for the mouth without such foreign aids as knives and forks.

My Mussulman cook, however, takes kindly to Western customs. All ordinary English dishes he prepares with fair fidelity. For his master he never thinks of roasting meat to rags; and joints of beef, veal, mutton, or lamb, are served up by him in English style and with thorough English success.

And here a few words about the raw material. The beef comes from buffaloes, which the high-caste Hindoos greatly object to our eating; but appetite is stronger than that Anglo-Indian virtue, "respect for the prejudices of the natives," and the animal is still ruthlessly consumed. Anywhere on the banks of the sacred Ganges the best description of Brahminee bull is to be found, and his meat is everything that can be desired when he is properly fed. The hump is especially admired when salted and boiled; it is, indeed, the best corned beef in the world. The kid is very commonly eaten, but his flesh is not considered so good as mutton. Pork is not popular with fastidious Anglo-Indians, and they must be very unfastidious indeed who would eat that supplied from the bazaar. But some people rear and educate the original animal, and eat him with as little consideration for Mussulman prejudice as for that of the Hindoo in the matter of beef. To home-grown ham, somehow, the servants make no objection; I suppose they consider it a different breed to the native grown, and not strictly included in the prohibition of the Prophet.

The mutton in India is particularly good, as Europeans up the country usually combine in small parties to keep a flock of sheep, taking the management of the "mutton club" by turns; and with a first-rate breed to begin with, and first-rate feeding to go on with, the result is meat equal to any that ever roamed over Welsh mountains. The price has increased of late years, but must be still far below the English standard. Meat, however, was,

in my time, always consumed in less quantities than poultry—the fowl being the stock bird of the Indian cuisine. Roasted, boiled, or grilled, he was in continual request at such places as dāk bungalows—the posting-houses on the road before railways. And, making all allowances for increased demand, he must still be the most abundant bird in Bengal. The prices charged for him used to be ridiculously small. A chicken might be had for two annas (threepence), and the full-grown bird cost scarcely double that sum. Eggs were charged in proportion.

English vegetables abound in Bengal. The potato is cheaper than in England, green peas are plentiful in the cold weather, and as for cauliflowers, they are both large and numerous, and in quality first-rate. Artichokes, both of the Jerusalem description and those of the petalled kind (whose failure would be a calamity to a French cook), are extremely plentiful, and there are some native vegetables, which find favour principally with determined dwellers in the land. Altogether Bengal is wonderfully well off in this way, and far more fortunate than Madras.

I need scarcely say that fruit abounds in Bengal, but not English fruit. Melons and pines are in profusion, so are oranges, limes, peaches, pomegranates, and plantains, also a delightful little fruit like a more succulent greengage, called leeches (I spell the name according to sound—it is an inhabitant of China), and, besides native productions, too minute to mention, there is the gorgeous mango, not so good in Bengal as in Bombay, but still "beautiful exceedingly" to the taste, and having the solitary drawback that its fruit is such a bore to get at. At a dinner-table you have to scoop out what you can of it (the large stone being in the way) with a spoon, but enthusiastic admirers of the fruit suck at it in undignified fashion, take off their coats to the work, and provide for the flow of the juice over their hands and arms by having a bowl (a finger-glass is ineffectual fooling)—a big bowl of water to wash in during the process. I have heard men say that when they give up an afternoon to mangoes they would not let their best friends behold them, not even the wives of their respective bosoms. Some, indeed, settle any question between finger-glasses and buckets by getting into their baths at once when they court the adored fruit. Such were mango-worshippers in past days, and I suppose they have their representatives in the present, though mango-worshipping

went out, as a rule, with nankeen jackets, native alliances, hookah-smoking in society, and preposterous accumulations of lakhs of rupees.

For such things as apples and pears you must depend principally upon the Punjab, but itinerant venders bring these fruits down country during the cold weather, pears especially, in boxes lined with cotton wool; they are watery, and somewhat tasteless, but good in their way. In Calcutta plenty of apples come from America, in ice, and I dare say that by this time they are imported up country.

You must not expect to get oysters in Bengal or thereabouts, though they are found on some parts of the Indian coast. There used to be plenty of English oysters consumed in India for sauce and scollops (an oyster loaf, by the way, is a delightful dish), and they are still to be had by people who are able to pay for them. Lobsters are also sent out in tins; but crabs may be had in Calcutta, where there are plenty of crayfish and prawns. But many persons have a not unpardonable objection to these and other fish obtained from the Hooghly, on the ground that they obtain their nourishment from dead natives. Turtle is sometimes sent into Calcutta from some of the adjacent islands, but it is a rarity in the Indian cuisine.

Of fish there is considerable variety, but not many kinds are eaten, as a rule, by Europeans, for a reason referred to above, and some take the safe course of abstaining from the finny tribe altogether, except in the form of salmon from home. The pomplet, white and red, is most esteemed on the western coast. It is not unlike a small turbot. There is also a fish called sabb, which is the nearest approach to salmon met with in the East. But the favourite of all is the mango fish, called familiarly "topsee muchlee," so named because it comes in with the mango fruit. It is more like the smelt than any other fish I can call to mind, but of a more peculiar and delicate flavour.

My Indian cook, as I have said, gives us English dinners, being wonderfully adaptable to strange tastes, and ours must be very strange to him in many respects. But he makes considerable additions to the cuisine, and foremost among these must be mentioned pilau and curries.

The pilau is a purely Oriental dish, and may be made, without meat or any other adjunct, in a solid state. Thus venison, kid, or other meat or poultry, may be stewed down, the gravy, containing the

essence, with onions and spices, being used to flavour the rice, and the latter forms the principal part of a common pilau. When meat is added it is either roasted, grilled, or boiled first, and then put into the rice, being rather steamed than boiled in it, and the same principle applies to fish or forcemeat balls. When the latter are used a portion of the meat is generally set aside, with savoury additions, for their concoction. To make a pilau the prescribed quantity of rice is first parboiled; it is then removed from the water and strained; the gravy, which has imbibed the flavour of the meat, is added to it, with spices and onions, and occasionally vegetables. The meat, previously prepared, is placed in the centre, and the saucepan, with its contents, set over a charcoal fire to simmer gently, some fire being also put on the top of the saucepan. When the rice is sufficiently dressed the pilau is served. Occasionally a part of the rice is only flavoured with the gravy, the rest being boiled plain, or coloured by melted butter or ghee being poured over it while yet in the saucepan. But sometimes the pilau is sweetened, and made into what is called a charcheneedar, in which case acidulated syrup is poured over it.

Sometimes, for the sake of variety, the rice, or part of it, before being boiled, is roasted or fried to a light brown colour with ghee, in which cloves and sliced onions have been fried. But in either case the first essence of the meat, poultry, game, fish, &c., forms the principal medium for flavouring the pilau, and hence a native entertainer, in asking you to partake of the viand, would refer only to the pilau so flavoured, the articles themselves seldom appearing in their original state. On a European table, however, the pilau usually takes the more substantial form, the standard arrangement being a whole fowl in the centre, with the duly prepared rice around it.

Curry is also a preparation independent of the viand or vegetable to which it is adapted; the Hindoos, for instance, eating it uniformly without meat, the rice alone being flavoured, as in the case of the primitive pilau. The solid part of curry may consist of meat, poultry, eggs, fish, or vegetables. The article selected is first dressed until tender, and to it are then added ground spices, chillies, and salt in certain proportions, when the gravy is used, or the curry may be served dry. The meat may be fried in butter, ghee, oil, or fat, to which are added gravy, milk, the juice of the cocoa-nut, vegetables, &c. These prepara-



tions depend for their excellence and wholesomeness mainly upon the proper proportions of the several ingredients. But the art is known to every native cook, and many travellers in India maintain that no better curries could be had in the country than those prepared, on the shortest possible notice, at the old dāk bungalows. The "curry stuff," as the cooks call it in their primitive English—that is to say, the foundation of the dish—is always kept in a more or less forward state in every Indian kitchen. The advantage of eating curry in its native land is that the ingredients are employed fresh and fresh. In the form of curry powder and curry paste, as we know them in England, the ingredients must necessarily be dry, or, at any rate, adapted to "keeping;" and some of them, of course, cannot be employed at all. An English curry, made of fowl or rabbit, coloured to a ginger-bread appearance with powder from the nearest grocer's shop, is a thing not to be recognised, even as an imitation of its original. The rice alone would convict it, even were the latter not placed round the meat instead of being served on a separate dish, a rule from which there is no departure in India. The rice is not boiled, in a proper sense of the term, but is simply rice pudding. Now boiled rice should be dry, and every individual ear should stand on end, as much like quills upon the fretful porcupine as possible. The process of so boiling it is simple enough, and is as well understood by every Indian cook as the boiling of a potato is understood by every peasant in Ireland, and in England by about one cook out of twenty. In the first place you wash your rice in cold water, in order to remove from it the starchy powder, which would cause the grain to adhere. Then you boil it, again in cold water, until the grains begin to swell. The next operation is to place it in a sieve, and pour cold water through it. The rice is then replaced in the saucepan, from which the water has been ejected, and left to finish cooking by steam, a cloth being placed over the top of the vessel to retain the exhalation. The process, indeed, is much the same as that employed in cooking a potato which is meant to be in a properly "mealy" state.

I have several receipts for curry stuff before me. One of them consists of aniseed, allspice, cardamoms, cloves, mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, coriander, cumminseed, black pepper, mustard-seed, chillies, tumeric, fenugreek, garlic, dry and green ginger, poppy-seed, long pepper, asafoetida,

chironjie-nut, almonds, cocoa-nut, and salt.

Another, in addition to most of the above ingredients, includes sliced onions, mango, dried or green, tamarinds, fresh or salted, lime-juice, and curds. Ghee or butter is a necessary constituent in all cases.

It should be observed, however, that although the above articles are the ingredients of a curry, it is unnecessary to use them all in an arbitrary manner; some may be made to take the place of others. Thus the whole of the spices need not be used together, unless very cleverly apportioned; the mangoes, tamarinds, and lime juice may be taken as alternative; the cocoa-nut is not necessary if there be almonds, and vice versa; the ginger may be omitted when dry chillies are used; the cummin-seeds and the coriander may be substituted for each other at will, and both of these, it may here be remarked, are better for being roasted. Cocoa-nut milk is much used on the coast in forming the gravy to many curries, as well as the oil freshly expressed from the nut when grated. If the curry is to be dry the onions must be fried brown in ghee or butter, and the ingredients ground to a paste, with the admixture of water, the meat and fowl added, and the whole stirred up until the butter and gravy are absorbed. For a gravy-curry the meat or fowl is to be cut into slices. Then put the ghee into a stew-pan over the fire, with the sliced onions, and add the meat, with the ground ingredients and some water or broth, mix well together, and let the whole simmer gently until the meat is properly done.

Some idea of the proportions of the ingredients may be gained from the following, in which I avoid reference to native weights and measures: Take three table-spoonfuls of ghee or butter; the same of thick or curded milk; of dried chillies, tumeric, roasted coriander-seed, and dried ginger, each one drachm and a half; of fenugreek, poppy-seeds, black pepper, chironjie-nuts, each one drachm; twelve sweet almonds, blanched; cocoa-nut, half an ounce; twelve cloves, and half a lime or lemon. These ingredients, with the exception of the almonds and nuts, are to be ground up separately, either on a stone or in a mortar, with a sufficient quantity of water to form a paste. The almonds, cocoa-nut, and chironjie must be pounded together, and when these are not procurable a tea-spoonful of sweet oil may be substituted. Curries may be acidulated with dried or green mangoes, green, ripe, or salted tamarinds, lime-juice, or vinegar.

With a little attention to principles, it will be seen that curry is not so elaborate a concoction as it appears at first sight. Indeed, with a judicious use of the prepared powder, in conjunction with such substitutes for the fresh elements as can be procured, there is no reason why the dish should not be within our reach in this country almost in its perfection, granted, of course, care on the part of the cook, and that the ingredients shall be mingled by an agency something more appreciative than a pitchfork.

The mention of that implement reminds me that it is with a (table) fork and spoon that curry is to be eaten—the employment of a knife is the certain sign of a griffin. In India, I may add, nobody thinks of eating curry without chutney, pickle, or some similar addition; and you may see it taken sometimes with slices of cold ham. Chutney, it need scarcely be said, is composed of all kinds of vegetable substances, made hot with pepper, chillies, mustard, &c., made in several varieties, the broad distinction being between sweet and sour.

There are various classes of Indian dishes which are as familiar in men's mouths as curry itself, though not so well known by name. In native cookery the term *boghar* is constantly used, and the only explanation given of it is that the article—whatever it may be—is placed, with spices and ghee, or some substitute for ghee, in a closed vessel over the fire, to admit of its imbibing the flavour, and this process is sometimes repeated, with different accessories, two or three times. The native idea is that by so enclosing the preparation, and placing fire over as well as under the vessel, a superior flavour is obtained. A simple way of cooking upon this principle is by placing, say, a couple of mutton chops, with the chosen condiments, between two soup plates, tied together, and made close by a rim of paste, and then boiling the whole in a large saucepan full of water.

One mode of preparation is to rub the meat or fowl over with some particular article, such as *bassun* (ground gram, gram being something like our split peas), washing it off immediately, and succeeding it with another application, in similar manner, of something else. *Moultan mud*—believed to be yellow ochre—is sometimes employed for the purpose; and natives, for their own eating, use the *pân leaf*, and even metallic preparations.

Brianees, *khubabs*, and *ash* are common dishes, and are prepared with many varia-

tions. Brianees are spiced preparations resembling a combination of *pilau* and curry. The meat, fowl, fish, or whatever it may be, being highly seasoned and partially fried, is put into a saucepan with other condiments—such as rice, gravy, ghee, &c., in various proportions, covered carefully down, and boiled or steamed. The native method of steaming is very simple: they stretch a cloth across the vessel, above the water; place the article to be cooked upon the cloth, and then enclose it with the lid; or sometimes they place grass or straw on the top of the water, and the meat upon that. *Kubabs* are meat and vegetables, spiced and cut into slices, or else pounded into balls; then strung upon silver or wooden skewers, and roasted or fried; they are served dry, or with gravy. *Ash* is composed of meat, flour, pulse, vegetables, fruit, sugar, milk, &c., and spices in various quantities. It is sometimes prepared so as to resemble a hotch-potch; sometimes cakes are stewed in it; often it resembles a simple porridge.

Bread and cakes in the native style are heavy, through the absence of yeast or other fermenting adjunct; but the English get a fair imitation of their own bread prepared expressly for them. The best cakes are *buka kanah* and *sher mahal*. The native bread is the *chupattee*—the celebrated cake which was circulated throughout the country just before the mutinies of 1857, as a signal, it is supposed, of the impending rising. It is generally seen on an English breakfast-table, and children take to it kindly.

Pastry and confectionery are not included in the Indian cuisine; their place being supplied by sweetmeats in great variety. But a native cook usually understands this department; and you may cover your table if you please with tarts, *blanc-manges*, jellies, creams, ice-puddings, &c., all in the English style.

In appointments and service an Indian dinner-table bears considerable resemblance to an English dinner-table; and a *burra khana* in the East will vie not unfavourably with a *burra khana* in the West. The appearance is as bright as the greatest profusion of plate, glass, and flowers can make it; and in Calcutta, if not generally up-country, there is no new fashion in such matters which is not adopted as soon as it can be imported from Europe. The mode of serving the dinner à la Russe became general in India long before it was commonly adopted at home. There were two obvious reasons why this should be the

case. In the first place, the relief from the sight of your dinner en masse was wonderfully welcome on account of the heat; in the second place, India is strong just where England is weak—in the number of servants at everybody's command. Where every guest is accompanied by his own khitmutgar, or her own khitmutgar, as the case may be, there is not likely to be a want of attendance. Indeed, the usual complaint is of a superfluity in this respect; for delay in service is very likely to occur through the eagerness of every man to serve his master or mistress before anybody else, the competition frequently resulting in single combats, varied by an occasional free fight. At Government House, either in the presidencies or the provinces, these little incidents are avoided; the rule being that guests do not take their servants to what I once heard an American gentleman call "those angust diggings." There you are waited upon by the largest, grandest, and most splendid men that the Mussulman market can supply, all costumed in Oriental liveries of Her Majesty's immaculate scarlet, with silver insignia on their pugrees, suggestive of their relation to a certain great lady, living principally at Windsor and Balmoral, who is the Padishah of all the princes of India.

#### DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

I WAS much impressed by a remark that frequently fell from my late friend Shrubsole. He said that a man was rarely prized by the world until he had gone from it; that people did not know the value of a thing until they had lost it; and that, as a rule, few were ever really famous before they were dead. I am not sure that he was the originator of these opinions, nor do I profess to have stated them precisely in the terms that he was accustomed to employ; but the spirit of his observations I think I have fairly preserved.

Shrubsole usually described himself as an art critic. It would perhaps be more correct to say that he contributed to the newspapers articles on various subjects, including reviews of picture exhibitions. He was not deeply versed in art, and had little acquaintance with its practical and technical sides and resources. In this respect, however, he did not, perhaps, differ from other writers similarly occupied. He had mastered what I may call the slang phraseology of criticism, and was thus enabled to assume an air of authority in his

distribution of praise and censure that was sufficiently convincing to a less-informed public. But he was not himself, I feel sure, capable of producing even the simplest drawing or painting. Still, Shrubsole had instincts or intuitive perceptions of a really valuable kind. He was the first to remark the merits of my paintings. He was wont to assert of them that they would assuredly compare with the achievements of Michael Angelo. That the result of the comparison would be favourable to my art, he did not, I own, go so far as to affirm. But that he entertained a notion to that effect, I am almost confident. He was always well aware, however, that flattery, or even praise in too unmeasured terms, was extremely distasteful to me.

Shrubsole's pecuniary means were certainly straitened. He was not, indeed, of industrious habits. He rarely did himself or his endowments justice; for he was a man of intelligence, and wrote with fluency. He did not care to be referred to as a reporter, or to hear allusion made to the accounts of fires, explosions, and street accidents with which he occasionally provided the newspapers. But I have often thought that in these simple narratives I have discerned a grace of style and a felicity of diction that were absent from his writings upon art. He once disclosed that in early times he had been what is called a prophet to a sporting journal; that he had attended race-meetings and supplied descriptions of such events, and even of prize-fights. His productions of this class I have never seen; but I have little doubt that the unpromising nature of the subjects notwithstanding, he yet succeeded in treating them with a measure of skill and of fanciful charm peculiarly his own. His wants were few, comparatively speaking, and his tastes of a homely sort. He drank porter chiefly, and in large quantities, from a pewter vessel, and was greatly addicted to smoking. During his frequent visits to my studio I had some difficulty in fully satisfying his demand for these simple enjoyments. The immediate cause of his death was generally alleged to be delirium tremens. No symptoms of the approach of this malady were apparent to me, however, although I had certainly noticed that sometimes, late at night, he found a difficulty in expressing himself distinctly, and was apt to lose control over the movements of his limbs. Moreover, his appetite failed him a good deal latterly, and he appeared to subsist almost altogether upon beer and tobacco. It was shortly before the end came

that he mentioned my name in connexion with that of Michael Angelo, and reiterated his observations upon posthumous distinction to the effect I have above stated.

He was not referring to himself, for he had little ambition, and was philosophically content to be cheaply estimated both by his contemporaries and by posterity, but rather to me and my career as a painter. "These works," he had said, waving his pipe, with an unsteady action that was habitual to him, in the direction of the pictures in my studio, "will be worth untold gold, perhaps, when you're dead, my dear Duberly, but not before. You'll never sell them, but some one, when you're gone, will reap a harvest by them. There'll be a struggle by-and-bye to possess a Duberly such as the world has never yet seen anything like."

He was right enough. A great artist paints for the future—for all time, indeed, except the present. He is famous after death; but he lives unknown, unappreciated, unrewarded. Such was my case.

"For one man who has seen your Daniel in the Lion's Den, there'll be thousands in years to come who'll see and admire it—proclaim its merits and yours. A little more beer, please, and just a pipeful of tobacco."

Poor Shrubsole! I have devoted these few lines to his memory partly out of my great friendship for him, and partly because of the important influence of his observations upon the events of my life. I felt his loss acutely. He was an expensive friend, taxing me perhaps unduly in the matter of small loans, and the refreshments he so frequently required on his visits to my studio; still, he was a friend; he meant well, and I will always say for Shrubsole, he thought highly and expressed himself strongly on the subject of my paintings, at a time when no one else did, and generally he did me justice as an artist. He might not be a thoroughly competent art critic, but he always noticed favourably my performances. Other writers wantonly left these unmentioned, but Shrubsole never. I only wished that he had been a contributor to organs less obscure than those he usually favoured with his literary compositions.

I had lived for years the occupant of spacious rooms in an old and decayed house situated in the district of Soho. The street had been fashionable in its early youth, but now it had fallen into neglect and decrepitude—an old age of poverty, slovenliness, and squalor.

denizens of the neighbouring parish of St. Giles. Its tenements had been converted to the purposes of trade, and trade of an uncomely character. Publicans had seized upon the corner houses, signalling their tenancy by glaring inscriptions in the largest letters; the butcher was there with his heaps of slain animals sweltering under the heat of his flaring flags of gas; the marine store-dealer, with his rusty hoard of metallic refuse, was also to be found; and the mouldy, threadbare stock-in-trade of the vender of cast-off clothes. Still, people of distinction, even famous artists, had once resided in this now shabby and degraded thoroughfare. And I, a painter whom fame had as yet overlooked, now found refuge in it.

The house I lived in had been the subject of many unpleasant charges. One by one my fellow-lodgers had quitted it, until at last I was left almost its only tenant. It was said to be in Chancery, to be haunted, to be afflicted with dry-rot, to be even unsafe. The district surveyor had more than once denounced it in explicit terms. No vital result, however, had attended upon his denunciation. The house was left to stand or fall as it thought fit. It was never repaired, painted, or patched up in any way—never even cleaned. An agent, a very infirm old man, called periodically to inquire for and receive any rents that had become due. If no tender of payment was made to him by any of the tenants he appeared to be in no wise disappointed; perhaps rather the reverse, for he never brought any receipt stamps with him, and the signing of his name was plainly a matter of sore inconvenience to him. He was never surprised to learn of the departure of tenants considerably in debt for rent; never took any trouble to follow them up or to proceed against them for the arrears due. The tax-collectors affected greater severity, with no very different result. The supply of water was sometimes stopped, however, but never for any long time. In the interval the tenants resorted to a public pump in the immediate neighbourhood. The water was hard, and was reputed to be unwholesome; it certainly seemed to be filtered through a rather crowded burial-ground. Still, it was held to answer ordinary purposes well enough. The district was little given to considering water as a drink.

In my studio, on the first floor, a vast, gaunt, worm-eaten chamber, were painted the pictures which Shrubsole admired, and which should have made me famous.

They were historical works, executed in a broad, grand style, abounding in triumphs of design, crowded with scientific studies of the nude, the muscular, and the gesticulatory. I do not hesitate to say that they were very noble achievements, worthy of art in its palmiest days, and such as my country should have gloried in possessing. But I had fallen upon unhappy times; I lived in the era of cabinet pictures; my works were on an enormous scale, and I could find no market for them. As Shrubsole once observed, there was sufficient canvas in my studio to have furnished several men-of-war, if not indeed the whole British fleet, with sails. I have little patience with those pretended patrons of art who allege that they cannot find wall-space in their houses for great pictures. Why not enlarge their houses?

I refrain from cataloguing my works. They were very numerous, and of equal, and, I will add, of great merit. But perhaps the more distinguished, owing rather to happy choice and freshness of subject, than to any superiority of execution, were my Finding the Body of Harold, Daniel in the Lion's Den, Wat Tyler, Death of Epaminondas, and my Destruction of Pompeii. For these productions I had vainly sought a purchaser. I could scarcely obtain their exhibition. Often as I had tendered them to the managers of public galleries, they were almost invariably refused for want of room. No opinion was expressed in regard to their artistic qualities; they were condemned simply for their excessive dimensions. Certain of them I had even offered to give away; but I could not find any one willing to accept them, even on such humiliating and desperate conditions. My proposals were disparaged and derided. It had come simply to this: I could not get rid of my pictures upon any terms.

Poor Shrubsole departed—and buried, as cheaply as possible, for he left little behind him but liabilities and pawn-tickets—I found myself brooding much in my solitary chamber over his opinions upon posthumous fame. My condition was unenviable enough. I had exhausted my resources; I was considerably in debt. Clearly it availed not to go on producing works which the world so persistently undervalued. "Fame will come to you—when you're in your coffin," Shrubsole had said solemnly; "your pictures will be worth untold gold—when you're dead, but not before." What was left for me to do?

Plainly, to die. But though my health was far from robust, and an affection of the liver had long troubled me, I could not reasonably look forward to any immediate termination of my troubled existence. In the natural order of events, many years of life were before me. Nor was this a matter of regret to me. I was wretched, unfortunate, and hopeless; still I was not anxious for premature demise, so far as I was myself concerned, although for the effect it would have upon the estimation of my pictures, undoubtedly I felt that it had much to recommend it. Suicide I certainly did not contemplate. Sound principles had been instilled into me early in life; I had always cherished my moral sentiments; I was of quite irreproachable conduct and character. For these reasons, if for none other, the notion of *felo-de-se* was peculiarly odious to me. I was not a Pagan, but a Christian artist, cruelly treated by the world, but still, happily, not yet driven to crime.

Soon a plan occurred to me which I hastened to put into execution. I determined to live, and yet to secure all the advantages of death. As a preliminary, I purchased a form of will, and duly filled it up, and executed it in the presence of two respectable tradesmen of my neighbourhood—my baker and my milkman. I fully explained to them the nature of the document they were requested to attest. The will briefly set forth that my name was Prosser Duberly, that I was by profession an historical painter, and that I gave and bequeathed my whole property and estate whatsoever and wheresoever, and everything of which I might die possessed, to my dear brother, Purkis Duberly, his executors, administrators, and assigns, absolutely. Further, Purkis Duberly was appointed sole executor of that my last will and testament.

Now, I had no brother. I had indeed, so far as I knew, no living relation. My design was to die as Prosser Duberly; to survive as Purkis Duberly.

There were difficulties in the way of this scheme which could only be overcome by extreme care and forethought. It was easy enough to procure a coffin, to fill it with stones and rubbish, and to obtain its proper interment in one of the suburban cemeteries. Still the funeral could not take place without a medical certificate of the cause of death. Moreover, it would be necessary to give information of the death to the registrar of the district. It was

clear that I had much to consider—many intricate arrangements to make. I had undertaken a very serious task. It was much more difficult to die, legally and officially, than I had believed possible. Merely to disappear for a time would not be sufficient. I had to play the part of an executor, dealing lawfully with the property left by a dead man. I must therefore be in a position to prove his death beyond all question.

Fortune favoured me. I have said that I lived almost alone in the house in Soho. I had no friends now poor Shrubsole had departed. Such as I had at one time possessed, I had long been parted from. Some had prospered, outstripped me in the race of life, and left me far behind; others had, if that were possible, fallen into a state still more desperate and forlorn than my own. I had long since declined all idle acquaintances, and closed my doors against chance visitors. The only other inhabitant of the house was an old woman, purblind, asthmatic, and crippled, who lived on the basement, and was supposed to perform the functions of housekeeper. I paid her a small weekly stipend, but I made few demands upon her services. I rarely saw her. She mounted the stairs with difficulty, seldom reached the upper floors of the house, and soon crawled back again to her dark home in the back kitchen. If I had not occasionally heard her coughing in the silence of night, I should sometimes have forgotten her existence altogether. I knew that I should have no difficulty in deceiving Mrs. Negus, for that was her name.

My medical attendant lived in the neighbourhood. He was a general practitioner, of advanced age, fairly worn out by a life of hard work and scanty remuneration. He was himself in a wretched state of health; nervous, feeble, and broken down altogether. He suffered, it was evident, from insufficiency of food, and rest, and wholesome air. At the close of his day's work his state of exhaustion was extreme. I have sometimes found him fast asleep as he stood at the counter in his little surgery; or moving to and fro, with closed eyes and drooping jaw, among his bottles, mixing medicines like a man in a dream. I was careful to call upon him repeatedly, in furtherance of my plan. On each occasion I gave him an exaggerated account of my symptoms. I even invented maladies, and described at length a condition of suffering which was wholly fictitious. He listened to me in his usual fatigued way: yawning

dreadfully, rumpling his hair, and pressing his hands upon his forehead. "You're ill, of course," he said, in jaded tones. "Who can expect to be well in this wretched world? I'm ill. We're all ill. It's liver, no doubt. It's always liver, and you've got a bad attack of it this time. You must take care of yourself, you know. People should always take care of themselves. If they don't, nobody else will. I'll send you something, and then come and see me again. You can't expect to get well in a hurry. Ten thousand a year, and nothing to do, might cure you, perhaps, and me also; and a lot more besides. But there's no medicine of that sort in my surgery—nothing like it. Take care of yourself, and take what I send you, and"—He had fallen fast asleep.

I was of middle age, but my hair was prematurely grey; was, indeed, almost white. I wore it long and dishevelled, with a profuse, if untidy, beard. If I may say so, my appearance was of that picturesque kind, and that redundant hirsuteness not unusually cultivated by artists who produce historical works on a grand scale. It was necessary for me to make a change in the nature of a disguise. Prosser Duberly was a man of poetic temperament, and artistic endowment; Purkis Duberly, on the other hand, was devoted to business, and an executor. He was supposed to have come up suddenly to London from the manufacturing districts in consequence of the grave indisposition of his brother. I sacrificed my beard, and assumed a pair of spectacles. I had my hair cut close, and dyed a deep brown. There was an end of the identity of Prosser Duberly beyond all question. All that could be said of Purkis in his new suit of mourning was that he presented a certain family likeness to his deceased brother. It was not thought to be a strong likeness, but there it was for such as chose to observe closely.

I need not linger further over the details of my plan and its carrying out. As Purkis Duberly, I called upon the doctor late at night and informed him of the death of Prosser, requesting him to supply me with a certificate of the usual kind. He did not hesitate to comply. He was in a state of extreme prostration. "Gone, is he?" he said. "I told him to take care of himself. I suppose he didn't. People don't, somehow. Liver, of course. I wish I was gone too. I am almost. I've no liver to speak of. I don't think I had much to begin with; some people haven't, you know.

That's the secret of much that's miserable in this world. There's a trifle owing to me for medical attendance." "It shall be paid," I said. "If you could make it soon it would be a convenience. Thanks." He duly certified that the cause of Prosser Duberly's death was "affection of the liver" of long standing. He did not recognise me for one moment; entertained no suspicion whatever. He fell back in his chair asleep the moment after he had filled up and signed the certificate.

With Mrs. Negus I had no difficulty. She viewed me as a complete stranger. She could not at first understand the purport of my address to her. "Dead, is he?" she said at length. "Well, we must all die. Poor dear gentleman." There were tears in her eyes. I could not be quite sure whether these were occasioned by grief or were produced by a severe fit of coughing which just then seized her, and troubled her exceedingly. However, I gave her five shillings to buy black ribbons for her cap. I found afterwards that she had expended the money in some other way.

The funeral was at Nunhead Cemetery. It took place at an early hour, and was of a modest kind. I was the chief mourner. The doctor accompanied me. "What a rest and relief this is," he said, as he leant back in the mourning-coach. He slept soundly on his way to and from the burial-ground, only waking once to make an impossible request for some brandy and water. I was very glad when the ceremony was over. It was with a curious shudder that I heard the earth patter on the coffin which bore my name upon its plate, and was supposed to contain my remains. I began to feel that I was engaged in conduct that was shameful, iniquitous, and even sacrilegious. Still, there are degrees in crime. I was guilty of a fraud upon the public, it was true. But the chief sufferer by that fraud would be myself. I was cutting short my artistic career. It was a sort of suicide, but yet, in truth, suicide of a comparatively innocent kind.

I registered my death at the office of the registrar of the district. I boldly stated that I was present at the demise of Prosser Duberly. I duly proved my will at Doctors' Commons. I took possession of the estate, such as it was, of the late Prosser Duberly, and prepared to deal with the same as his sole executor.

I caused to be inserted in the newspapers a brief advertisement of my death.

For some days I looked for editorial mention of this event. I had hoped for expressions of regret, for some narration of the particulars of my life, with an enumeration of my various achievements in art. I even thought it possible that a leading article might be written informing society of the loss it had suffered; descanting upon the neglect of art and artists which has too long and too systematically prevailed in this country, greatly to its disgrace; and alluding in touching terms to the premature decease of one who had devoted years of thoughtful toil to the production of paintings of the noblest aim and class. It even seemed to me probable that a proposal might be forthcoming for the erection of some public monument to my memory, or for the purchase of my more important works, with a view to their becoming the absolute property of the nation. I contemplated the case of the government, after much questioning in parliament, and serious expostulation on the part of the opposition press, taking up the matter, and building a Duberly gallery at South Kensington for the exhibition of my works. Nothing of the kind, however, appeared in the journals. I was dead, and the world did not seem to be aware of the fact, or to concern itself in the least upon the subject.

I myself drew up, therefore, an account of my life, labouring to give it in as condensed a form as possible. It would have filled perhaps three columns of the Times; certainly not more than four. I made copies of this interesting biography, and sent them to the different newspaper offices. I have a difficulty in accounting for the fact, but in no case was my contribution fairly published. The majority of journals ignored it altogether. One organ—and the least reputable—did print in small type a brief paragraph referring to me. It was of an offensive kind. I was mentioned as "an artist who had suffered from exaggerated self-esteem, and in that regard had from time to time afforded diversion to the public." Further, it stated that I had been long in conflict with various fine art institutions, on the absurd ground that my pictures had been unjustly treated, and, owing to sinister influences, had been refused the honours of exhibition; that no pretence whatever existed for these extravagant assertions; and that a pamphlet I had once published on the subject, full of wild assertions and absurd abuse, had therefore met with the neglect and contempt it so justly merited. It was added that none

could desire to war with the dead, and that it would now be more charitable to view me as the victim, more to be pitied than to be blamed, of some strange hallucination, and to forget my futile attempts to decry and wound the most distinguished painters of the epoch. I longed to reply to this most unwarrantable attack upon my fair fame. But I could not: I was dead. I attempted it in my character as my own executor. This was useless, however, and I was compelled to leave the slanders unrefuted. Purkis Duberly could not speak with that knowledge of facts and professional authority which properly pertained to the late Prosser.

I looked forward, however, to a thorough re-establishment of my reputation, and my due recognition as a great painter, by means of the public sale of my pictures. I put myself in communication with an auctioneer well known in connexion with the disposal of collections of works of art. "I am the executor of the late lamented Prosser Duberly," I said. It was plain to me that the auctioneer had never even heard of him. I was not surprised, however. I was indeed well prepared to meet with ignorance of art and its professors on all sides in this country. "You'll put a reserve price upon the pictures, I suppose," he said. "It will not be necessary," I replied. "Let them go for what they'll fetch. I haven't a doubt that they will obtain very large prices." "We'll hope so," he said simply.

I forbear to enter into particulars of the sale. The result was humiliating in the extreme. The auction was a scene of wild and infamous ribaldry. The biddings for my pictures were of the most shameless kind. Shrieks of laughter resounded through the sale-room when my noble work, Daniel in the Lion's Den, was knocked down, at the price of a few shillings, to the proprietor of an itinerant wild-beast show. It was stated, with brutal frankness, that the purchaser designed to display the picture on the outside of his caravan in order to stimulate the incoming of admission money. Harold and Wat Tyler went for mere trifles to adorn the lobbies of a music-hall at the east end of the town. My Epaminondas and Pompeii were bought for ridiculous sums by the manager of a large lunatic asylum, with a view, it was absurdly stated at the sale, to the entertainment of his patients. Enough. I shrink from further and more distressing details. The auction was over, and my fame

was at an end. I could not interfere. I was Purkis—not Prosser. I heard myself to my face described as "a dreadful duffer." I repeat the exact words. At the end of the sale nothing was left in my studio but vacancy and ruin. I was even in debt to the auctioneer. Happy Shrubsall! He had not lived to see how completely his verdict upon my art had been reversed by a cruel and sordid world.

"It's a bad job," said the auctioneer, "but what could you expect? You see they were regular daubs—that's what they were." This to me! "Perhaps it's as well the public got chaffing—we made a few shillings more that way. When bidding begins for the fun of the thing, we can often run a lot up. To tell you the truth I hardly expected a bid of any kind. You know people won't give house-room to rubbish; it is not likely; and between you and me rubbish is the only name for your brother's pictures. I've knocked down many bad lots in my time, but never such uncommon bad lots as I put up to-day. But of course, you as an executor, and a man of business, could only do what you did, Mr. Purkis Duberly. You were bound to sell, but then, you see, the public weren't bound to buy—and they didn't—and small blame to them. That's all about it."

It was cruelly mortifying—it was crushing. But what could I do? If England persisted in thus trampling upon art and intellect, cultivated industry, and I will even add genius, how could the protest of an individual avail to hinder the enormity? I was helpless: more, I was dead. My dream of posthumous fame was rudely ended, and now want of an urgent kind confronted me. I must live. I must somehow earn a subsistence.

I resolved to begin the world afresh. Resumption of my defunct personality was of course impossible. I had departed this life; I could not return to it. Still, as Purkis I might succeed, although as Prosser I had failed. I commenced a new career as an artist. For I could not detach myself from art. It was the one love, the sole object of my life. I could not at my mature age attempt a new calling. I was a qualified painter: surely the world would admit that much of me, and presently recognise and reward my endeavours.

I quitted Soho, leaving—but that is a mere detail—rent owing for several quarters. I secured unpretending apartments in the neighbourhood of Fitzroy-square. I set to work assiduously to win fame and



money—of the latter I now stood particularly in need.

My labours were ill-requited. I still encountered relentless hostility. This was in some measure of a new kind, however. I was now denounced as a plagiarist. I was accused of being a mere copyist of my late self. My productions met with summary condemnation. "Feeble imitations of his brother," critics said of them. "Prosser was bad enough; but there's no standing Purkis. See; the same false manner, the same incorrect drawing, miserable colour, and slovenly execution—only worse—much worse. No—Prosser Duberley at second-hand is not to be endured at any price."

Such is art criticism in England. Poor Shrubsole! how much I felt his loss! Why did I not die when he did—at any rate before I founded upon his opinions my plan for putting an end to myself, and snatching at the fruits of fame ere they were ripe for gathering? Perhaps, if I had only waited patiently—but reflections of that kind were, indeed, futile.

I was punished, deservedly, perhaps; for I now felt that my conduct was unworthy, and altogether indefensible. Still my punishment had been severe.

My existence has become more and more precarious. I have been constrained to buy bread by following very inferior paths of life. Hunger has a curious way of subduing pride and stilling the invocations of ambition. I have been content to ignore my high estimate of my own abilities—to forget my cravings for fame. I have even—I blush as I write—painted sign-boards and trade emblems; I have touched up inferior photographs with sepia and neutral tints, adding streaks of dead-gold to represent watch-guards, bracelets, and jewellery; I have plied my brush in decorating those cheap illustrations which are sold at twopence when coloured, and are vended at the price of one penny only when left plain. I need hardly say that my remuneration for these labours has been of a painfully modest description.

A more profitable employment has somewhat failed me of late. For some time I derived gain from drawing mackerel, moonlight-scenes, and arabesque borders in coloured chalks upon the pavement. I did

not crouch over these designs in a picturesque attitude, furtively keen after half-pence. That occupation I left to a subordinate, receiving a share of his emoluments. I have sometimes accomplished as many as ten of these productions in various parts of London in one day, the weather being favourable, for rain is, of course, fatal to this class of industry. But as I have said, a falling off has attended this pursuit of late. The mackerel trade has been, perhaps, overdone—or the public has discovered that the fish were not so fresh as they might be. The world grows terribly hard, penurious, and incredulous!

For some time I lived in apprehension that the fraud I had committed in dying prematurely might be discovered. But in this respect my fears have much abated. I am protected by my obscurity. I was little known as Prosser Duberley. I have fallen beneath notice altogether as Purkis.

With mention of one further misfortune I conclude. I read in the newspaper one day an advertisement for Prosser Duberley. It stated that if he called at a specified address, he would hear of something to his advantage. It was time. Upon inquiry I ascertained that a distant kinsman, of whose existence I had been previously uninformed altogether, had lately died in New Zealand in very thriving circumstances, bequeathing to me a life-interest in the income arising from a large sum in the funds. Upon my demise the money was left absolutely to the Aylum for Idiots. Indirectly I may some day benefit by my relative's strange bequest; for I feel that I am rapidly qualifying for admission to the valuable institution, the object of his benevolence. But in my present character I find I cannot claim under the will. I was promptly informed by a solicitor that I had, to use his expression, "no locus standi whatever." He was right, of course. Alas! The legacy to Prosser Duberley had lapsed; he had departed this life.

#### NOTICE.

In September will be published the opening chapters of a

#### NEW SERIAL STORY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE ROSE AND THE KEY."

*The right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 196. NEW SERIES

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1872.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER VIII. SO FAR SUCCESSFUL.

WHEN Martin Gurwood knew that Pauline had started again for Hendon, that there was no possibility of departing from the scheme which she had proposed, and to the carrying into effect of which he had given his reluctant consent, he felt more than ever nervous and uncomfortable. That he had made a great mistake in admitting Madame Du Tertre into his confidence at all, and that he had enormously magnified that error by permitting her to take a leading part in the plot, and to import into it mystery and a positive danger, he knew full well. How he should be able to account for his proceedings to Humphrey Statham, who, he felt sure, would be eminently dissatisfied with all that had been done, he did not know.

That was a wretched evening for Martin Gurwood. He and his mother dined in solemn state together, and during the repast and afterwards, when they were seated in the vast drawing-room, where Mrs. Calverley's work-table and reading-lamp formed a mere oasis of light in the midst of the great desert of darkness, he had to listen to an unbroken plaint, carried on in an unvaried monotone. "Was there ever such a life as her's? What had she done that she should be so afflicted? Why was her advice never taken? If it had been, Mr. Gurwood would not have killed himself with drink; Mr. Calverley would have had nothing to do with the ironworks worry, which had undoubtedly caused his

death. What was to become of the business? The arrangements made in Mr. Calverley's will sounded all very right and proper, but she very much questioned whether they would be found to work well. Was not too much mastery and power given to Mr. Jeffreys? He had been a confidential clerk certainly, but it was by no means to be argued from that that he would be either as industrious or as useful when placed in command. She could bear testimony to that from her experience of Mr. Calverley, whom she had known in both positions." And so on and so on.

Mrs. Calverley did not require, or indeed expect, any reply to her series of wearisome questions, or comment on her dull string of complaints. She was quite satisfied with the interjectional "Ah!" "Well!" and "Indeed!" which Martin threw in from time to time, and it was well that she required nothing more, for her companion would have been entirely unable to give her a rational answer, or, even had he been called upon to do so, to state what she was talking about. Martin Gurwood's thoughts were at Rose Cottage. Madame Du Tertre must have arrived there by that time; must have seen that poor pretty young creature. A strange woman Madame Du Tertre, and, to his mind, not too trustworthy; but she had expressed kindly feelings towards this girl, and when she saw her, that kindly feeling could not fail to be increased. That was a horrible notion—taking advantage of her weakness to give her a sleeping draught! He did not like to think of that; and yet he was compelled to admit that he did not see how anything else could have been done. Pauline's possession of their secret was an unpleasant element in the story which he had to tell Statham, but had he not taken

her into his confidence he felt that he should have bungled the business which he had undertaken, and that very likely by that time both Mrs. Calverley and the tenant of Rose Cottage would have become acquainted with the positions which they held towards each other. How long they could be kept in ignorance of those positions was a matter of doubt, but for the temporary respite they were indebted to Madame Du Tertre, and Martin thought he would put that very strongly to Humphrey Statham the next morning. His last thoughts before dropping off to sleep were given to Rose Cottage, and in his dreams he saw the pretty pale-faced, tearful girl with the dark-eyed, black-browed woman bending over her.

He expected a letter from Hendon by the early morning's post, but it was mid-day before it arrived. Martin sat in the dining-room by himself, anxiously expecting it; he heard the postman's knock resounding through the street, and when it reached the door, he felt an inclination to rush out and clear the letter-box himself. Only one letter was brought in to him by the footman, but he knew at a glance that it was the one he wanted. Martin waited until the servant had left the room before he broke the seal; then he seated himself in the big arm-chair, and read as follows:

Hendon. Thursday, midnight.

MY DEAR M. MARTIN,—You will, I know, be most anxious to learn how I have prospered in my undertaking, and I would willingly have given you earlier information had it been possible. As, however, it is advisable to observe secrecy, I shall not intrust a messenger with my letters, but shall send them by the post, and take them to the office myself. This may occasionally cause some slight delay, but it will be surest and safest in the end.

By the place from which this letter is dated, you will see that I have carried out my intention. I am writing at a table by her bedside, and as I raise my eyes from the paper they fall upon her lying asleep close by me. Ah, M. Martin, I told you that I was a woman fertile in resources, and generally successful in what I attempt. That there was no vanity or boasting in this, my present position gives, I think, ample proof.

But to tell you my story from its commencement. I took the letter which you handed me, and, fortified by the inward feeling that, though you said nothing, you had breathed a silent prayer for my success,

I set out once more for the place where we had held our morning's conversation. On arriving at the gate, I perceived my little playfellow of the morning. Ah, I forgot to mention to you that while you were in the house, and just before you appeared at the dining-room window, I had made acquaintance with a very pretty child, whom I had found playing in the garden, and had ingratiated myself with her by returning the ball which she had thrown to my side of the hedge. It is part of the scheme of my life, M. Martin, to ingratiate myself with everybody; some day they may have an opportunity of making themselves useful to me.

Behold an exact example of this in the present instance! The child saw me at once, and ran forward to announce my arrival to her mother. Had I in the morning been cross or ungracious, had I made a bad impression, that impression would have been communicated by the child, and my reception would at once have been compromised. As it was, the child cried out, "The dark lady has come again; here she is at the gate," and went on to mention my having returned the ball, and spoken pleasantly to her. I heard this, for by that time I had walked up the garden, and was close by the door. There she stood in the porch, her bonnet and shawl on, her head bent eagerly forward, peering into the dusk. She was waiting for you, M. Martin, and so intent was she on your coming, that she seemed unable to think of anything else. My arrival did not impress her at all; until I mentioned your name she scarcely looked at or listened to me.

The name roused her at once. Where were you? she asked. You had promised to be there more than an hour ago to take her to London. Why did I speak of you? What brought me there?

My morning's adventure with the child served me just then. I said—do not be angry, M. Martin, I was compelled to make some excuse—I said that I was the wife of your brother (I would have said your sister, but my French accent would have betrayed me); that I had been with you there in the morning, to be ready in case my services were needed; that while you entered the house I remained outside and talked with the child, as she had already heard; that I had come direct from you that evening, and that I was the bearer of a letter which would explain my errand.

"A letter!" she cried. "Then he is not coming?"

"The letter will show you, madame, that he cannot come, but that he has sent me to take his place, and to act precisely as he would have done."

She looked disappointed, but she took the letter, and, walking into the little hall, where a light was burning, read it eagerly. Then she said, "You know the contents, madame. Mr. Gurwood says that you, instead of he, will be my guide—let us start at once."

I suppose she saw something in my face, for she changed colour almost immediately and said that she begged my pardon, that she was acting very inhospitably, and that I doubtless required some refreshment after my drive. Not refreshment, I told her, but rest. Five minutes would make very little difference to her. If she would allow me to sit down for that time, I should be ready to start at its expiration. She didn't like the delay, poor child, I saw that plainly enough, but she was too kind, too well-bred to refuse, and she took me into the dining-room and rang for wine.

I was glad to hear her give this order, partly because I stood in great need of refreshment myself, for I had had no chance of taking any in Walpole-street, but principally because ever since my arrival I had been wondering how I should find an opportunity of administering that little draught, upon the action of which my hopes for successfully carrying out our plans depended. You know my original idea was to give her this draught under the guise of a restorative, but when once I saw her, I allowed to myself that this plan would not do. Partly from the glimpse I had caught of her at the dining-room window, partly from your description, I had presupposed her to be a weak, irresolute creature, capable of being easily swayed, glad to accept any suggestion without deliberating whether it might be for her good or her harm; a pretty fool, in fact.

Mrs. Claxton—it is a nice sounding name, and one may as well call her by it as by any other—is pretty and delicate, but by no means weak, and any person who would attempt to influence her must have an exceptionally strong will. I saw this at a glance, and recognised the fact, that being, as she is, quick-witted, her suspicions might be aroused, in which case there would be an end to our scheme. It was necessary, therefore, to try other tactics, and I was beating my brain for them, when the entrance of the servant with the wine and glasses gave me the

requisite clue. The poor girl, with trembling hand, poured me out a glass of wine, and then left the room to fetch some biscuits, for which I had ventured to ask. I took the opportunity of her absence to pour some wine into the other glass, and to fill it up with the contents of the little bottle I had brought in my bag. The liquid was colourless and tasteless, and though I half smiled to myself as I emptied it into the wine-glass, the action reminding me as it did of the heroines of M. Eugène Sue's novels, or of the *Porte St. Martin* dramas, I knew well enough that its result, though sufficient for our purpose, would be harmless.

Mrs. Claxton returned with the biscuits. "See," said I, pointing to the glass, "I have poured out some wine for you. You have passed a day of intense excitement, and have still a most trying ordeal to go through, you will need to have all your courage and all your wits about you. Drink this, it will give you strength. She smiled feebly, such a desolate, dreary smile, but made no objection; on the contrary, "She had had nothing all day," she said, "and thought that the wine might do her good." So she took the glass and quietly swallowed its contents.

I suppose if you had been there, M. Martin, you would have expected to see the girl drop down, her eyes closed, her senses gone? That is the way in the novels and the drama, but that is not the effect of the little tisané which I have more than once had occasion to prepare. That effect never varies. Mrs. Claxton watched me with apparent interest as I was eating my biscuit, and, though she said nothing, she seemed perfectly to understand me when I proposed to go. At that moment, seeing the nurse pass the window, carrying the little child, who was being taken to bed, I beckoned to her. The woman opened the door, and I had just said to her, "Please tell my cabman we are coming out," when Mrs. Claxton sank backwards in her chair. I had been anticipating this; so bidding the nurse carry the child away, and send one of the other servants to me, I bent over the poor girl, and with the aid of the housemaid, who speedily arrived, went through the usual restorative processes which are employed with persons who are supposed to have swooned. While these, which I need scarcely say were of no effect, were being carried on, I learned from the servant that, owing to the news which had been brought to her by the clergyman that

morning, her mistress had been in a dreadful low state all day, and that the wonder of the household was that she had kept up so long. This state of things exactly favouring my purpose, I soon disposed of the idea which had been started by the nurse, that Doctor Broadbent should be sent for, and when I had had the poor girl carried up-stairs, my announcement that I should instal myself as nurse, and pass the night by her bedside, excited no great surprise.

Lying there, with her long hair floating over the pillow, her features tranquil and composed, her breathing soft and regular, she is very beautiful! So beautiful that I can quite understand the dead man being in love with her. So beautiful that were I writing to any one but you, M. Martin, I should say I could almost forgive him for it. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to us to think that the respite which we have gained by her inaction is purchased at the cost of no pain or ill suffered by her. Her sleep is as sound and as health-giving as though it had been natural, and there is no doubt that the rest will really be of service to her in serving as a preparation for the troubled time to come.

So here ends my bulletin. What events to-morrow may have in store for us, of course I know not; but I think that the patient will sleep for at least another twenty-four hours, and I knew you would be desirous to hear as soon as possible of her state. If you have anything to say to me you can send it safely by letter; but if I do not hear from you, I shall hold to the plan which we arranged together.

Your friend,

PALMYRE DU TERTRE.

Six A.M.

P.S.—I have kept my letter open till now. She still remains in the same state.

The emotions experienced by Martin Gurwood when he arrived at the conclusion of this lengthy epistle were so conflicting, that he thought it advisable to give as little personal consideration to the matter as possible, and to lose no time in submitting his story and the letter to Humphrey Statham, and obtaining that clear-headed friend's advice upon both.

On arriving at Change Alley, and revealing himself to the gaze of Mr. Collins, Martin was surprised to find that confidential creature brighten up at his approach, and to hear him express pleasure at his arrival.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Gurwood," he said. "Perhaps now you have come the governor will be a little easier in his mind. He has been in and out of the room half a dozen times in the day for the last three days, asking us all if we were quite sure that you had not been, and giving directions that you were to be sent in to him directly you arrived. I will go in and tell him at once."

The chief clerk passed into his principal's room, and returned immediately. "You are to go in," he said, and the next moment Humphrey Statham had Martin Gurwood by the hand.

"Here at last," he cried. "I have been expecting you from hour to hour—what on earth has detained you?"

"Nothing. I came as quickly as I could—directly I had anything to say, as I will prove to you in a minute. But what has made you so strangely anxious?"

"My dear fellow, I am anxious about anything in which I take an interest, and I have taken an interest in this matter. Now to the point. You have seen this lady?"

"I have."

"And you have broken the truth to her; explained to her the fearful position in which she stands?"

"I have not."

"Gurwood!" said Humphrey Statham, taking a pace backward, and looking steadily at his friend. "Is this the way in which you have discharged your mission? Did you not undertake——"

"Wait and hear me before you condemn," cried Martin, raising his hand in appeal. "I am as weak as water—no one knows that better than myself—but I had made up my mind to go through with this duty, and I would have done so had it not been for circumstances against which I could not struggle. Have you never heard me mention the name of Madame Du Tertre?"

"Madame Du Tertre?" repeated Humphrey, somewhat astonished at what he imagined to be his friend's sudden branching off from the subject. "No, I have never heard the name."

"She is a Frenchwoman, who, through some strange influence, I never knew exactly what, has been acting as my mother's companion for some little time, living in the house in Great Walpole-street, and being, in fact, half friend, half servant. You comprehend the position?"

Humphrey Statham bowed his head in acquiescence.

"She is a woman of great strength of character—little as I know of the world I am able to see that—and has not merely obtained a vast influence over my mother, but, as I now believe, has made herself thoroughly acquainted with most of our private affairs."

"You don't mean to say that she knows—?"

"Wait and hear me. This woman, from something that occurred during Mr. Calverley's lifetime, seems to have entertained some suspicion of the Claxton mystery. The morning after his death, when I happened to be alone in the room with her, she found some means of alluding to some partnership in the house at Mincing-lane, and of introducing the name of Claxton. I tried to pass the thing off as lightly as I could, but I was horribly confused, and I dare say I made a mess of it; at all events her suspicions were not abated, for when I came out of Rose Cottage, after my first interview with that poor creature, I found this Frenchwoman waiting for me close by the gate."

"She had followed you to Hendon, then," cried Statham. "What explanation did you give for your being there?"

"What explanation could I give? Even though I had designed to tell a lie I could not have framed one calculated to have escaped her detection."

"Do you mean to say, then, that this intriguing Frenchwoman, who is in Mrs. Calverley's confidence, knows all?"

"All!"

Humphrey Statham shrugged his shoulders, plunged his hands into his trousers-pockets, and sank back in his chair with the air of a man for whom life has no further interest.

"You cannot realise my position," cried Martin. "It was with this very power that she possesses over Mrs. Calverley that she threatened me. And she has expressed her willingness to aid us in our plans, provided I do not interfere with her management of my mother."

"If anything had to be said to her it was better to tell her all," said Humphrey Statham; "a half-confidence is always a mistake. So this charming creature knows all about the double mystery of Calverley and Claxton, and promises to render us assistance in our endeavours to do the best for all persons concerned! Well, it is a most confounded nuisance that she knows anything about it; but as it is, I don't know that she might not be made useful."

"She has made herself useful already," said Martin Gurwood. "You should have never sent me on this errand, which I was utterly incapable to fulfil. I saw this poor girl, and, as kindly as I could, told her of the death of this man—her husband, as I called him—but when she pressed to be taken to him, imagining that he was only just dead, I was entirely nonplussed, and knew not what to say. You had given me no instructions on that head, you know."

"By Jove, no; that was an omission," said Statham, rubbing his head. "How did you manage?"

"After a struggle I told her that the body was lying at Mr. Calverley's house in Great Walpole-street, and that as she did not know Mrs. Calverley, it would be necessary to apprise that lady of her visit. So I left her, promising to return in the evening and take her with me. It was then I met Madame Du Tertre."

"Well, what did she say?"

"She said that my plan was absurd, and that it was all important that the actual state of things should be kept from Mrs. Claxton for some time longer."

"She was right in both instances," said Humphrey Statham, nodding. "But how did she propose to do it? I confess I don't see my way!"

"How she has done it you will perceive by this letter which I have just received."

And Martin handed Pauline's letter to his friend, and watched him keenly as he perused it.

Humphrey Statham read the document through with great attention. Only twice he showed symptoms of astonishment—once by his uplifted eyebrows, once by a low but prolonged whistle. When he had finished reading the letter, he still retained it in his hand.

"She is a clever woman, by Jove!" he said, "and a thoroughly unscrupulous one; this letter shows that. I don't like this sleeping draught business; that is a remarkably awkward feature in the case, though it seems to be going on all well, and it certainly is giving us the time we required. When this poor girl wakes you and I must both of us be present to tell her plainly the truth; you in your clerical capacity, and I—well—in my worldly capacity, I suppose. 'Very beautiful,' eh?" he said, referring to the letter. "She is very beautiful. A soft, touching kind of beauty which appeals to me more than any other. And the child," he continued, again glancing at the letter. "You remarked that I took

special interest in this matter, Gurwood! You would scarcely fancy now that that child is the link between me and the Claxton mystery!"

"The child!" cried Martin Gurwood. "How is that?"

"I will tell you the story some day," said Statham, looking moodily into the fire. "Depend upon it, my friend, not every woman who is betrayed is so mercifully deceived as this poor creature has been!"

### SEAWEEDS.

SEAWEEDS, it may be supposed, are weeds of the sea; but that name does them great injustice. No plants ought to be called weeds, where every plant has an equal right to grow. A weed is an intruder, a plant out of its place. A cabbage in a tulip-bed is a weed; and a tulip in a plot of onions is equally a weed. If we could cultivate either the deeps, the slopes, or the surface of the sea, then superfluous intruding algæ might, with some show of justice, be called seaweeds. But as no agricultural society has as yet proposed to reclaim the bottom of the sea, we ought in fairness to regard seaweeds as, in every respect, something more than "claimants." They are where the Great Author of Nature has placed them, holding their own by ancient and prescriptive tenure.

If antiquity goes for anything, sea plants are probably older than land plants, just as sea animals were antecedent to land animals. We may regard with veneration the famous dragon-tree of Teneriffe, lately fallen, whose age is calculated at six thousand years. But still more venerable is the gigantic Gulf-weed, *Sargassum bacciferum*, the berry-bearing sargasso, which frightened Columbus's sailors by the obstacles it offered to his vessel's progress. They thought it marked the limits of navigation. This weed remains at the present day exactly as Columbus saw it, without the slightest sign of decrepitude. To the eye, at a little distance, it looks substantial enough to walk upon. Fancy a plant which fills a sea and occupies a respectable space in the map of a hemisphere! Well may Australian skippers mention it as "long kelp" in their logs. But more about this sargasso anon.

We can in no sense designate as weeds the oyster-trees and cockle-trees which Baron Munchausen, during his submarine

ride, found flourishing at the bottom of the sea. They were one of the skits (very telling at the time) which the "Baron" threw out against certain travellers, Mungo Park especially, most of whose wondrous tales have since been proved to be veritable facts. The shell-fish-bearing bush is now known to botanists as the mangrove, and is thus described by an early observer:

"Sierra Leonna, part of Guinea, is so fertile, that oranges, figs, and citrons grow almost without any culture. There is the oyster-tree, which has no other fruit but oysters; it has a very broad leaf, and almost as thick as leather, having small knobs like those of the cyprus. The boughs hang down a good way into the water, and are overflowed by the tide; on the mud and slush that sticks to them, the young oysters bred there fasten, and that in such vast numbers that one can hardly see anything almost but long ropes of oysters."

Seaweeds are flowerless plants, which are nourished throughout their whole surface by the medium in which they vegetate. This accounts for their rapid growth, even during the dead season and the chilly months. Mr. Stephenson found that a rock off the coast of Scotland, uncovered only at spring tides, which had been chiselled smooth in November, was thickly overgrown in the following May with *Fucus digitatus* two feet, and *F. esculentus* six feet in length.

The root of seaweeds is not a real root, like that of non-parasitic land plants. It is a sucker, a means of attachment, a mooring cable; but it is not a root whose numerous mouths supply the body of the plant with food. The Gulf-weed floats in enormous masses, without any root at all, stretching across the sea in ridges from ten to twenty yards wide, and of indefinite length. In this situation it continues to grow luxuriantly, and appears to multiply itself by offsets, at first accidentally broken off, and immediately establishing themselves as independent plants.

Seaweeds also are propagated by zoospores—locomotive seeds which swim about freely with apparently voluntary movements, as if they were making the most of their liberty and sowing their wild oats before settling down in life. The colour of the spores affords the means of subdividing the class, seaweeds, into three groups or orders, namely, *Melanospermæ*, dark or black-spored algæ, *RhodospERMæ*, red-spored, and *ChlorospERMæ*, green-spored. Though very different from each other

in form, colour, and general appearance, seaweeds all agree in the important point of being composed exclusively of cellular tissues. They have not continuous vessels, like those of flowering plants, but consist of cells differently arranged, or of gelatine, membrane, and endochrome, a hard word for the miscellaneous contents of a cell.

If you gather a branch of chrysanthemum, let it lie on your table till the leaves become limp and drooping, and then place the broken end of the stalk in a glass of water, the leaves and the tip of the stem will revive, recovering their former firmness; which is a proof that the water has risen through the continuous vessels of the plant. But if one part of a seaweed be plunged in water while the remainder is exposed to the air, only what is in the water remains fresh, the rest withers and becomes dry. In the same manner, if a dried specimen of seaweed be in part immersed in water, while the part that is immersed becomes filled with the fluid, and assumes a fresh appearance, the part that is not in the water remains as dry as ever.

The simple structure of these plants, in their young state, and while of diminutive stature (which with not a few is permanent) enables us to look them through and through while living in their natural and ordinary conditions. They live in glass houses, as it were, or rather they themselves are glass, transparent, with nothing that lies within them hid. With them, the microscope penetrates mysteries of organisation which are either altogether inaccessible, or only to be discovered by difficult dissections, in the higher forms of vegetation. And yet seaweed is both strong in its simplicity and capable of enormous growth. In the space between the Azores, Canaries, and the Cape Verd Islands lies the great Sargasso Sea. Covering an area equal in extent to the valley of the Mississippi, it is so thickly matted over with Gulf-weed that the speed of vessels passing through it is often much retarded. The weed always "tails to" a steady or a constant wind, so that it serves the mariner as a sort of anemometer, telling him whether the wind as he finds it has been blowing for some time, or whether it has but just shifted, and which way. Columbus, as we have said, first found this weedy sea on his voyage of discovery. There it has remained to this day, moving up and down, and changing its position, like the calms of Cancer, as affected by the seasons, the storms, and the winds.

According to Maury's high authority, exact observations as to its limits and their range, extending back for fifty years, assure us that its mean position has not been altered since that time.

There is also a sargasso to the west of the Cape of Good Hope, which, though comparatively small, is clearly defined. Mention is generally made of it in the logs as "rock-weed" and "drift matter." The weedy space about the Falkland Islands is probably not a true sargasso. The seaweed reported there most likely comes from the Straits of Magellan, where immense masses of algae grow. Those straits are so encumbered with seaweed that steamers find great difficulty in making their way through it. It so clogs their paddles as to make frequent stoppages necessary.

Seaweed is the mother and nurse of life. In all parts of the world, Mr. Darwin observes in his *Voyage of the Beagle*, a rocky and partially protected shore supports, in a given space, a greater number of individual animals than any other station. A remarkable instance of the fact is afforded by the kelp, *Macrocystis pyrifera*, a plant which grows on every rock from low-water mark to a great depth, both on outer coasts and within channels. During the voyages of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, not one rock near the surface was discovered which was not buoyed by this floating weed. It thus affords good service to vessels navigating near the stormy shores of Tierra del Fuego, and has certainly saved many a one from being wrecked.

Mr. Darwin knows few things more surprising than to see this plant growing and flourishing, in its simply organised strength, amidst the great breakers of the Western Ocean, which no mass of rock, let it be ever so hard, can long resist. The stem is round, slimy, and smooth, and seldom has a diameter of so much as an inch. A few stems taken together are sufficiently strong to support the weight of the large loose stones to which in the inland channels they grow attached; and yet some of these stones were so heavy that, when drawn to the surface, they could scarcely be lifted into a boat by one person.

Captain Cook, in his second voyage, says that this plant, at Kerguelen Land, rises from a greater depth than twenty-four fathoms; "and as it does not grow in a perpendicular direction, but makes a very acute angle with the bottom, and much of it afterwards spreads many fathoms on the



surface of the sea, I am well warranted to say that some of it grows to the length of sixty fathoms and upwards." Does the stem of any other plant attain so great a length as three hundred and sixty feet, as this is stated to do by so voracious a writer as Captain Cook? Captain Fitzroy, moreover, found it growing up from the greater depth of forty-five fathoms, or two hundred and seventy feet, before it began to spread. The beds of this seaweed, even when not of great breadth, make excellent natural floating breakwaters. It is curious to see, in an exposed harbour, how soon the waves from the open sea, as they travel through the straggling stems, sink in height, and pass into smooth water.

The number of living creatures of all orders, whose existence intimately depends on the kelp, is wonderful. On shaking the great entangled roots, a pile of small fish, shells, cuttle-fish, crabs, sea-eggs, star-fish, and crawling animals of a multitude of forms, all fall out together. Amidst the leaves of this plant numerous species of fish live, which nowhere else could find food or shelter; with their destruction the many cormorants and other fishing birds, the otters, seals, and porpoises, would soon perish also; and lastly, the Fuegian savage, the miserable lord of that miserable land, would redouble his cannibal feasts, decrease in numbers, and perhaps cease to exist. The kelp is therefore a direct check on anthropophagy, and consequently an indirect sustainer of that branch of the human race.

Although we have not these colossal plants, containing faunas of their own, within our reach, still our native shores furnish us with many favourable opportunities for the study of marine botany. The ocean, and its straits which surround us, give the seaweeds they produce far more easily and liberally than do the tideless Mediterranean or the Baltic. At low water, and a little before and after it, we can search at leisure for the species that suit our requirements or our taste; whereas in seas where the water is always at nearly the same level, the only mode (and that imperfect) of obtaining specimens, is to dive after them, or grub them up with iron-tipped poles or other clumsy instruments.

When obtained, they make pleasing and interesting objects, not to speak of their utilitarian value. Herbaria and horti sicci are hay; useful, botanical, scientific hay, no doubt, but very poor representatives, death-like images of the living plant or flower;

but seaweeds, well prepared, are pictures. Many species, so preserved, are faithful portraits of their living selves, and can with difficulty be distinguished, if at all, from careful drawings exquisitely coloured. Much depends on their arrangement upon the paper, and the forms they are made to take. The position in which they naturally grow is the proper position to place them in. Some professional preparers, however, delight in grouping certain singular seaweeds, such as *Padina pavonia*, in wheels, rosettes, stars, and so on—as we see butterflies and shells arranged to form coloured patterns; but this very questionable taste will not be encouraged, or imitated, either by the artist or the true naturalist.

The whole secret of their manipulation consists in arranging them in water. For this, the most convenient apparatus is a square tin bath, having a slight inclination of its bottom towards one of the corners, which is furnished with a tap to draw the water off. Put a square of drawing-paper at the bottom of the bath, cover it with water to the depth of an inch or two, in this put your specimen of seaweed, and arrange its branches satisfactorily with the help of a couple of knitting-needles. If the specimen be too thick and crowded, cut out superfluous fronds with a pair of scissors. When you have made it lie on the paper as you wish, let off the water very gently. For want of a bath you may do it in a common hand-basin, with your left hand under the paper, and arranging the seaweed with your right. Place the paper with its specimen on a sheet of blotting-paper doubled to the same size. Then cover the specimen with a piece of plain muslin; on this put another sheet of blotting paper, and subject the whole to steady pressure. If you have not a regular press, a few heavy books, or a board and a weight will do. You may thus press a number of specimens, one placed on the top of the other. After a day or two uncover them, to see that the muslin does not stick to the seaweed, then return them to the press till they are gradually dried. You will thus compile a manual of algæ, with coloured plates, nature-printed.

While at the seaside many holiday-makers may wish to taste the seaweeds they collect, and so turn them to economical and useful, as well as to ornamental and botanical purposes. As a rule, the consumption of seaweeds at table is very local, depending entirely on custom, example,

and popular likings. It may be asserted that, generally, throughout the breadth of the United Kingdom, seaweeds are more frequently used as medicine than as diet; and yet, in some few places, they are in as great request as spring radishes or fresh-boiled shrimps. With every item of food at its present high price, an additional article which may be had for little or nothing—a nutritious purifier and a wholesome change—is surely worth an impartial trial. It requires less courage to partake of stewed seaweed than of unaccustomed molluscs and reptiles, foreign tit-bits—savoury-sauced snails and delicately-dished frogs—even including the world-famous turtle, if we saw the beast before we ate it.

Laver, for instance, *Porphyra laciniata*, is an annual plant, growing on rocks between high and low-water mark, and therefore obtainable by all who choose to gather it. Its range extends nearly from pole to pole, causing it to vary in form and hue, but not hindering its easy recognition. Its fronds, mostly bluish purple, are occasionally tinged with olive green. Long stewing with pepper and butter reduces it to a dark-brown mucilaginous pulp of agreeable flavour, which, rendered more piquant by a dash of vinegar, makes a marine sauce by no means to be despised.

Laver is much esteemed in Cornwall. In Scotland and Ireland it probably tastes as well under the names of sloke, slonk, and slowkawn. Lady Harriet St. Clair includes it amongst her Dainty Dishes, and tells us, "Laver is usually bought prepared in pots, and then merely requires heating over a lamp and a squeeze of lemon added to it. Serve over a lamp, that it may be very hot. If you pick it fresh by the seaside, it requires most careful washing in many waters to get rid of the sand. Salt water is best to wash it in, if you can get it quite clear. It should then be slowly stewed for many hours in weak veal broth till it is quite a pulp; add more broth if it gets too dry."

This takes rank as a luxury. Another seaweed boasts medicinal merits. The carrageen, or Irish moss, of the shops is a seaweed, *Chondrus crispus*, which sojourners near a rocky coast may gather for themselves in abundance. It varies greatly in appearance; one of its specific names is polymorphus. The many forms it assumes are impossible to enumerate; nevertheless, those who have seen it once will have little difficulty in recognising it again. Harvey figures two varieties. The samples sold in

the shops are mostly bleached or colourless. As it grows, it is of a dull brownish red, increasing in depth with age. Spring and summer are the best seasons for gathering it. When fresh, it requires several careful washings and pickings over, separating the tufted fronds into sprigs. Boil it down, for two or three hours, in plain water, to a jelly; pass it through a cullender, and let it stand to settle. Pour it off from the impurities at the bottom, and use it for the preparation of jellies and blanc-manges exactly as if it were isinglass.

Carrageen is perhaps one of the restoratives which are assisted by faith on the part of those who take it; but want of faith neutralises almost every mode of medical treatment. When rendered as nearly insipid as possible by repeated steeping and washing (in which case much of its virtue may also be washed away), it still retains a certain flavour of the shore, which is distasteful to some, although others get to like it by use—just as there are invalids who become fond of cod-liver oil. A course of Irish moss blanc-mange is worth continuing, as it cannot be otherwise than good for constitutions with any tendency to scrofulous disease.

The British coasts supply three *Ulvæ*; *latissima*, the broadest; *lactuca*, lettuce-like; and *linza*, the narrowest, most beautiful, and least common. What *linza* meaneth, the present writer knoweth not. *Latissima* and *lactuca* are by some called green laver. They are used either raw as salad, or cooked like laver. They are probably Soyer's laver (unless he confounded them with the red), which he says "is merely washed, boiled, pulped, and potted by the fishermen's wives. It is considered wholesome; but I see nothing particular in it that can make it so, unless it is the small quantity of iodine that it contains. It should be dressed like spinach, and sent up very hot." One of Soyer's predecessors tells us, in 1807, that "Laver is a great sweetener of the blood. It is seldom liked at first, but people become extremely fond of it by habit." As a rule, old-established popular belief in these matters is seldom quite without foundation.

Spinach-dressed laver is generally served with mutton. Soyer introduced a new plan of cooking it, which has been liked by persons who formerly disliked it. Have some mashed potatoes: roll them out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch; cover this with some cold stewed laver nicely seasoned; put another layer of mashed

potatoes over, and allow the whole to get quite cold. Then cut it into square pieces; egg and bread-crumbs the surface, and fry or bake them to a nice light brown.

*Rhodymenia palmata* (long confounded with *Iridaea edulis*) is the famous dulse, remarkable for its sweet violet smell. It is red, often parasitical on other algae, and flourishes near low-water mark. The pinnae at the base of the frond of *Alaria esculenta*, ladder-locks, as well as the mid-rib stripped of its membrane, are eaten in the Orkneys. *Laminaria saccharina*, sweet tangle, is washed and laid in the sun until the mannite comes out of it. In the north of Scotland a kind of sauce for fish or fowl, resembling ketchup, is made from the cup-like or fungus-like fronds of the sea-thong, *Himanthalia lorea*. The Gulf-weed is eaten in China; in the East it is used in salads, and with vinegar it furnishes a pickle. When *Punctaria plantaginea* is fresh gathered it has the perfume of cucumbers so strong as to fill a room with its fragrance when the tin box containing it is opened. In this respect it is a vegetable smelt, and strongly tempts the cook to test its qualities. Whether other species of the genus have the same odour has not been noticed. Molluscs at least find them good eating, as the fronds are often found very much nibbled.

### MOON WORSHIP.

ONE of the most natural evidences of a superior spirit in man, in the ancient unenlightened times, when science and the knowledge of facts had not partially revealed the infinite future, is to be found in the worship of the moon. The passions, vices, and troubles of mankind, emanating from sources which in their results alone were visible, led the unthinking ancients towards a belief in the ruling of events by the various unerring paths of the planets. Comparatively enlightened as we in our age must be considered, one cannot be altogether insensible to the fact that the sun, the moon, and the stars do really exercise very subtle effects upon the life and destiny of mankind; although not so directly as the ancients believed. The record of the weather, as given daily in the English press, at various parts on the sea-coast and inland, with the different directions and forces of the winds, the aspect of the sky, and the temperature of the air, are collectively the result, to a great extent, of the powers which we call the planets, and which possess chemical

affinities with the earth. If a savage of some five thousand years since were to come to life again in our day, and plump himself down in any part of England during its visitation of sunshine, and there and then worship the great orb of day, he would simply be doing what we do ourselves, only in a more indirect and less demonstrative manner. The colours which we see around us, and which are simply the effects of sunlight, we seek out and admire; and, like the savage of old, we assign them a cause. The researches of recent observations upon the occasion of sun eclipses have demonstrated the existence of magnificent colour in the immediate vicinity of the sun; and further study will, no doubt, reveal the exact cause and effect of what we call, vaguely, colour.

Although the sometime presence of the sun and moon in daylight together may have appeared a singular coincidence to those races which had no such means of ascertaining causes as we have, still the element of thought to a great degree was brought to bear upon them, by ascribing to them the same emotions as those which form the character and events of mankind. Thus, the sun was considered the husband of the moon, and whenever the eclipse of the moon happened, ancient nations believed the sun to be angry with his wife. Job, in what is considered by some to be the oldest book in the Old Testament, mentions (chapter thirty-one) the worship of the moon in her brightness, by kissing of the hand to her. Many nations gifted with the faculty of increasing thought and observation, traced the illumination of the moon to the sun, and in the worship of the moon worshipped the sun also. The Greeks and Romans, adapting themselves to governmental polity and religion combined, worshipped, under a multiplicity of names and meanings, the moon. Thus, as Hecate, the moon was adored as a monster with three heads, signifying her threefold forms as the new, the full, and the waning moon. They honoured her as Luna, at her first appearance specially, with white and golden garments, and a burning torch to show her increasing light, in their representations or figures, as seen to this day. In fact, we may call it "figure-painting" as much as the pictures of the Japanese, and the mystical symbolisms of India and China. As Diana, the moon was worshipped in the habit of a woman, with a flaming torch in one hand, in the other two snakes, a bow and arrows on her shoulders, seated in a chariot harnessed to

two white deer, signifying light and motion. The light of the moon being serviceable to hunters, the moon was sometimes adored in a hunter's dress. Also as Juno, she was vested in ornaments of gold, and sitting in a chariot of mixed metals. Her power of maternity was also much believed in, and universally made an occasion of rejoicing. Her beauty, as Venus rising from the sea, in nature's garb, crowned with roses, was a very favourite aspect in which the Romans delighted to worship her. Also, as Ceres, bearing a sheaf of corn upon her head, the agricultural portion of the community had her in great honour. These were some of the more civilised aspects under which bygone nations laid their adorations at the feet of the night goddess.

As late as three centuries since, the worship of the moon in Livonia was a common thing. The ancient Hungarians or Pannonians were addicted to the same practice.

In searching the history of religious movements in past ages, the great simplicity which existed in the form or rites of various ideas of sacred beings, in those nations whose occupations were more or less connected with the raising of food, or the arts of peace, is very apparent. The chaste aspect of the glorious full moon seems, as a rule, to have forbidden those horrible sacrifices which are familiar to every reader of history, and those frightful orgies which brought their own punishment in national extinction. Although the Arabians, the Persians, and the Scythians worshipped the moon, their mode was comparatively pure and simple—that of the Persian especially. He needed no temple or altar to make the adoration of nature more beautiful, but on the hill-top openly offered sacrifice, the beast offered having been destroyed by the blow of a club, while one of the Magi standing by chanted the genealogy of the god.

As might be expected, the nations of old near the North Pole, seeing very little of the sun compared to the moon, worshipped the latter and the north star. Once a year they sacrificed to each, deer, which they burnt, saving the heads and feet. The extraordinary tricks of the Northern Russian priesthood, adepts in jugglery, as related by trustworthy travellers, were sufficiently clever to establish in the minds of an ignorant people a complete supremacy; and we do not find, therefore, "planet worship" as part of the established religion of Northern Russia in early times.

The relationship which the Chinese royal

known to be commented on at any length. It is simply the corroboration of a national worship; a worship which was first assailed on its own grounds by Jesuits and Mahomedans. The birthday of the king or emperor, in olden times, was fixed for the first day of the new moon in February; and their secular priests, who were celibate (as were also their regular priests), were bound to celebrate the new and full-moon feasts; and an eclipse of either moon or sun was a matter of great consternation to the whole of religious China. In this matter of adoring the new moon the Chinese were followed by the natives of Pegu; and the natives of Goa, on first seeing the new moon, were in the habit of falling upon their knees and praying.

The strange worship which Oliver Noort relates as having been common amongst the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, who considered the stars as the children of the sun and moon, and whose priests were mostly women, worshipping the sun with libations of swine's blood, and marking the worshippers with it on the forehead, is a study which will repay a few hours spent in ascertaining the customs of the religious ceremonies of this scattered section of the world.

The mad revels of the Egyptians, when worshipping the moon under the name of Isis—tumbling an ass over a precipice, cutting and slashing themselves with knives, and so on—read more like the conduct of a tribe of Africans than the worship of a semi-civilised race; and one can understand somewhat the mental blindness of Pharaoh, who could be a king over such men, and his incapacity to understand the existence of a God who had neither temple nor outward show. The ancient Ethiopians, or Abyssinians, worshipped the moon in great state in a magnificent temple, dedicated, after their conversion to Christianity, to the Holy Ghost.

Moon worship was very common, under various forms, throughout America, especially in the South, prior to that portion being invaded by the Spaniards. The moon in Florida was hailed with dances and songs, whilst the king was propitiated with the sacrifice of the first-born throughout the land. Evidently the moon, in this instance, was the gentler power. The tradition of the Flood used to be well preserved among the American Indians, and they believed that the moon was first visible when the steamy mist cleared away and land was again seen,

night in North America when the surface of the world became dry again.

In Guiana, the natives believed the moon to contain a man, imprisoned there for a certain crime; and our English "man in the moon" may possibly have resulted from travellers' tales in the time of Drake and the early navigators, or freebooters, of Europe. The Peruvians, who immortalised almost everything useful or natural, held great religious festivals to the planets, seas, rivers, and natural phenomena; offering in the tenth month a hundred sheep to the moon, burning torches and washing themselves, in her honour, and then getting drunk for a period of four days.

The worship of the moon by the Germans was subsidiary to their estimation of the earth; whilst Mercury was considered by the Gauls the first and chief god. The Saxons adored the moon in the form of a woman with a short coat, having a hood with long ears, and the picture of the moon on her breast; and from the worship of the moon is our Monday named. Indeed, the sign of the "seven stars" or planets, which, besides the sun, were worshipped by the Saxons, is even now very common in many parts of England.

The short review we have given of the almost universal idea of man in worshipping forms of brightness, leads us naturally to the conclusion that the inherent wish of man's heart is not downward, but upward. Every nation that has developed into anything like mental culture, began, in its first struggles for emancipation of intellect and improvement, by setting up the fairest and most polished type of nature. The Germans, English, Indians, French, and other learned nations, have been all, at one time, open to this remark; and there is no doubt that the worship of the great phenomena of nature by gradually destroying the more brutal superstitions of earlier times, surely, if slowly, prepared the way for the reception of the purer and diviner faith of the later days.

#### HERO.

HER gold-brown hair in rippling wavelets flowed  
Adown her snow-white shoulders: and the light  
Of love expectant lit her violet eyes  
With Heaven's fire, as glows yon silver spark  
Upon the sable bosom of the night!

A tender rose-glow flushed o'er neck and brow,  
An unshed tear-drop quivered on the lash  
Of her far strained eye, to catch the form  
Of young Leander, supple-limbed and lithe  
As poplar-stem, whilst o'er the cruel straits,  
The foamy-crested straits, that intervene  
'Twixt him and love, he takes his arrowy way.

He comes not! And a stifled sobbing sigh  
Lifts the white drapelets on the maiden's breast,  
As higher yet she holds love's beacon up,  
A half-extinguished torch, and bodings dire  
Awaken in her soul.

The ravenous sea  
Rolls on, and cares not; till the dawning finds  
A maiden kneeling by a fair young corse:  
Her torch extinguished: and with piteous tears,  
Heart-broken, wailing, lone, and desolate,  
Moaning the fiat of the ruthless gods!

#### CHRONICLES OF LONDON STREETS.

##### MODERN ST. PAUL'S.

WITHIN a year of the Great Fire, a temporary choir was fitted up at the west end of St. Paul's, the east being a mere ruin, and Bishop Sancroft preached there on the recent calamity. Repairs were attempted, and three thousand pounds wasted upon them, but in April, 1668, Sancroft wrote to Wren that what he whispered at his last visit had proved prophetic. The third pillar from the west on the south side had fallen with a sudden crash, and the next was unsafe. The whole work of Inigo Jones, in fact, threatened to become an absolute wreck. "You are so absolutely necessary to us," wrote the bishop, "that we can do nothing, resolve on nothing, without you." The rebuilding was at once decided upon, but not till 1673 were letters patent, announcing the determination, issued by the indolent, pleasure-loving king. The new cathedral was to exceed the splendour and magnificence of the old church, and to be "the principal ornament of our royal city." The king's zeal had taken seven years to rouse itself to action. Charles, always ready in promises, offered one thousand pounds a year from his privy purse, but in fact seems to have actually given nothing. Sheldon, the High Church primate, gave two thousand pounds. The other bishops contributed largely. Nearly every parish in England subscribed. But, best of all, a tax was laid on all coal brought to London by sea. The wits said as coal smoke had injured the old St. Paul's, and fire had eventually destroyed it, it was only fair that coal should help to rebuild it.

All eyes were now fixed on Wren. This great man was, according to tradition, of Danish descent. His grandfather was a rich London mercer; his uncle a bishop of Ely, imprisoned by Cromwell for his stubborn and aggressive loyalty; his father, chaplain in ordinary to King Charles, and rector of Knoyle, in Wiltshire, a pretty, lonely, Swiss-like village on the edge of the

great downs that run from Amesbury to Warmminster. At Knoyle the great architect was born in October, 1632. Educated at Westminster by Doctor Busby, he displayed such early genius, that at thirteen he invented an astronomical instrument, a pneumatic engine, and a sowing machine. At Wadham College he ripened into greater distinction. After the Restoration, when a perfect fever for scientific experiment began to spread among the learned, Wren stood foremost among the philosophers, and helped Boyle to improve the barometer that Galileo's pupil had invented. At five-and-twenty he was appointed Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College, and at the Restoration he had already drawn up a sequence of fifty-three discoveries in various arts and sciences, from embroidery to whale-fishing, from the air-pump to a pedometer. Elected in 1659 Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, he soon became a favourite of the king, who shared the general curiosity in the scientific discoveries of the day, and he even exhibited his model of the moon to the mocking courtiers and unblushing ladies of Whitehall. He was at once appointed surveyor to the king, having as a coadjutor Sir John Denham, the poet. The year before the Great Fire, Wren had visited Paris, and Bernini had shown him, but for a few minutes only, his design for the Louvre, which Wren says "I would have given my skin for." Charles, whose tastes and morals were both French, had invited to England Perrault, the builder of a new front to the Louvre. 'Had he come Wren would most probably have never had the rebuilding of St. Paul's assigned to him, and might have gone to Tangiers, and died there, superintending the fortification of our useless African possession.

Wren made two designs for St. Paul's. The model of the first was long preserved in the trophy room of the cathedral, and is now in South Kensington. It has been injured by mischievous visitors, and the long western portico has been lost or stolen. The beautiful design, that even in its geometric lines is lovely as a flower, was a Greek cross surmounted by a dome, which the clergy considered unorthodox. The effect, Mr. Penrose says, would have been like that sensation produced in a grand mountain defile, when one passes through a confined gorge from one fine opening to another. But the courtiers and clergy willed otherwise, and the result was the present Latin cross, and those recesses along the aisles of the nave, which, tradition

says, the Duke of York insisted upon as suitable for side chapels when the new cathedral should have been reconsecrated for the old religion.

The first stone was laid without ceremony, June the 21st, 1675. It was thought a singular omen that when Wren drew the great circle for the dome, and sent a mason to pick out a flat stone from the rubbish heap, to mark the exact centre, the man brought back a gravestone with the one word "Resurgam" still visible upon it. The ruins proved difficult of removal. Old walls, eighty feet high and five feet thick, still clung together, and the old tower, two hundred feet high, although still tottering and cranky, required gunpowder to bring it down. At last Wren sunk a box with eighteen pounds of powder in one of the pillars of the tower. This charge lifted a whole angle of the tower and four dependent arches nine inches in the air, and brought down headlong in one vast avalanche three thousand tons of stone. The people in the neighbouring streets, however, complaining of the dangerous explosions, Wren, ever ingenious, invented a huge battering ram, forty feet long, and worked by thirty men. After two day's vibration the most obstinate walls fell.

Finding the foundation loam and sand, Wren's assistant proposed to build on piles. "No," said the rebuilder of St. Paul's; "in sand, between wet and dry! They will rot. I desire to build for eternity." The foundations, indeed, cost Wren great trouble. Below the British graves he found hard pot-earth; towards the south this thinned into loose dry sand; below the sand were shells. Forty feet down below low-water mark he came to hard beach, or gravel, and under that he struck the true London clay. He had already begun to lay the foundation from the west end through the dome, but at the north-east corner came to a pit, where potters had extracted all the pot-earth. To avoid this he built a square piece of solid masonry direct from the hard beach, and then turned a short arch to the upper foundation to support the north-east end of the choir. Avoiding the lines of the old walls, he declined the work more to the north-east. Two-and-twenty years the cathedral was building, but it rose during one episcopate. In his great plan for rebuilding London on an imperial scale of splendour and magnificence, Wren had proposed to lay out one vast street ninety feet wide, from Aldgate to Temple Bar, in the middle of which St. Paul's was to stand

in a large square, with clear elbow-room for piazzas, north, south, east, and west. The houses were to be all uniform, and built on piazzas, like Covent Garden, and from London Bridge to the Temple a broad embankment was to sweep, with room for all the halls of the City companies, and great warehouses for the merchants of London. Wren seems to have worked with generous and untiring zeal at his great chef-d'œuvre. For his poor two hundred pounds a year he designed everything, gave all directions to workmen and other officers, examined the accounts, and agreed for the price of workmanship and materials. He selected the Portland stone with infinite care, and kept his regiment of workmen in such order that in ten years he finished the walls of the choir and side aisles, with the north and south circular porticoes, and raised the pillars of the great dome. By the year of the glorious Revolution the timber was already purchased for roofing the aisles of the choir.

On December the 3rd, 1697, twenty-two years from the commencement, the cathedral was opened for divine service. It was a great day, the thanksgiving day for the peace of Ryswick, by which France at last, weary of fighting, acknowledged William's title to the throne of England. The king was to have been present, but it was said that the crowd of three hundred thousand people could never be penetrated by the royal cavalcade. "Bishop Compton," says Dean Milman, "took his seat on his throne, that throne, with the whole of the choir, rich with the exquisite carvings of Grinling Gibbons. For the first time the new organ pealed out its glorious volume of sound. The bishop preached the thanksgiving sermon. He took for his text that noble song, 'I was glad when they said unto me, let us go up into the house of the Lord.'"

But this ceremony only initiated new vexations for the great designer. Seven of the narrow-minded commissioners, inflated with their power, ignorant of art, and taking advantage of Wren's age, wished to thwart and persecute him. They represented that the work dragged; they complained that Wren insisted on an outer railing to the churchyard of hammered iron instead of cast; that the great bell was unsound, and had to be re-made; that the clock was always out of order; that Wren's master carpenter docked his men's wages, and let them purloin. To crown all, as a good practical proof of

hatred, they actually suspended the payment of the architect's paltry salary. Wren may have provoked some of this dislike by the almost unavoidable arrogance of genius when surrounded by petty enemies. He petitioned Queen Anne against the suspension of his salary, and replied to the charges against him in a pamphlet, which was at once contemptuous and convincing. The great bell, he showed, had been cracked by the greedy fee-takers, who, for money, allowed visitors to strike it with an iron hammer; the cast-iron railing of the commissioners was unsuitable in form and quality; the work had proceeded as fast as was consistent with strength and beauty; the deductions from wages were for short hours; the wood removed was all accounted for in the clerk's book. His defence was allowed to be convincing, and in 1711 his arrears of salary were reluctantly paid up. The next miserable dispute was about the organ and organ gallery. Contrary to Wren's advice, he was compelled to pile organ and organ gallery on the screen. The clergy also insisted on a snug enclosure of the choir, and especially on an outer balustrade of stone, which destroyed entirely the effect of Wren's plinth. Wren compared the balustrade to a vulgar edging, and condemned it as diametrically contrary to his own taste, as he had wished to crown the pediments simply with four statues. Wren's enemies then took the painting of the cupola out of his hands, and gave it to a wretched painter, Hogarth's father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill. Mosaic decorations, which Wren approved, the commissioners condemned as too costly. The covering of the cupolas was also fought over. Wren used lead costing two thousand five hundred pounds; the committee were for copper at three thousand and fifty pounds. Wren had designed a splendid baldachino for the east end of St. Paul's, and that was ruthlessly abandoned.

But the sorest blow was reserved for Wren's old age. To the new German king Wren was merely a builder whom the Stuarts had honoured. The great man who reared St. Paul's, and designed Greenwich Hospital, and some fifty of the London churches, was placed under an ignorant pretender named Benson, the same man who erected a tasteless monument to Milton in order to insert his own ignoble name as large as the poet's. Convicted, at last, of ignorance and incapacity, Benson would have been prosecuted had not the king interposed, and given him some valu-

able sinecures. Wren retired to Hampton Court, there spent the residue of his days in scientific and religious studies, and at ninety-two died without a struggle. Horace Walpole tells us that once a year, at the close of his life, "the good old man" was carried in a sedan to see St. Paul's, "which seemed to recal a memory which was almost deadened to every other use." The old Duchess of Marlborough, when wrangling with Vanbrugh about the expense of building Blenheim, used to rail at Vanbrugh's charges, and tell him that Wren spent half his life being hauled up and down St. Paul's in a basket, and all for two hundred pounds a year. The total cost of St. Paul's is estimated by Milman at seven hundred and thirty-six thousand seven hundred and fifty-two pounds two shillings and three-pence halfpenny. For the carvings Gibbons received thirteen hundred and thirty-seven pounds seven shillings and fivepence. For the phoenix in bas-relief over the southern door Gibber obtained one hundred pounds. For subsequent repairs scanty provision was made, the main funds, consisting of a residue from the coal duty, and about five hundred pounds left by a Dean Clark. The charge of the fabric, however, was handed over to trustees, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Lord Mayor, and not to the dean and chapter.

The hostile criticisms on St. Paul's have been well answered by Allan Cunningham, himself a practical sculptor, and a man of refined taste. The Abbé May objects to the coupled columns of the grand portico, as the Corinthian capitals interfere with and obscure each other. But there is a tradition in Portland that no blocks of stone could be shipped large enough for the frieze of a portico with single columns; moreover, the meddling clergy are said to have decided to have a column for each of the twelve apostles—an allegorical but a foolish wish. The perpendicular portion of the dome is thought deficient in light and shade, but it is supposed that Wren feared the weight of abutments, and, even as it was, thought it necessary to girdle the whole dome with a double chain of massive iron linked together every ten feet, and bound over with lead. The mortar, Cunningham allows, is very defective, and when an outer stone is cut through to erect a monument the mortar gushes out in dust. Wren's first design, it is allowed, far excelled his second in "unbroken grandeur of outline," harmony of parts, and "solid

majesty of elevation." The angles of the interior, now even somewhat offensive, were in the first plan turned into graceful circular lines. Yet considering Wren's difficulties, the interference of the Duke of York, and the stupid obstinacy of the clergy, it must be allowed that he produced a magnificent building, exquisite in proportion, and, as a whole, beautifully harmonious as one of Beethoven's symphonies. St. Paul's is cramped and crowded, seen from the west only through the murky telescope of Ludgate-hill, yet high over the subject City it rises a landmark for all the home counties, the monarch of London buildings.

King William's visit to St. Paul's we have already mentioned, but there are other royal visits worthy of record. Queen Anne visited St. Paul's in state no fewer than seven times. In 1702, to give thanks for Marlborough's victories in the Low Countries, and for Rooke's burning the Spanish fleet at Vigo; in 1704 for the great battle of Blenheim; in 1705 for Marlborough's forcing the French lines at Tirlmont, in the Spanish Netherlands; in 1706 for Ramilies; again in the same year for fresh successes; in 1707 for the union of England and Scotland; in 1708 for the battle of Oudenarde. In 1713 there was a thanksgiving with both Houses of Parliament for the treaty of Utrecht; but the queen was too unwell to come. On this day the London charity children—four thousand in number—were drawn up outside to see the arrivals. At these Queen Anne festivals the City balconies were hung with carpets, tapestry, and blue cloth, and the City companies had scaffolds, banners, and bands of their own, and stood forth in full dignity. In 1715, George the First went to St. Paul's in state on the occasion of his accession, with a shrewd eye in his old German head for Jacobite interruptions, but George the Second never visited St. Paul's at all.

In 1789, King George the Third, good, honest man, came with his sensible but somewhat snuffy queen to return thanks for the king's restoration to health. On this occasion, says Mr. Planché, the Prince of Wales's servants wore liveries of scarlet and gold; the Duke of Cumberland's and Duke of York's crimson and green; while eight cream-coloured horses drew the king's glass-coach, which was attended by six pages and six footmen. The lord mayor and aldermen daringly bestrode white horses decked with blue and white ribbons, the bridles being embroidered with the



motto, "God save the king." The streets, as far as Temple-bar, were lined with the foot-guards, and at Temple-bar the Society of Ancient Archers, in green uniforms, and with bows, arrows, and quivers, embroidered with "Long live the king," joined the procession. In 1797, the old king went again in state to St. Paul's to celebrate a general thanksgiving for naval victories, amply testified by three artillery waggons full of French, Spanish, and Dutch flags, won at Camperdown and elsewhere. Marines and volunteer foot and cavalry swelled the train, and, above all, Nelson and Duncan were there. The next royal visit was in 1814, when the Prince Regent attended a thanksgiving for Elba and the transitory peace, which ended in the death-blow of Waterloo, and the end of all at St. Helena.

St. Paul's, never really finished, still remained cold, blank, and unfurnished. In Dean Newton's time the eyes of English artists, eager for fame, suddenly opened to this defect; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, proud of the young Royal Academy, and always full of high aspiration, offered to decorate the walls, and even commenced designs such as Barry would have longed to rival. Dean Newton proposed that Reynolds and West should begin by filling two compartments over the door near the communion table. West, the most vapid and inane of pretentious painters, chose the Delivery of the Two Tables to Moses, Sir Joshua the Adoration of the Magi; but Bishop Terrick became alarmed, had dreams of the Scarlet Woman and the pageantry of Rome, and finally refused his consent.

For a long time the scruples of narrow-minded men shut out monuments from St. Paul's, and vain Dean Newton's own costly cenotaph was packed off to St. Mary-le-Bow. These scruples were at last overpowered by the national voice and the absolute necessity of things, for the Abbey was all but full. The first statue admitted was that of the benevolent Howard. The second statue was that of Doctor Johnson, though he was buried in the Abbey, where, as Boswell tells us, he had once wandered with Goldsmith, speculating on the possibility of such future fame. Dean Milman says that, when living in Bolt-court, Johnson was a frequent attendant at divine service at St. Paul's. Sir Joshua, who had urged the admission of his friend Johnson's statue, was the third who received this honour; next came Sir William Jones, that great Oriental soldier who did so much to render Eastern literature familiar to Europe.

During the great war with France, military and naval heroes were stricken down so quickly, that the sculptors were hardly able to produce monumental statues for St. Paul's fast enough. The first of these heroes whose cenotaph arose in St. Paul's was Rodney, and for that heap of allegory Rossi received six thousand pounds. The next was Lord Howe, "Black Jack," as the sailors called him, the hero of the battle of the First of June, a shattering blow to the French navy. The third was Lord Duncan, the victor of Camperdown, the statue is by Westmacott. After him came the Earl St. Vincent, with the colossal statues of History and Victory, by Bailey. Then monuments were erected to some of Nelson's paladins who fell before him. Captain Westcott, who fell at Aboukir, Captains Morse and Riou (the last immortalised by Campbell), who were killed before Copenhagen, and Captain Miller, who died at Acre.

Then came a mightier than all, a seeking indeed, the greatest of English admirals, the invincible Nelson. All England mourned that day when the great conqueror of France and Spain was brought from Trafalgar to be enshrined under the dome of St. Paul's. The body was preceded by the Prince of Wales, and all the princes of the blood. Sir Peter Parker, the admiral of the fleet, was the chief mourner. The coffin was covered with a union-jack, which the bronzed old sailors tore to pieces as relics when the coffin was lowered. Dean Milman, who, as a boy, was present at the funeral, says, "I heard, or fancied that I heard, the low wail of the sailors, who bore and encircled the remains of their admiral." The body of Nelson was entombed in a stately sarcophagus, which Torrigiano had designed for Cardinal Wolsey, and which had been long lying about as lumber at Windsor. On one side of Nelson rests his trusty follower, Collingwood, on the other Lord Northesk, another hero of Trafalgar.

Opposite to the monument of Nelson is that of the Marquis Cornwallis, twice governor-general of India. In dusty immortality the two Napiers, the conqueror of India and the author of the Peninsular War, fiery souls both, with eagle features, stand foremost among the Indian heroes. Nor must we forget Elphinstone, who twice refused the governor-generalship of India, and the brave Sir Henry Lawrence of Lucknow. Nor least of all those who have won a name in the East, are Bishops Middleton and Heber. There are monuments in St. Paul's to many brave soldiers of the

Peninsula, who fell in Talavera, Albuera, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Bayonne; nor have we been ashamed to express our natural gratitude to men who have perished even in repulses and defeats. There is a monument to Sir Isaac Brock, who fell near Niagara, also to soldiers of Bergen-op-Zoom, New Orleans, and Baltimore, and the monumental sequence of St. Paul's brings us down to the Crimean war, which is recorded by a cenotaph to eighteen officers of the Coldstream Guards who fell in that all but useless struggle.

When Wellington died it was at first intended that he should lie beside Nelson, but this being found impossible, his body was placed in an alcove of the crypt to the east. More than thirty years after Waterloo, Wellington, full of years and honours, sank into the grave. Dean Milman, who, as a boy, had seen Nelson buried, read the funeral service over the great duke. The pall was borne by eight general officers who had fought beside Wellington, and had survived him. The solemn procession of the soldiers who represented the English regiments, with the fitful wail of the Dead March in Saul perpetually recurring, will not easily be forgotten by those who were present. The two Houses and the City companies were present at the obsequies, and from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand persons filled the cathedral to see the dead hero laid to rest. The sarcophagus is of Cornish porphyry, simple, massive, and worthy of the man.

In the crypt with Reynolds lie many of his old friends and enemies: West, who succeeded him as president, and Lawrence, who succeeded West, quarrelsome Barry, whom he detested, Dance, rough Opie, Fuseli, the diabolique; but a greater than all these lies near Reynolds, according to his own request, and that man is William Mallord Turner. Once, when offered a poor price for his great picture of Carthage, Turner said, "Rather than take that I'll use it for my shroud;" but Carthage is now defying Claude in the National Gallery, and Turner lies here wrapped in less glorious ceremonies. In the extreme east of the crypt, under a little grated window, and behind a bar of prison rails, lies Sir Christopher Wren, covered with a black marble slab. The famous inscription, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice," was formerly in front of the organ gallery, but its place has now been changed.

The laudable attempt to complete our national temple began in 1858, when the bishop urged the dean and chapter to

originate evening services to draw people, whom it might be impossible in any other way to attract. Dean Milman, in reply, expressed his desire that the interior of the cathedral should be made worthy of its exterior grandeur and beauty. The dean wished for decorations that might combine splendour with solemnity, colour with simplicity. The dome, instead of brooding like a dead weight overhead, needed art that would elevate the soul towards Heaven. The sullen white of the roof arches, cornices, capitals, and walls, required to be broken and relieved by gilding. The whole adornment it needed demanded a mode of carrying out that should be rich and harmonious, and suited to the simple Protestant mode of worship. In pursuance of this letter of the dean's a committee was soon appointed, supported by many of the leading merchants and traders of London, and amongst its active members were the eminent architects, Mr. Cockerell and Sir Charles Barry, a great admirer of Wren's genius, Mr. Tite, and Mr. Penrose. Zeal and talent soon accomplished much; a magnificent organ was purchased, service was initiated under the dome, and the vast building was effectively warmed and lighted with gas. Most generous benefactors came forward, and chief among these was Mr. T. Brown, who gave a new west window, while the committee of the Memorial to Captain Fitzgerald presented a marble pulpit. The Drapers' Company and Goldsmiths' Company gave a window each. Five of the City companies gilded the vaults of the choir and the arches adjoining the dome. Other private benefactors gave painted windows, nine in all, including those before mentioned. The great rings of the whispering and western gallery have been gilt, and the golden gallery, ball and cross, externally. A great picture of the Heavenly Jerusalem is to take the place of Sir James Thornhill's feeble grisailles in the vast cup of the dome. Mr. Watt's pictures of Saint Mark and Saint Luke have been wrought in mosaic for the spandrels of the great dome arches; in the peristyle, statues are to be placed in the empty niches, and a large cupola over the westernmost bay will contain a mosaic painting, representing on a gold ground one of the earlier miracles of our Saviour. Above all, the screen that divided the nave from the choir has been removed, and the choir organ removed to the place destined for it by Wren; but there are still some fifty-two windows to fill with painted glass, and part of the organ-screen is to be re-

erected at the end of the north transept, and will form an internal porch surmounted by the well-known and deserved inscription to Sir Christopher Wren.

The stone lantern on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral weighs several hundred tons, and is carried by a brick cone of eighteen inches thick, with perfect safety, as long as the bottom course is prevented from bursting outwards. The weight of the dome of St. Paul's is over three thousand tons, occasioning a horizontal thrust of nearly fifteen hundred tons; the thrusts of these arches and of the dome, eminent architects say, are incomparably better balanced than in St. Peter's at Rome. St. Paul's has four bells, one in the northern, and three in the southern, or clock tower; the former is tolled for prayer three times a day, and has a clapper, but neither of the four can be raised upon end and rung, as other church bells. In the clock-tower are hung two bells for the quarters, and above them swings the great bell. It weighs eleven thousand four hundred and seventy-four pounds, and its diameter is nine feet. It was cast principally from the metal of the bell in the clock-tower opposite Westminster Hall gate, which before the Reformation was named Edward, after the royal confessor. Subsequently to the time of Henry the Eighth, says Mr. Timbs, it was called Great Tom, as Gough conjectures, by a corruption of Grand Ton, from its deep sonorous sound. While being conveyed, in William the Third's reign, under Temple Bar, it fell from the carriage; it stood under a shed in the cathedral yard for some years, and was at length re-cast, with additional metal, in 1716.

The great bell is never used, except for striking the hour, and for tolling at the deaths and funerals of any of the royal family, the Bishop of London, the dean of the cathedral, or the Lord Mayor, should he die in his mayoralty; the sound produced in tolling is not so loud as when the hour is struck, in consequence of the heavy clock-weight not being attached when the bell is tolled.

#### A POISON PLOT, AND ITS ISSUE.

It was the year of grace, eighteen hundred and four, when a dark war-cloud, gathering on the coast of France, threatened to burst in thunder on our shores, and would unquestionably have fulfilled its menace, but for the existence of one Horatio

Nelson, whose inopportune arrival might have rendered the passage of the aforesaid cloud as difficult, as its return in a condensed form would have been impossible.

For many and many a tedious month, a vast body of ardent warriors, burning to take part in the British "occupation," were compelled to find amusement of another kind, and numbers of these gentlemen were received as compulsory but not unwelcome guests into families resident in the vicinity of the "army of England," assembled at and near Boulogne. Among these, a certain Monsieur Levallant, captain-adjutant in the head-quarters staff, was fortunate enough, as he thought, to find himself established in the house of Monsieur Brutinel, a retired merchant of some wealth, residing at St. Omer.

Adèle, the only child of Monsieur and Madame Brutinel—at this time about eighteen—was the acknowledged queen of beauty at St. Omer. Ambitious and self-willed, with a somewhat restless and romantic spirit, the girl had, nevertheless, many attractive qualities, and, could she have overcome the incessant craving for a wider sphere of action and enjoyment, and a grander career than was offered her at St. Omer, she might have reigned the peace-enjoying and peace-bestowing mistress of a rich and honourable, if not luxurious home.

Fate, however, ruled otherwise for Adèle, and if, with the arrival on the scene of the brilliant young officer, she saw dimly, in the horizon of her life, certain gleams of light which might brighten into a fuller glory, it is little wonder that Mademoiselle Brutinel was prepared to receive his inevitable homage, with all the indulgence Monsieur Levallant could have desired.

As for the parents, not to mention that they were accustomed to exercise less control than is usual with French parents over their beautiful daughter, there was, in reality, no cause for interference. Monsieur Levallant was extremely handsome, with graceful and captivating manners. He was, no doubt, rich, since, though on active service, or what was so called, he had his carriage and servants, and had been heard to speak of valuable house-property in Paris, of which the title-deeds had been seen. Already captain, he had a right, in those days of rapid promotion, to expect, in two years, to attain the rank of colonel, and the protection of Marshal Berthier, whose esteem he had won by a fortunate act of gallantry in the field,

seemed to open to him a way to yet higher distinctions.

Society in St. Omer was not at all surprised when it was definitely announced that the beautiful Adèle Brutinel was betrothed to Levallant, and that the marriage would take place as quickly as the needful arrangements would permit.

In the mean time, Monsieur Brutinel, deeming it no more than his duty to verify the explanations hitherto vouchsafed by his intended son-in-law, opened a communication with the latter's mother, who, having become a widow, had married, in second nuptials, a Monsieur Chénier, a law-agent at Paris.

In reply, Madame Chénier informed him that the arrangements entered into with her second husband forbade the probability of anything but a very moderate portion of her late husband's fortune accruing to his son. Over and above this disappointment to the Brutinels, Madame Chénier, for reasons not fully apparent, entered a formal objection to the proposed marriage.

But Adèle, whose spirit rose with opposition, was bent upon the match. She declared that she would marry him to whom she had dedicated her first and only love, or no man else. In a word, she overcame with little difficulty the feeble opposition of her parents, induced her lover to make the thrice-repeated appeal (*sommation*) to his mother, required by the law; and, this done, married him, on, according to the republican calendar, the 20th Thermidor, A.R. 12, that is to say, August the 8th, 1804.

There followed a triumphal progress of several months, in which balls and parties of every kind, in honour of the lovely bride, testified to the renown of her beauty, and the devotion of her happy spouse. It was late in the year when they returned once more to St. Omer, and it became necessary to decide upon their future plans.

Monsieur Levallant, however, had to return for a short interval to his military duties, while his fair partner, in the repose of home, indulged in dreams of coming splendour and triumph in the wide saloons of Paris, whither, on her lord's return, they were at once to repair.

A terrible incident awoke her to reality.

If a thunderbolt had fallen on the house of Monsieur Brutinel it could not have created greater consternation than did the tidings that Captain Levallant, detected in a degrading crime—nothing less than actual theft—had been displaced from his honour-

able position, and sent, a disgraced man, to do garrison duty at Strasbourg.

Attempts had been made to slur over the inquiry, but it was remembered that Levallant, while serving under Championnet, had been charged with a similar offence. His known gallantry, however, and perhaps the interest of Berthier, stood him in stead. It was resolved to take no further step against the unhappy officer than that which should stay his promotion, and remove him, in a great measure, from the society of honourable men.

And Adèle! What must have been the grief and bitterness of that proud spirit, roused from its ambitious dreams to the miserable certainty that she had sacrificed herself and her future to a man hopelessly disgraced—a creature whom, though she still loved, she could no longer respect! In the coolness of some, in the insulting pity of others—her former friends or rivals—Adèle drank the cup of humiliation to the very dregs.

A letter addressed at this period of anguish to her husband expresses in some degree the conflicting passions that agitated her soul. It is like the cry of the wounded lioness rather than the wail of woman:

"I confess to you frankly that, much as I love you, I would have rent my heart out rather than have yielded, but for the absolute certainty that, with your aid, I might have realised the ambitious hopes on which my heart has fed since childhood. I saw you already on the highway of honour; in two years colonel, in time general, marshal, prince—who knows! All these dreams are vanished—vanished with hope and happiness—for ever. Nothing remains but a shamed life. If Heaven would but take that also, there would be at least peace, since I should be nothing (*dans le néant*). Judge, my beloved, if fiends are not gnawing at my very heart! Reproach me if you please. Perhaps I deserve it; but I cannot change myself or you, and I feel that I carry in my single soul the sorrow and remorse that should attach to both. There—I have confessed it, and therein lies my bitterest grief."

The responses of the miserable man to these outbursts from a higher nature than his own were of a kind that only irritated the burning wound. They were chiefly composed of mean projects, sordid calculations, pitiful schemes for obtaining pecuniary help from their respective families.

Adèle's haughty spirit recoiled from such comfort as this. She had believed him a

hero; she found him a mean wretch, despised by his superiors, shunned and almost disowned by his family; hateful to hers, who imperatively required that she should free herself, by divorce, from so degrading a connexion.

"Your situation," she wrote to him, with bitter irony, "is brilliant indeed! You have absolutely seventeen hundred francs. You hope for an appointment that will give you fifteen hundred francs income more. My good friend, this is the pay of a commissioner! I would rather die than be the wife of one so fallen. With hopes so low, with thoughts so mean, as these, how dared you marry me? Ah, that I can forgive you this wrong, testifies how well I love you still! But my heart would break, only for the hope I have that one day, by some means, my early dreams will yet be realised."

At the close of the campaign Levallant returned to Paris, and found employment as a humble clerk in one of the offices of the war department. His wife determined to join him, and Madame Chénier consenting to receive her daughter-in-law, Adèle arrived in Paris, and took up her abode in apartments prepared for her by her improvident husband, at an expense absurdly beyond his actual means, his income being at this time little more than a hundred a year. The Chéniers, it is true, were in easy circumstances, but they kept a large and costly establishment, always needed money, and Monsieur Chénier had been obliged to refuse to become security for the ten thousand francs "caution-money" required to obtain for his step-son an honourable employ.

Madame Levallant had been attended to Paris by her maid, a girl named Magnier, brought up from childhood by the Brutinels, and generally known as "Mimi." Her husband had, moreover, engaged a valet, one Adolphe Rudolphe, a German, a drunken, worthless fellow, but who had managed, through a pretence of great devotion, to worm himself into the entire confidence of his master.

Things were in this position, when, on December the 30th, 1810, Madame Chénier, closely veiled, entered a *fiacre*, and proceeding to the préfecture of police, made the following statement:

"My daughter-in-law, Madame Levallant, enraged with me because I have refused to aid my son in his extravagant expenditure, has determined to poison me. It was on December the 15th that she made

known this criminal intention to her maid, Magnier. Pretending to connive at it, the faithful girl warned my coachman, Rudolphe—late in the service of my son—of what was in contemplation; and the two, in order to see how far the unhappy woman would prosecute her purpose, agreed to affect complicity.

"Feeling thus supplied with two faithful instruments, my daughter-in-law hesitated no longer. On December the 19th, she passed the whole morning in endeavouring to purchase arsenic at different shops, but could not obtain a sufficient quantity. It was then that Rudolphe thought it high time to warn me of my danger.

"Madame Levallant's next step was to write to her father at St. Omer, requesting him to send her certain drugs for experimental purposes; and, in consequence, there was received on the 27th a letter from Monsieur Brutinel, containing two small packets, one of opium, the other of arsenic.

"In the mean time, hoping to deter the unhappy woman from a crime which would profit her nothing, I caused her to be reminded, through Rudolphe, that by reason of settlements made on my second marriage, my son would receive nothing at my death. To my horror, this only suggested an additional crime. Monsieur Chénier must now perish, too! I accordingly placed my husband on his guard, and, together, we awaited some further development of this murderous project.

"On the 29th, Madame Levallant gave Rudolphe a little silver box, containing the poison, and thirty-five francs, as the first recompense for his intended aid.

"January the 1st was then fixed for the administration of the poison, and I assure you, Monsieur le Préfet," concluded Madame Chénier, "the danger is not illusory, nor will the plot fail for want of resolution on the part of my daughter-in-law, for, some days after having broken the matter to her maid, Magnier, she tried an experiment on the latter, which caused her a very serious illness; and, in fact, endangered her life."

The magistrate listened to this strange statement with all the attention it deserved. He could not, however, conceal from himself certain unusual features which seemed to call for explanation; such as the remarkable patience with which Madame Chénier had awaited—not to say encouraged—the development of the crime; the improbability of her son's complicity; and

the total absence of any well-defined temptation to such a deed—a deed, moreover, prepared with a degree of recklessness and audacity hardly reconcilable with a sane condition of mind in the intending criminal.

"Do you not feel some little hesitation, madame," asked the magistrate, gravely, "in bringing a charge of so serious a nature against, not only your daughter-in-law, but, perhaps, your son also?"

Madame Chénier shortly replied that corroboration should be forthcoming on the morrow, and thereupon withdrew.

The next day, accordingly, the servant Rudolphe presented himself at the préfecture, and confirmed his mistress's statement.

But Madame Chénier, who had a taste for intrigue and mystery, even for legitimate ends, had resolved that her daughter-in-law should convict herself, and furnish, without knowing it, incontestable proofs of her diabolical purpose.

Among the persons who visited her house, was one who was accustomed, while moving in good society, to fulfil the duties of agent of police. This gentleman, who experienced a keen delight in gently and gracefully hunting down any individual in politer circles who had incurred the censure of the law, was accustomed to regard crime less as an evil to be rid of, than as offering opportunities for the skill of the detector. It was by his advice that the counter-plot had been formed between Madame Chénier and the two servants. He it was who placed a concealed witness in a position to overhear the dialogue between Madame Levallant and Rudolphe, when the latter received the silver box of poison. It was at his astute suggestion that the man asked Adèle for thirty-five francs, in order to supply those words, needed in an indictment for inciting to murder, "by gifts and promises." And he it was who, finally, in the last days of December, advised Madame Chénier to make known her position to two friends of the family, men of honour and distinction, Monsieur Beaufoi de Saint-Aulaire (Chevalier of St. Louis), and Monsieur Boulevard, well-known in the world of science, astronomer of the Observatory.

At the first mention of the matter, Monsieur de Saint-Aulaire burst into a roar of laughter.

"Allons donc, dear lady, 'tis impossible! From whom, in Heaven's name, have you this most incredible story?"

"From my servant Rudolphe."

"Who has designs upon your purse. My dear madam, his zeal has outrun his discretion."

"And what if you hear from the woman's own lips that such is her intention?"

"Then, but no sooner," said Saint-Aulaire, more gravely, "I shall believe it."

"With your leave, then, gentlemen," said Madame Chénier, "I will place you in a dark cabinet, where you can overhear what passes between Madame Levallant and Rudolphe, at an interview he will procure."

Monsieur de Saint-Aulaire hesitated. He had never taken part in such ambushes, and would fain have escaped the unpleasant duty assigned him; but Madame Chénier would take no denial. It was necessary, she said, to obtain some incontrovertible evidence. This done, the game would be in her hands, and indulgence might be shown.

Saint-Aulaire only yielded on condition that the matter should be dealt with by a family council, and not a public tribunal, and that, by petition to the emperor, the unhappy woman should be placed under fitting restraint.

This agreed upon, January the 1st, the day of the intended murder, was also fixed on for the interview alluded to.

It would seem, however, that Madame Levallant had some compunctious visitings, for a letter from "Mimi" Magnier warned Madame Chénier that, though her master and mistress would call to pay their new year's compliments, it was not their purpose to stay to dinner, unless pressed to do so. This looked so much like hesitation, that Madame Chénier was half inclined to let the matter rest. She was, however, overruled in this by her friend, the agent of police.

The Levallants arrived in due course, and were received with all politeness, Madame Chénier actually having the courage to imprint a maternal kiss on the forehead of her intended murderess. They were invited to dine, and at once accepted.

Before sitting down, the man Rudolphe found an opportunity of speaking apart to Madame Levallant, and told her he had something to communicate, that he would give her a signal by touching the back of her chair, and that she would then find him awaiting her in the room below.

The dessert was placed on the table before Adèle recognised the expected signal. Pale and trembling, oppressed with an

uneasy sense of coming danger, she listened to Rudolphe's departing steps, and heard him enter the room below. A minute later, she rose, complaining of the warmth of the stove, and, quickly following the man, rejoined him in a small apartment, separated only by a thin partition from the cabinet in which Messieurs Saint-Aulaire and Bouvard were concealed.

Then Rudolphe, speaking loudly and distinctly, affected to remind her of the conditions of the criminal compact concluded between them, accusing her of attempting to poison Mimi, and questioning her closely as to the complicity of her husband.

Again and again the trembling woman begged him to lower his voice.

"Never fear," said the traitor, "there is no one on this floor, and the doors are locked."

The dialogue was resumed, when, suddenly, the door of the cabinet flew open, and the gentlemen appeared.

"Ah, is it you, Monsieur Beaufoi?" screamed the terrified woman. "What are you seeking?"

"Nothing," was the sole reply; and the witnesses quitted the room.

Aware at once of her danger, Adèle turned, and tried to escape by the garden. But Rudolphe barred the way. She tried the court, but there she was met by a group of strange and threatening faces. Agents of police now came up, and Monsieur Chénier himself, advancing in the midst, reproached her with her infamous project.

She threw herself at his feet:

"Ah, monsieur, can you believe that I, a girl of twenty, could meditate such an atrocity?"

She was lifted into a carriage, and conveyed directly to the préfecture.

Interrogated by the magistrate, Adèle endeavoured to cast the burden of guilt upon the man who had betrayed her. If she had followed him into the apartment below, it was for the purpose of prevailing on him to abandon the project of poisoning Madame Chénier, to which he had been incited by her cruel treatment of her son, Levallant, to whom he (Rudolphe) was devotedly attached.

But this line of defence proving untenable, the accused presently threw off the mask, and confessed that, in a moment of hate and desperation, she had conceived the murderous idea attributed to her, and communicated it both to Mimi and Rudolphe. That, far from dissuading her,

these entered warmly into the scheme, Rudolphe even pointing out that the death of Madame Chénier alone would be profitless, and hinting that it would cost no more to poison the coffee-cream for two, than for one! That, failing to procure arsenic among the Paris chemists, she wrote for it to her father, who, ignorant of her purpose, sent her six grains, together with some opium, intended for the toothache, from which he knew she had been suffering.

Hardly had she given the poison to Rudolphe, than she was seized with remorse, and sought in vain to repossess herself of the deadly drug. Rudolphe was never to be found. It was true she had promised to compensate both servants for their share in the transaction, and had given Rudolphe thirty-five francs. But this sum he had demanded of her, urging that he had no money at all.

The evidence of Mimi tended to inculpate Monsieur Levallant, hitherto unaccused.

"At the beginning of December, after a refusal of pecuniary assistance from Madame Chénier, Levallant flew into a violent rage, and was heard to say to his wife, 'You are right. We shall never be happy until that ogress is dead!'"

"Some days later, my mistress put a small quantity of poison into a dish of haricots, to test the strength. Neither she nor my master touched the dish. I did, however, and was dreadfully ill." The witness described, at great length, the ordinary effects of arsenical poisoning.

"Did you not," she was asked, "mention this incident to your mistress?"

"No. Some days after I heard her telling my master that she would try another experiment upon me. But he objected."

"Still, you said nothing?"

"Yes. One day I said to her, 'Don't think me such a fool as not to know that there was something in that dish of haricots.' My mistress coloured up, and said it must have been the fault of the cook at the eating-house."

The man Rudolphe gave his account of the interview with the accused at the house of Madame Chénier.

He stated that January the 1st had been fixed upon for administering the poison, because on that day Madame Chénier was likely to receive a visit from her two granddaughters, the Demoiselles Lacotte; and as she was known to have had a grave misunderstanding with these young ladies, the murder might be attributed to them. As

it happened, they did not come, and he, Rudolphe, opened the conversation with Madame Levallant by calling her attention to this fact.

"Well, we will defer it to another day."

"Is your husband, madame, acquainted with what is in contemplation?"

"No. But speak lower."

"You promised me two hundred louis, and as yet you have given me only thirty-five francs. Do you mean to keep your word?"

"Yes, I do."

"But, madame, money and promises will not recompense me for the mischief you have done my friend poor Mimi, whom you tried to poison."

"She had no business to eat that dish. Besides, the poison was nothing to speak of. I was merely testing its strength."

"At this moment," continued Rudolphe, "there was a movement in the cabinet where the gentlemen were concealed. Madame Levallant, alarmed, threw herself at my feet, declaring that she was ruined, and imploring me to return the box of poison. Then the gentlemen appeared, and she was arrested."

Messieurs de Saint-Aulaire and Bouvard did not entirely agree as to the conversation they had overheard. Both declared that the accused had denied her husband's complicity. But Monsieur Bouvard alone had heard her acknowledge having poisoned Mimi.

Upon the whole, it was considered that ground existed for the arrest of Levallant. His later movements were inquired into. It was found that he had removed his papers and movables from his lodgings, and sought refuge at the house of a friend. Refused this favour, he had wandered aimlessly about the city, until apprehended by those in search of him.

In his examination at the préfecture, he was informed that his wife had confessed the intended crime, and denounced him as the instigator. This he strenuously denied. He was then placed in a solitary cell. The next morning the unfortunate officer was found suspended from a bar of the window, having been dead many hours.

On the table were several sheets of paper closely written, each bearing the address of the person for whom it was intended.

To the prefect he had written:

"What inference will be drawn from the manner of my death? No matter. If a belief that I am guilty can be beneficial to my poor Adèle, let it be so. I entreat you,

monsieur, to deal mercifully with that unhappy creature, who, if restless and discontented by nature, has an excellent heart. With but a little humanity and consideration, Madame Chénier might have saved us all this misery, and bound Adèle to her for ever in love and gratitude."

To his mother he wrote:

"Farewell, my dear, unhappy mother. I know how greatly you are to be pitied. It is I who am the cause of your grief. Had I followed your advice six years ago, I should have now been a happy and prosperous man. But great passions are always blind and uncalculating. I recommend my unfortunate wife to your pity. I am now about to sacrifice to her all that remains to me—my life. Imitate my magnanimity so far as to forgive."

The following bore no address:

"Rather a thousand deaths than a dishonoured life. An arrest is an ineffaceable stain. For you—for you, my Adèle—I am now a prisoner here. But I forgive you with my whole heart."

To his wife:

"My first thought, and my last, for my Adèle. She is near me at this moment, sleeping, it may be, and unconscious of my neighbourhood. But for these cruel bars, I would imprint one last kiss on her lips. Never was wife so fondly beloved. I only lived for her; now I die for her. My last prayer, save one, is for myself. Adèle, my last of all for thee. . . . Midnight. —Farewell. Your name is wrought on the very scarf which—Do not grieve. Farewell."

To Rudolphe and Mimi he had written:

"It is said you are to be married. May your union be happy, but I fear it commences under sinister auspices. Soon or late God rewards and punishes. To him and to your own consciences I commit you. Had you warned me at the beginning, crime and misery would have been spared us all."

To Monsieur Chénier he simply wrote:

"Knowing what you did concerning myself from Messieurs de Saint-Aulaire and Bouvard, you should not have pushed the affair to this extremity."

Madame Levallant was actually under examination, when news of her husband's death reached the préfecture.

The maid, Mimi, had just produced a sealed letter intrusted to her, some days before, by her mistress, to put in the post, and which, being addressed to Monsieur Brutinel, her father, and no doubt contain-



ing some allusion to the poison obtained from him, she, Mimi, had retained.

But the letter, on examination, contained nothing but expressions of respect and tenderness.

At this moment Levaillant's death was announced, and caused the unhappy prisoner to sink swooning to the ground. Restored to herself, her mind appeared at once to grasp the new position of affairs, and to recognise the path of escape open to her.

She declared that, her husband being no more, concealment was no longer necessary. It was he who had conceived and directed all, her recent confessions being intended solely to transfer the guilt from him to herself.

She was therefore shown a letter she had written to her husband, in which she accused Rudolphe of the intended crime. But this, she declared, was written expressly to mislead the authorities, in the event of detection.

It had been already decided to include Monsieur Brutinel in the charge, and orders for his apprehension were sent to St. Omer. He had quitted home, it was found, but only to proceed direct to Paris, where, having announced his arrival to the police, he occupied himself in making preparations for the defence of his daughter and himself.

The trial took place May the 10th, 1811, and excited very great interest.

Adèle was defended by a distinguished advocate of the time, Monsieur Coutare, a gentleman who, four years later, during the Hundred Days, had the courage, in defending a Bourbon journalist, to declare that there could be no French high-treason against Napoleon, he being, by his own declaration on the Champ de Mai, solely king of Elba.

Monsieur Coutare's counsel to Madame Levaillant was frank, and to the point.

"Voyons, madame, you are guilty. The attempt must be, not to clear you, but to save your head. You projected and arranged this crime. From that, I cannot absolve you. But it was suggested to you by your husband and your mother-in-law, assisted by these servants, who wrought for their own profit, enticed you on slowly, surely, into the ambush prepared for you. More, when you sought to renounce your

purpose, they would not suffer it. There is the point—and that is your defence."

So ably and eloquently did Monsieur Coutare work out this idea, that he not only contrived to excite an extraordinary amount of sympathy for the accused woman, but actually, and contrary perhaps to his intention, evoked a feeling of indignation against Madame Chénier and the police, in which the remembrance of the prisoner's guilty purpose was all but annihilated. As for the two servants, it was with some difficulty they were protected from popular violence. But for those vile, and apparently willing instruments, the crime, it was urged, would never have passed beyond conception.

The verdict of the jury was in accordance with public anticipation.

Monsieur Brutinel was entirely acquitted.

Adèle was declared not guilty of the attempt to poison Mimi Magnier, but guilty of an attempt to poison Madame Chénier; an attempt, however, which had not arrived at actual execution, the delay not being attributable to any circumstances beyond the prisoner's control. This amounted to an acquittal.

In dismissing the accused, the president addressed Adèle as follows:

"You have been pronounced guilty of an attempt at a horrible crime, and well is it for you that it approached no step nearer completion. Justice, unable to inflict a fitting penalty, leaves you to the chastisement of your own conscience."

Through the action of the police, exasperated at the failure of the process they had so carefully promoted, a report of the case was laid before the emperor, who, on his own imperial authority, cancelled the verdict of the jury, and caused Madame Levaillant to be lodged in St. Lazare. Here she remained till 1814, when, taking advantage of the confusion created by the entrance into Paris of the allied troops, she escaped by night, through the aid of a rope-ladder—escaped, neither to be sought for nor heard of more.

#### NOTICE.

In September will be published the opening chapters of a  
NEW SERIAL STORY,  
ENTITLED

### WILLING TO DIE,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND THE KEY."

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY  
**CHARLES DICKENS**

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 197. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER IX. THE SMALL HOURS IN LONDON.

MARTIN GURWOOD and Humphrey Statham dined together that day at a club, of which the latter was a member, and sat together until late in the night, discussing memories of old times and the strange occurrences of recent days. When Martin returned to Great Walpole-street he was surprised to learn from the servant who let him in that Mrs. Calverley had not retired to rest, and that she desired to speak with him when he came in. A guilty pang shot through Martin's breast as he listened. What could be the meaning of this? Could his mother have discovered the secret of the Hendon mystery, and was she waiting to oburgate him for the part which he had taken in concealing it from her? Martin knew that, some day or other, such a contingency would arise, but he hoped that when it did he would have Statham by his side. He looked to Statham now for advice and assistance in every phase which the matter could assume, and dreaded being left to his own resources.

He found his mother in her bedroom, attired in a skimpy flannel dressing-gown, and sitting before the fire with her slippers upon the fender. She looked round on his opening the door, and uttered a sound which was partly a snort of defiance, and partly a groan of resignation.

"You wish to see me, mother, James tells me," said Martin. "I had no idea you would have been up, or I would have returned home sooner."

"I wish to see somebody, Martin," re-

turned Mrs. Calverley, querulously. "I thought that my life could not have been more wretched and solitary than it was in Mr. Calverley's time, but even he used to come home occasionally, while now I sit by myself from morning till night. Persons who are engaged and paid to be my companions go away, and even my own son gives himself up to his own devices, and does not come home until close upon midnight."

"My dear mother," said Martin, "as I said before, if I had had any idea that you were sitting up, I would have returned sooner. Tell me now," he said, pulling his chair close to hers, "what do you want me to do?"

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Calverley; "I never want any one to do anything for me. But I wanted to talk to you, if you can spare a few minutes to such an unimportant person as myself, about the future."

"She knows nothing about Hendon," thought Martin to himself, "or she would not have been able to have kept off from the subject for a minute." And greatly relieved at this idea, he said, pleasantly, "You know, mother, that I should be only too glad to carry out any of your wishes."

"And you will have an opportunity of proving what you say, Martin. You know that by Mr. Calverley's will I am now absolute mistress of the business in Mincing-lane. On our marriage, Mr. Calverley, in what I considered then the most ungenerous manner, reserved to himself the power of disposing of that business as he thought best; but I suppose he afterwards came into a better frame of mind, for he has left it entirely to me. The business as it stands at present will, I learn from Mr. Jeffreys, bring me in a very large income. Now I am the last woman in the world to set an

undue value upon riches, and my only care for them is that they may enable me to do more good to my fellow-creatures. Are you attending to me, Martin?" she said to her son, who was looking vacantly into the fire.

"Certainly, mother," said Martin, starting.

"Perhaps you will favour me with your particular attention just now," said Mrs. Calverley, with some asperity, "when I tell you that what I have got to say concerns yourself. If your character were different, you might think to yourself that, rich as I shall be, I might take the opportunity of making you independent, but such I know would not be your wish. You are one of those who rightly think that it is your mission to discharge your duty in the state of life to which you have been called, and I agree with you. There is to me no more beautiful sight than that of a minister engaged in the exercise of his vocation; the only change I would propose to you would be one in the scene of your labours.

"A change in the scene?" cried Martin.

"Exactly," answered Mrs. Calverley. "I should wish you to relinquish the vicarage of Lullington, and to establish yourself in London."

"In London?" cried Martin.

"Certainly," said his mother; "where there is money there is influence, and there would not, I imagine, be any difficulty in obtaining for you an incumbency in London, or if it came to that, there are always proprietary chapels to be purchased, and in them perhaps you would be more unfettered, and more able to conduct the services according to your own views."

"But, my dear mother," said Martin, "I am by no means sure——"

"That you would be popular," interrupted Mrs. Calverley. "You need not fear about that. I fancy there are few better judges of preaching than myself, and I have always been satisfied with the sermons which I have heard you deliver. It would be a great pleasure to me to know that my son's merits were properly recognised. And I don't think," she added with a slight toss of her head, "that he would have any reason to be ashamed of his mother, or of the style in which she lived. We may not be aristocrats, and our lives may not be attended by the sloth, luxury, and pomp which surround that portion of the community; but for solid wealth and the comfort which it brings, the home which has been raised by British industry need be surpassed by none."

Mrs. Calverley paused; and Martin, for

want of something better to say, said, "Of course, mother, I quite agree with you."

"My notion," pursued his mother, "is that you should live with me, and act as my right hand in all matters of business, and as a dispenser of my charity. My life has been one long martyrdom; it has pleased Heaven to afflict me with two unworthy husbands, men incapable of understanding those finer feelings which I possess, and which have been the sole means of lightening the burden laid upon me. I hope I may now be permitted in some degree to recompense myself for the solitude and submission in which I have lived, and to have a little sunshine at the close of a life which has been one long sacrifice for others. I hope that—Martin, Martin, what are you thinking of?"

What was he thinking of, as he sat there with his chin resting on his hands, and his eyes fixed intently on the fire? What were those words ringing in his ears—solitude, submission, sacrifice? Ah, how hollow and empty they sounded, these querulous complaints, this Pharisaical self-laudation, when he thought of the manner in which, under the influence of his wife's temper, John Calverley's life had been warped and twisted until his weak nature had been betrayed into the commission of a fearful crime, the result of which was yet impending over the head of that poor trusting girl. What was he thinking of? Of the little right he had in the thought even then floating through his mind, to condemn the dead man whose power of will had been so weak, whose temptation had been so strong! Who was he, to gauge and measure another man's sins, and to preach the doctrine of resistance, when—"What was he thinking of?" Mrs. Calverley's words repeated for the third time recalled him from his reverie.

"What was I thinking of? Why of course of the proposition you have just made to me, mother," he said aloud.

"It is one which scarcely seems to me to need much reflection," said Mrs. Calverley, coldly. "In making it I have, as usual, not considered myself, but left the advantages wholly to you."

"Of course, mother, I fully appreciate your kindness," said Martin; "and the mere fact of living with you, and being able to relieve the solitude under which you suffer, would, of course, have much weight with me. By the way, you were alluding just now to Madame Du Tertre's absence. I have never hitherto had an opportunity of asking you how she first became an inmate of this house."

"Not through any invitation of mine," said Mrs. Calverley, "though I am bound to say that as soon as she came here she saw the melancholy life I led, and endeavoured to alleviate it to the best of her power. One of the few things I have to thank Mr. Calverley for is his introduction of Madame Du Tertre."

"Oh," said Martin, looking very much astonished, "it was through Mr. Calverley that you made her acquaintance?"

"Certainly," said his mother. "I went down to Mincing-lane one day, and found Madame Du Tertre closeted with Mr. Calverley in his private room. I thought they would be confused at my entrance, but Mr. Calverley, quite at his ease, presented his companion to me as a French lady, a widow with a small fortune, which she had brought to him to invest. He stated, at the same time, that she was a stranger in London, and without friends, and suggested that, as he was compelled to be much away—compelled, indeed," repeated Mrs. Calverley, with a sniff of defiance, "it might break the solitude of my life if this French lady, a cheerful person, playing the piano, and that sort of thing, came to live with me as my companion."

"Oh, that was what Mr. Calverley proposed," said Martin, reflectively. "And you agreed to it?"

"I agreed to it as a temporary measure," said Mrs. Calverley, "but it seemed to work well, and has continued ever since."

"You had never seen Madame Du Tertre before? never heard Mr. Calverley mention her name?"

"Certainly not; neither the one nor the other. What on earth makes you ask these questions, Martin?"

But Martin had fallen back again into his chair. His eyes were once more riveted on the fire, and his ears were deaf to his mother's voice. What a curious woman his mother was! How weak; even in the grim obstinacy on which she prided herself; how liable to be deceived, in spite of all the suspicion which she exhibited! This Madame Du Tertre, then, had been introduced into the house by Mr. Calverley, and his mother had accepted her as her companion on the very slight evidence of the story which Mr. Calverley had told her, and which might have been concocted between him and the Frenchwoman a few minutes before her arrival.

What had Madame Du Tertre in view in seeking for an introduction into this house? What could be her motive for allying herself with such a woman as Mrs.

Calverley? Whatever motive it might have been, it must be still in existence, for had she not made it a condition of assisting him with Alice that he would not interfere with her plans as regarded his mother? What could those plans be? Madame Du Tertre was not a mere wretched creature sponging upon any one who would befriend her, and earning with fulsome adulation her nightly shelter and her daily bread. She had money of her own, as he understood; not much, indeed, but sufficient to provide her with the necessaries of life, and she was the last woman in the world to give up her freedom, and to go in for mere vulgar mercenary scheming for a material home with such a person as Mrs. Calverley, to endure the position of companion in the grim house in Great Walpole-street. She must have something large at stake, must be actuated by some ulterior motive of vast importance. What can that motive be? Who is she? Where did she come from? When and how commenced her acquaintance with Mr. Calverley?

"What on earth makes you ask these questions, Martin?"

The harsh grating voice recalled him to himself, but even then he was at first a little dazed.

"These questions? What questions? Oh, I recollect; about Madame Du Tertre. Merely curiosity, mother; I could not possibly have any other motive."

"Well, now that I have satisfied your curiosity, and told you all I know—which was little enough, for Mr. Calverley was reticent towards me in that as in all other matters of his life—now that I have done my best to give you this information, perhaps you will be good enough to return to the subject which I started, and tell me what you think about my proposition."

"You won't expect me to give you a definite answer at once, mother? Such a step as leaving one's parish, with all its old friends and associations, and wholly changing the sphere of one's duties, requires much consideration."

"I should think when the advantages which are offered to you are properly weighed, you would not be very long in making up your mind. There are few young men circumstanced as you are—and you must be good enough to remember that you have nothing but your living to depend upon—who have such a chance offered to them. I have often noticed with great pain that you are devoid of any ambition in your profession, and are quite content to live among farmers and people

of that kind. But that is not the sort of life I choose for my son. It is my wish that you should come up to town, as I have said before; that you should live here, and take up a proper position in society; that you should marry, and——"

"Yes, mother," said Martin, with a faint smile, putting up his hand in protest, "but surely, as I said before, these are matters which require a little consideration. By the way, supposing this plan of yours were carried out, what do you propose to do with Madame Du Tertre?"

"Madame Du Tertre again," cried Mrs. Calverley. "Bless my soul, Martin, how you do harp upon that woman; one would really think that you had fallen in love with her yourself. A nice daughter-in-law she'd make; only if you're going to marry her I would rather you would keep in the country, if you please. She would quite shine at Lullington."

Mrs. Calverley gave vent to a low sardonic chuckle, the nearest approach she ever made to a laugh; but Martin Gurwood looked very grave.

"I do not understand the point of the joke," he said: "it is, perhaps, because I have been for some years accustomed only to the society of Lullington; but I confess I do not see anything particularly odd in my inquiring what was to become of one who is now a prominent member in your household, after you had carried out the change which you propose to make in it."

Mrs. Calverley was always a little afraid of her son, and there was something in the tone of his voice as he made this remark which constrained her to be civil.

"I did not mean anything unpleasant," she said, with less than her usual rigidity of manner; "I only thought it odd that you could be in any doubt about the matter. Madame Du Tertre is here as my hired companion—when I say is here, I should say ought to be, for I hold her absence just now to be quite unjustifiable, and when it suits my convenience, and I have quite done with her, I shall pay and dismiss her, as such persons are usually paid and dismissed."

"You will?"

"Most certainly! You cannot imagine for an instant that I had any idea of attaching Madame Du Tertre to the new manner of life which I propose for myself and for you?"

Martin's thoughts were beginning to wander again. "No, no, of course not," he said, half vacantly.

"Of course not," repeated Mrs. Cal-

verley. "I consented to receive Madame Du Tertre as my companion, because I was shamefully deserted by Mr. Calverley, and left to pass all my time in moping solitude. I made a home and a comfortable home for him, and though, as I have said before, he could not appreciate the finer feelings of my nature, I would have been content to put them on one side. Now, I look forward to a very different state of things. You will be my companion, I shall have you instead of Mr. Calverley to deal with, and you will be able to understand my ways of life, and I shall be able to help you in your career. Under these circumstances Madame Du Tertre would merely be a clog upon both of us. I am by no means sure, Martin," said Mrs. Calverley, growing very stiff and speaking with great fervour, "I am by no means sure that it is a right thing to have a Frenchwoman in the house, even though she is a Huguenot; I have experienced it already on several occasions, when I have found the greatest difficulty in convincing the neighbours that she belonged to the Reformed Church. And with you as a clergyman permanently resident in the house, a suspicion of that kind would be extremely unpleasant. Moreover, there are many other reasons which I think would render Madame Du Tertre's further sojourn here particularly undesirable, and as she is merely one of the household, it will be of course easy enough for me to rid myself of her when I wish. You seem very sleepy, Martin," said his mother, perceiving that he had relapsed into his former absent condition, "and I think you had better go to bed now that I have given you an outline of my plan, and it is for you to think it over, and see how it will suit you. If you agree to it, as I have no reason to doubt you will, I shall give Madame Du Tertre notice to leave directly after her return."

Then Martin rose from his seat, touched with his lips his mother's ear, which she turned round to him for the purpose, and retired to his own room.

Once there he put on his dressing-gown and slippers, flung himself into an arm-chair, and resumed at his ease the chain of thought which had been so frequently interrupted. But now it contained a new element, which had been imported into it by his mother's last words. Immediately Madame Du Tertre returned to the house she would receive notice that her services would be speedily dispensed with. What would be the Frenchwoman's feelings at such an intimation? She had given no

sign of any intention to leave her present quarters in Great Walpole-street; but, on the contrary, seemed to consider herself completely settled there for some time to come, and was unquestionably desirous of retaining her power over Mrs. Calverley. That, Martin recollected, she had not scrupled to acknowledge to him. On the other hand, inexperienced as Martin was in matters of the world, he had sufficient tact to perceive that his mother, for her own purposes, had always been particularly civil to Madame Du Tertre, and both by her speeches and her actions had led the Frenchwoman to believe that her presence in Great Walpole-street was indispensable to the well-being of the household. When, then, Madame Du Tertre on her return from Hendon is informed by Mrs. Calverley that different arrangements are about to be made under which her companionship will be no longer required, when she receives that, which, no matter how much politeness is imported into the manner of giving it, is in fact her dismissal, will she not with that shrewdness and suspicion which are so eminently characteristic of her, at once define that this is not the act of Mrs. Calverley, who has always hitherto been so partial to her, but that this conduct on his mother's part is due to his influence? And provided that she attaches importance to the retention of her position in the Great Walpole-street household, as Martin undoubtedly believes she does, will she not instantly seek to revenge herself for what she imagines to be his interference, and has she not a subject for her vengeance immediately to her hand in poor helpless Alice?

Who was this woman? What were the motives prompting her to the game she was playing? And what would be its result?

The future seemed all dark and vague. The mist hung over it as it did over the sleeping city, a shivering glance at which Martin took from his bedroom window, and saw the first streaks of the wintry dawn struggling fitfully through the black clouds ere he retired to rest.

#### WAGERS.

WHOEVER called wagers fools' arguments was not over complimentary to his countrymen, since Englishmen have always been given to show confidence in their judgment by backing their opinion with a bet. At the beginning of the last century, the Spectator complained that rich fledglings of the Bar

took advantage of poorer frequenters of the coffee-houses, and wagered themselves into repute as historians, geographers, statesmen, and mathematicians, by capping their assertions with the offer of a bet, which their more learned opponents were compelled to decline from lack of means, and so the long purses came off victorious. A little later on, men of quality were accused of making such a business of betting, that the only genteel way of expressing dissent was to risk a thousand pounds, or take the chance of being run through the body. Heavy sums depended upon the most trivial questions, and anything at all dubious was made the subject of a wager. It was held the correct thing to speculate upon the likelihood of one bride attaining the dignity of motherhood before another, or to lay for or against any rumoured match coming off. Thus the birth of a child brought pleasure and profit to folks not in any way connected with the family to which the little new-comer belonged; and the breaking off of a match affected the fortunes of many besides the parties immediately concerned in the matter. Writing to inform a friend of the marriage of Lord Digby and Miss Fielding, Gilly Williams says thousands might have been won at White's upon his lordship not knowing such a woman existed.

So common was it to crown a dispute with a bet, that when, in the course of a debate, Mr. Pulteney charged Sir Robert Walpole with misquoting Horace, the prime minister replied by offering to bet a guinea that he had not done so, and the wager was accepted. The clerk of the House was called upon to decide the question, and declared Pulteney right, upon which Sir Robert threw the guinea across the House, to be picked up by his opponent, with the remark that it was the first public money he had touched for a long time. The name of the great Whig leader, Charles James Fox, figured pretty often in the wager-book at Brooks's. In 1744, we find him wagering with Lord Northampton that he will be called to the Bar within four years' time. In 1755, he received one guinea from Lord Bolingbroke, upon condition of paying him a thousand pounds when the debts of the country amounted to a hundred and seventy-one millions; an event Fox lived to see come to pass. In 1774, Lord Clermont staked ten guineas with Mr. Crawford, in hopes of Fox one day being worth a hundred thousand pounds, clear of all debts; upon that far-off contingency happening, five hundred pounds

were to be paid in return for the ten guineas. In 1792, Sheridan registered a couple of bets of twenty guineas a side, whereby he asserted his conviction that Parliament would not permit another state lottery after that to be drawn in February, 1793. He made a mistake, and lost his money.

White's was, however, the great temple of wagering, and some of the wagers laid at White's were certainly scandalous. Walpole writes, "One of the youths at White's has committed a murder, and intends to repeat it. He betted fifteen hundred guineas that a man could live twelve hours under water; hired a desperate fellow, sunk him in a ship by way of experiment, and both ship and man have not appeared since. Another man and ship are to be tried for their lives, instead of Mr. Blake, the assassin." Lord Stair caused some talk in Paris, when Louis the Fourteenth was taken ill, by betting that his majesty would not live beyond a certain date. Voltaire said the ambassador only followed a custom of his countrymen, an assertion that might have been vindicated by a reference to the wager-book at White's; for there it was usual to pit one man against another, or in other words, back one man to live longer than another, so that there was scarcely any well-known individual upon whose life thousands of pounds did not depend. Says a denouncer of this fashionable vice of the period: "The various changes in the health of one who is the subject of many bets, occasion many serious reflections to those who have ventured large sums on his life and death. Those who would be gainers by his decease, upon every slight indisposition, watch all the stages of his illness, and are as impatient for his death as the undertaker who expects to have the care of his funeral; while the other side are very solicitous about his recovery, send every hour to know how he does, and take as much care of him as a clergyman's wife does of her husband, who has no other fortune than his living. I remember a man with the constitution of a porter, upon whose life very great odds were laid; but when the person he was pitted against was expected to die every week, this man shot himself through the head, and the knowing ones were taken in." The same writer says the practice of pitting was invented by a nobleman, who was also the first to reduce betting to an art, and teach the world how to hedge a bet. So clever was he in this way that he

so contrived to bet upon his own life that live or die the odds were in his favour.

Lord Mountford and Sir John Bland staked twenty guineas a side upon the lives of two noted men, the former backing Beau Nash to outlive Colley Cibber. The comedian died in 1757, at the age of eighty-six, the beau in 1761, at the age of eighty-seven, but before the first event came about both the wagers had committed suicide. Lord March betted Mr. Pigot five hundred pounds that Sir William Codrington would survive his (Mr. Pigot's) father. Old Mr. Pigot died suddenly the morning before the laying of the wager. Lord March nevertheless claimed the money. His opponent refused to pay, holding that the bet was void. The parties joined issue in the Court of King's Bench, the case being tried before Lord Mansfield, who ruled in the plaintiff's favour, and Mr. Pigot had to pay the full amount claimed, and costs besides. Another curious wager, hanging upon the duration of a man's life, found a settlement in a court of law. At a dinner-party at the house of Sir Mark Sykes, the conversation turned upon the dangers to which Bonaparte was exposed, and the host, in a foolish moment, offered to take a hundred guineas from any one of the company, and pay back a guinea a day as long as Bonaparte lived. The Reverend B. Gilbert accepted the offer, and paid down his hundred guineas. For three years he received his guinea a day regularly enough, then the baronet grew tired of his bad bargain, and refused to continue his payments. The clergyman brought an action to compel Sir Mark to fulfil the agreement, which came on at the York assizes in 1812. The counsel for the defence contended that the transaction was illegal, since it gave the plaintiff a beneficial interest in Bonaparte's life, which might induce him, in case of an invasion, to do his utmost to preserve the life of an enemy of his country, and obtained a verdict in favour of Sir Mark Sykes. Nothing daunted, Mr. Gilbert appealed to the Court of King's Bench for a new trial. Lord Ellenborough, seeing nothing immoral or impolitic in the agreement, granted a rule to show cause, but after hearing the arguments on either side, the judges decided against re-opening the case, on the ground that as the wager created an undue interest in the preservation of the life of a public enemy, and on the other hand held out an inducement to plot his assassination, it tended to produce public mischief, and was

therefore illegal. A more notable wager case still was that fought out in the same court, before Lord Mansfield, in 1777. The plaintiff, Mr. Hayes, had given the defendant, a broker, one hundred guineas for a policy, insuring the payment of seven times the amount whenever he could prove that the mysterious Chevalier d'Eon was a woman. The evidence regarding the chevalier's sex was not disputed, the defendant relying upon two pleas, that the insurance was a gambling, indecent, unnecessary proceeding, and that the plaintiff had advantage over him. In dismissing the latter plea from consideration, Lord Mansfield said he remembered two gentlemen disputing as to the size of the Venns de' Medici until they came to bet upon it, and one said, "I will not deceive you. I tell you fairly, I have measured the statue myself;" to which the other returned, "Well, and did you think I would be such a fool as to lay if I had not measured it? I will lay you for all that." While expressing his regret at not being able to make both parties to such a wager suffer loss, the Lord Chief Justice ruled that the agreement was not an illegal one, and was to be carried out, and the jury found accordingly. No less than seventy-five thousand pounds is said to have depended upon the result, many policies of the same nature having been issued on the Stock Exchange. The brokers eventually got the best of it on appeal, by pleading that no insurance was valid when the person insuring could not prove an antecedent interest in the person or thing insured—so that they had been playing the game vulgarly known as "heads I win, tails you lose." After all, however, there was not much wrong done, for when the chevalier died it was proved beyond all dispute that the witnesses in the cause had perjured themselves.

Wagers like the above, depending upon circumstances utterly beyond the control of the wagerers, are pure and simple gambling matters. Wagers depending upon the ingenuity, skill, or endurance of one of the bettors come in a different category, and there is some merit in winning them. When the Earl of March undertook for a wager of a thousand guineas to provide a four-wheeled carriage, drawn by four horses, and driven by a man, to travel nineteen miles within an hour, he did not hesitate at spending seven hundred pounds in the preliminary experiments, and was rewarded for his perseverance by an easy

triumph. The earl's carriage was a sort of skeleton one, resembling in appearance a gun-carriage, but constructed in the lightest possible manner. The slender pole was lapped with fine wire; the driver's seat was of leather straps covered with velvet; the breechings were of whalebone, the bars of thin wood strengthened with steel springs; the harness was of thin leather covered with silk, and the brass boxes of the wheels had oil-tins attached to them to drop oil slowly for one hour exactly. The whole affair could be easily carried by a man. The driver was only a driver in name, for each horse carried a jockey, and between them they managed to do the nineteen miles in fifty-three minutes and twenty-seven seconds. Cowper Thornhill well earned his five hundred guineas, when, on the 29th of April, 1745, he rode between Stilton and Shoreditch Church thrice, covering thereby two hundred and thirteen miles in twelve hours and seventeen minutes. In 1791, a Mr. Wilde rode a hundred and twenty-seven miles in nine hours and twenty-one minutes, with the aid of ten horses. Neither of these feats of horsemanship, however, surpassed Barnard Calvert's achievement in 1619, when, setting out from St. George's Church, Southwark, at three in the morning, he rode to Dover, left his horse there, and crossed over to Calais in a small vessel; then returning the same way, he took horse again at Dover, and reached St. George's before eight in the evening, the entire journey being accomplished in seventeen hours and ten minutes. Wagerers relying upon their own legs have done things equally remarkable. In 1773, a lawyer's clerk, named Powell, walked from London to York, rested one night there, and walked back again all in the space of six days. In 1750, a man over forty years old ran from Shoreditch to the eight-mile stone beyond Edmonton in fifty minutes. In 1768, a shepherd ran fifteen miles on Moulsey Hurst in one hour and twenty-eight minutes, and a militia-man walked from London to Bristol in nineteen hours and thirty-four minutes. In 1809 the bells of Newmarket rang in celebration of Captain Barclay completing his task of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. At the beginning of the present century, men like Squire Osbaldeston and Captain Ross were ready to go anywhere, and do anything at a moment's notice. Let the captain himself, still, as Wimbledon knows, to the fore, be called as a witness. "A large party were assembled at



Black Hall, in Kincardineshire, time, the end of July or beginning of August. We had all been shooting snipes and flapper-ducks in a large morass on the estate called Lumphannon. We had been wading amongst bulrushes up to our middles for seven or eight hours, and had had a capital dinner. After the ladies had gone to the drawing-room, I fell asleep; and about nine o'clock was awakened by the late Sir Andrew Keith Hay, who said: 'Ross, old fellow! I want you to jump up and go as my umpire with Lord Kennedy, to Inverness. I have made a bet of twenty-five hundred pounds a side that I get there on foot before him!' Nothing came amiss to the men of that day. My answer was, 'All right, I'm ready; and off we started, there and then, in morning costume, with thin shoes and silk stockings on our feet. We went straight across the mountains, and it was a longish walk. I called to my servant to follow with my walking-shoes and worsted stockings, and Lord Kennedy did the same. They overtook us after we had gone seven or eight miles. Fancy my disgust! My idiot brought me, certainly, worsted stockings, but instead of shoes, a pair of tight Wellington boots! The sole of one boot vanished twenty-five miles from Inverness, and I had now to finish the walk barefooted. We walked all night, next day, and the next night—raining torrents all the way. We crossed the Grampians, making a perfectly straight line, and got to Inverness at one P.M. We never saw or heard of Sir A. L. Hay (he went by the coach-road, via Huntly and Elgin, thirty-six miles further than we, but a good road), who appeared at ten A.M., much cast down at finding he had been beaten." In this extraordinary walking-match, Lord Kennedy and Captain Ross walked between ninety and ninety-eight miles, and Sir Andrew between a hundred and twenty-six and a hundred and thirty-two, not bad work in bad weather, after a tiring day's shooting, and a hearty dinner!

Sportsmen of the last generation cared little for consequences so long as they won their wagers. Lord Kennedy backed Captain Douglas to beat Captain Ross across four miles of country. The night before the race it was mutually agreed that crossing, jostling, or riding down were to be allowed. The first jump was a five-barred gate; when some forty yards from it, Ross saw his opponent's horse intended to refuse, and, holding his own well in hand, prepared to seize the opportunity. As

Radical turned, Ross struck the spurs into Clinker, sending Douglas's horse heels over head, and knocking Douglas himself over the gate. The latter soon recovered himself and remounted, but by that time Ross was so far ahead that the race was virtually over. "I suppose," says the victor, "in these shopkeeping days, killing a man in that way would be brought in wilful murder; not so in 1826; the verdict would have been justifiable homicide." Desperate as the act was, Captain Ross was only acting according to the conditions of the match; but no such plea could be raised on behalf of the perpetrators of murder at Chicago in 1866. Two horses named Butler and Corney were matched at trotting, the former being driven by one M'Keene. Darkness set in before the horses started for the decisive heat, which there was every probability of Butler winning. They had not gone far on their journey when a crash was heard, and Butler now rushed by the judge driverless; by-and-bye came Corney, whose jockey quietly observed as he pulled up at the winning post, "You'll find M'Keene on the track below." He was found there with his skull smashed in. A board had been wrenched from the track fence, and firmly planted near the course in such a way that as Butler came up at his best pace, his driver's head was dashed against the end of the plank, and the match won and a life lost. Wagers have sometimes proved fatal to the unconscious subjects of them. About sixty years ago a French nobleman wagered twenty thousand francs that he would ride a horse, so vicious, that for several months it had been fed by pushing its provender through a hole in an adjoining stall. The count's wife, hearing of her husband's mad bet, went one morning into the horse's stable, placed a pistol at its head, fired, and the animal fell dead at her feet, as she exclaimed, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" Sir Thomas Hoste, of Aston, was concerned in a more tragical affair. Riding home from the hunting-field with some friends, the baronet extolled his cook's punctuality in such extravagant fashion, that he was badgered into risking a considerable sum upon it. Unluckily, for the first time, the cook was behind time with the dinner. Enraged at the jeers of his visitors, the irate Sir Thomas made for the kitchen, took up a cleaver lying too readily, and with one blow killed his unhappy servant.

Few fortunes would be lost on the turf, if all racing-men were as cautious in speculating as the owner of the famous Beeswing, who was heard taking counsel with his jockey just before a race. "I've taken fifteen guineas to two about the mare, Robert; shall I hedge?" To which the more reckless Bob replied, "In course, nout o' the sort, stan' it out—be a man or a mouse." Had Mr. Ord been a jockey himself, he would never have had the courage to back himself to win Derby and Oaks, and get married in the same week, as Robinson did to his great profit. Let who will believe the proverb, second thoughts are not always best, though Forth the jockey-trainer found them so upon one occasion. Crockford had laid him long odds against his winning the Derby upon Exquisite. Soon after making the bet, the trainer took a strong fancy to another horse under his care, and asked Crockford if he had any objection to his substituting Frederick in place of his first-named champion. "None in the least," said the bookmaker. "You may ride both if you like, for neither has the ghost of a chance." Forth proved the better judge; he did win the Derby upon Frederick, and the rejected Exquisite obtained second honours. The brothers Dawson once had an odd bet about a race. In training Mentor, Mr. Thomas Dawson made himself very obnoxious to the horse, who rightly held the trainer responsible for the manner in which he was worked at exercise. It became necessary to give Mentor a rest, and to that end he was sent to Mr. Matthew Dawson's place, where he was allowed to take his ease, and became on the best of terms with his new acquaintance. The latter mentioning the fact to his brother, Mr. Thomas bet him a new hat that he would not dare to approach the horse if the animal heard his voice. A party was soon made up to visit Mentor and see the wager decided. Mentor received Matthew with his usual condescension; suddenly came a loud whisper from behind of "Poor old Mentor"—and in a couple of seconds there was not a biped in the stable. Another wager decided by a horse, was one springing out of a dispute between two hay-growers as to the quality of each other's hay. They could not agree in selecting a referee, until one suggested that each of them should lay a sample of his hay before a horse belonging to an officer of high rank; this was done, and after trying both, the animal showed a decided preference for the sample provided

by the man who suggested the sensible test.

In September, 1788, says the Annual Register, "A young Irish gentleman, for a very considerable wager, set out on Monday the 22nd instant, to walk to Constantinople and back again in one year;" and in June of the following year, Mr. Whalley arrived about this time in Dublin from his journey to the Holy Land, considerably within the limited time of twelve months. The wager laid on the performance of that expedition was twenty thousand pounds. Buck Whalley was a Dublin macaroni, whose appearance in a swallow-tailed blue coat, gay waistcoat, buckskin breeches, and top-boots, created no little astonishment at Jerusalem. He was taken for a madman; and thanks to that belief and a stout shillelagh, went on his way unmolested, and was enabled to return home to claim his winnings, and be henceforth dubbed Jerusalem Whalley. Men have done odd things enough for the sake of a few pounds. Pepys records that Lords Arran and Castlehaven ran down and killed a stout buck in St. James's Park. In 1766 a man crossed the Thames from Somerset-stairs in a butcher's tray. In 1826, Mr. Henry Hunt drove his father's blacking van, four-in-hand, over the frost-bound Serpentine. A merchant once paved a hundred square yards with common stones in less than nine hours. A Berkshire gentleman felled a hundred and seventy-one trees of one sort and another in six hours and twenty-five minutes. A naval officer rode a blind horse round Sheerness race-course without handling the reins, steering his steed safely by fastening the reins to his feet. Mr. Poole, of Hodshrove, rode an old mare down the steepest part of the Devil's Dyke, near Brighton, a descent of three hundred yards, almost sheer in some places, without deviating more than three yards to the right or left of his starting-point. General Charretie, after one perusal of the Morning Post, repeated the entire contents of the paper from the date to the publisher's name, without a single blunder or omission. One man ran a mile, walked a mile, wheeled a barrow a mile, trundled a hoop a mile, and hopped upon one leg for the same distance, in fifty-eight minutes. Another ran two coach-wheels together for a mile, ran a six-inch cart-wheel a mile, ran backwards half a mile, rode two miles, and jumped over twenty five-barred gates without touching, in thirty-six and a half minutes. A medical student ran four times round the railings of St. Clement's Danes

while the church clock struck twelve, and chimed the *Lass o' Gowrie*, the distance being altogether six hundred and eighty yards, and the striking and chiming occupying exactly three minutes, leaving the runner twenty seconds to the good. During the siege of the Crimean stronghold, three men of the Ninety-third regiment bet they would get a rose from Sebastopol, and won their wager, after a smart bout with a party of Russian sharp-shooters. Some years ago a London waterman wagered that he and his dog would jump from the centre arch of Westminster Bridge, and land at Lambeth together. He leaped from the bridge, and the dog followed suit, but taking it into his head that his master was in danger of drowning, the faithful fellow dragged him willy-nilly to shore, and by his well-intentioned blunder lost the waterman his wager. When the false news came to England that Sebastopol had fallen, three days after the battle of the Alma, a party of Sussex men drank to the health of the victors at a certain inn, but one incredulous man would not believe the glad tidings, and offered to give the landlord a sovereign upon condition of receiving a shilling a day as long as the Russians held their own. The offer was accepted, and for many a Saturday night did "the Russian" look for his seven shillings, the unlucky believer in the prowess of the allies eventually paying some eighteen pounds for his single sovereign. Another lost wager was that of the impudent rascal who had such faith in the good lasses of Worcester, that he bet he would kiss fifty girls in going down the High-street of the faithful city. Unfortunately for his speculation, he caught a Tartar the very first attempt, and got three weeks' hard labour for his pains.

An odd match came off at York in 1806, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead, the question being which of the two could assume the most original character. Whitehead got himself up half man and half woman, one side of him representing a fashionable lady, the other a negro, booted and spurred. Hodgson, who was adjudged the winner, appeared as a veritable man of money; his coat and his waistcoat were covered with bank-notes, his hat-band was of the same valuable material, while a paper affixed to his back told those whom it concerned that he was John Bull. Not reckoning a purse filled with gold worn on his hat, Hodgson's trimmings were worth three hundred and seventy-five guineas. "We are extremely

sorry," says the recorder of the contest, "that the whole of the money cannot be converted, as it certainly ought, to the use of his lawful creditors!" Brunel once got the best of Stephenson over a wager. They were travelling together in a railway carriage, Stephenson wrapped in a dark plaid, on the exact disposition of the folds of which he rather plumed himself. "You are looking at my plaid," said he to Brunel. "I'll bet you ten pounds you cannot put it on properly the first time." "I'll bet ten pounds against the plaid," said Brunel. "If I put it on right when we get out at the next station, the plaid is mine; if I miss, I pay you ten pounds." "Done," said Stephenson. Brunel sat silent until the train stopped, then stepping on the platform, he asked for the plaid, which was slowly unwound by its owner, and handed over; not to be handed back again, for Brunel wound it round his own shoulders as if he had always worn it. He had never tried it before, but when challenged, did not like to be beaten, and at once set to work to study the folds of the plaid. "I got the thing pretty clear in my head before we reached the station, and when I saw him get out of it, I knew I was right, so I put it on at once." Brougham contrived to make a holiday pay for itself by the exercise of a little shrewdness. It was in his college days, that, by way of seeing a little life, he went one autumn to Dumfries, in order to make one at the Caledonian Hunt meeting. According to the then custom, everybody dined at a table d'hôte, and after dinner betting set in. Brougham offered to bet the whole company that none of them would write down the manner in which he meant to go to the races next day. Those who accepted his challenge wrote down their conjectures, and Brougham wrote down his intention of travelling in a sedan-chair, a mode of conveyance no one had hit upon. To the races he went, an immense crowd seeing him safely chaired to the course. The bet was then renewed as to the manner of his return to Dumfries, the acceptors taxing their wits to imagine the most improbable methods of travelling. Brougham had calculated upon this, and won the double event by returning in a post-chaise and pair. Equally shrewd was the gentleman who, in backing a flock of geese to beat a drove of turkeys in a race on a turnpike-road, stipulated for choice of place and time. He fixed upon an hour before sundown. At the start, the turkeys went ahead as if they were going to win in a

walk, but as the sun set they broke from their ranks, rushed through the hedges in search of roosting-places, and spite of all their drover could do, robst they did; while the geese, travelling along sedately, reached the end of the course before their rivals had finished taking their nap. A good story is told of a couple of wagers in which Daniel Webster, Tazewell, and General Jackson's secretary for the navy were concerned, and of which the last named was the victim. The three were walking together on the north bank of the Potomac, and while Webster lingered a little in the rear, Tazewell offered to bet Branch a ten-dollar hat that he could prove him to be on the other side of the river. "Done," said Branch. "Well," said Tazewell, pointing to the opposite shore, "Isn't that one side of the river?" "Yes." "Well, isn't this the other side?" "Yes." "Then, as you are here, are you not on the other side?" "Why, I declare," said the victim, "so it is! but here comes Webster, I'll win back my bet from him." As Daniel came up, Branch saluted him with, "Webster, I'll bet you a ten-dollar hat that I can prove that you are on the other side of the river." "Done." "Well, isn't this one side?" "Yes." "Well, isn't that the other side?" "Yes, but I am not on that side." Branch had to pay for two hats, and learned it is possible to bet both ways and win upon neither. Losing a bet may be a very profitable transaction too. When a wall-chalker offered to chalk Warren's Blacking on every wall round London for fifty pounds, the blacking-maker exclaimed, "I'll bet you two hundred pounds to one that it cannot be done in a month." Warren lost the bet, but got the best and cheapest advertisement he ever had.

Our American cousins are by no means chary in the matter of betting. Let one instance suffice. Two painters at work on a lake steamer under repair appropriated some of the white lead provided for their use, by tying in their overalls at the ankles, and filling the space between trousers and overalls with white-lead. To reach the shore from the vessel they had to cross a plank. In doing this, one stumbled and fell into the lake, sinking like a mill-stone. His friend stood on shore bewailing his fate, and crying out, "Oh dear! oh dear! what will become of his poor wife and children?" "What are you blubbering about," said a bystander, "don't you see they are getting ready to haul him out? He's got to rise three times you know!"

"Got to rise three times!" exclaimed the painter, pulling out his purse, "I'll bet he don't come up once!"

#### LOOKING FORWARD.

With hopeful eyes turned future-wards we stand,  
Doing our work, not blessed, but content;  
And though but rarely loving, hand meets hand,  
From heart to heart love's messages are sent.  
Our present life is twilight, calm and still,  
Wherein we watch and wait the morrow's light,  
And finish daytime tasks with right goodwill,  
For this shall make our harvest sunshine bright.  
Oh, blessed reaping-time of love long sown;  
Oh, golden harvest to be gathered in;  
Oh, happy day when love shall claim his own,  
Oh, perfect rest our fearless wills shall win.  
Oh, blessed future, dimly seen but dear,  
And blessed time that daily brings thee near.

We have no time for foolish sighs and tears!  
No room in all our lives for vain regret;  
No need to mourn the spring-time of our years,  
No past to haunt, no sorrow to forget.  
For our great love has drawn a curtain dense  
Across the years that seem so far away,  
And all our past is hidden, we commence  
A truer, better living from to-day.  
Not yet the currents of our lives may meet,  
And mingling, broaden to a stream of joy,  
But peace is ours; and love serene and sweet,  
Shall conquer care, and soothe the world's annoy.  
So on this vantage-ground of patient love,  
We take firm footing. What shall us remove?

#### A SURREY SELBORNE.

I AM a great-nephew, on my mother's side, of that well-known and delightful writer on natural history, the Reverend Mr. White, of Selborne. In the daytime, a colonial broker, in a chimney-pot hat, in Mincing-lane, in the evening, in a wide-awake hat, I ruralise down at my pleasant little cottage, at Oakhurst, near Dorking, and there, in a very humble cockney way, I have noted down now and then an observation or two on birds, beasts, and fishes, and other unconvertible fellow-creatures with whom, after the manner of my revered great-uncle, I have become, from time to time, more or less acquainted.

My little gable-ended cottage stands on a small platform of turf, looking down on one of the prettiest regions of Surrey. In that part of the county where the chalk hills suddenly melt into sand, and flow into long, richly-wooded valleys, the roofs of Oakhurst camped themselves as long ago as the time of the Saxons. Before me, about a mile off, the scarped slopes of Box Hill, as I write, brighten in the sunshine, while across the sunshine light shadows come and go delightfully. In the middle distance runs a green wave of elm-trees, partially hiding the town, from which the steeple rises like the lance of a picket per-

manently on guard. To the left the hills spread along towards Guildford and the Hog's Back, and in the veering sun and shade the light lands gleam, and the hanging woods darken in changing tones, which seem to vary, not only from hour to hour, but from moment to moment. On the nearest height above the town a huge square house, large as Aladdin's palace, rises among its tributary woods, sharp and clear in the sun of a July morning, but in autumn looking so dim and visionary, that I always look the first thing in the morning to see if it has flown away in the night. Down in the valley to the west, beyond those rich, chocolate-coloured fields, where the brass ornaments on the plough-horses glitter like gold, and beyond the ranges of tall, rolling, green corn and the park, is an old six-gabled, Jacobean house, full of old carved furniture and faded state; and a mile further spread the beech-woods of Wooton, where good Mr. Evelyn, of the Diary, once lived, and planted, and meditated. Through the centre of this valley runs the high road to Guildford (that white line to the right is the road), and level with it, part of the way, sweeps the railway. You see that puff of white cloud still lingering half-way up the hill? That is a contemptuous breath cast off by the express train that just dashed past, and is already five miles nearer Reading. Trains won't stop for you to study them; you must catch them flying. I may be a cockney in my admiration of simple natural beauties, which your countryman is too grand (I should say blasé) to observe; but this I will say, that at sunset, when all the valley is brimming with golden vapour, it is a sight to see that old gable-ended house floating like an ark on an enchanted sea.

My cottage is a mass of honeysuckle now, and dusty pedestrians stop to admire the countless rosy fingers that extend their welcome to the eager bees. My little platform of turf, where I always feel like the manager of a country show, or a candidate on a hustings, rises above a sunken road, and beyond is a fine park. As I look over the road, and on to this park, I naturally consider it mine. I get it rent free, I pay no keepers, and I have all the enjoyment of it, the pride, in fact, without the pains and perils of proprietorship. The park is, in fact, my park, and henceforth let it be so entitled.

Now, having thoroughly impressed the semi-rural character of Oakhurst upon my

reader's mind, let me descend, nay (pardon me, spirit of my venerable great uncle) rise to my small change in natural history and the daily life of my subordinate fellow-creatures. And first the squirrels. In this hot July weather, when the garden is brimming with black-red clove-pinks, and parti-coloured snap-dragons (whose mute mouths are made for show and not for use), and big standard roses that lift themselves to our noses (I did not mean this for rhyme), and glowing geraniums, that seem to have caught fire in the sun, and bushy calceolarias, and golden-orange ascolchias, sprung from the gold-beds of Mexico, and great clumps of Canterbury bells, the squirrels (gradually being chased away by builders and masons) do not honour the long row of oak, fir, ash, and acacia trees that fringes the road on the side of my park. But in autumn they visit us, and you see them, if alarmed, flying (it is as good as flying) from tree to tree in a manner that would make an acrobat die of envy. Of all wild creatures in England surely the squirrel is the most graceful; and the most delightfully capricious in its quick and fantastic gambols. One spring morning early I went out on my turf platform, and looking up saw on the long dry horizontal bough of an acacia on the borders of my park two squirrels in animated but somewhat controversial conversation. Hiding behind a tall dark *lignum-vitæ* bush, I watched the result. Presently the words grew higher. They began to make a sort of angry chattering noise, and no member who had voted contrary to the wish of his constituents ever had to struggle harder for his seat than my outside friend. Driven at last to the end of the branch by the older squirrel, a cross-looking senior with a light-coloured, almost grey, tail, over at last—after some clawing and reluctance—over he went. He came down with his tail spread out like a parachute (this gave me a new sense of the use of squirrels' bushy tails), and his paws extended. Out I dashed, keen as a moss-trooper to make him my prize; but, no, it was not by any means so easy to secure that mercurial creature. He was not half so stone dead as I thought he would be after his tremendous fall, but, on the contrary, darted into a hedge and up an ash-tree, as if such casualties were to him matters of daily occurrence. Catch him? Catch a swallow on the wing. In a moment he was off for the wood, literally flying from bough to bough. Surely if fairy ever assumed the shape of

an animal, a squirrel would be the very animal it would choose. Sometimes, too, I have come upon a squirrel in the woods, and just as it was raising its forepaws to climb a tree, it has turned and given me a half-scared, half-defiant look, very pretty to see. These squirrels, have, however, been stray adventurers, intruding on man's territory; but once or twice I have found myself a poacher on the squirrel's own kingdom, and have been, moreover, carefully informed of the fact, and as it were formally warned off.

One day last autumn, as I walked up the long winding hill that, beginning with fern and hazle-covered banks, ends with the heather ridges that form the base of Leith Hill, I was looking up at the green tent of beech leaves that covered the path, when I became aware of half a rough beech-nut pattering on my hat, then a second, then another. I looked up and saw that the trees were peopled with squirrels. There they were like ambushed fairies, hidden under the leaves, nibbling away or swinging back downwards, seriously grappling with a tuft of nuts. There, like sailor boys, they clung, and bit, and twined, happy as children out for a holiday.

I have a predilection for my black brothers—I refer to blackbirds. I like to see them on my lawn in the early morning puffing out their black velvet feathers with all the pride of persons working to support a large and young family. A beautiful bird is the cock blackbird, with his full suit of glossy black, varying in texture from the soft velvet of the neck and breast to the smooth satin of the wings and tail. What a clear, bold brown his eyes are! What a rich orange stains his strong, sharp beak! How he puffs out his feathers and struts, with his head erect and defiant, then suddenly bends down, and strikes at a retiring worm, which he draws forth, on the give-and-take principle, as cleverly as a fishmonger screws out a shrimp. He puts on his grand company manners for my lawn, and I hardly know him again when I see him in the fields, a fluttering fugitive, break out of a hedge and skim away with a chattering, chinking note, half angry, half frightened. Last year I noticed a hen blackbird constantly working in and out of a row of pollarded horn-beams that separate my garden from my neighbour's. Looking in among the twilled leaves of the hornbeam, I at last found the nest. It was untidily made in the usual way; but singularly enough the half-dry moss

and sprays of roots was made up with scraps and shreds of newspapers, such as errand-boys throw away from parcels of tea and candles, and that then blow like Sybilline leaves up and down our sandy lane. There was sticking out nearest to me a scrap of a love story from the Family Herald, with a short poem about moonlight preceding it, and on the other side I found a shred of a penny number of Dick Turpin. I had always thought that bird architecture never changed, advanced, or receded. I thought they always built nests on the same lines, and the same pattern. Yet here was a bird using entirely a new material, not because moss or tendrils were scarce, but because waste paper was more plentiful in the neighbourhood.

The choice of my blackbird's instinct was, however, by no means happy. The first heavy rain, after hatching, would have so soaked the nest as to kill all the young unfledged and chilly birds. It might have been the first nest of the young builder. The experiment, however, was never fairly tried, for one morning, when I went out to pace my platform before breakfast, I found the fragments of the nest in the rough hand of my occasional gardener, who had spied it while he was mowing. I often wonder if the poor bird persisted in her theoretical experiments.

The curative power of nature is well illustrated by an anecdote of an accident that happened some years ago to Bronte, a bloodhound that belongs to me. The dog was in that lolloping hobbledehoy state of cubhood when eating and rough play are the whole ends of existence. A great, clumsy, weak-legged monster it was, not a bit like the solid, stern, sagacious creature it now is. One day, when the butcher brought the meat for Bronte, I took it from the rosy, blue-coated varlet, and carried it to the kennel, where the dog was growling for it like a great, greedy schoolboy. All at once Bronte made a rush at the trailing meat, and snapping it from me, skewer and all, dragged it into his kennel, and set to work at once, growling and ravening. I had forgotten all about the matter, when nearly two months afterwards I one day noticed a lump on Bronte's right side which he from time to time licked, moaning as he licked. I had before this noticed that Bronte had looked rather peaky and sickly, and did not lumber about with his usual rough playfulness. I felt the lump, and found it pointed and hard; the top without hair, and sore. All that week, whenever I saw

Bronte, he was lying down at every spare moment, licking his side uneasily. Very soon the wound developed into a complete hole, which at once vexed and puzzled us. One day the butcher-boy aforementioned came with Bronte's food, laid the dog on his side, and examined the wound with more than usual care. He declared he saw something at the bottom of the wound which he thought he could draw out if he only had a pair of pincers. Pincers were at once sent for, and, the dog being held, he soon laid open the wound, and drew from it, to our intense astonishment, a wooden skewer nearly a foot long. It was the skewer that had pinned together the lump of meat which Bronte had snatched from us nearly two months before.

Nature had been a great medicine man here. The dog must have gulped down the whole string of meat in two or three mouthfuls, and have swallowed the skewer with it. The skewer, which went down straight, must have turned in the stomach, pierced one of the entrails, and worked out at the dog's side. Only a vigorous young dog could have endured all the agony of that struggle, and have survived the perforation of the various tissues through which the skewer must have passed; certain, however, it is that the dog (one of the Duke of Grafton's breed) soon recovered; it went on licking the wound closed, the animal's eyes grew brighter, its spirits returned, and in a fortnight it was gambolling about clumsily and vigorously as ever. Perhaps in the days of Methuselah the flesh of man, when cut or pierced, healed up as rapidly as this.

Oakhurst is celebrated, among other things, for a gigantic race of snails. Tradition says they all sprang from certain snails sent from Italy, to be used as food by a lady who was dying of consumption. I sometimes meet them half-way up the Oakhurst hills, crossing the paths, or down under the juniper bushes, where I have sometimes seen the common green snake basking, and where the large painted butterflies flutter and hover over the patches of wild thyme blossom. The snails are certainly very large, brown-striped fellows, and no doubt, in batter, would form a dish fit for a French king. But our Oakhurst country people have not yet discovered the culinary virtues of the snail. Apropos of snails: the other day, in Cumberland, I happened to bark my shins clambering up a scurvy otter-hunting, and I asked the wiry old huntsman what was the best thing

to put to the sore places. He replied in the racy vernacular:

"What thees do? Why, just seek out a big black snail, and let him crawl o'er't; and, 'gage me waird, thou'll find nae mair harm o't."

I did not adopt the receipt, but the rough remedy was, perhaps, after all, not contemptible, for the mediæval doctors were in the habit of mixing pounded snails with their plasters. In wet weather the snails creep by dozens out of my fernery, and shoot out their long, waving horns, and drag their greenish fleshy bodies up every plant they come near, seeking for Heaven only knows what description of invisible food.

The owls, too, at Oakhurst are fellow-creatures I delight to observe. I often see a white owl under the elm-trees in my park, fluttering about in the dusk like a great white moth. The hooting of the common brown owl here is not at all the "tu-whit tu-who" of the poet, but rather a long whistling hoot, with a prolonged accent on the last syllable. For a whole year I used to fancy it was the keepers, or their boys, whistling signals to each other in the beech-woods. Frequently in the summer evenings I see a brown owl hovering down the park hedge, silent as a spirit, and no cry or flap from him disturbs the restless field-mice he is seeking in his noiseless flight. A more perfectly ghostly, nocturnal bird could scarcely be imagined, nor one more thoroughly adapted for the pursuit it practises.

Perhaps of all birds that love the society of man, I most affect the fly-catcher and the dish-washer. One of the former race has built for years in a little nook of honeysuckle boughs over my library window. The nest fits like an egg-cup in the socket formed by two or three transverse branches. On the edge of a wire umbrella, clustered with the yellow *canariensis*, in the middle of my lawn, the cock bird perches all day like a custom-house officer waiting for tolls; and many a disagreeable fine does he extract from flies carelessly flitting about in the sunshine. It is astonishing with what patience he watches, with what unerring skill he swoops like a hawk on his prey, and bears it off in triumph to the little chattering jury that sit up expectant in the adjacent nest. The dish-washer is a more graceful and feminine bird, gay, restless, and volatile, coquettish in its movements, with a little mincing walk and run like a French grisette, yet Quaker-like in the

colour of its feathers. It is "marvellous pretty," as Pepys would have said, to watch the bird run across the lawn, flashing its long tail, and darting at a casual fly in the slyest and most unerring way, fluttering itself after each mouthful with saucy triumph, with that circular motion of the tail by which it has earned its vulgar name.

Nightingales were tamer and more common six years ago, when I first came to Oakhurst, than they are now. The new villas slowly drive them further back into the country. I remember the first day my wife and I arrived, the baker's boy informed me condescendingly that a nightingale built every year in a large ivy-hung elm half-way down the lane that leads to the station; but, as a month or two later I saw a knot of errand-boys pelting that very tree with all the persistency of besiegers of a town, I conclude the nightingale, if it survived the volleys of stones, at once decamped, for I never heard the minstrel of night again in that part of Oakhurst.

I need scarcely say, as the sand meets the chalk in our region, and drives before its fluid masses the stubborn clay seawards (for through a gap of the hills a white sail can sometimes be seen at certain special hours), we swarm with rabbits. Unconscious of fricasees, careless of curry, and heedless of pie, they dart, and trot, and race up and down our fern-covered knolls, though the quick crack of a gun, morning and evening, is often, indeed, the knell of their sudden decease. It is the prettiest sight in the world, on a summer afternoon, to watch them from behind a golden whin-bush at play along the edge of a fox-covert. They creep out, run races, and jump in the air in pure childish enjoyment of life, thoughtless of keeper, terrier, or gun. No one knows the rabbit's animal spirits and exuberant playfulness who has not seen this sight.

A word before I close on my fishy fellow-creatures at Oakhurst. Perch abound in the Willowfleet stream, great, big, pugnacious-looking fellows, orange and black, whose back fin, a fan of spikes, is up in a moment when they are angry. A keeper here once found a large pike dead with one of these well-armed perch dead in its throat, the fins having pierced through the pike, so that the perch, after all, is not unprovided with armour against its dreaded antagonist, the river wolf. Before a thunder-storm, when the air is heavy and leaden grey, and the lungs almost refuse to carry

on business, these perch rise at the bait of a little red brandling with such absurd eagerness that I really sometimes believe they are eager to be fried a light brown to see how that colour would suit their complexion. Any bait, even the eye of your last-caught fish (when your worms run short), does capitally to attract his unnatural young brother. As for the monster roach, sluggish and stupid, yet sometimes stubborn, they lurk in hidden numbers just by the one-arch bridge at the Castle Mills.

The pike of Oakhurst have been celebrated for generations. What savage greedy tyrants of the stream pike are! Surely, in a former state they must have been Jew money-lenders, or Custom-house officers, Emperor Napoleons, or Communists. Shoals of silvery young dace they bolt in a day. I have known them almost leap on shore in their eagerness to swallow the juvenile minnow I proffered them, and on one occasion an old lord mayor pike got his ravenous teeth fixed in my float, and I drew him out, availing myself of his misconception, and afterwards baked him, with innocent herbs stuffed into his interior machinery. The pike lurk under the willows, and particularly by those floating water lilies, whose shining eel-like roots anchor in the river bed just where a poor lad was drowned last year while bathing.

Eels, too, those water-serpents, are numerous in the Willowfleet. At any moment you may see the air-bubbles that indicate their presence winding up to the surface, but they are sluggish biters, and nibble artfully at the safe end of the worm. When they do emerge on your hook they twist and wind like snakes, and are only too likely to creep back into the friendly river even when landed and apparently yours for ever. They take a great deal of killing, and I feel somewhat like a murderer when at last they lie before me deep notched behind the neck and quiet at last.

The kingfisher is not often seen on the Willowfleet, but in the pebbly shallows it sometimes casts a momentary rainbow of colour across the stream, or dives with the rapidity of light, and emerges with its tiny prey. The otter is sometimes seen gnawing at stolen fish on a ledge of the bank, but this is very rarely. A moorhen now and then scuds about the river-side meadows like a bedraggled wild chicken, and the water-rat swims between the bullrushes and forget-me-nots to some spit of land where his spouse and infants await the hour of dinner; and so, like different sets of people in a



country town, these motley and varied fellow-creatures of mine share the Willow-fleet and its banks between them.

### DER FREISCHÜTZ.

"Of course," remarked Maximilian, "you are familiar with the plot of Weber's opera, *Der Freischütz*?"

"Certainly," replied Laurence. "Kind, the author of the libretto, founded it upon a story written by Apel, as one of a collection of tales, which was very popular about half a century ago, and was called, I think, the *Wunderbuch*, or *Book of Wonders*. He so far departed from Apel that he made the piece end happily, instead of terminating it with the death of the bride."

"My reason for referring to the subject," proceeded Maximilian, "is this, that although the figure of a *Freischütz*, that is to say, a hunter who derives his skill from the black art, is common enough in the annals of German superstition, the precise condition of the charmed bullets in the opera seem to have been devised by modern imagination only, and to have no foundation in popular belief."

"Let me see," said Edgar, counting his fingers; "the bullets were to be cast at midnight, and in addition to lead—let me be accurate—some broken glass from a church window, some quicksilver, three bullets that had already hit the mark, the left eye of a lynx, and the right eye of an owl, were to enter into the composition."

"All mere fancy!" ejaculated Maximilian.

"Nay," objected Laurence, "if we criticise such minute details, we shall never accept any record of a tradition whatever. No one supposes, I imagine, that the long list of ingredients mentioned by the witches in *Macbeth*, was derived by Shakespeare from a recipe bequeathed by some actual sorceress. Nevertheless, we may opine that the deeds and words of the weird sisters represent a state of popular belief, according to which ill-favoured hags prepared charms in a cauldron, compounding them of ingredients of an evil nature."

"And that such a belief existed even in the times of antiquity, not, however, implying that a witch was necessarily old or ill-favoured, is known to every schoolboy," exclaimed Edgar. "What are you driving at, Maximilian?"

"I perceive that I spoke a little too soon," said Maximilian. "So pass over the foul ingredients which compose what Shake-

speare calls the 'gruel,' and come to the particular property of the bullets cast in the opera. They must be seven in number, and the first six that are fired off will obey the will of the marksman, whereas the seventh is subjected to the direction of the fiend *Zamiel*, who in Apel's tale uses it to kill the huntsman's bride."

"True," said Laurence, "and this exceptional distinction of the seventh bullet gives an exceptional character to the story. In most traditions respecting compacts with powers of darkness, we find the human bargainer selling his hope of salvation to the Fiend, but here the right to direct the seventh bullet seems to be a sufficient price for the Evil One's assistance."

"The peculiarity is indeed interesting," observed Edgar.

"The peculiarity would be extremely interesting," said Maximilian, "if we could trace it to popular tradition; but unfortunately we cannot do anything of the kind. Doctor Grässe, a most laborious collector of legends, especially of those connected with the chase, declares in his *Hunter's Breviary* (*Jäger-Brevier*) that in all his researches he has never found a legend of a *Freischütz* in which such a distinction is assigned to a particular bullet. He therefore supposes that it had its origin in the imagination of Apel."

"And a very clever fellow Apel must have been," exclaimed Laurence.

"The genuine legends of the *Freischütz*—that is to say, the Free-shooter, who is sometimes called the *Freijäger* or *Free-hunter*—are far less complicated. Thus we read of a hunter who lived near *Ravenberg*, in *Baden*, towards the end of the last century, and was never known to miss a mark. This power he had acquired, it was thought, by kneeling on a cloth and firing three free-shots—one at the sun, another at the moon, and the third at heaven itself. Three drops of blood had fallen from the sky in consequence, and after death the spirit of the hunter haunted the forest until it was exorcised into a sack. Similar in principle is the legend of the so-called *Eternal Hunter* of *Treudenstadt*, in the *Wirttemberg* territory, who on either Christmas or Good Friday fired at the sun, and collected in a handkerchief the blood which fell. With this he anointed his bullets, and thus rendered them sure of hitting any mark he chose. When his stock was exhausted he shot again at the sun, and obtained a new supply. He also used to wander after his death."

"The second of these legends," remarked Edgar, "is more complete than the first, in which the blood is turned to no account."

"I may add," said Maximilian, "that balls anointed in the manner just described are, in popular language, termed 'Blut-kugeln,' or 'Blood-bullets.' It is believed that if one of these is, without aim, fired into a forest where there is only a single deer, the animal will be hit, though perhaps its body may never be found. If there be no deer whatever in the forest, the bullet will strike the hunter."

"Is not this something like an adumbration of our poor seventh bullet, that we have treated so disdainfully?" suggested Laurence. "In both cases the ball operates to the detriment of him who uses it."

"True; but the similarity goes a very little way," returned Maximilian. "In my Wirtemberg legend there is no notice that any one bullet is distinct from the others."

"And, after all, if we look closely at the opera," pursued Laurence, "I don't think we shall find that distinction there that we have hastily assumed. If I understand Kind's libretto right, the fatal bullet is the seventh which is fired, not the seventh which has been cast. Before they are used the bullets are all alike, and it is only the order of their use that gives one of them a distinctive character. So, in the case of your Wirtemberg forest, the charmed bullet that hit the hunter is not intrinsically more mischievous than any of the others. Now, it seems to me that, between a bullet which does mischief because it is fired in accordance with a certain prescribed order, and a bullet which works evil, but even without certain prescribed conditions being observed, the analogy is not so very remote."

"Hear, hear!" cried Edgar.

"I must confess," observed Maximilian, smiling, "that Laurence has fought well for his client. Now, here is a legend, which I do not precisely understand. At Lerbuch; in the Harz Mountains, there was a noted marksman, who, when a shooting-match was held, always aimed last, and carried off the prize. On one occasion he suspected that some trick would be played upon him, and warned the company that in that case mischief would probably ensue. When he had pointed his gun three targets were before his eyes instead of one; so, not knowing at which he should aim, he fired at random, whereupon the man who had caused the illusion, and who was standing behind him, fell down, shot through the heart."

"Here, indeed, we go out of the beaten track," said Edgar. "Was one conjuror opposed to another, and did the owner of a magic bullet get the better of the contriver of a magic target?"

"Perhaps so," replied Maximilian, "or perhaps we are to believe that honest merit prevailed against the black art. Here, however, is a trial of skill of the kind to which you refer. A nobleman in the neighbourhood of Münster owned extensive forests, and one day the forester who superintended them was found dead, evidently killed by a bullet that had entered the middle of his forehead. Another, who was engaged to fill his place, came to the same untimely end, so did a third, so did a fourth, until no one cared to accept so dangerous a situation, and the forest was left unguarded. At last a fierce-looking fellow presented himself as a candidate for the vacancy, and was gladly accepted by the nobleman, who was, however, honest enough to warn him of the danger to which he would be exposed. The stranger laughed at the very notion of fear, vowing that he knew forest tricks as well as any one in the world, and that those who tried to play them upon him would certainly meet their match. On the following day he entered the forest accompanied by several hunters; but no sooner had he set his foot within its precincts than the report of a gun was heard in the distance. The forester, on the alert, flung his hat into the air, and when this fell down it had been pierced by a bullet, just where it would have touched the middle of the wearer's forehead. Swearing that he would return the compliment, the forester now fired apparently at random, and then plunged into the wood followed by his companions, who were anxious to see the result of such an extraordinary proceeding. When they had gone completely through the forest, they came to a mill, and there they found the miller dead, shot through the middle of the forehead. He had been himself a 'free-shooter,' and had used his art in order to poach at pleasure without interference, but the new forester had been too much for him. Indeed, of all the 'free-shooters' on record, this seems to have been the most skilful. It is said that he could charm birds into his bag, and by a strange fascination cause deer to stand still where they could most conveniently be shot."

"I should have thought that to him all places were alike," remarked Edgar. "He must have been a valuable servant."

"Nay, talent does not always meet its deserts," said Maximilian. "His noble master thought him rather too clever, and contrived on some pretext to get rid of him with all possible speed. By the way, the power of fascinating beasts is ascribed to a certain John, who was in the service of one of the landgraves of Hesse, and who, like Sir Huon of Bordeaux, owned a magic horn. The landgrave was much less scrupulous than the nobleman of Münster; for whenever he went shooting, he took John as his companion, and desired him to sound his horn, which he always did to good purpose."

"All the stories you have told," remarked Edgar, "treat of a power of taking a sure aim, acquired by supernatural agency. Is there not another parallel series of tales turning on invulnerability acquired by similar means?"

"Of course you mean something more modern than the myths of Achilles and Siegfried, or the fabulous records of the Paladins," said Laurence.

"Yes, something that represents what we consider a popular superstition," returned Edgar.

"You may have remarked that in the Münster legend the wild forester who kills the miller is able to save himself by throwing up his hat," suggested Maximilian. "It seems as if certainty of hitting and security against being hit were naturally associated with each other."

"I can tell you a story which dates from the seventeenth century, and by which that view is confirmed," said Laurence. "Erdmann Fischer, a sexton of Magdeburg, became acquainted, it appears, with a drummer in the imperial army, whose skin was proof against lead and steel, and expressed a wish to be in the same desirable condition. Hereupon the drummer gave him a paper inscribed with all sorts of strange characters, which he was to take with him to the foot of the gallows at midnight. This he did, and the Evil One appearing to him in the dress of a fine gentleman, asked if he was willing to enter his service, and vanished on receiving an answer in the affirmative. On the following midnight the sexton repaired to the same spot, and was greeted by the same awful personage, who asked him if he continued in the same mind."

"He gave the poor wretch a chance of retracting," observed Edgar, "clearly illustrating the proverb which tells us that he is not as black as he is painted."

"The sexton having again answered in

the affirmative," continued Laurence, "a compact was easily made, to the effect that he should enter into the service of the Fiend, who in return should make him invulnerable, and allow him three free shots."

"That is to say, the certainty of hitting a mark on three occasions," interposed Maximilian. "Observe how the two privileges go together. And the association is here the more remarkable, inasmuch as the story has nothing to do with hunting."

"As the sexton was no great scholar," proceeded Laurence, "the Fiend was satisfied when he picked his wrist with a pin, and wrote the initial letters of his name with three crosses on a scrap of paper, and on the following Good Friday brought him a box of green salve, by anointing himself with which he would become altogether invulnerable. At first he turned his gift to good account, and effectively aided his fellow-citizens in an expedition against some marauders attached to the imperial cause, who had devastated the fields in the neighbourhood of the great Protestant city."

"I see the story occurs in the time of the Thirty Years' War," observed Maximilian.

Laurence nodded assent and continued. "During the skirmish that ensued, the sexton was struck in the middle of the chest by a bullet, which left a black mark, but could not penetrate the skin. The mark was noticed by his wife, who threatened to reveal her discovery to her father confessor, but the menaces on the other side were so strong, that she deemed it advisable to remain silent."

"I think we ought to observe," interposed Maximilian, "that we have before us two distinct kinds of invulnerability. The sexton, anointed with green salve, is precisely in the condition of Achilles and Siegfried. He can be hit but not hurt. On the other hand, the Münster forester was not hit at all, having the power to divert a bullet from its intended course."

"The sexton soon went to the bad," proceeded Laurence; "he became a hard drinker, scoffed at his wife when she taught the children to pray, and even assisted in the robbery of a poor-box. All this was done for the benefit of his terrible master, and sometimes, in cool moments, he would reflect whether there might not be some method to escape from a bondage which was becoming more and more oppressive. He had a notion that by communicating

his secret to others he might induce the Fiend to accept them as a substitute for himself."

"And he was by no means singular in his notions," remarked Edgar. "The position of the two free-shooters in the opera is based on precisely the same belief."

"We have a still stranger instance, in the popular story of the Bottle Imp," said Maximilian, "where the mere sale of the bottle transfers all accompanying perils and advantages to the purchaser."

"All the sexton's endeavours to free himself proved vain," continued Laurence. "In the spring of 1686 his master gave him some grey powder, which he was to sprinkle about the streets of Magdeburg, and thus cause a pestilence. Conscience not being quite dead, the wretched man threw the greater part of the powder into the Elbe, but the plague broke out nevertheless, and extended to the neighbouring provinces. Twenty years afterwards he was ordered by a rough voice, with which he was only too familiar, to dig up the body of an infant which had been buried in St. Peter's churchyard on that very day, and to make from its limbs a powder, which would cause a return of the pestilence. With this order he complied, the Fiend being constantly near him, in the shape of a black rat, to give him more particular instructions. However, here his evil career came to an end, for his crime was discovered, and—we know the very day—on the 26th of October, 1657, he was broken on the wheel."

"Good," exclaimed Edgar; "and thus we have one of the many cases of trial for witchcraft which were the disgrace of Europe."

#### LETTY DORMER.

"I would rather die!" said Letty, passionately.

"Just so, my dear; all young girls would rather die than give up an unsubstantial fancy for a profitable reality. In general, however, they do give it up, and they do not die," answered her mother, quietly.

"Mamma, how cruel you are!" cried the girl, with a kind of angry despair in her voice.

"Because I am rational? How cruel you are, you ought rather to say, Letty, to give me so much trouble when I am acting only for your own good; and when you know that you will have to yield at last."

"I will not yield—I will die first," repeated Letty.

"You are very fond of that assertion, my dear; but it does not move me. I know so well that you will marry as I wish you to do, and live into quite a respectable old age. You are healthy, though you do not come of a long-lived family on one side." She sighed—it was a conventional sigh—and then she faintly murmured, "Poor papa!"

"Oh, mamma! you are too dreadful with your cold sarcasms," cried Letty, flinging up her hands.

"And you are too silly with your mock heroics, my dear. If you had not me to guide you into common sense, what a mess you would make of your life!"

"What a wreck you wish to make it!" cried Letty.

"Silly little girl," said Mrs. Dormer, with compassionate contempt. "You are like a naughty child who will thrust its hand into the fire, and thinks its nurse abominably cruel because she tries to prevent it. The day will come, my dear, when you will thank me, instead of scolding me as you are doing now, that I put an end to this absurd affair with Mr. Ratcliffe, and gave you such an admirable settlement in Mr. Mounsey."

"Admirable settlement! A man old enough to be my father—a man I hate, and that no girl could like—only with money."

"And, having money, with all that a portionless girl can desire and more than she has a right to expect," said Mrs. Dormer, taking up a few dropped stitches leisurely.

"Oh, I know you don't think it necessary for a wife to love her husband," said Letty, sarcastically.

"To begin with?—by no means, my dear," answered her mother, with perfect good breeding and good temper. "Love comes by habit, by the fact of a pleasant home where there is no stint, and where everything goes on comfortably. One man is very much the same as another man, when you know them; and, with a moderate amount of amiability, a well-principled girl is sure to be happy if she is properly provided for."

"Your opinions are absolutely monstrous, and I will have nothing to do with them," said Letty, angrily.

"Only to fulfil them, little goose, when you have worked off the froth." Mrs. Dormer returned the answer with a slight laugh; and the servant at that moment flung open the door with an air, and ushered in—"Mr. Mounsey."

A short, thick-set, irascible-looking man, with grizzled hair cropped close, broad bushy eyebrows, and that kind of moustache and whiskers run together about a clean-shaven chin which gives such a wild-beast expression to a face; a confident, aggressive, unsympathetic-looking man; a man to push his own way in the world without regard to those he shouldered aside, and to hold his own let who would want; a man to be wary of in business, and with whom it would be necessary to be cautious how one made him friend or foe; a man strong in his own right, and standing four-square in his own esteem; but, as Letty said, a man whom no girl could love. This was the wealthy Mr. Mounsey, who had been pleased to cast eyes of admiration on portionless Letty Dormer, and to demand her of her mother as his wife and the mistress of Mounsey Park. And Mrs. Dormer had promised, in spite of that "little folly" with George Ratcliffe, which she had encouraged eagerly enough when no better chances were on hand.

As he came in, his somewhat cruel face lighted up with a kind of masterful smile of pleasure, Mrs. Dormer rose and welcomed him; but Letty sat pale and rebellious, not fearful or trembling, not shrinking or shy, but with a look of set purpose, of undisguised hostility on her face, which her very pallor and rigidity seemed to intensify. Mr. Mounsey wisely ignored all unpleasant signs. His cue was to refer Letty's resistance to the coy reserve of maidenly modesty. Girls never know their own minds, not to speak of their best interests; he and Mrs. Dormer were fully agreed on that point; and as he had mamma's consent, he thought it waste of force to attempt an argument with the girl herself; trusting to patient holding on to his point, the dazzle of his riches, and her mother's influence, for a happy issue out of all his perplexities.

"To their like," he said curtly, if gallantly, going straight up to Letty and offering her an open case containing a costly set of pearls.

"For me? Thank you, no," said Letty, coldly.

"It is usual, my dear Miss Dormer," answered Mr. Mounsey. He had not got yet to the length of calling her Letty—he had tried it once, and he had not repeated it.

"Usual to what?" said Letty, raising her eyes to him. "I know of nothing which should make such a present from you to me usual or possible."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Dormer, sweetly, "it seems to me you are rather wandering to-day. The heat probably," with an apologetic turn of her head to her future son-in-law.

"Probably," said that gentleman, a little fiercely; "but I own I should like to hear something more satisfactory from the young lady herself. All this coyness is very well up to a certain point; beyond that it is tiresome and annoying."

"It will all come right in time," said Mrs. Dormer, blandly.

"Never!" cried Letty.

"Silly little puss," said her mother; but her look was not so playful as her words.

"Mamma, why will you force this hateful pretence on me?" cried Letty, with tearful passion. "You know I will never be Mr. Mounsey's wife."

"My dear young lady, I can wait," cried Mr. Mounsey, suddenly changing his tone of annoyance to one of the blandest, most flattering tenderness. "And if I have to wait for the beautiful Miss Dormer as long as that old fellow in the Bible waited for his wife, I will. I have to conquer in the end, and you have to be my wife."

"Never!" said Letty.

"He is doing you too much honour, Letty," said Mrs. Dormer, severely.

"Honour!" she repeated, scornfully. "Do you call insolence and tyranny honour?"

And with this she rose and left the room; and Mrs. Dormer and Mr. Mounsey looked at each other not comfortably.

Poor and genteel, Mrs. Dormer prided herself on her birth and breeding. "Noblesse oblige" was her favourite motto, though there were some who said that her nobility was only a holiday garment worn for show, the obligations of which extended no farther than to kid gloves and silver fish-knives. Still, she was a lady; and as such she shrank from all things vulgar, perhaps more than from things sinful. And one of the strophes in her litany of praise over Mr. Mounsey was that, although he was confessedly a self-made man, he was not vulgar. Also, that he had no family belonging to him to show the rougher side of the web from which he, and they, had been originally made. All that was known of him, or, rather, all that he chose to say of himself, was, that he had been an Eastern merchant somewhere—locality not exactly defined—and that the result was, Mounsey Park. And Mrs. Dormer sagely concluded to look no closer, and ask no more.

Down in the village lived one Will Cobbold, a slippery, clever ne'er-do-weel, a carpenter by trade, a mechanic by genius, generally supposed to be capable of anything to which he chose to turn his hand, but who had drunk away all his chances as fast as they had offered themselves, gradually passing from bad to worse till he was now the warning example held up as a moral scarecrow by parents and advisers. Will had a tidy kind of wife, poor body, and a son—a decent fellow enough—who, partly because the bad name of his father clung to him in the old place, partly because he liked rambling for its own sake, had gone off on his travels, until he had cast anchor in a small village in Wales. Its precise name does not signify. It was made up of a couple of ll's, as many r's, with a y and a w as the floating power. No one in Market Hill knew much about it, anyhow. Least of all did Mr. Mounsey of Mounsey Park trouble himself to learn where young Will Cobbold, the drunken carpenter's son, had bestowed himself.

As for old Will, he and Mr. Mounsey were always at twos, as the neighbours said. As a Christian the gentleman reprobated the loose habits of the workman: as a magistrate he fined them, and that heavily. So that Will's days were, at this time, exceptionally evil, and his heart towards the new magnate of the district was bitter.

He wrote out his griefs to his son at the unpronounceable Welsh village; and expressed, as his private opinion, that "Miss Letty Dormer, of the Cottage, who was going to be his wife, and Mr. Ratcliffe put aside as if he had been nothing better nor a dummy, would have her hands full when she got the old Radical; and that she had better think twice afore she did what no one in the world could undo when did."

This letter young Will read to his wife Mary, as he sat by the fireside with her and her mother, not a month after his marriage.

"What Mounsey may that be?" asked Mrs. Jones, Mary's mother. "I was a Mounsey myself afore I saw poor Jones."

"Don't know," said young Will, "more nor he be a mainly rich gentleman as hav' been in the East somewheres; but no one knows much about him."

"His name mayn't be three M's—Morley Magnus?" asked Mrs. Jones in a vague way.

"Ay, that I know it is," said Will; "and many's the good laugh we've had over it in the town."

"Why, mother!" cried Mary, who had turned quite pale.

"Ay, lass, I know what you'd say," said her mother, rising, and speaking in an excited manner. "As sure as you're born that's the uncle you've heard me speak of so often! Will Cobbold, that Mounsey yonder in his fine park is my brother. There can't be another such name in the world; for father, he called him Morley Magnus after his two godfathers, the chemist and the draper of Herket. You see if your gentleman don't come from Herket in the Forest, you see if he don't. He went to foreign parts better nor twenty years ago. He was as clever as you please, but always a close gripe; and, if you'll believe me, he has never once wrote home since he heard that poor father died, and mother and me was in trouble, and he was asked to help with a few pounds; and he rolling in riches, as one may say."

"Well, mother," said Will, "suppose we give them all a start at the old place, and travel there unexpected? I reckon our fine gentleman won't be quite so down on father when his own niece has got his son, hey, Mary?"

"Not much of a get," said Mary, saucily.

But Will gave her one for her impertinence, and they cried quits over the punishment.

The preparations for Letty's marriage with the rich possessor of Mounsey Park were still going on in a languid, intermittent sort of way: the girl protesting, the mother insisting, the man persevering, and expressing himself confident as to the future. Meanwhile, George Ratcliffe came back to Market Hill; and his presence, while it comforted Letty, served to make all things more confused. His firm refusal to be dismissed on anything short of her expressed desire, and Mrs. Dormer's as firm refusal to allow of his pretensions, made a kind of tumult in the place which set every one talking. But no one knew the exact rights of the case. All that was certain was, that there was a hitch somewhere; that Letty looked miserably ill, and George Ratcliffe miserably unhappy; and that of the whole of the quartette concerned, Mr. Mounsey of Mounsey Park was the only one who kept any appearance of content, or who seemed, as the doctor said, as if he could eat a mutton chop without choking. He never spoke to any one in confidence. He was not the kind of man to give his confidence. But he often said, as a matter of course, to his neighbours, "When I am married, I will

do so and so;" "That must wait till we have come back from our tour;" "When I have my wife at Mounsey Park, this and that will be better arranged;" all said in the quietest and most positive tone imaginable, the tone of a man who, as he himself said, "rode to win."

One day Letty was sitting in the little morning-room, to which latterly she had retreated as a place of refuge, her mother having the fine lady's natural disinclination to sit in anything but the drawing-room. Here she was hiding in sad mood enough, thinking over her position, and wondering how she should get out of the net that was being daily drawn more closely round her, when her mother came in.

"Letty," she said, abruptly; "things have come to a crisis, and now you must decide our future."

"Mamma! I have decided!" answered Letty, with her weary air. "Why will you torture me so cruelly?"

"The cruelty has not been on my side," said her mother. "I said so once before, and I say so now again."

"It would be hard to make me believe that," said Letty.

"So? then, I must tell you the whole truth. Listen, Letty; if you had been obedient, and had done as you ought, you need never have known it. I owe Mr. Mounsey several thousands of pounds; and if you do not marry him he will proceed against me. That is all. It is simply a question of our utter ruin—yours and mine together, Letty—or your consenting to be his wife. Now, I leave my fate in your hands."

"You mean in fact, mamma, that you have sold me to this man," said Letty, with a strained unnatural calmness; "and that I must pay the price—by myself?"

"You may call it what you like, Letty; but why choose such unpleasant terms? The fact is the only thing to be dealt with; unfortunately for us both."

"Unfortunately—yes, indeed!" sighed Letty, still with that fixed, strained look. "But I must speak to George. I can do nothing, say nothing, without him."

"I don't see much good in going to him for advice," said her mother, irritably. "It is your affair, not his."

"Mamma!" remonstrated Letty.

"Well, my dear, so it is. The question is one which you alone can answer. Will you marry Mr. Mounsey, or must I be ruined and rendered penniless for the remainder of my life? That you have no love for me, I know——"

Here Letty raised her large grey eyes with a plaintive look, saying, in a deprecatory manner, "Mamma, I do love you! You know that I do!"

"But," continued Mrs. Dormer, in a martyr-spirit, sweetly self-forgotten, "if you have no love for me, you surely have some kind of family pride; you would scarcely like your father's name (you loved him) to be dragged through the mire, as it must be."

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" cried poor Letty, breaking down in sobs and tears, "do not mention poor papa's name in the business, there is sacrilege enough in it without that!"

"You are hard on me, Letty," said Mrs. Dormer, tears in her eyes too, "but perhaps I have deserved it; and if it will make matters better for you—I am sorry for you, my poor child!" she added, with a genuine burst of feeling rare in her.

Then the two women, the ice broken, clasped in each others' arms, sobbed out their grief in concert which at least destroyed the coldness that had sprung up between them, and made them partners in suffering, not, as formerly, antagonists and enemies.

While they were sitting there, both feeling the sacredness of the anguish of the moment, the servant came to tell them that Mr. Mounsey was in the drawing-room, the time of his daily visit having arrived.

"Letty, what am I to say to him?" asked Mrs. Dormer, drying her eyes, yet still weeping; "am I to tell him yes or no? He has come for his final answer to-day, and I dare not put him off any longer."

"I cannot, mamma, till I have seen George," sobbed Letty. "If it is only a question of this money, George may help us. So long as I thought you wanted me to marry for a settlement only I did not mind refusing you; and I could not put George forward; I could only remain true to him, and hope for the future; but if it is money that can be paid off, mamma, if he can raise the sum you want, will not this set you free? and then will you not release me?"

"Certainly, if I could get out of the man's debt I would not press you, my dear. But it would be a splendid provision for you!" said Mrs. Dormer, regretfully, looking back to the flesh-pots. "You must come yourself now, Letty; I dare not face him alone any more. Ah, my child, you little know what my life has been of late between you both," she added, shuddering.

"I will go with you, mamma," said Letty,

resolutely. "From me, at least, he shall learn the truth."

And they went together, arm-in-arm; the two who had been so long estranged suddenly become friends.

"I augur well from this happy companionship," said Mr. Mounsey, gallantly, as the two women entered the room. "Is my term of probation at last come to an end?"

This last was addressed to Letty, with a tender air that accorded ill with his fierce and fervid face.

"I have just heard that mamma owes you money," said Letty, plunging into the heart of the matter at a bound.

"A mere nothing, my dear."

"Don't call me dear, sir!" interrupted Letty angrily.

"Indeed, absolutely nothing—not so much as a cobweb between Mrs. Dormer and her son-in-law: rather a large sum, I confess, between Mrs. Dormer of the Cottage and Mr. Mounsey of Mounsey Park. You see I am a man of business, my dear young lady—pardon the slip, it would come—and though prepared to do all that is handsome by my relation, not prepared to give away my money to individuals who have no claim on me. Don't you see the justice of this for yourself?"

"Yes," said Letty, straightly. "Then the whole thing is a mere matter of money. If I can get this loan of yours to mamma paid off I shall hold myself free from the promise she has made for me. If I cannot—"

"This, my charming Letty, will be a receipt in full of all demands," interrupted Mr. Mounsey, taking her hand in his, and forcibly kissing it. She wiped it with her handkerchief immediately after, with an air of the deepest disgust; and the man's fierce face took a dark look it was well she did not see.

At this moment there passed the window which gave on to the drive, a group of four; two of whom were men, and two were women. The men were the Cobbolds, old and young Will, both dressed in their Sunday best, and both sober; which, for the elder of the two, was a blessed privilege becoming daily rarer. The women were Mrs. Jones from Wales, and her daughter Mary. The front door stood open, as is so often the case in the country, where there is neither fear nor danger, and the party entered the hall without knocking. They did however knock at the drawing-room door; and then they all entered.

what do you want? Cobbold! young William!" cried Mrs. Dormer, angrily.

"Morley Magnus! brother Morley Magnus!" said Mrs. Jones in a tearful voice, wiping her eyes with her shawl. And, "Well uncle, and how are you?" said Mary, who was a pert young woman in her way.

Then Mrs. Jones fell on his neck and kissed him, and Mary took his hand and shook it heartily, sideways.

"Who are these lunatics?" said Mr. Mounsey, with a fine air of disdain. He did not start, nor blush, nor show any other emotion than that of surprise tempered with pity and contempt.

"Your own sister, sir," said old Will.

"My wife, Mr. Mounsey," chimed in the younger man: and Mary, with her head in the air, repeated airily, "Your niece, uncle."

"Sister! I have no sister! who dares to say I have a sister?" said Mr. Mounsey of Mounsey Park, fiercely.

"Hear to him! Hear to him how he disowns his own flesh and blood!" cried Mrs. Jones, more tearfully than before. "Oh, Morley Magnus, that ever I should have lived to see this day! And mother and me has always looked for you to come when your time was out, and you was a free man once again; and father died in trouble, and the bailies took our house!"

"Silence, you old witch!" shouted the owner of Mounsey Park; but Mary, who had a spirit, flashed out with "Witch yourself, old man. No one shall miscall my mother to my face, if he were twenty times an uncle!" And the two Cobbolds rubbed their hands behind their hats, and looked as if they liked it.

"My word, but she has a spirit, Will!" whispered the father, with a grin.

"Fine!" returned Will, with an approving nod.

Her tone startled Mr. Mounsey into sudden reflection.

"There must be some mistake here," he said in a mild voice, turning to Mrs. Dormer and Letty, and speaking in a conciliating manner.

"No, ladies, there is none," said Mrs. Jones. "That man is my own brother, who got into a little bit of trouble when he was a lad, about some sheep as found their way to father's. He were transported, he were, sorry I am to say it; and when his time was out he wrote as how he had gone farther off to foreign parts. But he never wrote no more, though we heard of him,



left us to starve, if we'd a mind. He never sent us a new sixpence, or a pair of old shoes, though he knew we were bound to be in trouble when father died. His name is Morley Magnus Mounsey, ladies. His poor father, he named him the three M.'s after Mr. Morley—he were the chemist, and Magnus were the draper, of our town—who was his godfather, and stood for him. And this girl of mine, Will Cobbold's wife—and a good girl she is, and a tidy wife he have got, though I say it as shouldn't, and though she has a spirit as would face a lion—she's a Mounsey too. For I kept the old name to her, as the Mounseys they was better blood than the Jones's; and many's the time poor Jones and me have had words on the same. And hearing from Will Cobbold there that you had Morley Magnus here among you, I made bold to come and see if he would help me and mine—for I am only a lone widow, ladies—and maybe raise Will and his father a bit in the world."

"Raise them so high, my fine friends, that you will all be indicted for conspiracy and trying to extort money," said Mr. Mounsey. "In seeking to ruin me you have only destroyed yourself; and, by the Lord, you shall have it hot!" he cried, passionately.

"Mamma, this man is too hateful," said Letty, indignantly. "A thief, a convict, the brother of a woman like this—it is surely done with now!"

"You will be prepared with that little sum I spoke of this day week, when your bill falls due?" said Mr. Mounsey, with a frigid bow to Mrs. Dormer, and a fiery glance to Letty, whom else he ignored.

"Yes," said Letty, boldly.

Mr. Mounsey raised his eyebrows.

"Undeveloped resources," he said, with a sneer, still addressing Mrs. Dormer. "I can scarcely think your young beggar friend, Mr. Ratcliffe, can raise the funds; but I presume you know where to find your market. You have missed one good settlement, madam; better luck next time!"

And, with an insolent laugh, he took his hat, and passed out.

"Pay it?" said George, when Letty told him all; "why, of course I will pay it. I can raise the money; never you mind how, Letty. We shall only have to wait a little longer, and work a little harder, and maybe live a little simpler, that is all. But

we are safe now, and I think the money well spent."

"Ah! what a thing it is to have to do with a gentleman," said Mrs. Dormer, with languid enthusiasm, and her usual happy knack of setting herself just that one step in front of her circumstances which is the line that separates welcome from resignation. "Now, Mr. Mounsey was rich, but he was not a gentleman. And to think of Letty being old Cobbold's niece—how horrible!"

"And the wife of a convict," put in George, a little grimly.

"I should not have been old Will's niece, only his son's wife's mother's," laughed Letty; she had begun to laugh again in these later times. "That would have been near enough, however. Not that I should have minded Mrs. Jones, or Will Cobbold, or the convict taint either, George, if it had been you," she added, fondly.

"My dear, don't suggest such horrible ideas," said Mrs. Dormer, shuddering. "There are certain subjects which are not to be jested on."

"So Mr. Mounsey seems to think," said George; "for I heard that he has left the Park, and put it into Brille's hands for sale."

"What a blessing," said Letty.

But her mother, with a glance in the mirror opposite, looked dubious.

"I am sorry it has all come out so ill against him," she said. "He was not a gentleman; but, all the same, Mounsey Park was a charming domain."

"Even with Will Cobbold at the gates, and that conviction for sheep stealing to be turned up at any time?" asked George, a trifle contemptuously.

"Money can do a great deal," answered Mrs. Dormer.

"Yes, it can," replied George, drawing Letty to him tenderly. "It can heal two broken hearts, and make two despairing wretches the happiest people in the world—can't it, Letty?"

"Yes, George," said Letty, with her arms round his neck.

## NOTICE

On the 21st instant will be commenced a

NEW SERIAL STORY,

ENTITLED

**WILLING TO DIE.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE ROSE AND THE KEY."

*The right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 198. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1872.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER X. THE SMALL HOURS IN HENDON.

ONE o'clock tolled out from the tower of Hendon Church as Pauline, who, wearied out by the events of the day, had fallen sound asleep in her chair, opened her eyes, sat upright, and, after an involuntary shudder, quietly rose to her feet and approached the bed.

Alice still slept peacefully; her breathing was quiet and regular, and her unruffled brow and motionless lips proved that she was not disturbed by haunting dreams. Pauline bent over the slumbering figure, took up the arm that lay outside the coverlet, and softly felt its pulse, bent her ear towards the sleeper's mouth to listen to her respiration, and then, stealing back to her place as noiselessly as she had approached, threw herself into her chair, and indulged in the luxury of a long but silent yawn.

"There," she said to herself, rubbing her eyes, and resuming her usual comfortable attitude, "I was right in not denying myself the pleasure of that slumber which I found coming over me, for I am thoroughly refreshed, and equal to very much more than I was before. What a day it has been, my faith! And how wonderfully everything has gone exactly as I could have wished it! This woman sleeping straight on, steadily and tranquil, and without a break; the servants accepting me in the position which I took up so promptly, without a murmur, and only too glad to find the responsibility transferred from themselves to some one else. Re-

sponsibility? That reminds me of that sly doctor—how do they call him?—Broadbent! It was right of me to send for him; it might have seemed suspicious had I not done so; and as I knew so well that he had been perforce admitted into the mystery of Claxton-Calverley, and as I had learned from the servants here that he was always most friendly and kind to this poor doll, I knew that I could explain to him what I had done, and leave it to him to put the people here at their ease. He was out, though, this sly rogue—out, and not expected back until the evening, so they said, though five minutes afterwards I saw a man, who must have been he—black-clothed, grave, the very semblance of an apothecary—come out of the side-door of his garden, and hurry down the path where I stood when I first saw the child. Ah, ha! he has no longer any desire to visit Rose Cottage, this medico so respectable; he fears lest his name should be compromised. I could not help laughing as I saw him creep down the path.

"Let me see. I am rested now, and my head is quite clear. Last night there was danger of interruption from the servants, and they have been in and out all day, but now they are thoroughly wearied out, and I have the house to myself. Now is the time for me to look about me, and gain what information I can concerning this young woman's previous life. I think I saw a box or desk of some kind by the side of the dressing-table. Oh, yes, here it is. What a funny old box!" Pauline walked to the dressing-table, stooped, and from underneath the muslin cover drew forth an old-fashioned writing-desk, made of mahogany, and bound with brass, with a small brass plate on the middle of its lid, on which were engraved the letters "A. D." This

inscription caught Pauline's eyes as she took up the desk and placed it on the table by the bedside, within the rays of the shaded lamp.

"A. D.," she muttered to herself. "What does that mean? It ought undoubtedly to have been A. C. Ah, stay; the box is old-fashioned, and has seen much service. It is probably the desk of her childhood, that she had before what she thought to be her marriage, when the letters of her name were A. D. A. D." repeated Pauline, reflecting. "Ah, bah! It is a coincidence, nothing more." From her pocket she took two bunches of keys, one large, evidently belonging to the house-keeping, the other small and neat. From the smaller bunch she made two or three selections, and at last hit upon the key that opened the desk.

The contents of the desk were two packets of letters, one large, one small, each tied round with faded riband, two or three loose sheets of blotting-paper, an old diary, and an account-book. Pauline took the larger packet in her hand, and untied the string. The letters slipped asunder: they were all written in the same hand, all addressed to "Miss Durham, care of J. Preston, Esquire, Heslington-road, York."

"Miss Durham!" A mist seemed to come over Pauline's sight, and she rubbed her eyes quickly to clear it away. Miss Durham! And A. D. on the lid of the desk? Good Heaven! had all the anguish of mind which she had endured, all the jealousy and rage, all the plotting and planning which she had carried on for the last few months, had all these sprung from an unfounded suspicion, from an absurd creation of her own distorted fancy? Miss Durham! There it was plain enough, in a hand that Pauline recognised as Mr. Calverley's. The letters were those addressed by him to Alice before their marriage, were signed "John Claxton," and were so bright and buoyant, so full of affectionate enthusiasm, that Pauline could scarcely imagine they were the productions of the staid, grave man whom she had known. Miss Durham! What could it mean? Stay! There was the other packet. In an instant that was undone, and Pauline had seized from it one of the letters. And then there was no more to learn, for at a glance she saw that they were in her husband's handwriting, that they were addressed to his "Dearest Alice," by her "Loving brother, Tom."

The paper dropped from Pauline's hand to the floor, and she sank into her chair with something like a sense of shame upon her. It was then as she had just thought. She had been frightened, as it were, by her own shadow, had herself created the bog-beast before which she had fled, or against which she had fought; she had been fooled by her own suspicions, and her foolish fancy had allowed her to be jealous of Tom's sister.

Tom's sister! The pale-faced girl lying there, sleeping on so peacefully and unconsciously, was Tom's sister. How could she be supposed to have guessed that? She had seen the girl in Tom's embrace, had seen her bathed in tears and inconsolable at Tom's departure; how could she know that this was his sister, of whose existence she had never been informed?

Why had Tom never taken her into his confidence on that point? Why had he never told her that he had a sister of whom he was so fond? Why? And a fierce pang of anger shot through her, and her face grew dark and hard as the reply rose in her mind. She knew the reason well enough—it was because her husband was ashamed of her; ashamed of the unscrupulousness, of the underhand ways, which he was ready enough to use, and to call into play when they could be of service to him; because he thought her not good enough to associate with his gentle, womanly, silly little sister, or to appreciate the stupid comfort of the narrow proprieties of her home. Her home! What if Tom could see that home now, and could know the truth about his sister, as she lay there, with no name, no home, no position, a person for her, his distrusted wife, to patronise and befriend if she chose!

So this was the trust he had placed in her, his wife, his ally, his colleague, of whose fertile brain and ready hand he had so often boasted. This one honest honourable association (as he had imagined it) he had kept hidden from her. And as this thought germinated and broadened in Pauline's mind her feelings passed into a new channel. She who had been her husband's adviser so long, and who had served him so well; she who had fondly imagined herself the trusted confidante and sharer of his inmost thoughts, now found that she had been slighted and considered not worthy to associate with this innocent piece of prettiness. The strange nature of the woman was roused to deadly retrospective anger, and the kindly contempt

tuons liking which she had begun to feel for Alice faded away.

This pale-faced sleeping girl was her successful rival, though not in the manner she had at first supposed. She had felt an instinctive hatred of her when she saw her on the platform at Southampton, and her instinct never betrayed her. Tom Durham's sister! Pauline remembered that when her husband spoke of his early days, and the inmates of his home, it was always with a softened voice and manner, and with a certain implied respect, as though he were scarcely fitted, through his present surroundings and mode of life, even to mention so sacred a subject. This pale-faced girl had been one of those associations; she was too pure and too innocent, forsooth, to be mixed up with such society as her brother's wife was forced to keep. She, when she recovered her consciousness, would find herself a mark for the finger of scorn, a text for the Pharisee, a pariah, and an outcast.

And so that weak, clinging, brainless thing was Tom Durham's sister, and preferred by him to his wife, with her grasp of mind and energy of purpose? The wife was to slave with him, and for him, to do the rough work, to be sent off here and there, travelling night and day, to lie to such a woman, to flatter such a man, to be always vigilant and patient, and to be punished with black looks, and sometimes with curses, if anything went wrong; while from the sister all difficulties and dangers were to be fended off, she was to be lapped in luxury, and her simplicity and innocence were to be as strictly guarded as though she had been a demoiselle in a convent.

Well, Pauline thought, the new phase of circumstances need not cause much alteration in the line of conduct she had marked out for herself. The girl lying there was to her in a different position from what she had imagined. So far as she was concerned, there was no question of revenge now, but it would be as well to keep watch over her, and use her as a tool if occasion should arise. The interest which Martin Gurwood felt in Alice would induce him to keep up his acquaintance with her, and to be en rapport with Martin Gurwood was Pauline's fixed intention. Over him she had obtained a strong influence, which she did not intend to give up, while the knowledge that she continued to be acquainted with all that was going on would deprive Martin of those friends of his of whom he thought so much—this Mr. Statham for

instance—from attempting to interfere with the exercise of her power over Mrs. Calverley.

And now, for the first time since she had waited for her husband at the Lymington station, Pauline began to believe that the conjecture which she had seen printed in the newspapers had some foundation, and that Tom Durham was really dead. Hitherto she had imagined that he had deceived her, as he had deceived the rest of the world; that the tale which he told her of his intention to dive from the steamer at night, to swim to the shore, and to meet her the next morning, had been merely trumped up in order to turn her off the scent, and to prevent her from tracing him in his flight with the woman of whom he had taken such an affectionate farewell at the Southampton railway station. But the identity of that woman with Alice Claxton being now settled, and it being made perfectly clear that she was Tom Durham's sister, all motive for that worthy's concealment of himself was done away with. There was no reason, so far as Pauline knew, why her husband should not acquaint her with his whereabouts, while there was every reason to believe that, were he on the face of the earth, he would make himself known, if it were only for the sake of reclaiming his two thousand pounds. He must have been drowned, she thought, his strength must have failed him, and he must have gone down when almost within reach of the shore, to which he was hastening. Drowned, dead, lost to her for ever! Not lost as she had once imagined him, seduced by the wiles and fascinations of another woman into temporary forgetfulness of her, for then there was a chance, and more than a chance, almost a certainty, that when those wiles and fascinations ceased to charm he would miss the clear brain and the ready hand on which he had so long relied, and come back to claim their aid once more—not lost in that way, but totally lost, drowned, dead, passed away for ever.

To think of her husband in that phase was new to Pauline. She had never contemplated him under such circumstances. She had always thought of him with fierce jealousy, and a burning desire for revenge, as false to her, and neglectful of her. The idea that he was dead, had died guiltless of deceiving her, and with the full intention of carrying out the plan which he had confided to her, had never before entered her mind, and—no, it could not be true; if it had been she would have felt the keenest

grief, the deepest sorrow; grief for his loss, regret for the cruel wrong she had done him in suspecting him. She felt nothing of all this now—he could not be dead.

Straightway Pauline's thoughts reverted to the circumstances in which she was placed, the persons by whom she was surrounded, and the way in which her future should be managed. If the conclusions at which she had arrived were correct, if Tom Durham were not drowned, but, for some hitherto unexplained purpose of his own, was keeping himself in hiding, it is towards his sister probably that, when he considers it a proper opportunity, he will make some sign. Not to his wife; Pauline knew her husband well enough to understand completely how the knowledge that he had treated her badly in not keeping his appointment that morning, and in concealing himself from her so long, would prevent him from making his first advances to her; the girl slumbering there would be the first person to whom Tom Durham would reveal the fact that he was not dead, and if she, Pauline, ever wished for information about him, it was through that slumbering girl that it must be obtained.

She made a sudden change in the plan and prospects of her life, a shuffling of the cards, an entire revision of the game, all settled in an instant, too, as she sat in the easy-chair beside the bed, her hands clasped together in her lap, her eyes fixed upon the motionless figure. Her sojourn in the wretchedly dull house in Great Walpole-street should speedily be brought to an end. She had borne long enough with that old woman's grimness and formality, with her icy patronage and impassable stiffness, with her pharisaical utterances and querulous complaints; she would have no more of such a life of dependence. The time during which she had been Mrs. Calverley's companion had not, indeed, been ill-spent. Had she not secured for herself that position, she would probably have remained in ignorance that the woman of whom she saw her husband taking leave was his sister; she would not have been intrusted with the secret of the Calverley and Claxton mystery, the possession of which gave her such power over all those concerned in it; she would never have made the acquaintance of Martin Gurwood. How strangely in earnest that man was, how innocent, and void of guile! And yet she was so sure that the suspicion which she had originally formed about him—that he had a secret of his own—was

correct; hence that impossibility to return your gaze, that immediate withdrawal of his soft, beautiful eyes, that quivering of his delicate, sensitive mouth. It had served her purpose, that position of dependence, but now she would have no more of it. There is nothing to be gained by continuing with the grim old woman except the money, and Pauline sees her way to an equal amount of money, combined with far more freedom, and an infinitely pleasanter life.

A better life, too, if there be anything in that, Pauline wonders, with a shrug of her shoulders; for this slumbering girl, this mere child in her ignorance of the world's ways, is now left to herself, and is henceforth to live alone, with no one to battle for her, no one to shield her from the thousand and one assailants, to guide her through the thousand and one temptations to which she will be exposed. That shall be her task, Pauline thought to herself; to undertake it she had a prescriptive right, if she chose to declare the truth, and to assert her relationship. There would be no occasion, however, to take that step, at all events, for the present. She could trust to her influence with Martin Gurwood to procure for her the trust which she coveted, the position of Alice's companion and guardian. Her influence with Martin Gurwood, what did that amount to? Why did she experience an inward thrill of satisfaction in reflecting on that influence? Martin Gurwood! She thought of him as she had seen him first, under his mother's roof; she thought of him on the last occasion of their meeting, when they walked side by side in the Hendon lanes. Yes, her influence with Martin Gurwood was undoubtedly strong, and the knowledge of its strength gave her inexplicable satisfaction.

At twelve o'clock the next day, Pauline, from her position at the bedroom window, saw a hansom cab stop at the top of the hill, and two gentlemen, one of whom was Martin Gurwood, alight from it. Then Pauline, whose bonnet and shawl lay ready to her hand, put them on without an instant's delay, and sallied forth.

She had not advanced more than fifty steps when she saw that her approach was perceived. Martin Gurwood looked up and said something to his companion, who, on their meeting, was presented to her as Mr. Statham.

"The friend of whom I have already

spoken to you, Madame Du Tertre," he said, "and whose advice has been most invaluable to me in this matter."

Pauline gave a direct and earnest glance at Statham, a glance which enabled a woman of her natural quickness to recognise the presence of the characteristics which his friend had declared him to possess. Martin Gurwood was pliant and malleable; this man looked hard and unimpressible as granite. If he and she were to be thrown much together for the future, it would be advisable, Pauline thought, that her wishes should agree as much as possible with his intentions.

"I am pleased to see Mr. Statham," she said; "pleased, indeed, to see you both, for I have been anxiously expecting your arrival."

"There is no change in the patient's condition, I suppose?" asked Statham.

"None; she still remains perfectly tranquil and asleep; but my own experience, and two or three signs which I have observed, tell me that this sleep will soon be at an end."

"It was in that expectation that we have hurried here," said Martin Gurwood. "Mr. Statham is of opinion that it would be impossible to conceal the truth from Mrs. Claxton any longer, and has accompanied me to assist in breaking the news to her."

"Ah, exactly," said Pauline. "Will you and Mr. Statham be very much surprised, very much horrified, if I venture to make a suggestion?"

"Not the least," said Statham. "I am sure I answer for my friend and myself when I say that we are deeply grateful for the services you have already rendered us, although the means for the end are certainly somewhat strong, and that we shall listen readily to anything you may have to propose."

"Most certainly, yes," assented Martin Gurwood.

"Well then," said Pauline, addressing herself to Statham, after a fleeting glance at Martin, "my proposition is, that this ceremony of the breaking the news, which at such pain to yourself, as I know, you have come to perform, should be dispensed with altogether."

"Dispensed with?" cried Statham.

"Altogether," repeated Pauline.

"Do you mean that Mrs.—Mrs. Claxton should not be made acquainted with what has occurred?" asked Martin, in astonishment.

"With what has occurred," said Pauline, firmly, "yes; with the circumstances under which it has occurred, no! She knows that the man whom she considered to be her husband is dead. Let her be informed that, during the unconscious state into which she fell on hearing the news, he has been buried, but for Heaven's sake, monsieur, let her be kept in ignorance of the fact that he was not her husband, and that by his cruelty she is now a woman without name or position, abandoned and outcast. Why should we cover her with shame, and blight her life, with this announcement? A quoi bon? If we do not tell it to her there is no one else who will. She has no friends but yourselves and me. She is too innocent and ignorant of the world to ask for any papers—a will, or anything of that kind. She has already, without inquiry, accepted Mr. Gurwood's guardianship at once and unsuspectingly, and she has not the faintest dream that the man whom she loved and the position which she held were other than she believed them."

"Well but——" said Martin.

"But what?" said Pauline, turning to him. "Can you give me one reason why this horrible story should be told to her in its truth, why one more victim should be added to the number of those over whom the yellow flag waves, cutting them off from all the privileges of social citizenship, and dragging them down to the depths of misery and shame? Ah, she is too young and too innocent for such a doom! Am I not right, Mr. Statham? Do you not agree with me?"

It was easy to see that the passionate earnestness of Pauline's appeal had not been without its effect on Humphrey Statham. There was a tremulousness in his lip and in his voice as he said, "You certainly make out a strong case to support your views, Madame Du Tertre; but what do you propose should be done with this young lady?"

"I propose," said Pauline, that she should live on in the belief that she is Mr. Claxton's widow; and as it would be impossible, young and unsuspecting as she is, that she should be alone, I propose that I should live with her. Not on her, mind!" she added, with a proud toss of her head. "I have a little money of my own—quite enough to keep me in independence—but I am a woman of the world, Mr. Statham, who has learned its ways from dire necessity, and has come out of the struggle I hope unimpaired. I was interested in this girl's

story before I saw her; since I saw her my interest has naturally increased. Let it be as I say, and you will find your trust has not been wrongly bestowed!"

The two men stepped aside for a few minutes; then Statham, raising his hat, approached Pauline.

"Have you well weighed the responsibility you are about to undertake, Madame Du Tertre?"

"I have," she said, looking straight into his eyes, "and accept it cheerfully."

"Then," said Humphrey, "Mr. Gurwood consents that it should be as you say. For the present only mind, the arrangement is but temporary, and is liable to alteration at any moment."

"I thank Mr. Gurwood most heartily," said Pauline, turning to Martin, and holding out her hand, "and you, too, Mr. Statham. As I said before, you will find in this instance that your trust has not been wrongly bestowed. I think, perhaps, it will be better to leave me to announce to Mrs. Calverley my intention of leaving her, and I will take an early opportunity of doing so. I must hurry back now, as there is a chance of our friend waking up at any moment. You shall hear from me to-morrow, with full details of what I propose to do."

And, as she entered the garden gate, the two men regained their cab and were driven off to London.

### COUNTRY LIFE IN CUBA.

WITH my companion and brother-limner, Napoleón Rodríguez y Boldú\*, I am passing the sultry months of August and September at a sugar estate ten leagues from a Cuban town. The plantation belongs to my worthy friend Don Benigno de la Vega, who, with his amiable wife Doña Mercedes and family, have encamped for the season at their country residence. Our host's party is somewhat larger than usual, consisting of, besides his wife and family, his eldest daughter's intended and his family. After our arrival it is found that Don Benigno's premises cannot accommodate us; we therefore obligingly seek a lodging elsewhere, and as in the tropics any place of shelter serves for a habitation, we do not greatly sacrifice our comfort.

Assisted by a stalwart negro, Napoleón

and I improvise a lodging on the banks of the river which flows near Don Benigno's country house. Our rustic bower consists of a framework of roughly cut branches, and has an outer covering formed of the dried papyrus-like bark of palms. The interior is not spacious, but it meets all our requirements. In it we can swing our hammocks at night, and assume a sitting posture without inconvenience during the day. Our implements for sketching, together with a couple of double-barrelled guns and some fishing-tackle, distributed about the apartment, form agreeable objects for our gaze, while, at the same time, they are within our easiest grasp. Plenty of good fishing may be obtained in the deep, wide river which flows at our feet, and our guns may be equally well employed with sport in the opposite direction. As for our more peaceful instruments of art, there is abundant scope for them on every side; and thus we can shoot, angle, or sketch, as we may feel inclined, without moving from our shady retreat, which, during the sunnier hours of the day, we dare not desert.

We rise at a very early hour; indeed, it is not yet daylight when our dark domestic brings us our early cup of *café noir* and cigarettes. After refreshing our bodies in the gigantic bath which flows before our domicile, we dress: an operation which does not occupy much time, as our wardrobe consists simply of coloured flannel shirts, brown holland trousers, Panama hats, and buff-coloured shoes. Thus attired, with ammunition affixed to our girdles, and guns shouldered, we plunge into an adjacent thicket in quest of game; the objects of our sport being chiefly wild guinea-fowl, quails, partridges, and wild pigeons. No game license is required of us in these parts, and the sporting competition is very small, if indeed it exists at all, within ear-shot of us; at least, at this hour of the morning we have the field to ourselves. We hear nothing as yet but the rustling of gigantic ferns, bamboos, and plantain leaves, together with the occasional song of the winged tribe, whose united harmony it is our purpose soon to interrupt. The silence of the grey dawn is eminently favourable to our sport, and the low bushes which intercept our path screen us from the penetrating gaze of our prey. The guinea-fowl, or *gallos de Guinea* as they are styled, occupy our first attention. At this hour they emerge from their hiding-places by the score to feed

\* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. vi., p. 201.

among the dewy heather. We have to move with extreme caution, for the colour of their soft feathers is scarcely distinguishable from the ground which they have selected as a table for their morning meal. Napoleón is in advance of me, tracking a company of guinea-fowls, whose melodious chirp has caught his accustomed ear. They are not yet visible, but my sporting friend has halted behind a bush, and thrown away his white tell-tale Panama. This means mischief. The dark-grey clothes and sunburnt face of my companion blend naturally with the surroundings, and, as he crouches motionless on the ground, he, like the birds just described, is barely discernible. I watch him with interest and some impatience, for a covey of large pigeons challenge my rifle close at hand. Their cooing seems to proceed from a great distance, but, conscious of the enemy's ventriloquial power, his muffled music does not deceive me. My companion has now levelled his gun, and, taking steady aim, presently fires. At the sound of fire-arms my pigeons take flight, and as they rise I fire into their midst. My companion now discharges his second barrel into a covey of quails, which had been feeding unobserved within a few paces of him. I take a shot at one of these birds as it flutters incautiously over my head, and it falls with a heavy thud at my feet. The firing has reached the quick ears of Don Benigno's watch-dogs, and anon our favourite animals, Arempuja and No-se-puede, come bounding towards us. The sagacious brutes help to bring in our wounded, which we are gratified to find are more numerous than we contemplated. Gathering together our spoil, we remove to another spot, where our performances are repeated, though scarcely with the same success. The sun has already begun to cast broad shadows along the soil, and warns us that the hour for our "tientsa pie," or early meal, approaches; so we return to our hut, change our damp linen, and join the company who are already seated on the broad balcony of Don Benigno's house, watching the interesting process of milking cows. Bowls of warm milk are presently handed round by negroes, who bring also new milk rolls which have just arrived from the village ten miles distant.

"What luck have you had?" inquires our host of his sporting friends.

We exhibit the result of our morning's sport, which gains us much applause and approving cries of "Ay! que bonito. Ay!

que bueno." The black cook to whom we consign our game promises to do culinary justice to them at breakfast. We employ the interval which precedes that late meal in a saunter through Don Benigno's sugar works, where some of us are initiated into the mysteries of sugar making and rum distilling. The operations are conducted under a spacious shed in the piazza which faces the don's dwelling house, and here the whole process, from the crushing of the newly-gathered cane to the distilling of the aguardiente, or white brandy, is explained to us by our host, who apologises because he cannot show everything in working condition at this time of the year. He, however, enlightens us as to the uses of all we behold, and leaves the rest to our imagination.

Here is the store-house where the freshly gathered cane is kept ready for the crushing process. Under that spacious shed is the engine-room in connexion with the rollers that crush the cane. Near us are the tanks or boilers for the reception of the jugo or cane-juice. We are shown the clarifying pans and the coolers in which the boiled liquid, after being skimmed, is transformed into sugar grains or crystals. One of the most interesting sights is the process of separating the molasses, or treacle, from the crystalline portion of the sugar, which is done by the action of centrifugal force. The sugar, still in a liquid condition, is poured into a deep circular pan, which contains a movable drum-shaped cylinder of wire gauze. The latter is whirled rapidly round by means of machinery, and in doing so drives the liquid against the sides of the gauze drum, through the meshes of which the molasses escapes, leaving the dry white sugar clinging in hard cakes to the sides. Don Benigno gives us interesting statistics on his favourite subject, informing us how twelve or fourteen tons of ripe cane may be converted into one thousand five hundred hogsheads of sugar.

The machinery and engine are at present taking their periodical doze like a great boa constrictor. The engineer—a native of Philadelphia—has gone home for the holidays, and will not return till October or November, when the cane harvest begins and his indispensable services will be required. He has unscrewed all the brass fittings, taken out the slender and highly polished steel work, and stowed them away with fatherly care, while he has greased whatever is immovable, and wrapped it up tenderly in machinery swaddling clothes.



Being an Englishman, I am looked upon by the company as an authority in matters mechanical, and my opinion touching the merits of the engineering works is consulted. I accordingly peer into everything with the air of a connoisseur, and happening to catch a glimpse of the maker's name and address on one of the shafts observe grandly:

"Ah, Fletcher and Company, I have heard of the firm."

We have yet to visit Don Benigno's distillery, where the molasses or refuse of the sugar is converted into white brandy or rum. This is a simple process. The raw liquid is first boiled, and the steam which generates passes through a complication of sinuous tubing until it reaches a single tap, where it spurts out in fits and starts into the cold colourless spirit called *aguardiente*. A glass valve is connected with the tap, and by means of this the degrees of strength formed by the spirit is gauged. The distillers are already at work, as the operations in this department are best accomplished out of harvest time. One of them invites us to test the strength of the precious spirit, which the gentlemen of our party do with their mouths, while the ladies are content to bathe their hands and temples in the icy cold liquid.

Everybody takes a deep interest in all that is shown by our amiable *cicerone*, save, perhaps, the newly engaged couple, who occasionally loiter behind congenial cog-wheels, huge coolers, clarifying pans, and other objects used in the process of sugar-making. The attachment which the happy pair conceive for this particular portion of Don Benigno's possessions is so great that it is with difficulty that they are induced to abandon it. Their repeated visits to the same hallowed spot upon subsequent occasions only confirms our host's theory, that machinery has a strange fascination for persons of all ages and sexes!

Our morning's perambulations terminate with a visit to the infirmary where the sick people employed on the estate are tended, and a stroll through the black barracks, which consists of rows of neatly built cottages occupied by the don's slaves and their families.

After a substantial breakfast, which resembles dinner in the variety of dishes provided, some of our party betake themselves to their dormitories with a siesta in view, being incapable of any more active service till the hot hours have passed. Napoleón and I, however, prefer to improve the sunny

moments under the grateful shade of our improvised wigwam, in which condition we may sketch, fish, or shoot without much exertion: but despite our laudable efforts to do something useful, our pencils drop from our hands, our angling is neglected, and we surrender to the overpowering heat.

I am awakened by my companion, who enjoins me, perhaps because I am indulging too loudly in somnolence, to be silent.

"What is it? Fish or feather?" I ask.

"Both," he replies, under his breath. "Hush! it's a river bird."

"What is its shape?"

"I haven't seen it yet; but it has been chirping among the reeds and long grasses there, for the last half-hour."

My friend's gun is half cooked, in readiness, and presented through an aperture in our hut. After a long pause the bird emerges from its hiding-place, and with astonishing velocity half flies, half skims across the river, and vanishes between the reeds on the opposite bank.

Bang! bang! go both barrels of Napoleón's rifle, and both have missed their mark. My sporting friend is, however, determined to secure his game, which is an odd-looking creature, with a long neck and longer legs, similar to a crane. He accordingly fords the river at a shallow point, and in spite of my remonstrances (for a river bird is not easy to bag) goes in quest of his prey. At the expiration of a couple of hours, Napoleón, who has followed the bird two or three miles up and down the river, returns with it triumphantly, but he is himself very wet, footsore, and exhausted.

Our fishing is not so successful as our shooting to-day, and we have soon to abandon both amusements, together with our sketching, for the day is on the wane, and the ladies have come down to the river to take their afternoon's bath before dinner. So we modestly withdraw, and betake ourselves to a neighbouring cocoral, where we refresh ourselves with the cool drink furnished by the cocoa-nut.

Towards nightfall, when dinner, with its indispensable accompaniments of café and cigars, is over, our host invites the gentlemen to accompany him to the plantations of a few friendly neighbours. Horses are accordingly saddled, spurs are affixed to our boots, and away we gallop.

Our first halt is made at a grazing-farm belonging to Don Benigno, and kept by his mayoral, or overseer, a stout, bronzed man, who, we are told, rarely moves

during the day from a leather-bottom chair, which he places slopingly against a post of the verandah. After inspecting Don Benigno's cattle, which consist chiefly of oxen, cows, and goats, we ride over to some coffee estates and tobacco farms, whose owners or representatives give us a hearty welcome, and are lavish in their hospitality, offering for our acceptance everything they possess except their wives and families, whom they, however, present to us as our "servants."

Our time being limited, we cannot partake of their bounty to-night, but promise to return another day. On the road homewards, we dismount at a coffee estate belonging to Don Benigno's kinsman, Don Felipe, where we remain for an hour or so, and watch the performances of a crowd of black labourers, who are keeping holiday in honour of some favoured saint. Dancing, with tumba or drum accompaniments, forms the leading feature in the entertainments. The negroes, in turn, take part in the drumming, which is performed by bestriding barrel-shaped tambours, and beating the parchment side rapidly with their hands. The strange measure of the dance is so varied and well sustained that the outline of an air may be easily distinguished. This primitive music is accompanied by a performance on rattles, by singing, and by scraping the güiro. This rough instrument is made from a dry calabash, notched in such a manner that a hollow grating sound is produced by scraping the rough surface with a fragment of bone or thick wire. The dancers warm to their work, in every sense. Only two couples volunteer at one time, and when they are utterly exhausted others take their place. The partners dance independently of one another, and only join hands occasionally. The women, attired in long cotton gowns and coloured turbans, assume a short, shuffling kind of step, which gives them the appearance of gliding on wheels, while the upper parts of their persons oscillate, or sway to and fro in manner peculiar to their tribe. The men, whose evening costume consists of buttonless shirts and short canvas trousers, are more demonstrative than their partners. Sometimes they throw up their arms in wild ecstasy, or leap madly into the air; varying these gymnastic performances by squatting, frog-fashion, near the ground, or turning pirouettes. They get so excited and warm over their gyrations, that their Panama hats, which have been doffed and donned fifty times, are thrown away,

their buff-coloured shoes are kicked off, and finally their shirts are disposed of in a similar manner.

'Napoleón and I contemplate the animated scene with painters' eyes, and during the pauses of the dance we mix and fraternise with the swarthy company.

Having expressed a wish to immortalise on canvas a couple of brown divinities, picturesquely attired, our hospitable host, Don Felipe, who has already offered us his country residence, together with the surroundings, including horses, cattle, tobacco, coffee, and all that is his, does not hesitate to add to his list of gifts the model-ladies that have attracted our observation; so, after his accustomed declaration, "They are at your disposal," he promises to have them "forwarded" to Don Benigno's hacienda without much delay.

The lateness of the hour warns us that we must be moving, so, when a parting cup with our host and his family has been disposed of, we remount our steeds, and return homewards.

During our absence, the ladies and children have been playing the old-fashioned round game of *loto*, over which they are intently occupied when we join them.

Dona Mercedes is calling the numbers from a bag, but not in the orthodox way. In order to increase the excitement and confusion of the game, the playful lady invents *noms de guerre* for some of the numbers. Number one is by her transformed into "*el unico*" (the only one); number two, when drawn, is termed "*el par dichoso*" (the happy pair); and number three, "*las Gracias*" (the Graces). Similarly, number fifteen becomes "*la niña bonita*" (the pretty girl); number thirty-two "*la edad de Cristo*," and so on up to number ninety-six, which she describes as "*el arriba para abajo*" (the upside down number). All the tens she gives in their numerical form, coupled with the creolised adjective "*pelas*," or shaven, because the ciphers in these numbers are thought to resemble a bald head.

When "*Loteria!*" has been at last shouted by a successful winner, *loto* is abandoned, and cards, in which the gentlemen take the lead, are substituted. Don Benigno proposes the exciting and speculative games of *monte* and *burro*, and all the ready cash of the company is forthwith exhibited on the table. The games are simple, and easily acquired. Four cards are first dealt, and placed with their faces upwards. The dealer then, when every-

body has staked his or her coin, and carefully laid it near the card of his or her preference, Don Benigno proceeds to deal from the pack he holds until two of the four cards on the table have been "casado," or mated. A ten of spades or espadas (swords) from the pack mates the ten of bastos (clubs), on which money has been staked, and consequently wins, while the ace of diamonds or oros (golde) drawn, corresponds with the ace of hearts or copas (cups), which the dealer or banker wins, because no money has been staked upon this card. The game is full of exciting incident, such as happens when the lucky card of the evening turns up. This may be a king, or caballo (horse), a figure which takes the place of the absent queen in the Spanish pack. Long after the children and ladies have retired, the males of our party continue to gamble over this fascinating game.

While we are finishing our last round but six, a slave enters the broad airy balcony where we are assembled, and approaching our host, whispers mysteriously in his ear. Don Benigno directs a look at my companion and me, and observes with a smile, "Señores artistas, your models have arrived."

True to his word, Don Felipe has despatched our swarthy models that same evening, so as to be in readiness for to-morrow's pictorial operations, and the good-natured coffee-planter begs as a personal favour to himself that we will return his property not later than the day after to-morrow.

#### ALPHABETICAL ANECDOTES.

WHAT is an anecdote? The term is not of English birth, although an English household word. It comes to us directly from the Greek, without having left a trace of its passage in the Latin. English dictionaries define "anecdote" as a biographical incident, and so forth. It is so, but that does not give the real sense of the word. *Anecdotos*, *anekdotos*, means "unpublished," "undivulged to the knowledge of the crowd." An anecdote, therefore, is one of the things not generally known, a story whispered in the ear, a fact or occurrence confidentially communicated; although, like most such communications, it is eventually proclaimed at the corners of streets—often enlarged, but not amended.

When Mrs. A. tells Mrs. B., under the

rose, how Mr. C., her next-door neighbour, came home tipsy from his public-house club last night, how he abused and tried to beat Mrs. C., and how she gave him a Roland for his Oliver, with strict injunctions not to breathe a word of it to a living soul—which she obeys by giving the same injunctions to the crony to whom she repeats the story—that is a *bonâ fide* anecdote.

For this very reason, perhaps, everybody likes anecdote in some shape or another, even under its least respectable forms. Anecdote has been called the small change of history; it certainly is the current coin of private life. Gossip is anecdote; scandal is anecdote. And how many people, professing to detest both gossip and scandal, listen greedily to all they can contrive to hear, saving their consciences with "I don't believe it; it can't be true!" All the sons of Adam and all the daughters of Eve possess, at the bottom of their hearts, a germ of innate curiosity, not to say ill-nature, which delights to listen to revelations of the sayings and doings of others, whether above, around, or beneath them.

The supply of conglomerate anecdote, in masses, is hardly equal to the demand. Many people begin aggregations of anecdotes, as they do journals of tours or of their daily lives, and give them up in weariness after the first few days, weeks, or months. Such abortive attempts (as not a few know from their own experience or observation) may be counted by scores. Other heapings-up of tit-bits and good things which are really, truly, and seriously being affected at the present date, are not made with a view to our enjoyment, but for the delectation of posterity. Prudence prevents their present appearance. They are too contemporary to be conveniently published. They will appear when we have disappeared. But what matters it to us what book comes out, entertaining or stupid, in 1972? *Après nous, le déluge!* We may feel as indifferent to paulo-post-future amusement as to paulo-post-future catastrophes.

M. Prosper Mérimée (himself an accomplished writer, known through the quality rather than the quantity of his productions) resembles the legendary boy who cared for pudding solely on account of its plums. He has the courage to confess, "*Je n'aime de l'histoire que les anecdotes*."—"In history, all I like are the anecdotes." Consequently, he must be a reader who "skips" pretty frequently. Still, however aban-

dant the anecdotes, there must be, to make a history, a narrative on which to string them, just as there must be batter or paste to hold raisins, currants, and candied peel together, without which there can be no pudding proper. The history, or the pudding, once made, the reader or the eater can then amuse himself with picking out what pleases him.

Collections of anecdotes have at all times been popular, from Scholasticus's whimsies downwards, through mythical Joe Miller, naughty Tom Brown, and not concluding with the *Percy Anecdotes*. One reason for the favour they enjoy is, doubtless, that you take up a book with all the skipping done for you. The bones and gristle are rejected, and you are presented with the marrow of a subject. The husks are thrown away, and you get the grain, with a sufficiency of the sort of "chaff" which suits your literary taste.

It is satisfactory, therefore, to receive from the Librairie of Firmin Didot Frères, Fils et Cie., a *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique d'Anecdotes Modernes, Anciennes, Françaises et Etrangères*, by Edmond Guérard, in two stout volumes, with index into the bargain, and supplemental alphabetical arrangement. This plan invites us to dip at hazard, from the certainty of being able to find our way about the book, if perchance we care to find it. But in peeping into a dictionary of no matter what, it would be unjust to put a slight on the letter A (without which the alphabet would be a headless string of vertebræ), although sundry ingenious gentlemen have made attempts to do without that first of letters. An advocate of the name of Marchant took it into his head (his heart could not have much to do with it, seeing that "amour" begins with "a") to write a tolerably long love-letter, in French, from which he scrupulously excluded the vowel A. This letter exists, in print, but absurd.

In 1816, an individual named Ronden composed *The Piece without A*, which was played at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, Paris. The public thronged to see this tour de force. The curtain rises. Duval enters from one wing, Mengozzi from the opposite side of the stage. The first words the latter utters are, "Ah! monsieur, vous voilà!" (Here you are!) The whole audience roared with laughter at this curious beginning of a piece without A. The laugh gave the prompter time to set the actor right, and he corrected himself with "Eh! mousieur, vous voici!"

So goes the story; to which there is only one objection, namely, that the sentence quoted is not to be found in the published piece. Certainly, it contains others very like it, and the author may have altered it while correcting his proofs. Ronden confesses in his preface that the performance was not suffered to proceed to the end.

After A, comes B. Together, they make Abbé. Apropos to which, or whom, Fontenelle had a brother who was an abbé. One day he was asked, "Of what profession is your brother?"

"My brother," he answered, "is a priest."

"Has he a benefice?"

"No; and he hasn't the slightest chance of getting one."

"How, then, does he fill up his time?"

"He says mass every morning."

"And his evenings?"

"His evenings? Oh! In the evening he does not know what he says."

An *Encyclopædia of Anecdotes* may claim the right to be inspected in alphabetical order. I remember an alphabet which used to begin—

A, was an Actor, who made a great noise;  
B, was a Butterfly, hunted by Boys, &c.

Let us see what M. Guérard has to tell us about actors and actresses.

Gobert, famous for his impersonations of the First Napoleon, while playing the Emperor at the old *Cirque Olympique*, was on the stage surrounded by his staff. They had to introduce an old grenadier who desired to present his son to Napoleon, but the actor who played the grenadier was not forthcoming. The audience began to get impatient. Gobert, who had finished all he had to do, not knowing how to continue the business on the stage, turned to his aide-de-camp, the actor Gautier, and saying to him gravely, "Inform me, marshal, when the grenadier arrives," immediately retreated to the wing. Gautier made a low bow, in sign of obedience, and turning to one of the officers, said, "Inform me, general, when the grenadier arrives," and then followed Gobert's example. The best of it was, that the grenadier never arrived at all. He did not turn up till the next day—at the nearest wine shop. The rest of the scene had to be omitted. Luckily, the audience made no complaint about the omission. Perhaps they were not aware of it.

The actor Hind was remarkable for his presence of mind and fertility in expedients. One evening, while playing in some for-

gotten melodrama, he extricated himself with honour from an awkward difficulty. He represented the hero of the piece, a hardened brigand, caught at last, and awaiting his doom in a sombre cell. One of his accomplices had contrived to convey to him a rope ladder and a file. His business was to file through the bars of his prison window, and attempt his escape through the opening. At the moment when he was getting out of the window, three soldiers had to rush on the stage, fire at him, and shoot him dead. Hind duly went through his part, but at the critical moment, instead of the expected fatal catastrophe, the guns missed fire. The soldiers retreated in disorder, and immediately returned with fresh muskets, which, not being loaded, merely flashed in the pan.

Hind's position was becoming unpleasant. Suddenly, he fell upon the stage, uttering fearful cries, dragged himself to the footlights in apparent agony, and exclaimed, "Merciful Heaven! I have swallowed the file!" Then, after well-performed convulsions, and another loud groan, he fell stark dead. The audience, who had begun to murmur, were appeased by this improvised poetical justice.

But we have not yet done with Emperor Gobert, who, always at the old Cirque Olympique, brought down the house simply by entering in his grey frock-coat, raising his little cocked hat, and taking his snuff-box out of his pocket.

Gobert's memory was bad. Consequently, when he had an order to write, or a letter to read, he was carefully supplied with the written text. One evening, in some military piece of the day, the Emperor had to receive a letter from the hands of his aide-de-camp, and then read it to his assembled officers. The aide-de-camp was the above-named Gautier, who, we may add, was the wag of the theatre; and he took it into his head to substitute for the written letter, which the manager duly delivered to him, a sheet of blank paper properly folded, which he gave to the Emperor when the moment arrived.

Gobert took the letter, broke the seal, opened it, and as soon as he became aware of the trick, gravely presented it to Gautier, saying, "Do you read it, general."

Gautier was completely taken aback. He did not know a word of the letter; and, not having the coolness or the cleverness to invent it, he got well hissed as the reward of his joke.

Not a few anecdotes are themselves actors

of all-work, reappearing over and over again, each time under a different disguise. Sometimes they pass undetected; but more frequently the reader, after reflection, recognises them as old acquaintances.

A celebrated dramatic artist was playing in a country town. Probably not taking the trouble to exert himself, he performed an ill-written piece in a very bad style, and was outrageously hissed. The popular actor, accustomed to nothing but applause, could not help giving way to his temper.

"Imbeciles!" he shouted, and strutted off the stage.

"An apology! An apology!" howled the audience.

The commissary of police interfered. There was no escaping an apology.

"Messieurs, I said you were imbeciles, it is true. I ask your pardon, I am in the wrong."

This two-edged sally obtained as much applause as its cause had provoked disapprobation. But—we have seen something of the kind related of an individual condemned to unsay a slander, ending with "I called you a liar, 'tis true, and so I leave you."

Ill-natured folk said that Mademoiselle Laguerre, of the Opera, sought for inspiration in wine, and that the fact was sometimes perceptible on the stage. One night, when she was singing Iphigenia in Tauris, a spectator whispered to his neighbour, "She is more like Iphigenia in Champagne."

Some telling points, made by actors, have been the result of accident. An actor, in the part of Harpagon, happened to fall while running, and shouting "An voleur! Thieves!" in the scene of the strong-box, in Molière's *L'Avare*, and he had the presence of mind to continue his part while still lying on the ground, as might happen to a man in actual life when overwhelmed and broken down by despair. This fall, in some theatres, has become a tradition, and even produces a striking effect. Several details of theatrical "business" have in like manner owed their origin to chance. In the *Comte d'Essex*, Baron's garter, on one occasion, became unfastened, and slipped off. As the only other person on the stage at the time was the traitor Cecil, whom he could consistently treat with haughtiness, he turned the opportunity to account by addressing him in a disdainful tone and attitude while he was stooping to replace the garter.

Subsequent actors have thought it worth their while to repeat the same by-play when they personate that character.

Of course there are jokes touching the Académie Française, which, however exclusive and dignified, has not always been a calm republic of letters. One day when they were disputing so loudly that no one could hear a word that was said, M. de Mairan called them to order in a short address: "Messieurs, suppose we speak only four at a time."

It is notorious that admission to the Academy is the ambition of almost every Frenchman of letters. Some, nevertheless, hesitate. Mably, on being urged to present himself as a candidate, answered, "If I were in the Academy, people perhaps would inquire, 'Why was he admitted?' I much prefer that they should ask 'Why has he not been admitted?'"

Every candidate is not so modest. The merits of an applicant were discussed in the presence of Monsieur V. The majority were dead against him. "For my part," said Monsieur V., "I give him my vote. He is an exceedingly polite and well-bred man. The only thing against him are his writings, and they, you know, are the merest trifle."

The addresses of letters are often strange. Victor Hugo one day received a letter with the simple address, "To the greatest poet of the epoch." The author of the *Feuilles d'Automne*, immediately sent it, without opening it, to M. de Lamartine, Rue de l'Université, who returned it himself to M. Hugo. It is not exactly known which of those two illustrious writers consented to the task of opening the letter.

Age is a fertile subject of question and answer.

"What is your age?" Louis the Fourteenth asked of one of his courtiers.

"Whatever age your majesty pleases."

The same monarch lamented in Marshal de Grammont's presence that he was sixty years of age.

"Ah, sire!" the other replied, "everybody is sixty years of age."

One day an elderly officer prayed the king to retain him in his service, instead of sending him to the Invalides.

"But you are very old, monsieur," Louis replied.

"Sire," pleaded the officer, "I am only three years older than your majesty, and I hope to serve you at least twenty years longer."

This flattery in disguise had its effect,

and caused the veteran's request to be granted.

Louis the Fifteenth, finding Moncrif one day with the queen, said to him, "Do you know, Moncrif, there are people who give you eighty years?"

"Yes, sire," he replied, "but I do not take them."

Voltaire was asked what he thought was the age of the world.

"I don't know," he said, "but I regard the world as an old coquette who conceals her age."

When cabriolets came into fashion under Louis the Fifteenth, bon ton required that every woman of quality should drive her vehicle herself. But the fairest hands were not the most skilful, and accidents were fearfully numerous. The king sent for M. d'Argenson, and begged him to take measures for the safety of passengers in the streets.

"I will do so with all my heart," he answered, "but do you wish accidents to disappear completely?"

"Parbleu! To be sure I do."

"Leave me to manage, then."

The next day an ordonnance appeared, to the effect that no lady under thirty years of age could be permitted to drive a cabriolet. Two days afterwards, not a single cabriolet conducted by a female driver was to be seen in the streets of Paris. Not one Parisienne had the courage to avow, by driving a cabriolet, that she was thirty years of age.

As we have only skimmed a little from A, the reader may imagine the store of anecdote which M. Guérard has accumulated under the headings of the rest of the alphabet.

#### VOICES IN THE AIR.

Off in the pleasant talk of waking dreams,  
I hold communion with the woods and streams,  
Speak to the garrulous trees when winds blow high,  
And hear responses 'twixt the earth and sky;  
I ask old Ocean when he chafes and rolls,  
Whether he chides, rejoices, or condoles,  
And hear, with sympathy I deem divine,  
His awful voice make answer back to mine.

Beside the boulder on the rocky shore,  
Forlorn old relic of the days of yore,  
Ere earth was trod by foot of human kind,  
I hear the wandering whispers of the wind;  
Voices like Memnon's in the olden day,  
That breathed soft music to the morning ray,  
And spoke of mysteries to wondering men,  
Within their hope, but far beyond their ken.

And all the voices, all the sounds and sighs,  
The half-formed questions and the mute replies,  
Breathe but one mingled hymn, and psalm, and song  
Which day and night, and morn and eve prolong,

In waves of music rippling low and clear,  
Unheard but of the mind that seeks to hear,  
One psalm sublime, around, beneath, above,  
Words of a myriad meanings, God is LOVE.

### OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

#### AN INDIAN FORLORN HOPE.

LORD LAKE's campaign in 1804, against Holkah and his cruel Pindarees, was carried on in a way which would astonish a modern soldier. Lieutenant Shipp, of the Eighty-seventh Regiment, who won his commission in that wild warfare, has graphically sketched its most picturesque incidents. He joined the army just as Holkah, raising the siege of Delhi, crossed the river Jumna to escape the English light cavalry. His Pindaree robbers were daring horsemen, who managed their long spears with extraordinary dexterity, and many of their women were skilful both with matchlock and sword. Shipp's first service against these marauders was to rescue Colonel Burn, who, with five companies of native infantry, had defended himself in a small mud fort for six days against the whole force of Holkah's cavalry. The English army, marching eighty-four miles in forty-eight hours, succeeding in rescuing Burn and his almost worn-out soldiers, and Lord Lake shed tears when the handful of men whom he had saved cheered him from the ramparts. Some Sepoys being killed by shots from the houses, the town was given up to plunder.

Holkah's line of march was strewn with dead elephants, camels, horses, bullocks, and bushels of the intoxicating berries on which the Pindarees fed their horses. Holkah's rear-guard, watching the English advance-guard, constantly detached parties of horsemen to retard and annoy our advancing columns. One impudent fellow, mounted on a beautiful and richly bedizened horse, was especially daring, racing up to within two hundred yards of the English soldiers, railing at them, and sometimes firing his matchlock. At last he wounded a man of the native cavalry, and an English officer asked Lord Lake if he might ride out and attack him. "Oh, never mind him," said Lake, "we'll catch him before he's a week older." Just then an officer, who commanded one of the six-pounders, came up and told Lord Lake if he would permit him he would bundle over the fellow at the first shot or lose his commission. "Well, try," was the answer. At that moment the Pindaree fired his matchlock again, and quietly commenced reloading. Our gun

was at once unlimbered, loaded, and fired; and the ball striking the horse behind, passed through the man's back and the horse's neck. "So much for the Pin," was the officer's only comment, as the gun was limbered up.

Lord Lake now marched at the rate of five-and-twenty miles a day, for Holkah was moving on Futtighur, a rich city, in hopes of plunder. The English were only one day's march behind. Near Futtighur Lord Lake, by a night march of twenty-eight miles, very nearly succeeded in surprising and destroying all Holkah's army. Unfortunately, the accidental explosion of an ammunition tumbril alarmed a few of the robbers, though most of them took the report for the morning gun at Futtighur. As it was, the bulk of the Pindarees, caught in their sleep, were cut to pieces by the Eighth, Twenty-fourth, and Twenty-fifth Dragoons, and some native cavalry, and the horse artillery mowed them down with grape-shot by hundreds. Two thousand Pindarees were slain, and amongst them several poor tradesmen from Furruckabad, who had come to Holkah's camp to barter. The following morning the fugitives reached Mainpore, a station seventy-two miles distant. Soon after this battle of Furruckabad, Holkah's twenty-five thousand infantry were also routed by Major-General Fraser and Colonel Monson.

The English next besieged the fort of Deig, a stronghold of the Rajah of Bhurtpore. On a cold December night, Shipp's company advanced with working tools to open trenches. Shipp himself, sent to reconnoitre an apparently deserted village, narrowly escaped capture by a Pindaree picket, and had to run the gauntlet of some dozen matchlocks. The village was soon occupied by the English, and batteries erected. On the 23rd of December the breach was pronounced practicable. The storming party was to sally out directly the moon rose. When it did rise clear and full over one of the highest bastions, the ramparts were seen to be bristling with spears, blue lights were burning on the walls, the enemy occasionally discharging a gun, or blazing a rocket, to show they were vigilant. The old soldiers among whom Shipp marched gave him two useful bits of advice: First, never to pass an apparently dead enemy without giving him the point of sword or bayonet, as it was a common trick of the Pindarees to sham dead as an Englishman approached, and, directly he passed, to cut him down. Secondly, whenever a shell

or rocket fell near him, to run as close to it as possible, and lie down flat on his face, both of which hints Shipp soon grew tired of following.

The storming party consisted of about seven hundred men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel M'Rae, of the Seventy-sixth Regiment, and Colonel Ball, a brave old man, who had actually to be pushed up the breach, he was so feeble. One of the flank companies was led by a sergeant, who being instantly wounded, was succeeded by Shipp, who gallantly volunteered. The first swords were crossed at an intrenchment the enemy had made between the English batteries and the breach. The men of the Twenty-second Regiment fought through this, led by Captain Lindsay, who was wounded by a spear-thrust and a sabre-cut, but still would not leave the field. Seeing the enemy pointing a gun, Shipp, with three or four others, dashed forward to spike it, but just as he was feeling for the touch-hole, a Pindaree artilleryman fired the gun, and Shipp was blown back into the trench. The man then raised his sabre to cut him to pieces, when a grenadier of Shipp's company shot the rascal, and saved his young comrade's life. Fortunately for Shipp and his companions, the Pindaree guns were too much elevated, or every man of the storming party would have been annihilated. Within sixty paces of the breach, Shipp, struck on the head by a matchlock-ball, fell bleeding profusely. Recovering, however, he rose, and impelled forward by the second company, ran, stooping to avoid the bullets, which were now falling uncomfortably thick. A few seconds more and they were in the bastion. Here the Pindarees fought desperately, throwing huge stones, limbs of trees, stink-pots, bundles of flaming straw and spears, and rolling down large shot; but nothing could resist the stormers. Inside the fort, however, there was still hard work cut out for Shipp and his comrades. The streets were narrow, and crossed each other, and at every corner guns were blazing away, raking the whole approach. From the loop-holed houses, too, the shots came thick and fast. In a nook, at the corner of a street, Shipp came upon Captain Lindsay, who beaten down on one knee, and bleeding from several wounds, was defending himself from five or six Pindarees. Shipp was just in time to save him, and the Pindarees were soon stretched upon the ground. In so intricate a place, the English soldiers found it difficult not to shoot each other.

Suddenly turning sharp round a corner, Shipp and his comrades came upon a column of the enemy escorting an open palanquin, which contained a fat man of rank. On probing the palanquin with bayonets the fat officer roared out, and fired a matchlock at Shipp, the ball of which passed through the wing of his coat. In a few minutes Shipp's company however killed this man and dispersed the column, Shipp carrying off the officer's gun as a trophy. It proved to be a carbine about two feet long, with a hatchet handle, and Lord Lake afterwards purchased it for two hundred rupees. Outside the principal gate of the fort, Lake's men came upon five companies which had deserted from Monson in his masterly retreat from Jeypore. They were dressed in full English uniform, and stood with their arms crossed, and without making any resistance, frequently crying out, "Englishmen, Englishmen, for God's sake do not kill us!" but Lord Lake had ordered that no quarter should be given these deserters, and they were nearly all of them shot down.

When Shipp gave up fighting, he found the wound on his skull was a dangerous one, being two inches long and one broad, and he had also an injury in the side from the wind of a cannon-ball, which must have passed under his arm. The place was black and swollen, with red streaks at the margin, and was painful for several months. Few of the English were killed, but a great many were wounded. Sergeant Bury, whose place Shipp had taken with delight, had now joined his company, and fought hard all the night. Early in the morning he was quietly looking over the parapet of the fort, when a cannon-ball struck him on the back and killed him on the spot. He would have been certain of a commission.

This taste of fighting induced Shipp to volunteer to lead the forlorn hope at the attack on Bhurtpore, Lord Lake promising him a commission if he escaped, a very unlikely contingency. Holkah was lying under the walls of this place, with an immense body of cavalry, employing himself in cutting off the arms, ears, and noses of all our grass-cutters whom he could catch.

On the 1st of January, 1805, ground was broken against the fortress of Bhurtpore. With wounds scarcely yet closed, Shipp again joined the working party, for a town said to contain a garrison of one hundred thousand men required a formal siege, and the supposed treasure of nineteen crores of rupees was worth the winning.



Ten minutes after the first trench was opened a tremendous cannonade began, for the enemy feared a sudden attack. Against the earth heaps that sheltered our pioneers the little rough iron balls flew as thick as bees, and many a cannon-shot was brought up by the little mound of defence. The night was bitterly cold, the ground damp, but the men worked so steadily and so hard, that by daylight the trenches were completed, and a four-gun breaching battery thrown up within five hundred yards of the town wall. At daybreak the forts were again in a blaze, flags were hoisted, and the whole line of sun-scorched rampart was studded with red, yellow, and green turbans. The roar of the cannon, the whistle of shot, the rushing of rockets, was replied to by lusty and defiant cheers from the English trenches. Every one, anxious to take a peep at Bhurtpore, stole a glance when he could, bobbing his head directly the warning cry of "Shot!" was raised. On the firing slightly slackening, the batteries and magazines were completed, and the trenches widened to seven feet, leaving just room to pass and repass under shelter to the principal dépôt. Many men were wounded this first day. An Irishman of the light company, named Murphy, was particularly reckless in standing on the bank and drawing the fire of the enemy. To all remonstrances the daredevil only replied, "If they kill me, bad luck to me if I don't pay them for it, when I get into that same fort." A few hours after, the foolish fellow was shot in the finger, which, he said, "Was just because he happened to be looking another way at the time." In the evening we erected two small batteries of twelves and sixteens, but the enemy kept up a perpetual fire all night, burned blue lights at intervals, to prove that the sentinels had not taken their usual opium, and at times their drums sounded to testify to their vigilance. At daybreak our batteries opening with a tremendous salvo, the enemy mustered in force on every wall. Shelling was only then in its infancy, or tremendous havoc might have been wrought among the Pindarees. It was exasperating to see these robbers quietly feeding their horses not more than a quarter of a mile from the pickets, the very evening after they had cruelly sent into camp about twenty grass-cutters of the Eighth Dragoons with their noses and right arms cut off.

Our shot made but little impression on the mud bastions and curtains. The Pin-

darees, at first terrified at the balls, soon learned to dig holes in the ramparts, and so escape. A shell every five minutes was at this time thought good firing, and the fire made but small impression, though now and then houses blazed up, and small magazines exploded. One day the rajah, being seen on the Rabrooge or royal bastion with his suite, reconnoitring, the officer commanding our howitzer battery laid a shell which struck the wall of the Rabrooge, and soon scattered his highness and suite. In this bastion the rajah had planted an enormous gun (about a seventy-two pounder), but they could not depress it enough to bear upon our batteries. The report was like an earthquake, but the balls went a good quarter of a mile over Lake's men. The soldiers gave this useless piece the name of Civil Tom. The enemy were at first rather pleased at the dust their shots kicked up, but soon finding they fell harmless, they turned the huge muzzle at the camp, and, to the astonishment of the artillerymen of those days, actually threw a ball close to Lord Lake's flag-staff, more than two miles from the fort. Almost the only fatal shot killed a poor water-carrier's bullock, and carried off the driver's right arm, at more than a mile distance.

The breach was at last pronounced practicable, but for two small guns the enemy had thrown out for the purpose of a cross fire, and to rake and annoy the breaching battery. Two six-pounders, however, with a dozen or so shrapnels, soon blew up and removed this annoyance. Shipp was in the battery when the head engineer announced that the storm might take place the following evening.

"How do you like that news?" said an officer to a soldier.

"I only wish it was to-night," was the answer.

Shipp, who was to lead the first forlorn hope, says that a man just before such an event does not feel that "indescribable elation" that he does in action. He becomes thoughtful, sombre, restless, and begins to prepare himself for death by religious reflection. The two chosen companies were relieved for the night in order to rest for the attack. Shipp slept soundly, and rose early to clean and new flint his musket, and to grind his bayonet, as the thick winter coats of the Mussulman soldiers were of quilted cotton, two inches thick, and almost ball-proof, and only a bayonet or spear could be depended upon to pene-

trate them. In the course of the day Shipp took care to walk down to the batteries, and to study the path to the breach. He longed for night to come. The gun fired as usual at eight o'clock; at nine the orders, hitherto kept secret, were passed quietly round to the officers commanding regiments and companies. Shipp kissed and took leave of his favourite pony, Apple, and his dog, Wolf, and took his post at the head of twelve volunteers chosen to lead the storming party. Young, and enthusiastic for glory, he thought every eye was upon him. All was still as the grave, when in the darkness he suddenly heard some one call, "Sergeant Shipp!" It was the adjutant-general, with a Hindoo deserter, who had offered to betray his countrymen. Shipp tied a rope round this man's waist, and prepared to shoot him the moment he proved treacherous or threatened to run away. In solemn silence the party marched down to the trenches, remained there half an hour, then marched to the attack in open columns by sections, the two flank companies of the Twenty-seventh leading, supported by the Seventy-fifth and Seventy-sixth European regiments, and some native infantry. Colonel Maitland, of the Seventh, commanded the storming party, and brave little Major Archibald Campbell his own corps. The guide was dismissed in spite of Shipp's remonstrances. Behind Shipp came the pioneers, carrying gabions and fascines to throw into gaps. The enemy did not see the party till it was within fifty paces of the ditch, but then they awoke with a vengeance. In a moment the forts turned into volcanoes of fire and thunder, the solid earth shook with the roar of the guns, rockets darted in all directions, blue lights were hoisted, the reports of the small arms rolled like ten thousand drums, while through this storm of sound rang the angry blare of trumpets. The assailants pushed on at speed, but were soon obliged to halt. They had come to a ditch twenty feet wide and four or five feet deep, which branched off from the main trench. Here were two guns and a strong post of the enemy, who poured a well-directed fire upon the front of the assailing column. The fascines and gabions proved utterly insufficient, and the fire grew every moment hotter as the little band of heroes plunged into the water, followed by the two companies and part of the Seventy-fifth Regiment. They soon cleared the ditch and made straight for the breach. To the

soldiers' consternation they found, however, a perpendicular curtain going down straight to the moat, and no footing except on pieces of trees and stones that had fallen from above. These would only bear three men abreast. All who slipped (and they were many) perished. Close on the right was a large bastion which the enemy had craftily hung with dead underwood. This they now set in a blaze, and it threw a light on the breach, so that every figure and every bayonet of ours stood out clear as at noon-day. The enemy's guns were soon brought to bear, and the first sweep of grape struck Colonel Maitland dead, wounded Major Campbell in the leg, and Shipp in the right shoulder. The twelve heroes had nearly all fallen. Still the survivors pushed steadily three abreast for the breach; but that breach was but the gate of death. The damage done by our cannon had been repaired by large beams of wood, stakes, stones, thorny bushes, and pointed bamboos, and through the crevices of these obstacles a broad mass of spears was jobbing diagonally, with a fierce, regular motion as if of some new and terrible species of machinery. Against this mass of Indian spearmen the assailants soon found they could make no head. Our poor fellows were mowed down like corn, without being able to get at their enemies. The rear of our column was broken up by the Pindarees' shot. In rage and despair, a retreat was at last sounded, and many a wounded man perished in the wet ditches. Not one officer escaped without a wound, and Lieutenant Creswell was almost cut to pieces. The fact was there was no real breach, and the forlorn hope was hurled at a forest of spears and a ceaseless avalanche of bullets and fire. Our soldiers retired almost broken-hearted from the attack, mourning for the wounded, who would be butchered, as they well knew, the moment they turned their backs. Again and again they implored to be led back to the assault, but the rash request was sternly denied. It was all the non-commissioned officers could do to restrain our men when the Pindarees began to shout triumph as they turned back. Pieces of copper coin, iron, stone, and glass were extracted from many of the wounded. When Shipp returned with his comrades to the lines to brood over the discomfiture, he found that the wound on his head had opened again, that the wound on his shoulder had injured the bone, and that a spear had struck his hand.

The engineers, finding the spot they had chosen impracticable, now moved to the eastward, and, preparatory to a second attack, the breaching guns needed to be repaired. Lord Lake now determining to chase Holkah, captured vast numbers of his elephants, cavalry, and matchlock-men.

A convoy with provisions was also cut off, and forty stands of colours, some treasure, and several guns taken. As one-eyed Holkah had commanded in person, a reward was offered for his head. Many heads were brought in with only one eye, but Chigram, our head spy, knew the chief too well to claim any of them as that of Holkah.

Shipp's wounds being now nearly well, the intrepid fellow again volunteered to lead the forlorn hope. A night before the attack, going into a wood to pray, he tells us that, to his surprise, he found one of the worst men in the regiment, and who was killed the next day, on his knees in a retired place. Two o'clock in the afternoon of January the 20th, 1805, was appointed for the second attack on Bhurtpore. To neutralise the obstruction of the trench, a bamboo bridge, to be managed by one hundred men, was provided, floated with oil-skins. Elephants and camels were also laden with tents, and bullock carts, full of cotton bales, were taken to fill up the ditch. Once more Shipp and twelve volunteers moved on, supported by two companies. A shell from a howitzer was the signal to move. The shell bursting, however, in the muzzle of the mortar, killed two grenadiers — a discouraging omen. The bridge, carried on men's shoulders, followed the forlorn hope. In less than half-way to the fort six of Shipp's men were either killed or wounded, but the assailants pressed on only the faster. The enemy, encouraged by their late success, redoubled their fire, and on the right side of the breach had thrown out an underwork, in which were several guns and a crowd of matchlock-men. Shipp's comrades kept falling one by one; and just as he was assisting his men at the edge of the ditch, which was wide and deep, Shipp received a matchlock-ball, which, entering over the right eye, passed out over the left. The skin of his forehead falling down over his eyes, he dropped, bleeding profusely. Just then Captain Lindsay was struck on the right knee by a two-pound ball from a gingall. Looking up, half stunned, Shipp, with the only sound eye left, saw the bamboo bridge, which had proved, unfortunately, too short, floating down the

stream. The ground was strewn with killed and wounded, and all hopes of crossing the ditch were already abandoned. Two small guns were playing on the ditch, the water in which was over the men's heads, and our poor fellows, standing like sheep to be shot at, were refusing to retreat. At last a retreat was ordered, but not till seven hundred men had been killed and wounded. The camels and elephants, alarmed by the tremendous firing and shouting, now threw off their loads, and either ran back to camp or escaped into the woods. Captain Lindsay's leg was amputated in the battery, and Shipp was sent home to the camp, where he lay blind in a fever for several days, but eventually, by the aid of a strong constitution, recovered.

The engineers, finding the second side of the fort they had attacked impregnable, now resolved to breach a prominent bastion to the east, although every part of the place was protected by a cross fire. Our soldiers had become disheartened, and their constant talk was of the comrades they had left behind in the breach. The Pindarees enraged our men by dressing in the clothes of the dead soldiers, and holding up bundles of English muskets; they also picked out the English cannon-shot from the two old breaches, and fired them back at our camp. In our tents now there was no laughing and shouting; all faces were gloomy, for some had lost brothers, others comrades, and there had been no success to cheer them. In two companies alone nearly one half of the whole number had been either killed or wounded.

On the 18th of February the bastion again began to yield to the guns. Defeat was forgotten, and the one desire now was for revenge. On the 20th, the morning fixed for the third storming, about four hundred desperate Pindarees, mad with drink, rushed on our batteries just as the men were relieving trenches, carried them at a dash, and, for a short time, held possession of them. They were soon, however, driven out, and the guns turned upon the mob caused a dreadful carnage among them. The fort fired indiscriminately upon the English and their own fugitives, and few escaped. In spite of the Pindarees' cruelty, their wounded were sent to the native hospitals, were treated with kindness, and soon grew good friends with the English wounded, and shared the same wards.

The third storming party was ordered for twelve o'clock. To Shipp's disgust, the doctor, however, forbade him to join in the

attack, as the wound on his forehead threatened to turn to inflammation of the brain. The forlorn hope was therefore led by Lieutenant Templar, of the Seventy-sixth Regiment. Shipp watched the whole scene, longing to be in the van of the attack. It was a cruel and hopeless struggle, for no sooner did the brave men reach the top of the breach than the enemy's fire swept them away. The English seemed to Shipp literally hanging on the surface of the bastion, but soon they fell, and scrambled back, leaving upwards of five hundred dead or wounded. The enemy again thronged the breach in swarms, shooting victory. During the whole of this fight, Shipp says he stood among the spectators, striking with imaginary swords, driving in imaginary bayonets, shouting, screaming, and shrieking in passionate sympathy with the struggling men.

For the fourth storming party the following day Shipp, undeterred by the defeat, again volunteered, though his wound presented a frightful appearance, and ached and burned cruelly. Assuring the doctors that he felt quite able to fight, and entreating them not to stand between him and glory, they at last yielded, and Shipp then, feeling sure he could not escape a fourth time, devoted the rest of his time to prayer and to writing his will. Two o'clock in the afternoon was fixed for the assault. Lieutenant Temple, of the Seventy-sixth, a little man, but with a lion's heart, accompanied Shipp, carrying a small union-jack to plant on the enemy's bastion.

"Shipp," he said, offering his hand, "you're a monopolist of glory, and I'm come to rob you of a bit of it, for I mean to fix this flag on the bastion, or die in the attempt."

On the way from the camp the forlorn hope met Lord Lake and his suite.

"Sergeant," said his lordship, addressing the leader, "it is with sincere regret I again see you wounded, and again at the head of your little band of heroes. I'll not check your praiseworthy spirit; go into glory, my lads, and may Heaven prosper your zeal, and crown you with triumph."

Lord Lake addressed each corps as it passed, but when he saw the mere remnant of the two companies of the Twenty-second Regiment pass, he turned away his eyes, and a tear trickled down his cheek, for he was a soldier's friend. Then, fearing his emotion might be observed, he took off his cocked hat and cheered the brave fellows.

The storming party marched in the usual steady order, but Shipp soon found that there was no heart or spirit in the sol-

diers. They had been three times driven back, and they seemed now to fully expect a fresh repulse. The sight of the breach was indeed discouraging enough. The dead bodies of the last stormers were lying stripped, some without head and arms, others literally cut to pieces. A few still breathed, raised their wounded heads, or faintly stirred their legs and arms, and faintly cried for help. Our men grew frenzied for revenge, and rushed on, but it was only to certain death. Every Hindoo in the bastion was wrapped in chain-mail, and wore breastplates, armlets, and helmets, with chain tippets. Many of these fellows were struck six or seven times by bullets at six or seven yards' distance, and were not hurt. Shipp had not been in the breach many minutes before a large shot was rolled down upon him from the bastion, and he slipped back till a bayonet of a grenadier stopped him by passing through his shoe and the fleshy part of his foot. A man of the Twenty-second light company, who helped him up, was at the same moment shot dead. Shipp regained his place just in time to see poor Lieutenant Temple, who had planted his flag in the breach, cut down, and split almost in two, by a Musulman soldier. The villain was immediately shot dead. Just then a fire-pot fell on Shipp's pouch, exploding his fifty rounds of ball-cartridge. The explosion precipitated him to the bottom of the breach, and he only awoke to find himself with his face scorched, his clothes burnt, and all the hair on the back of his head frizzled off. Crawling to the other side of the breach, he seated himself there, unable to move further, till a cannon-ball struck the bank and covered him with mud. Just as he crawled out of the ditch the retreat sounded, and the hopeless contest was abandoned, after the loss of several hundred men. Of Shipp's twelve gallant comrades not one returned for his reward. Of the two companies scarcely a soul escaped uninjured; and but for the capture of an eleven-gun battery of the enemy, few, if any, would have escaped the dreadful carnage.

After some days the fort, however, consented to pay all the expenses of the siege, the Pindarees having lost some five thousand men, women, and children. The real fact was, that it was absurd to attack a fortress like Bhurtpore with only four breaching guns; and when Lord Combermere, in 1825, marched upon the place, he took with him a huge train of artillery. For his conduct at this siege Shipp was appointed ensign of the Sixty-

fifth Regiment; Lord Lake sent him a tent, two camels, and a horse, and another friend's generosity gave him the rest of his outfit.

The defeats we have recorded ended in the loss of three thousand of Lord Lake's men, and were concluded by the expulsion of the Pindarees from under the walls of Bhurtpore, and their flight across the river Chumlah.

The Nepanlese war, in 1815, brought our Indian soldiers fresh adventures. The enemy, astonished at our penetrating their vast forests, and ascending their precipitous mountains, declared that we descended from the skies in cars drawn by flying elephants. On a hill near the fort of Muckewanpore, Shipp, now an ensign, had a characteristic single combat with a chieftain, who was trying to rally his men. The light company were advancing, and the Nepanlese were trying to make a stand. The chieftain, a strong, powerful, black fellow, was protected, like Sancho, by two ball-proof shields, one of which, tied round his waist, hung over his thighs, as low as his knees, and the other was buckled on his left arm. Cut and slash—cut and point—at it he went with Shipp, who luckily had what he called his "twenty-fourther," a good old sword newly ground to good shaving order. At first, Shipp stood on the defensive, unable to catch his formidable opponent off his guard. He cut, Shipp guarded—he thrust, Shipp quietly parried; till the Nepanlese, enraged at the delay, and thirsting for blood, set to work like a blacksmith, and nearly cut the poor twenty-fourther to pieces. At last, Shipp feeling his enemy was tiring out, though he could see nothing of him but the black face above one shield, and the black feet below the other, gave him cut five across his legs, but he still kept dancing round. A cut at his toes, however, brought his shield down for a moment, upon which up went the edge of Shipp's sword under his chin, and in trying to throw his head back the chief fell dead. This swordsman turned out to be one Khishna-Rhannah Bahader, the very man who had planned the treacherous ambuscades at Summanapore and Pershah, in which nearly eight hundred English soldiers had perished. Some time after, during a truce, a young Nepanlese officer asked Shipp if he had been at the action on the hill of Muckewanpore. Shipp replied "Yes."

"So was I," said the Nepanlese, "and I fired three shots at you when you were fighting with my colonel, Sobah-Khishna-

Rhannah. I never missed before in my life."

"You were not far from your man," said Shipp, "for one of your shots struck the peak of my cap."

The young soldier shook Shipp by the hand heartily. "I love a brave soldier," he said, "and the white men are all brave."

The Nepanlese stockades were formed of interwoven green bamboos, which were ball-proof. They surrounded these stockades with concealed holes, larger than a man's foot, in each of which was driven a small sharp bamboo. In some streams poisonous grasses were placed, till Sir David Ochterlony called upon the Nepal government for satisfaction, and they had to stop all such base practices. The native wounded, Shipp says, mistook the English for cannibals, and when their limbs were amputated, believed they were removed to be eaten by the surgeons.

Discipline was severe in India in those days, and on one occasion, when the often repeated order of "Cease firing" was disobeyed, a soldier firing and killing a man who had been shooting from a thicket, the colonel instantly ran at the offender with his walking-stick, and struck him across the nose. Our soldiers, seeing the Nepanlese ferreted out of the underwood by the shells, would still fire an occasional shot. Upon this, the enraged colonel at once selected a man of the light company of the Twenty-fifth, and ordered him to be instantly shot, and so he would have been, had not some one just then come up with orders. The man seeing the colonel turn his back for a moment, ran off and escaped.

Our last Indian war was carried on in other ways, and against other enemies, but our soldiers fought as well as their predecessors, and, like them, were ultimately victorious.

### UNDER THE BLACK BEAM.

EVER a wanderer at heart, I am as fond to this day, at the age of sixty-three, of tramping about from place to place as when I first began to feel my legs, and when a certain independence gave me the freedom to use them as I pleased. Not as a mere pedestrian do I take my walks abroad (though I have done my thirty-five miles in a day when necessary), but because I have been of an inquiring turn of mind, liking to see for myself as much as possible, at home and abroad, the ways of men and

cities. Not as a mere superficial observer either (if I may say it of myself) have I tramped these many years up and down the world. I have always watched with as much interest the workings of social, commercial, and political institutions as I have the outer aspect of people, things, and places; making thorough acquaintance with the varied conditions of my kind, as circumstances or the country's laws beget them.

Thus, churches, museums, picture-galleries, and the rest of the hackneyed sights of a capital or district, never quite satisfied my inquisitive disposition. I, forsooth, must push my personal experiences into courts of justice, national assemblies, parliaments, and so forth; the interior of dockyards, manufactories, prisons, lunatic asylums, hospitals, workhouses, institutions for the blind, deaf, and dumb: in a word, like the oft-quoted French sapeur, nothing to me was sacred.

Equally attractive, too, have ever been the beauties of nature. These, under every phase and aspect, have employed as fair a share of my attention and enthusiasm as have the abodes of men. The solitudes of mountains, forests, or the sea-shore have had equal charms, in their turn, with the hum and bustle of commercial centres; and I believe I have appreciated, with the enthusiasm of a painter, all the glories of form and colour which nature displays, with such prodigal hands, to those who have the eye to appreciate and the heart to feel them.

But I must stay my pen; it is not, fortunately for the reader, to give an account of my personal predilections that I have taken it up; only thus much about myself it has been necessary to say, for the understanding of what is to follow. Naturally, some amount of adventure must have resulted from such a life; some episodes, serious and comic, that may be more or less worth the telling. To tell of the most serious, however, of all that ever befel me, is the purpose of this present writing—so serious, indeed, that there was well-nigh a chance of its having brought my nomadic existence to a premature and ignoble close. Very horrible was that time, and I shall never cease to look back at it with a shudder, though nearly thirty years have passed since then.

Well, it was the merry month of July, and upon a gorse and bramble-covered eminence overhanging a certain retired little fishing-town on our south-western coast, sat an artist hard at work at his easel. Sheltered by his white umbrella from the

rays of the fierce but declining sun, absorbed in the portrayal of the lovely landscape before him, he failed to observe the noiseless approach of a strolling pedestrian. This latter, however, did not (as he at first felt inclined) go up and boldly examine the sketch, but flung himself down at a little distance, and thence contemplated, as his strong eyesight enabled him to do, the aspect of the painter himself; for there was something peculiar about him, at once fascinating and disagreeable. Fascinating, because he was young, good-looking, wild, and enthusiastic; disagreeable, because his appearance conjured up some unpleasant and at the same time untraceable reminiscence. Where had I seen him before?

This was the question that interested me, so soon as I came close enough to see his face, and to its solution I devoted myself unsuccessfully for nearly a quarter of an hour, as I lay there watching him. He did not notice me all that while, but at last, rising from his camp-stool, and stepping back to take a more distant view of his work, he glanced in my direction, and, apparently annoyed at the unexpected presence of a stranger, scowled forbiddingly, and in resettling to his work so readjusted his umbrella as to shield himself from further observation. Taking the hint, I immediately rose, and departed towards the town, where I was staying. He, too, was evidently staying at the same place, for, after this first evening's meeting, I constantly came across him in the neighbourhood. I was there, as I am anywhere during my wanderings, for my own behoof and pleasure; sketching, boating, botanising, what not; but whenever I met this young fellow, I somehow seemed to wish I were somewhere else, for associated with him was always the same vague, unpleasant reminiscence, which I could not account for.

One day, reluctantly on his part, but determinately on mine, we got into conversation. I had been sketching down on the shore; he arrived there, apparatus in hand, and seemed casting about in doubt as to where he should settle himself for a sketch. Very civilly I ventured a suggestion as to position. He thanked me curtly in a grating voice, and with a strong north-country accent. I took advantage of this introduction, to see if I could, by a little talk with him, discover the cause of the curious effect his presence always had upon me, and find an answer to the forever unduly recurring question, Where have I seen him before?

"I am a mere amateur you know," I

went on to say, "but I am very fond of art; I have seen a good deal of it, and I know very many artists. I can't help thinking I must have met you at some time or other, but for the life of me I cannot remember where."

"It may be," he replied, abstractedly, as he gazed round at sea and sky, cliff and rock. "I don't remember you; on that ledge, there, do you say there is a good subject?" he added, pointing to a spot I had indicated.

"Yes. I will show you exactly where I think it comes best; I have been trying to do a little daub of it; it may give you an idea of the lines as they arrange themselves." And I took the sketch from my folio whilst speaking.

He gave but the merest glance at it, looking with his fierce piercing eyes in another direction the next instant, reminding me of the ever-shifting, ever far-off gaze observable in some birds or beasts of prey. We moved towards the ledge of rock. I continued, "You have been doing a good deal of work here, I imagine?"

No answer. I repeated my inquiry.

"I beg your pardon; what did you say? Oh! yes, yes," he quickly added, "a great deal, a great deal; there's fine stuff about here; just what I like;" but as soon as we began to walk he bent his gaze upon the ground, and became very absent.

I was garrulous, however, as is my wont; for having thoroughly got over, from long experience, the exclusiveness of the Briton with regard to strangers, I am not to be put down by a display of that quality in my countrymen, and in my time I have drawn out and developed the most unpromising, hermit-like people into really conversational, pleasant beings. So I went on chatting, and as we reached the ledge of rock began to point out the subject; but he soon cut me short, and in an awkward, absent manner, and with a strange forbidding look, declared that he had done with sketching for the day, and abruptly turned away by a path up the face of the cliff. Not prepossessed by this little interview, I endeavoured to dismiss him from my thoughts, and in this I fairly well succeeded, for more than a week elapsed ere I saw him again. Then we met accidentally in the street of the little town, and apparently determined that I should not forget him, he made as if he were going to stop and speak; then, seeming to alter his mind, he gave me a sullen scowl and passed on.

"Confound the fellow," I thought, "what

does he mean by frowning at me? I wish I could remember where I have seen him before." After this I saw him but once again, but that once was sufficient for a lifetime.

Far away upon the lonely desolate shore which stretches for miles to the west of the little fishing-town, I find myself late one evening at the end of that same July, apparently the only living creature to be seen. A canopy of heavy storm-clouds, which have been welling slowly up from the south for several hours, has now obscured the summer sky as with a pall, bringing into ghostly relief the chalk cliffs abounding on the coast, and the solitary whitewashed coast-guard station standing upon the highest promontory. I have strolled thither after my usual habit in such neighbourhoods, watching the effects of wind and weather, and making notes of the beauties that strike me. The natural approach of twilight is hastened by the ever-deepening gloom of the clouds; I shall barely save the daylight as it is, and knowing there is a short cut across the downs, I ascend a cliff path which passes close by the coast-guard station. Exchanging a word or two with the man on duty at the look-out about the coming storm, I make straight off for a copse or fir plantation through which the way lies. This is scarcely three hundred yards distant, but to reach it I have to descend into a little cup-like hollow of the hill, the bottom of which is not in view until I am close upon it. As I reach it, the first thing I see is my artist friend packing up his traps, and evidently on the point of starting homewards. He has been sketching, and I come up with him unavoidably, as he is just slinging his haversack on to his shoulder, and after an awkward sort of recognition, we ascend the further side of the little valley, and enter the wood together. The path almost immediately becomes so narrow that there is no room for us to walk side by side, so we go on in Indian file, he taking the lead, which I have willingly accorded him. As I do not greatly care for his company, it is my intention to drop well behind, but he proceeds so slowly that I cannot keep much distance between us. I endeavour to stimulate his pace by suggesting that we shall get a wetting if we don't push ahead, for large rain-drops are beginning to patter solemnly among the trees, which now growing thicker and thicker, lend additional gloom to the place.

He takes no notice of what I say, and, as now I cannot pass him, we jog on as we are for a few paces. I know that presently the wood will open a little at a clearing; "then," I say to myself, "I will go on independently." Just before we reach this spot his haversack slips, and appears to inconvenience him, laden as he is with easel, camp-stool, &c. As he endeavours to re-strap it, two or three small articles fall out,—a colour-box, a brush-case, a small pocket sketch-book, a sponge, a water-bottle. Hastily picking up the two former, and cramming them back into the sack, he goes on without apparently noticing the book and the other things. I come upon them, and pick them up. I call to him.

"Bring them along," he replies, "without stopping or looking back; 'put them in your pocket; I don't want them.'"

"Nonsense, my dear sir," I say, hurrying up behind him, "here's your book and—"

"Keep it, keep it," he hastily interrupts; "it will be of use to you, it's of none to me. There are some useful figures in it. You are a dabbling amateur, and amateurs are seldom good at figures."

Again I remonstrate; again he repeats something to the same effect as before; and as I cannot get him to stop or turn round, I carry the articles for a little way, irresolute, and then, as some overhanging branches oblige me to push them aside, I drop the sketch-book, &c., mechanically into my shooting-coat pocket, in order to get the free use of my hand. In another minute we are emerging into the clearing, where there is more light, and I am about to renew my protestations concerning the book, thinking all the while how odd his manner is, when he, on a sudden, turns round, faces me, and with a jerk and clatter flings down his sketching apparatus.

I am not less startled by the abruptness of this proceeding than by his strange and wild expression. His face, always long and thin, now looks horribly so, and ghastly pale, whilst his eyes, usually bright and piercing, have a cat-like glaze over them, and glitter rather than shine. The nasal and cheek-bones stand out with undue prominence; one of his thin bony hands runs quickly through his wavy brown hair, pushing off his wideawake; his other, raised to his inner breast-pocket, nervously clutches what, to my horror, I see is the butt-end of a pistol. There is a clammy crust of foam round his thin beardless lips, as he gasps out in his hollow grating voice, "You are right; we have

met before; but we shall never meet there again! Villain, blasphemer, perjurer though I am, I will not have my steps dogged by you, or any one. Never again within those walls shall—"

He is drawing his pistol out now, and I am on the point of rushing at him, when he steps briskly back a pace or two, turns the muzzle straight against his heart, and with the loud ringing report that follows springs high into the air, and falls face downwards at my feet, dead!

With a frantic impulse I turn the body over, and then for the first time, as I gaze upon his agonised and distorted features, I remember with the suddenness of a lightning flash where I have seen him before.

It was in the padded room at the Home-kirk lunatic asylum.

Aghast, bewildered, unconscious of what next happens, I only know that some little while later I am surrounded by a small group of people, two or three coast-guardsmen, and a farm-labourer. One of the former, a petty officer by his uniform, addresses me civilly but firmly.

"This is a bad business, sir! I don't know what you may wish to say about it, but, if I may make so bold, I'd recommend you to say nothing now."

"Say nothing now? Why? What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, sir, it might complicate matters. We should have to repeat what you say, and it might be used against you."

"Used against me?" say I, the truth not yet dawning on me; "explain yourself."

"Well, my man here, who was on duty at the look-out, saw you and" (here the coast-guardsmen gives a jerk with his thumb over his shoulder) "and the young gentleman that was making the draft come into the wood together, and a few minutes afterwards he hears the report of fire-arms, and as it is his duty to inquire into such things, and to prevent 'em, lest they be mistook for signals, why, you see, he runs quickly down the hill, and up here into this bit of clearing, and what does he find? Why you, kneeling over the unfortunate young gentleman, with the pistol in one hand and the other a-feeling inside the breast of his coat, and then, when my man fetches us, he says, 'That young fellow, when he was making his draft this afternoon began talking to me, and when I asked him about his draftings, and supposed they was worth a good deal of money, he replies, 'Money! I



should think they were too! see here!" and he pulls out of a little book a whole bundle of bank-notes, and flourishes 'em in my face, saying, "I've got all these for some drawings I have made lately hereabouts." Well, you see, sir, when my man tells me this, the first thing we do when we come here is to overhaul the young gentleman's pockets, and then the notes and the little drafting book where he had 'em are nowhere to be seen, and this being the case I'm afraid I must keep my eye upon you till I have reported the matter to the police."

As the coast-guardsman proceeds with this statement I gradually become aware of the serious position I am in; and just as he finishes, I recollect that probably the sketch-book in question is the one at this moment in my pocket. The long-impending storm now bursts overhead in a deluge of rain; the wind rages; and amidst thunder and lightning and a pitchy darkness, I am taken back virtually in custody to the lonely coast-guard station.

Committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder! Thus stood I, "under the black beam," the shadow of the gallows, for the verdict of the coroner's jury and the decision of the local magistrates went dead against me.

That I have long since emerged from it is of course pretty evident, but men have been hanged upon less circumstantial evidence than was brought against me. Forty-five pounds in notes were stuffed into the pocket of that fatal sketch-book which was found in my possession. It was impossible for me to prove that I had not stolen it, or that the pistol did not belong to me. True no one had ever seen me with it until the coast-guardsman came up, but equally true was it that no one had ever seen the unhappy man with such a weapon. We could never find out how he came by it, or how he had managed so carefully to conceal it. These were awkward facts which told heavily against me, setting aside minor details. No, there was only one line of defence, and this, in the end, was adopted successfully.

I had to prove that the young artist was a suicidal maniac, who had been in confinement in the Homeskirk asylum at the time I had visited it some few years previously; that he had been released under

the impression that he was cured; and that it was quite possible for the malady to have returned. I could but rely on my position in life, and my hitherto untarnished character for having my account of the tragedy believed.

But, ah me! the anxiety whilst these things were pending and the evidence got together. The director of the asylum who had shown me over it was dead; the keepers or attendants changed or discharged; the medical men and other authorities connected with the case were all in the far North, and were subpoenaed with considerable difficulty. The friends of the unfortunate lunatic had been greatly to blame in allowing him such unwatched freedom, but it was thought that, in permitting him to travel in pursuit of his much-loved art, they were adopting the surest means of restoring him to health. I recollected afterwards that he had been pointed out to me, during my inquisitorial visit to the asylum, as a peculiar case of monomania. He believed that he had committed some dreadful crime, which he could only expiate with his life. I recollect that he eyed me distrustfully, appearing to overhear and resent the muttered remarks the doctor made about him. He recognised me probably from the first, when we again met on the height above that little seaside town, and my face may have revived in his poor demented brain some horrible and mysterious association, and thus became the exciting cause of that access of his madness which ended in self-destruction. However this may have been, it was not difficult to account for the strange and disagreeable effect his presence always had upon me. Could I but have remembered earlier where I had seen him before, I should have been, of course, on my guard. His life, poor fellow, might have been spared, and I should have escaped the fearful suffering I endured whilst standing under the shadow of the Black Beam.

#### NOTICE.

Next week will be commenced

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

ENTITLED

**WILLING TO DIE.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE ROSE AND THE KEY."

*The right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY  
**CHARLES DICKENS**

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

---

No. 199. NEW SERIES.      SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1872.      PRICE TWOPENCE.

## WILLING TO DIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND THE KEY."

TO THE READER.

FIRST, I must tell you how I intend to relate my story. Having never before undertaken to write a long narrative, I have considered and laid down a few rules which I shall observe. Some of these are unquestionably good; others, I dare say, offend against the canons of composition; but I adopt them, because they will enable me to tell my story better than, with my imperfect experience, better rules possibly would. In the first place, I shall represent the people with whom I had to deal quite fairly. I have met some bad people, some indifferent, and some who at this distance of time seem to me like angels in the unchanging light of heaven.

My narrative shall be arranged in the order of the events; I shall not recapitulate or anticipate.

What I have learned from others, and did not witness, that which I narrate, in part, from the hints of living witnesses, and, in part, conjecturally, I shall record in the historic third person; and I shall write it down with as much confidence and particularity as if I had actually seen it; in that respect imitating, I believe, all great historians, modern and ancient. But the scenes in which I have been an actor, that which my eyes have seen, and my ears heard, I will relate accordingly. If I can be clear and true, my clumsiness and irregularity, I hope, will be forgiven me.

My name is Ethel Ware.

I am not an interesting person by any means. You shall judge. I shall be forty-two my next birthday. That anniversary

will occur on the first of May, 1873; and I am unmarried.

I don't look quite the old maid I am, they tell me. They say I don't look five-and-thirty, and I am conscious, sitting before the glass, that there is nothing sour or peevish in my features. What does it matter, even to me? I shall, of course, never marry; and, honestly, I don't care to please any one. If I cared twopence how I looked, I should probably look worse than I do.

I wish to be honest. I have looked in the glass since I wrote that sentence. I have just seen the faded picture of what may have been a pretty, at least what is called a piquant face; a forehead broad and well-formed, over which the still dark-brown hair grows low; large and rather good grey eyes and features, with nothing tragic, nothing classic—just fairly good.

I think there was always energy in my face; I think I remember, long ago, something at times comic; at times, also, something sad and tender, and even dreamy, as I fixed flowers in my hair or talked to my image in the glass. All that has been knocked out of me, pretty well. What I do see there now, is resolution.

There are processes of artificial hatching in use, if I remember rightly, in Egypt, by which you may, at your discretion, make the bird all beak, or all claw, all head, or all drumstick, as you please to develop it, before the shell breaks, by a special application of heat. It is a chick, no doubt, but a monstrous chick; and something like such a chick was I. Circumstances, in my very early days, hatched my character altogether out of equilibrium.

The caloric had been applied quite differently in my mother's case, and produced a prodigy of quite another sort.

I loved my mother with a very warm, but, I am now conscious, with a somewhat contemptuous affection. It never was an angry nor an arrogant contempt; a very tender one, on the contrary. She loved me, I am sure, as well as she was capable of loving a child—better than she ever loved my sister—and I would have laid down my life for her; but, with all my love, I looked down upon her, although I did not know it, till I thought my life over in the melancholy honesty of solitude.

I am not romantic. If I ever was it is time I should be cured of all that. I can laugh heartily, but I think I sigh more than most people.

I am not a bit shy, but I like solitude; partly because I regard my kind with not unjust suspicion.

I am speaking very frankly. I enjoy, perhaps you think cynically, this hard-featured self-delineation. I don't spare myself; I need not spare any one else. But I am not a cynic. There is vacillation and timidity in that ironical egotism. It is something deeper with me. I don't delight in that sordid philosophy. I have encountered magnanimity and self-devotion on earth. It is not true that there is neither nobility nor beauty in human nature, that is not also more or less shabby and grotesque.

I have an odd story to tell. On my father's side I am the grand-daughter of a viscount; on my mother's, the grand-daughter of a baronet. I have had my early glimpses of the great world, and a wondrous long stare round the dark world beneath it.

When I lower my hand, and in one of the momentary reveries that tempt a desultory writer tickle my cheek slowly with the feathered end of my pen—for I don't incise my sentences with a point of steel, but, in the old fashion, wing my words with a possibly too appropriate grey-goose plume—I look through a tall window in an old house on the scenery I have loved best and earliest in the world. The noble Welsh mountains are on my right; the purple headlands, stooping grandly into the waves; I look upon the sea, the enchanted element, my first love and my last! How often I lean upon my hand and smile back upon the waters that silently smile on me, rejoicing under the summer heavens; and in wintry moonlights, when the north wind drives the awful waves upon the rocks, and I see the foam shooting cloud after cloud into the air, I have found myself, after long hours, still gazing, as if my breath were frozen, on the one peaked

black rock, thinking what the storm and foam once gave me up there, until, with a sudden terror, and a gasp, I wake from the spell, and recoil from the white image, as if a spirit had been talking with me all the time.

From this same window, in the foreground, I see, in morning light or melancholy sunset, with very perfect and friendly trust, the shadowy old churchyard, where I have arranged my narrow bed shall be. There my mother-earth, at last, shall hold me in her bosom, and I shall find my anodyne and rest. There over me shall hover through the old church windows faintly the sweet hymns and the voices in prayer I heard long ago; there the shadow of tower and tree shall slowly move over the grass above me, from dawn till night, and there, within the fresh and solemn sound of its waves, I shall lie near the ceaseless fall and flow of the sea I loved so well.

I am not sorry, as I sit here, with my vain recollections and my direful knowledge, that my life has been what it was.

A member of the upper ten thousand, I should have known nothing. I have bought my knowledge dear. But truth is a priceless jewel. Would you part with it, fellow-mourner, and return to the simplicities and illusions of early days? Consider the question truly; be honest; and you will answer "no." In the volume of memory, every page of which, like "Cornelius Agrippa's bloody book," has power to evoke a spectre, would you yet erase a line? We can willingly part with nothing that ever was part of mind, or memory, or self. The lamentable past is our own for ever.

Thank Heaven, my childhood was passed in a tranquil nook, where the roar of the world's traffic is not so much as heard; among scenery, where there lurks little capital, and no enterprise; where the good people are asleep; and where, therefore, the irreparable improvements, that in other places carry on their pitiless work of obliteration, are undreamed of. I am looking out on scenes that remain unchanged as heaven itself. The summer comes and goes; the autumn drifts of leaves, and winter snows; and all things, here, remain as my round childish eyes beheld them in stupid wonder and delight when first the world was opening upon them. The trees, the tower, the stile, the very gravestones, are my earliest friends: I stretch my arms to the mountains, as if I could fold them to my heart. And in

the opening through the ancient trees, the great estuary stretches northward, wider and wider, into the grey horizon of the open sea.

The sinking sun apace,  
Spreads a dull glare,  
Through evening air;  
And, in a happy trance,  
Forest and wave, and white cliff stand,  
Like an enchanted sea and land.  
The sea-breeze wakens clear and cold,  
Over the azure wide;  
Before whose breath, in threads of gold,  
The ruddy ripples glide,  
And chasing, break and mingle;  
While clear as bells,  
Each wavelet tells,  
O'er the stones on the hollow shingle.  
The rising of winds and the fall of the waves!  
I love the music of shingle and caves,  
And the billows that travel so far to die,  
In foam, on the loved shore where they lie.  
I lean my cold cheek on my hand;  
And as a child, with open eyes,  
Listens in a dim surprise,  
To some high story  
Of grief and glory,  
It cannot understand;  
So, like that child,  
To meanings of a music wild,  
I listen, in a rapture lonely,  
Not understanding, listening only,  
To a story not for me;  
And let my fancies come and go,  
And fall and flow,  
With the eternal sea.

And so, to leave rhyme, and return to prose, I end my preface, and begin my story here.

#### CHAPTER I. AN ARRIVAL.

ONE of the earliest scenes I can remember with perfect distinctness, is this. My sister and I, still denizens of the nursery, had come down to take our tea with good old Rebecca Torkill, the Malory housekeeper, in the room we called the cedar parlour. It is a long and rather sombre room, with two tall windows looking out upon the shadowy court-yard. There are on the wall some dingy portraits, whose pale faces peep out, as it were, through a background of black fog, from the canvas; and there is one, in better order than the others, of a grave man in the stately costume of James the First, which hangs over the mantel-piece. As a child I loved this room; I loved the half-decipherable pictures; it was solemn and even gloomy, but it was with the delightful gloom and solemnity of one of Rebecca Torkill's stories of castles, giants, and goblins.

It was evening now, with a stormy, red sky in the west. Rebecca and we two children were seated round the table, sipping our tea, eating hot cake, and listening to her oft-told tale, entitled the Knight of the Black Castle.

This knight, habited in black, lived in

his black castle, in the centre of a dark wood, and being a giant, and an ogre, and something of a magician beside, he used to ride out at nightfall with a couple of great black bags, to stow his prey in, at his saddle-bow, for the purpose of visiting such houses as had their nurseries well stocked with children. His tall black horse, when he dismounted, waited at the hall-door, which, however mighty its bars and bolts, could not resist certain magical words which he uttered in a sepulchral voice,

"Yoke, yoke,  
Iron and oak;  
One, two, and three,  
Open to me."

At this charmed summons the door turned instantly on its hinges, without warning of creak or rattle, and the black knight mounted the stairs to the nursery, and was drawing the children softly out of their beds, by the feet, before any one knew he was near.

As this story, which with childish love of iteration we were listening to now for the fiftieth time, went on, I, whose chair faced the window, saw a tall man on a tall horse—both looked black enough against the red sky—ride by at a walk.

I thought it was the gaunt old vicar, who used to ride up now and then, to visit our gardener's mother, who was sick and weak, and troubling my head no more about him, was instantly as much absorbed as ever in the predatory prowlings of the Knight of the Black Castle.

It was not until I saw Rebecca's face, in which I was staring with the steadiness of an eager interest, undergo a sudden and uncomfortable change, that I discovered my error. She stopped in the middle of a sentence, and her eyes were fixed on the door. Mine followed hers thither. I was more than startled. In the very crisis of a tale of terror, ready to believe any horror, I thought, for a moment, that I actually beheld the black knight, and felt that his horse, no doubt, and his saddle-bags, were waiting at the hall-door to receive me and my sister.

What I did see was a man who looked to me gigantic. He seemed to fill the tall door-case. His dress was dark, and he had a pair of leather overalls, I believe they called them, which had very much the effect of jack-boots, and he had a low-crowned hat on. His hair was long and black, his prominent black eyes were fixed on us, his face was long, but handsome, and deadly pale, as it seemed to me, from intense anger. A child's instinctive read-

ing of countenance is seldom at fault. The ideas of power and mystery surround grown persons in the eyes of children. A gloomy or forbidding face upon a person of great stature inspires something like panic; and if that person be a stranger, and evidently transported with anger, his mere appearance in the same room will, I can answer for it, frighten a child half into hysterics. This alarming face, with its black knit brows, and very blue shorn chin, was to me all the more fearful that it was that of a man no longer young. He advanced to the table, with two strides, and said, in resonant, deep tones, to which my very heart seemed to vibrate:

"Mr. Ware's not here; but he will be, soon enough; you give him that;" and he hammered down a letter on the table, with a thump of his huge fist. "That's my answer; and tell him, moreover, that I took his letter;" and he plucked an open letter deliberately from his great-coat pocket, "and tore it, this way and that way, across and across," and he suited the action fiercely to the words, "and left it for him, there!"

So saying, he slapped down the pieces with his big hand, and made our tea-spoons jump and jingle in our cups, and turned and strode again to the door.

"And tell him this," he added, in a tone of calmer hatred, turning his awful face on us again, "that there's a God above us, who judges righteously."

The door shut, and we saw him no more; and I and my sister burst into clamorous tears, and roared and cried for a full half-hour, from sheer fright, a demonstration which, for a time, gave Rebecca Torkill ample occupation for all her energies and adroitness.

This recollection remains, with all the colouring and exaggeration of a horrible impression, received in childhood, fixed in my imagination. I and dear Nelly long remembered the apparition, and in our plays used to call him, after the goblin hero of the romance to which we had been listening when he entered, the Knight of the Black Castle.

The adventure made, indeed, a profound impression upon our nerves, and I have related it, with more detail than it seems to deserve, because it was in truth connected with my story; and I afterwards, unexpectedly, saw a good deal more of the awful man, in whose presence my heart had quaked, and after whose visit I and my sister seemed for days to have drank of "the cup of trembling."

I must take up my story now at a point a great many years later.

Let the reader fancy me and my sister Helen; I, dark-haired, and a few months past sixteen, she, with flaxen, or rather golden hair, and large blue eyes, and only fifteen, standing in the hall at Malory, lighted with two candles; one in the old-fashioned glass bell that swings by three chains from the ceiling, the other carried out hastily from the housekeeper's room, and flaming on the table, in the foggy puffs of the February night air that entered at the wide-open hall-door.

Old Rebecca Torkill stood on the steps, with her broad hand shading her eyes, as if the moon dazzled them.

"There's nothing, dear; no, Miss Helen, it mustn't a' bin the gate. There's no sign o' nothin' comin' up, and no sound nor nothing at all; come in, dear; you shouldn't a' come out to the open door, with your cough, in this fog."

So in she stumped, and shut the door; and we saw no more of the dark trunks and boughs of the elms at the other side of the court-yard, with the smoky mist between: and we three trooped together to the housekeeper's room, where we had taken up our temporary quarters.

This was the second false alarm that night, sounded, in Helen's fancy, by the quavering scream of the old iron gate. We had to wait and watch in the fever of expectation for some time longer.

Our old house of Malory was, at the best, in the forlorn condition of a ship of war out of commission. Old Rebecca and two rustic maids, and Thomas Jones, who was boots, gardener, hen-wife, and farmer, were all the hands we could boast; and at least three-fourths of the rooms were locked up, with shutters closed; and many of them, from year to year, never saw the light, and lay in perennial dust.

The truth is, my father and mother seldom visited Malory. They had a house in London, and led a very gay life; were very "good people," immensely in request, and everywhere. Their rural life was not at Malory, but spent in making visits at one country-house after another. Helen and I, their only children, saw very little of them. We sometimes were summoned up to town for a month or two for lessons in dancing, music, and other things, but there we saw little more of them than at home. The being in society, judging by its effects upon them, appeared to me a very harassing and laborious profession. I always felt that we were half in the way and half

out of sight in town, and was immensely relieved when we were dismissed again to our holland frocks, and to the beloved solitudes of Malory.

This was a momentous night. We were expecting the arrival of a new governess, or rather companion.

Laura Grey—we knew no more than her name, for in his hurried note we could not read whether she was Miss or Mrs.—my father had told us was to arrive this night at about nine o'clock. I had asked him, when he paid his last visit of a day here, and announced the coming event, whether she was a married lady. To which he answered, laughing, "You wise little woman! That's a very pertinent question, though I never thought of it, and I have been addressing her as Miss Grey all this time. She certainly is old enough to be married."

"Is she cross, papa, I wonder?" I further inquired.

"Not cross; perhaps a little severe. 'She whipped two female 'prentices to death, and hid them in the coal-hole,' or something of that kind, but she has a very cool temper;" and so he amused himself with my curiosity.

Now, although we knew that all this, including the quotation, was spoken in jest, it left an uncomfortable suspicion. Was this woman old and ill-tempered? A great deal was in the power of a governess here. An artful woman, who liked power, and did not like us, might make us very miserable.

At length the little party in the housekeeper's room did hear sounds at which we all started up with one consent. They were the trot of a horse's hoofs and the roll of wheels, and before we reached the hall-door the bell was ringing.

Rebecca swung open the door, and we saw in the shadow of the house, with the wheels touching the steps, a one-horse conveyance, with some luggage on top, dimly lighted by the candles in the hall.

A little bonnet was turned toward us from the windows; we could not see what the face was like; a slender hand turned the handle, and a lady, whose figure, though enveloped in a tweed cloak, looked very slight and pretty, came down, and ran up the steps, and hesitated, and being greeted encouragingly by Rebecca Torkill, entered the hall smiling, and showed a very pretty and modest face, rather pale, and very young.

"My name is Grey; I am the new governess," she said, in a pleasant voice, which, with her pretty looks, was very en-

gaging; "and these are the young ladies?" she continued, glancing at Rebecca and back again to us; "you are Ethel, and you Helen Ware?" and a little timidly she offered her hand to each.

I liked her already.

"Shall I go with you to your room," I asked, "while Rebecca is making tea for us in the housekeeper's room? We thought we should be more comfortable there to-night."

"I'm so glad; I shall feel quite at home: it is the very thing I should have liked," she said; and talked on as I led her to her room, which, though very old-fashioned, looked extremely cosy, with a good fire flickering abroad and above on walls and ceiling.

I remember everything about that evening so well. I have reason to remember Miss Laura Grey.

Some people would have said that there was not a regular feature in her face, except her eyes, which were very fine; but she had beautiful little teeth, and a skin wonderfully smooth and clear, and there was refinement and energy in her face, which was pale and spiritual, and indescribably engaging. To my mind, whether according to rule or not, she was nothing short of beautiful.

I have reason to remember that pale, pretty, young face. The picture is clear and living before me this moment, as it was then in the firelight. Standing there, she smiled on me very kindly—she looked as if she would have kissed me—and then, suddenly thoughtful, she stretched her slender hands to the fire, and, in a momentary reverie, sighed very deeply.

I left her, softly, with her trunks and boxes, which Thomas Jones had already carried up, and ran down-stairs.

I remember the pictures of that night with supernatural distinctness; for at that point of time fate changed my life, and with pretty Miss Grey another pale figure entered, draped in black, and calamity was my mate for many a day after.

Our tea-party, however, this night in Mrs. Torkill's room, was very happy. I don't remember what we talked about, but we were in high good humour with our young lady superiress, and she seemed to like us.

I am going to tell you very shortly my impressions of this lady. I never met any one in my life who had the same influence over me; and, for a time, it puzzled me.

When we were not at French, German, music—our studies, in fact—she was

exactly like one of ourselves, always ready to do whatever we liked best, always pleasant, gentle, and, in her way, even merry.

When she was alone, or thinking, she was sad. That seemed the habit of her mind; but she was naturally gay and sympathetic, as ready as we for a walk on the strand to pick up shells, for a ride on the donkeys to Penruthyn Priory, to take a sail or a row on the estuary, or a drive in our little pony-carriage anywhere. Sometimes on our rambles we would cross the stile and go into the pretty little churchyard that lies to the left of Malory, near the sea, and if it were a sunny day we would read the old inscriptions and loiter away half an hour among the tombstones.

And when we came home to tea we would sit round the fire and tell stories, of which she had ever so many, German, French, Scotch, Irish, Icelandic, and I know not what; and sometimes we went to the housekeeper's room, and, with Rebecca Torkill's leave, made a hot cake, and baked it ourselves on the griddle there, with great delight.

The secret of Laura Grey's power was in her gentle temper, her inflexible conscience, and her angelic firmness in all matters of duty. I never saw her excited, or for a moment impatient; and at idle times, as I said, she was one of ourselves. The only threat she ever used was to tell us that she could not stay at Malory as our governess if we would not do what she thought right. There is in young people an instinctive perception of motive, and no truer spirit than Laura Grey ever lived on earth. I loved her. I had no fear of her. She was our gentle companion and playmate; and yet, in a certain sense, I never stood so much in awe of any human being.

Only a few days after Laura Grey had come home, we were sitting in our accustomed room, which was stately, but not uncomfortably spacious, and, like many at the same side of the house, panelled up to ceiling. I remember, it was just at the hour of the still early sunset, and the ruddy beams were streaming their last through the trunks of the great elms. We were in high chat over Helen's little sparrow, Dickie, a wonderful bird, whose appetite and spirits we were always discussing, when the door opened, and Rebecca said, "Young ladies, please, here's Mr. Carmel;" and Miss Grey, for the first time, saw a certain person who turns up at intervals and in odd scenes in the course of this autobiography.

The door is at some distance from the window, and through its panes across that space upon the opposite wall the glow of sunset fell mistily, making the clear shadow, in which our visitor stood, deeper. The figure stood out against this background like a pale old portrait, his black dress almost blended with the background; but, indistinct as it was, it was easy to see that the dress he wore was of some ecclesiastical fashion not in use among Church of England men. The coat came down a good deal lower than his knees. His thin slight figure gave him an effect of height far greater than his real stature; his fine forehead showed very white in contrast with his close dark hair, and his thin delicate features, as he stepped slowly in, with an ascetic smile, and his hand extended, accorded well with ideas of abstinence and penance. Gentle as was his manner, there was something of authority also in it, and in the tones of his voice.

"How do you do, Miss Ethel? How do you do, Miss Helen? I am going to write my weekly note to your mamma, and—oh! Miss Grey, I believe?"—he interrupted himself, and bowed rather low to the young governess, disclosing the small tonsure on the top of his head.

Miss Grey acknowledged his bow, but I could see that she was puzzled and surprised.

"I am to tell your mamma, I hope, that you are both quite well?" he said, addressing himself to me, and taking my hand; "and in good spirits, I suppose, Miss Grey?" he said, apparently recollecting that she was to be recognised; "I may say that?"

He turned to her, still holding my hand.

"Yes, they are quite well, and, I believe, happy," she said, still looking at him, I could see, with curiosity.

It was a remarkable countenance, with large earnest eyes, and a mouth small and melancholy, with those brilliant red lips that people associate with early decay. It was a pale face of suffering and decision, which so vaguely indicated his years that he might be any age you pleased, from six-and-twenty up to six-and-thirty, as you allowed more or less in the account for the afflictions of a mental and bodily discipline.

He stood there for a little while chatting with us. There was something engaging in this man, cold, severe, and melancholy as his manner was. I was conscious that he was agreeable, and young as I was, I felt that he was a man of unusual learning and ability.

In a little time he left us. It was now twilight, and we saw him, with his slight stoop, pass our window with slow step and downcast eyes.

### BOUGHT AND SOLD.

BUYING and selling—ancient and legitimate process though it be—can never, perhaps, be reduced to conditions of perfect equity. Pity 'tis, 'tis true; but the truth remains intact. The leopard of commerce must change his spots, and the Ethiopian of trade his skin, before we can be certain of a sure pennyworth for a safe penny. After all, existence is to nineteen-twentieths of us a struggle to keep alive, and it is the instinct of self-preservation that turns every market into a wordy battle-field, every bargain into a bloodless duel. To buy cheap and to sell dear constitutes, no doubt, the golden rule of economists, but each clause of the double-barrelled precept clashes inevitably with the wishes and interests of those with whom we deal. Most people, as a matter of argument, concede that a thing is worth what it will fetch, and so it is, but to discover that unknown quantity is the practical problem.

The world, in its onward rush, has got beyond Autolycus. That poor old rogue, trudging along the dusty road, with pack and ell-wand, is hopelessly distanced by the panting dragon of steam. Even the rustic maid is not to be tempted out of her hard-earned shillings, now-a-days, by the glib tongue and glittering gewgaws of the pedlar. Phillis has too often been an excursionist not to know the metropolitan price of tawdry ribbons and mock jewellery. Chloe's penny journal keeps her well informed as to the value of gown-pieces. As the hawker vainly spreads his lure in sight of these incredulous customers he regrets the sweet simplicity of an earlier generation, and feels himself an anachronism. This is, after all, rather hard on Shakespeare's packman. The poor knave had, after all, some serviceable qualities. A little more education would have made him invaluable as the pushing traveller of some enterprising firm, resolute to take by storm the pockets of the public. Yet a trifling addition of intellectual polish, and Autolycus Smoothly, Esquire, secretary to the Universal Trust Finance Company (Limited), would be worth his weight in gold at cooking the accounts and restoring confidence to growling shareholders. But mere coarse, downright lying, un-

backed by print and paper, and not bolstered up by columns of statistics and imposing lists of directors, is no longer the powerful engine that it once was.

The seller's vantage-ground is, of course, his perfect knowledge of the value of the goods he deals in, and of the lowest margin of possible profit. The buyer, unless an expert, is conveniently ignorant on these points. Few men, not being themselves tailors, can order a coat with any certain knowledge of the quantity of cloth which goes to the making of it, the value of the materials, or the workmen's hire. Even the sharpest-eyed materfamilias is felt by the butcher to be helpless in his hands, as Mr. Silverside discourses of foot-and-mouth disease, and the necessary dearness of prime joints. This groping in the dark on the part of a customer often brings with it a sense of injury that may be wholly unfounded. Perhaps no one ever yet bought a horse from a dealer without an uneasy suspicion of having been somehow imposed upon. And yet this sentiment, in a minor degree, is every day a vexation and a familiar demon to thousands of prudent housekeepers.

The strong part of the customer's position is his liberty of action. He has what in old sea fights used to be called the weather-gauge, and can bear down to close quarters, or keep clear of an adversary, at pleasure. Pursuing the simile, a buyer can simply give a wide berth to any establishment too dear or too bad for him, and can carry his cash and his custom elsewhere. If paterfamilias grumbles too seriously over the weekly bills, the partner of his joys may at last grow tired of pompous old Silverside's elaborate explanations as to the costly character of his meat, and may order in cheaper beef and mutton from the shop round the corner. Competition is the natural corrective of high charges, and it is equally natural that it should be a hateful thing and sore stumbling-block to those who are in haste to grow rich. In the good old days of legal monopolies the case lay nicely in a nutshell. Whoever had need, in the words of the royal proclamation, of this or that, had to betake himself to a licensed dealer, and the licensed dealers divided the profits pretty amicably between them.

Authoritative restrictions on the freedom of sale having passed away to the limbo of racks and thumbscrews, it would at first sight seem as if the clashing and jostling of individual interests would impart a healthy movement to the life-blood of trade.



It does so, but not without occasional signs of congestion. A partial and qualified monopoly is very apt to spring into an unwholesome existence. Those who have commodities—no matter of what sort—to sell, have a much keener and more vital interest in keeping up the prices of their wares than any isolated consumer can have in beating them down. We buy once from a tradesman who supplies hundreds besides ourselves. The passing twinge which an apparent overcharge causes to the individual buyer cannot easily become a motive to sustained exertion, whereas the seller's balance-sheet depends upon the toll taken, so to speak, from the pockets of all comers. Redress, from the customer's point of view, is hard to be obtained. Those who do not suffer under a plethora of spare time and spare cash can seldom afford to lay in stores at wholesale prices. And the simple remedy of exchanging one purveyor for another is not always efficacious. In quiet neighbourhoods and outlying districts, at any rate, a dead level of average prices is soon tacitly agreed to. There is a class opinion among grocers and fishmongers, as elsewhere, and to undersell one's compeers of the scoop and steelyard is to be unpopular. Now and then some false brother of ample means and combative character startles a district by painting his name over half a dozen shop-fronts, and attracts custom by his miraculous cheapness. But the benevolent innovator is only a monopolist in disguise, and will prove no whit easier to deal with than are his groaning rivals, when once the frigate of his rising fortunes shall have swamped every poor little cock-boat in his own line of business.

That co-operative stores should have succeeded so well, or that their victory should have elicited such outcries from shrieking middlemen, from whose tills they diverted a very Pactolus, is not surprising. The real wonder is that they should ever have sprung into being, armed at all points, veritable commercial Minervas, ready for action. But they have only been organised where a number of long-headed workmen, like the Rochdale Pioneers, or of educated men, with common interests and a habit of association, like the members of the Civil Service, have been found to club their brains and their purses for the remunerative enterprise. It is utopian to suppose the principle can become one of universal application. The groans of the British grocer by no means prelude his being improved off the surface of society. Ordinary buyers have no cohesion, no bond of union,

such as prevails among intelligent fellow-workers. A crowd cannot be expected to emulate the steady march and dexterous evolutions of a disciplined army, and there are a hundred influences at work to limit the extension of joint-stock store-keeping. Are there not ignorant customers, credulous customers, customers too deep already in the books of the tradesman, like so many flies in treacle, to struggle out and be free; lazy customers, who prefer a shop that is near, though it be dear, customers who resent the lack of obsequious attention, who dislike parting with ready money, and are furious that they cannot have their purchases sent home for them in the old way? Here are consolations, at any rate, for the hereditary providers of the public.

Free trade is, of course, for the general good, but then it is equally true that monopoly is the royal road to safe and selfish money-making. The temptation to suppress competition is to some minds all but irresistible. If native competition is allowed, then, at any rate, the foreigner can be shut out. Failing prohibitive laws and heavy duties, other resources remain, of which the simplest is to buy up all the available stock of some commodity, and to raise its price. This is the oldest and plainest of the legitimate means of what is technically known as rigging the market. Thus it was that Joseph, vizier of the Pharaoh of Egypt, bought for bread in the day of dearth the lands and liberties of a nation. Thus did Roman proconsuls drain the wealth from subject provinces. Louis the Fifteenth was accused of doing what his farmers-general and speculative capitalists undoubtedly did, and of using the public money to fill his granaries with corn, which his command of cash and information enabled him to buy cheap and sell dear. It is not now possible, except in Persia or the Barbary States, for prince, or satrap, or mighty merchant, to get into his own hands the great staple of the national food. But much of the unpopularity of the Jews in Eastern and Central Europe is founded on the minor operations of this nature, which their keen foresight and ready money enable them to carry out. Forage and horses are the great objects of these "forestallings and regratings," as our English parliament, which passed so many Acts against forestallers and regraters, chiefly Christian, used to style them. So sure as rumours of war are afloat, and the sensitive barometer of the funds oscillating in feverish suspense, mounts for the cavalry of the rival nations are in high demand.

But Isaac, and Samuel, and Benjamin, like eagles of commerce as they are, have scented the carrion of profit afar off, and while the Circumlocution Offices were reporting and deliberating, they had swept up every purchasable horse fit to carry a trooper or to draw a tumbril, every haystack easy to buy, every attainable sack of oats—nay, if the hoards of the kindred money-changers are but enough, every ox or hog disposable in Hungary or Luxembourg.

To buy up nutmegs, to become master of all the cinnamon, or to be the proud possessor of all the saltpetre in the world, is, for a rich man, to become richer. He is but caliph for a day, after all, and makes but a mild use of his ephemeral sovereignty. One wide-spread tax, of small individual incidence, he levies, and then makes haste to rid himself of an empire, to win which he has emptied his exchequer and strained his credit. There are other ways of securing a heavy purse, not seldom at the expense of a conscience that, in the hour of death or sickness, is heavy too. It is more profitable to deal with the poor than with the well-to-do, as others than the railway companies, whose mainstay are the pence and shillings of that third-class passenger, for whom they do so little, have discovered. Ignorance, grinding need, and the pressure of circumstances, force the poor to pay proportionately more for rent and sustenance than the rich do; and what applies to the denizens of London courts and alleys is equally cogent as refers to the untaught millions of distant countries.

Casuists have quarrelled over the lawfulness of such dealings with savages as have in all ages been common. It has been hotly disputed whether it be right to exchange a string of glass beads for a handful of gold-dust, to weigh red cloth against pearls, to buy an estate for a gross of bright buttons, to barter Birmingham cutlery for rubies, and Manchester cottons for ostrich feathers or costly furs. Perhaps the apologists of the early discoverers had, in their rough way, logically the best of the argument. It was no part of an explorer's duty to explain to the wild men with whom he chaffered what was the exact cost price of the two-pennyworth of shining trumpery for which they eagerly gave their choicest valuables. If iron seemed to the wandering natives of the Society Islands a precious metal, more tempting than were the yellow stones of El Dorado to the Spaniard, it was excusable in fore-castle Jack, or in Mr.

bargain possible for the nails and tools that commanded such a sale. It might even be hinted that a blanket was worth more to some poor Indian than the beaver-skins or scales of coarse gold which he offered in return for it, and that if an unsophisticated islander liked hawks' bells and cut glass better than coral and spice, and tortoise-shell and ambergris, it was a pity to balk his inclination. Yet the ugly fact remained that it was precisely because the savage knew no better that the bargains struck with him were so gainful to the earliest of his European visitors.

Out of Africa there either remain no savages who have much to sell, or the relics of the aboriginal races have grown shy and wary, and insist on hard dollars in lieu of the old system of barter. But African trade goes on still in the old style. The ivory merchants of the eastern portion of the continent pay their way in cloth and gunpowder and hardware. Brass wire supplies them with small change, and with this they unite a brisk traffic in beads, both pink and green, in hand-mirrors, needles, and brass buttons, and the small cowries of the sea-shore, which are to the negro what kreutzers are to the Bavarian. There is in Africa one other circulating medium—slaves, and the traders in ivory not infrequently do a little business in that variety of commerce also. The profits of even fair trading are very great in a country where the cheapest goods of Europe are thought an equivalent for massive elephant's tusks, for ostrich feathers, gold-dust, and such skins of wild beasts as the timid natives can contrive to bring in. Whole tribes will busy themselves to dig pitfalls, to prepare snares and poisoned arrows, to provide the hundred-weights of ivory, the rhinoceros hides and leopard furs, for which the Arab merchants will pay in Lancashire long-cloths, in Birmingham toys, and in such gunpowder as is in England thought good enough for scaring crows, and in Africa for shooting men. But if Abou Ghosh of Egypt, and Hajji Mehmet of Muscat, realise one, two, or three thousand per cent on their absolute bargains, there is a debit as well as a credit side to the ledgers of these not over-scrupulous believers. Their contingent expenses are enormous. Their men—and no sane trader would push his way into the interior without the protection of an armed party of his fellow-countrymen—must be highly paid. His goods must generally be carried on the backs of hired negro porters,

ing him in the bush, while the provisions for the whole camp, during the slow African travel and the many enforced halts, swell the estimates considerably. All is not gold that glitters, even to Abou and Mehmet, in their equatorial bivouacs.

The other side of Africa, the dreaded west coast, was long a favourite region with speculative ship-owners of Bristol and Liverpool. Guinea has a wealthy sound, and the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, and the Slave Coast, as we see their names marked in old maps, had each their votaries. No very great quantity of the sparkling yellow grains, washed by negroes from the sands of the mountain streams, ever came to Europe, and palm-oil, and ground-nuts, and the black monkey-skins, of which muffs are made, yield a larger value of exports than either gold or ivory. The western tribes are too distracted by chronic war for inland commerce to thrive, and it is far, very far, from the muddy outlets of the Brass and Bonny rivers to the green stretches of rolling forests where the elephant herds range in numbers not yet seriously thinned. But, although the black dwellers by the sea are more keenly alive to the value of coin than were their great-grandfathers, some money is still made, in a quiet way, along the coast. Condemned muskets, damaged powder, scarlet cloth, looking-glasses, knives, beads, buttons, still rule high. Rum is in eager demand. Gandy kerchiefs, glaring shawls, prints of violent colour and design, are yet in request at the courts of sable kings. Formerly a gun would buy a man, and that sentient chattel, being shipped and landed at Cuba, brought in from three to six hundred dollars as an average. There are yellow old brokers and supercargoes, living in rickety little stores near the tidal mud of those fever-haunted rivers on whose banks so many brave seamen lie buried, who sigh over what they call the good old days of permitted slave-dealing, when a gun could do this. And what a gun it was! Made, probably, at a total cost of from eighteen to twenty-four shillings, expressly for the African trade, and not unlikely to burst before it had fired a score of shots.

It is not only for negro use that articles are, like the famous razors which the London street hawker disposed of to the credulous countryman, made to sell. A woollen-drafter must be pretty well assured that much of the cloth which he vends, and in the fabric of which new wool is sparingly mixed with the tortured fragments of old garments, is certainly not

made to wear. Shoddy is a term of elastic meaning, and its principle is by no means confined to the ingenious manufacturers who labour assiduously to transmute old into new. The houses which sanguine builders, in their own phrase, run up, with their green timber, frail roofs, tremulous floors, and walls of portentous thinness, were built to sell, to let, to mortgage, but not exactly to live in. But plate-glass windows, brightly painted doors, and an innocent-looking front of spotless stucco, suffice to blind a hurried and easily led generation to the imperfections of Lumbago-terrace. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of our ancestors, they did, at least, contrive to get a house built so that it should last, whereas whole squares and crescents of the whitened sepulchres of our own time must before many years become as Tadmors in the brick and mortar wilderness.

Sometimes what was originally good has passed away, and but the outer husk remains, the shell without the oyster, or rather with a pseudo-mollusk lurking within the treacherous bivalve. There is no mistake about the merits of Maltby's bitter beer, when we can get it. The other far-famed firm, Hopper and Company, whose vats and tall chimneys are at Beerborough-on-Brent, even as those of Maltby are, send forth a pale ale of excellent virtues. Unhappily, the world-renowned trade-marks of these well-known brewers do not always protect their thirsty patrons from imbibing what is not nice, and may not be wholesome. The concoctors of the amber liquor have done what they could. There are their genuine labels on the outside of that glass impostor, the bottle. We see, and are pacified by seeing, the famous yellow crescent of one house, the celebrated red star that is the cognisance of the other. There is even a legend or inscription, giving us the name and address of the privileged wight who reverently drew the pure ale from the cask, and consigned it to the bottle. But, alas! it too often happens that the frothing liquid within was never at Beerborough at all, and has no right to claim cousinship with the clear waters of the Brent. The bottle has been sold and resold, emptied and refilled, who knows how often. It may be months since some one sipped the real Beerborough nectar that it once imprisoned, for see, the label, through much handling, is ragged and dim, and the drink that mantles in our glass is but the blood of a very inferior John Barleycorn.

It may be a traditionary precaution, some lingering sentiment of the old high-handed days when men hid their gold and buried their savings for fear of robber and free lance, of the king's request for a benevolence, and the abbot's plea for altar dues, but it is certain that no retail dealer will confess to making a profit. This reluctance to own to a thriving state of affairs is pushed to exaggeration in those continental towns where the most manifestly prosperous tradesmen do not scruple to assure the travelling Briton that the few odd sous or groschen which he feebly tries to knock off the price of what he buys, represent the seller's whole benefit by the transaction. And yet it is to the large shop, with its long range of huge windows, and its sumptuous trophies of goods, that even humble and needy purchasers feel themselves drawn as by a magnet. It has been well remarked that if an intending buyer sallied forth to make the modest acquisition of a single egg, he or she would pass the stall where one egg lay in the vender's moss-lined basket, timidly murmuring, as it were, "Come, cook me," and would go on to yonder booth where there are eggs in chests, eggs in hampers, eggs ranged like grape-shot on napkin-covered boards, the stock-in-trade of a Croesus among egg merchants. And yet the customer would still want but one egg from all this abundance.

Old-established shops, well situated and well known, have a certain advantage over newer and more brilliant rivals of which their owners are still better aware than are those who deal there. It will be as well if the old-established shop supplies wares of reasonably good quality, though even that is not compulsory. An establishment which was once noted for real merits may go on undeservingly for a long time before it has quite tired out the patience of the public. Much depends, no doubt, on the character and the deportment of the old-established shopkeeper himself. He should sell dear, that is his sheet-anchor, for the connexion between what is cheap and what is nasty is so deeply rooted in some minds that they are prone to draw the illogical inference that what is expensive must be good of its kind. The Old-Established himself should be worthy of his emporium. An imposing presence, a grand air, are not given to all, but much may be done by cultivating a certain confident pomposity. A slow, weighty, self-assertive habit of speech, a disdainful manner, go a long way with

families and her daughters. It is no bad plan to speak and look as if, on the whole, the Old-Established would decidedly prefer to get rid of his customer, and it often abashes the meek, and makes them feel as if it were a sort of favour to be allowed to pay somewhat more than the upstart ten doors off would charge for the same goods.

One uncomfortable effect of the rise and fall of prices remains to be mentioned. Each time that an article in general demand is brusquely raised or lowered as to its cost is apt to produce a singular and often permanent inferiority in its quality. The silk-worm disease increased the cost of silk, and the cotton famine that of cotton, fairly enough; but silken fabrics unmixed with a large proportion of baser materials, and cotton of the ancient solidity, yearly grow rarer, while the prices show no inclination to decline. Tea was never so cheap as now, but it is all but impossible to buy at any cost the dainty well-tasted leaf of which our grandmothers made the infusion. Wine has been cheapened till it seems within reach of the poorest, but the generous grape juice is supplemented by foreign matters of every kind, from potato-spirit to essence of fruit, and bottles grow smaller by degrees and more beautifully diminutive with every decade, until, as we grow puzzled between reputed pints and slender flasks of somewhat larger dimensions, very thick at the bottom and very slim of neck, we read with wonder that our forefathers of a hundred years since could buy a genuine bottle of port wine for a shilling, of claret for eighteen-pence, and that each bottle held a fair and honest quart.

#### A LESSON.

I SAID, my life is a beautiful thing,  
I will crown me with its flowers,  
I will sing of its glory all day long,  
For my harp is young, and sweet, and strong,  
And the passionate power in my song  
Shall thrill all the golden hours.  
And over the sand and over the stone,  
For ever and ever the waves rolled on.

I said, my life is a terrible thing,  
All ruined, and lost, and crushed.  
I will heap its ashes upon my head,  
I will wail for my joy and my darling dead,  
Till the dreary dirge for the days that are fled  
Stirs faint through the dull dumb dust.  
And over the sand and over the stone,  
For ever and ever the waves rolled on.

I said, I was proud in my hour of mirth,  
And mad in my first despair.  
Now, I know nor earth, nor sky, nor sea,  
Has heed or helping for one like me,  
The doom or the boon comes, let it be.  
For us, we can but bear.

And over the sand and over the stone,

And I thought they sang, "We laugh to the sun;  
We shimmer to moon or star;  
We foam to the lash of the furious blast;  
We rage, when the rain falls, fierce and fast;  
But we do our day's work, and at last,  
We sweep o'er the harbour-bar."  
And I learnt my lesson mid sand and stone,  
As ever and ever the waves rolled on.

### A SUMMER CAMP ON A NEW ENGLAND LAKE.

It is now some years ago that the writer, with a party of friends, spent the "heated term" of an American summer in an obscure little village high up among the mountains of Vermont, where nothing but a grand depth of broad, luminous, buoyant space hindered us of the heaven above us, and it seemed as if all the kingdoms of this world lay spread at our feet.

We lived almost wholly out of doors, in waggon and saddle, exploring forests, ravines, and all manner of mountain jaggednesses; tracking streams; saturating ourselves with sunshine, stretched whole days long on the short, sweet herbage of some solitary hillside, so that the ancient farm-house where we were supposed to be staying came to have for us the uses of the house in the Australian bush to Kalingalunga, only "good to sleep on the lee-side of." Seeing us for ever abroad, wandering over hill and dale as if possessed by a nature-famine unappeased and unappeasable, all about the country-side one and another began to say to us: "Oh, you ought to see Mr. V.'s camp at Lake Minoosac. That ought, by all accounts, to be the very thing to suit you; all woods an' water, an' nothin' else. Seen his gals drivin' through the village sometimes, hain't ye? Wear flannel dresses made short, like yourn, and drive a pair o' Kanuck ponies. Pooty nigh as black as squaws the gals be, for they're mostly either on their lake or in it the whole summer through. I hear their camp is a gret curiosity, and that Mr. V. is as proud on't as if he wasn't wuth a half-million, and had to get his livin' a-buildin' log-houses. You'd oughter see it, that's a fact."

Inquiries concerning this camp elicited further hearsay knowledge that gave us a really eager desire to behold the little settlement in the "forest primeval," only a dozen or fifteen miles away.

We were told that Mr. V. was a wealthy manufacturer in one of the largest towns of the state; that he had bought this lake, from which flowed the stream that turned

his mills, that he might control the water-power; that he had an encampment on the shore of the lake that was regarded as a sort of show by the whole country round; and that in this camp he and his family spent two or three months of every summer in very primitive but jolly fashion.

Also, that he was a "dreadful polite" man, making all his visitors most heartily welcome. More trustworthy information was of the same tenor, and we were assured that if we wished to inspect this bit of sylvan life our visit would certainly not be considered an impertinence.

Finally, one crisp morning in September, we started for Lake Minoosac, taking with us, as pilot and undaunted spokeswoman, our landlady of the farm-house, an elderly spinster of very majestic bearing. We filled two strong waggons, drawn by horses with no nonsense about them; and if ever strength and freedom from skittishness were desirable, they were for the last half-dozen miles of our drive. We had then left the region where farming was possible, and were up among crags and black evergreen forests, traversing mountain morasses, jolting over a ruinous corduroy road, often for a long way quite under water. At last we reached a saw-mill a mile from the lake. Here we must leave our horses, and follow, on foot, a path through the woods to the shore. The encampment was on the other side of the lake, and there was no way of reaching it practicable for our party save by boat. We should find a horn hanging on a tree at the right hand where the path debouched on the lake's edge. We were to blow this horn lustily, then wait until Mr. V. should send boats across for his unknown guests.

We found the lake, the tree, and the horn thereon. We blew the horn, and when our summons was echoed and re-echoed round the lake we seemed to ourselves such utter barbarians that we would have liked to run away before any boat should appear. But our generalissima landlady knew the ways of the camp, and had no nonsense about her either. So we stopped, and by-and-bye two specks came dancing in sight far out on the silver rippleless mirror, and these grew and grew till we could discern that one roomy boat was rowed by a stalwart young Canadian, and that the other, a dainty skiff, contained an elderly gentleman, with a bare-headed, dusky half-breed girl of eleven or twelve plying the oars.

The gentleman was, of course, Mr. V., and he came on shore to welcome us and

get an idea of our quality. He was a stout man, with beautiful grey hair lying in loose rings about his neck, in the shade of a huge sombrero; a face pale but for its sunburn, and lighted up with brilliant blue eyes, keen, yet beaming with humour and kindness. Our spokeswoman explained that we were boarders at her house, and so enchanted with the whole region round about that we proposed fitting up, for use in succeeding summers, a rustic retreat of our own, and that we desired, if we might so far trespass on Mr. V.'s kindness, to see his encampment, that we might better understand the needs and manner of a genuine woods life.

In two minutes we were placed wholly at ease. "Intrusion? Not a bit of it. People of the right sort couldn't intrude, and he was wishing this morning some one would look him up, for his family were away for a week, and he was lonely enough. Our faces were passport enough, and he should be glad to help any one to a knowledge of a healthful, rational, delightful way of spending the summer holiday. And what's the last news from Sherman? You'll see he'll be at the Gulf in a week! And now for the boats."

We were soon stowed away, but just as we had pushed off from shore another party of visitors came in sight up the pathway, and these shouted to stop the boats. Mr. V. ordered his skiff to be stopped, assured the new-comers that no more could be taken by the boats this trip, but that they should be sent for so soon as we had reached the other side.

The lake was three miles broad; the shores a wilderness. While we crossed, Mr. V. told the two or three whom he had taken into his own boat how he first came to think of this kind of summer outing.

"I bought this lake," he said, "that I might have the right to build a dam at the outlet, and so save myself from having my mills stopped, and men idle five or six weeks every summer. There had first to be a road cut through to the river from the turnpike south of us before the dam could be touched. I came up myself to oversee the work, found the lake full of fish, and was so much better in health after three or four weeks roughing it in a shanty, that I said to myself, 'No Saratoga for my wife and girls this year; no fishing in the Raquette or Saranac for me.' I made the men build a landing-pier, a bath-house, and what I think you'll say is the handsomest log-house you've ever seen. The

girls took to my notion at once, and were wild to come; but my wife was so ill that we brought her on a bed, and by very short stages. She got better directly, however, put on a flannel gymnastic suit like her girls, learned to fish and to row, is only under a roof at night or when it rains, and to-day looks, and is, ten years younger than the first summer she came up here. Since then we have done a good deal about the camp. We have a log stable now for a pair of tough Canadian ponies, and we can entertain forty people for a week, giving them lake trout and mountain strawberries or raspberries every day, and all of them good beds under cover. We contrive to amuse ourselves, too, so that there is always mourning when the order comes to break up camp. We take care of ourselves, mostly, for we only bring up the house-keeper, this little girl rowing us, and a man to look after the horses and boats. I fish, and do the heavy carpentering; my wife and daughters have cleared up the wood, and put in fancy touches for an acre round the camp. The girls have learned to shoot and swim; they have their friends here; they make excursions with the ponies for twenty miles round; things move pretty lively, in short."

Gay enough the encampment looked as we drew near and nearer it. The ground rose gently from the water's edge, and perhaps twenty rods up the slope stood the log-house, with a dozen or more snowy tents scattered about it. On its northern side a noisy brook sprang from a rocky ravine into the lake, the rock at the ravine's mouth running out and up into a bold little promontory, amid whose crags a hemlock, two or three cedars, and a tall birch, found footing and sustenance. The white bole of the birch and its tremulous foliage, already a pale gold, stood out against the evergreens. On one of the black, shaggy cedars a Virginia-creeper hung itself about in pale pink and crimson masses; and high above this bit of lovely grouping and colouring a tall flag-staff rose, from which the stars and stripes floated lazily in the soft air.

Quite a little flotilla of boats lay around the pier. There was a fish box, and a clever contrivance for keeping milk and butter cool.

The log-house was indeed very beautiful. It was built of straight, smooth logs, neatly joined, with no interstices to be filled by mud or mortar. The ends of the logs were fantastically cut and toothed; the gables,

the window-caps, and ledges, had a rustic decoration of gnarled, knotted branches and roots; and a piazza ran along the whole front, whose pillars were of unbarked red cedars, and whose floor was of bits of branches closely arranged in a pattern that nowhere repeated itself, like Chinese straw-work. Variations of the same tasteful handicraft were to be seen in the benches and seats scattered about; in a table, whose top was a mosaic of twigs, with a many-pronged pedestal of twisted roots. Brackets of hardened fungi, beautifully freaked and striped, supported baskets and vases of bark and osier, in which ferns, red-berried dwarf cornel, and partridge-berry vines, and pale orchids, were growing.

The house had one large living-room. "This is our rainy-day retreat," explained our cheerful host. "You see we all have our diversions." These were an open deal case filled with books and papers, a flute and violin, cards and chess, a work-table with a pretty litter of birch-bark embroidery—this last done with beads, coloured quills, straws, and feathers—and a long work-bench, where all sorts of fairy carpentry seemed to be carried on. The materials were piled upon it—contorted branches and roots—and our host pulled out drawers to show us more delicate treasures—twigs covered with lichens and pendent mosses, oak-balls, clusters of seeds and dried berries, packets of golden wheat, oats, millet, nodding grasses, tame and wild birds' nests, feathers, and eggs, pressed ferns and mosses, rolls of bark, red and grey cup-moss, all manner of cones, and bud-roughened spruce twigs. On a shelf above the bench were ranged bits of artistic work in varying stages of completion—a tiny flower-stand, brackets and photograph easels, wall-baskets, and some odd carven root faces and figures. The implements were simple—some dainty pincers and hammers, fine wire and copper nails, a watch-spring saw and a glue-pot, for the girls' use; some rougher tools for Mr. V. "I can hardly tell you," he said, "the recreation and delight we take at this bench, and in the picking up of our materials. We bring back something from every stroll, and are always finding out beautiful things, and contriving to adapt them to our purposes. It has been a constant training of eye, hand, and heart, and as good for us elders as for the young ones.

"It has been good for others, too, for we scatter our works pretty well. Indeed,

most of our Christmas presents to town friends are hammered, joined, glued, and carved in the summers here. They are greatly admired, and people begin to imitate them and contrive clever designs of their own. And it's curious how the simple people round about here, the coal-burners and lumber-men, collect odds and ends for us.

"It's their own notion. Every year one brings some queer root, another a fungus, or fossil, or mineral, and the small farmer who supplies us with milk has taken to chair and table-making, and threatens to beat me hollow. I live in hopes that some day education'll be more sensibly conducted, and people be taught to use their eyes, and find out the wonders and glories lying unnoticed all round us.

"Why, when I was a boy it was a little reading and writing, a great deal of spelling and figures, geography that never got beyond the dullest statistics, and a little philosophy and chemistry as dry as sawdust, and as valuable—for deadening purposes. I wanted to know about the clouds, the grasses, why the leaves changed colour in autumn; I watched the ants, bees, birds, tadpoles, and caddis-worms; I pestered with questions about what nobody knew or cared anything till I promise you my own father thought me a half-sawny for years, and died, I believe, wondering still how it was that I had turned out a tolerably practical, successful business man. If he can look in on me here he certainly finds me clean daft now!

"I see you're looking at our cook-stove," he went on presently; "that stove has a smack of civilisation that I'm rather ashamed of. You see we have the open fireplace, too, and there are two or three gipsy-kettle arrangements round outside. But my wife insisted on the stove. Like a true Yankee, she wanted her warm bread and pancakes for breakfast, and can't take to ash-cakes and johnny-cakes baked on a board before the fire. I tell her it's out of all keeping here, but she declares anything's better than smoky food, and we all eat as if we agreed with her."

A little sleeping-room out of the living-room was fitted up with rude bunks of deal, one above the other, but looking very comfortable with their piles of deer-skins, and the floor was warmly carpeted with skins also. The walls of both rooms were lined with birch-bark, and dotted with many ingenious contrivances for supporting household articles with economy of

space. Everything was of the simplest—delf, tin, deal. "I laid down the law at first," said Mr. V., "that there was to be no carting one way and another of great trains of impedimenta. All the bought household gear is so inexpensive that it is no temptation to any one if left. The house has been broken into once or twice in winter, but only by some night or storm overtaken hunters, and they did no damage beyond forcing an entrance.

"We bring only commissariat stores, a little house-linen, books, musical instruments, and a ridiculously small wardrobe. The women have each what they call a 'decent' suit, which is for railway journeying part of the way to and from home. Here they need only two or three flannel suits, full trousers, you know, with short skirts and blouses—like your own dress. It's the only costume fit for these woods, and pretty, too, to my fancy, when it's in strong fine colours. We've had several 'high jinks' here—a strawberry party, and one ball with the whole M. band here. All our own folks wore their woods' suits, and the dragging petticoats on our town guests were just ludicrous. My wife has a special dispensation to bring silver forks, and a feather-pillow, and china cup and saucer for herself. But that's the extreme limit of luxuries."

A large tent near the house was the dining-tent. It was thickly carpeted with juniper twigs, and furnished with long table and benches made of thick planks sawn from unbarked logs. The chandelier owed a little more to art, but was neither gorgeous enough to shame the rustic symposium, nor weighty enough to endanger its slender support. It was only tin—a pyramid of slender hoops set with simplest sockets, the lowest round embellished with a dangling fringe of Christmas tree ornaments in tinfoil.

The other tents were sleeping-tents. These were carpeted with sheets of birch-bark. The bedsteads were made of saplings firmly bound together with withes; the beds and pillows were sacks filled with hay or dry moss. The remaining arrangements were as Spartan: a miniature looking-glass, a deal box standing on end for washstand, a tin wash-basin and can, a great clam-shell for soap, a few pegs, a bit of log by way of stool.

The bath-house was close at hand, a roofless log-house built just above the dam, the water running incessantly through the plunge. The dressing-room portion was

quite luxurious in its accommodations and joiner's-work, and had an adjustable awning for rainy weather.

Then we wandered about the clearing. There was the spring where the bright water bubbled up in a pebble-lined basin amid the mossy roots of a huge tree. The surplus water trickled away in no distinct channel, but spread itself over several yards of depressed ground at one side, making a little swamp where marsh-marigold, mint, ladies' ear-drop, and white hellebore grew. In the centre of this a cluster of great tree-stumps and their roots made a little island, which had been converted into a fernery, and was waving now with ferns so rich and green they must surely have forgotten they ever grew anywhere else. There was moss underfoot; mossy couches and seats devised here and there; steps by which to mount into some comfortable perch in a tree's elbow; a tan-strewn croquet-ground; an Indian hammock slung ("My pew on Sundays," said Mr. V.); the establishments of two or three forest pets, and a bower coaxed out of a tangle of fox-grape, spice-bush, and virgin's bower clematis—the latter then silvered over with the curling hair of the clusters of bearded seeds.

A great tree had been felled so that in its descent it should span the ravine through which the brook flowed, and from this difficult, dizzy bridge one got views of the lake, and up the winding chasm, till all outlines were lost in the green blackness of the wood, that were worth no little scrambling and fear.

We were made free of everything, and after we had inspected all, had baths of water and sunshine in the roofless bath-house; and then dined from out our baskets, sitting on the dam, the baby stream darting away beneath us toward a career in the great world beyond the silence of these woods and circumscribing hills. Afterwards our host rowed us out into the lake, where he fished while our artist roughly sketched the encampment.

The other party of visitors had been duly brought across the lake, and they had so entirely taken possession of the place that it was a great relief to Mr. V. and to ourselves to have the long reach of shining water between us and the ignorant chatter of the new-comers. They were illiterate, untravelled country folk, harmless enough in intention, but unendurable in effect.

Mr. V. had taken no notice of them further than telling them when they landed



that if they liked to wander about the ground, they were free to do so; but they went everywhere, peeped into everything, felt everything that could be handled—behaved, in short, as if the place were a kind of rustic inn where they could do and order what they pleased, and where there was no bill to consider. They had called for milk, for lemons, they wanted fish, the little half-breed was summoned from her pretty bark embroidery to light a fire that they might make tea—there seemed no end to their wants and demands. The commanding spirit of the party was quite a young woman, in a voluminous sun-bonnet—a woman nearly six feet high, with a figure like a rail, and a voice impaired by much snuff. Her activity of mind and body was something frightful. After she had thoroughly overrun the encampment she had hovered about us, fastening upon any momentarily solitary member of the group. She imparted her impressions of Mr. V. and his manner of life with great candour. "Seems a good-natered kind o' man," she thought, "though rather down in the mouth, and not over talkative. But who could be very chirk a-livin' this way in the woods, with nothin' stirrin' in sight, only a passle of boats for company, and nothin' to do but fish and whittle out roots. Seems a curious kind o' notion, don't it? 'n leavin' a comfortable home with things like folks, 'n all. I declare I can't think o' nothin' all the time but my young ones and their playhouse, and you don't expect to see grown folks a-takin' to playhouses. And I never in all my born days saw such a lot o' rubbish gathered together. Folks in towns must be put to it to want to hang up scraggly sticks 'n toadstools on their walls." Then she would know who we were, where we came from, and what we came for. The hardened elders of our number took a little malicious pleasure in withholding from her all this information, but she pounced upon the lamb of the flock in an unguarded moment—a shy little Quaker schoolgirl, and from this defenceless victim extracted all she cared to ask. To her she confided that she thought our woods' costume very peculiar—immodest, in fact. Why we could climb round like boys, and didn't make nothin' o' showin' our ankles. She should die to wear such a dress! When this was retailed to us, and we recalled the yard or two of shapeless stocking we had several times beheld that day, in this woman's plunging about over "brake, bush, and scaur" in her conven-

tional petticoats, it was impossible to help the scream of laughter into which we all broke.

We missed her address to Mr. V., but he assured us he had never undergone so extraordinary a catechism, and that the fun of it was quite worth any annoyance he had suffered from the party. "If my women folks had been here they would have made them know at once what they could and could not do; but I can't order people, who mean no harm, out of the place, and after all there's no great harm done. They've had a good time, and so have I."

Our genial, friendly host accompanied us to the other shore when our time came to go, pressed us eagerly to return and spend a week when his wife and daughters should have come back, promising to teach us the various accomplishments of a forest life; we should have music by moonlight on the lake, we should make excursions with his girls to lovely points about. There seemed no limit to his profuse hospitality, and it was with a real heart-wrench we shook his hand over and over again, thanked him, said the last good-bye, then watched him speeding back again over the lake, his pomegranate-cheeked, dusky little serving-maiden plying the oars.

We found ourselves unable again to prove Mr. V.'s kindness, as at parting we had half hoped and promised to do, wishing to see more of himself and his family, and to be more thoroughly initiated into the secrets of wood-craft; so this day's vision was our first and last of camp and camp's owner at Lake Minoosac.

### THE UMBRELLA.

AMONG the long roll of titles borne by the rulers of Ava and Pegu, who claimed relationship with all the gods of heaven and earth, was the seemingly ridiculous one of "Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas," a regal designation by no means so absurd as it appears, since the use of the umbrella was in ancient times confined to royal personages. As symbolical of authority as the sceptre itself, it figures among the insignia of royalty on Persepolian marbles and Assyrian bas-reliefs; more, it was the emblem of the vinous deity, too well worshipped Bacchus. Nor has it utterly fallen from its high estate yet. A Siamese writer on Siamese customs says, "If one be a prince he fares well. If one be the child of a prince, he fares well. If one be the off-

spring of the royal family, he fares well. Would such visit any one, he can. Would he walk for pleasure in any direction, he can. Would he go anywhere, he has four men to carry him on their shoulders. He has an umbrella spread over him." His Great, Glorious, and most Excellent Majesty, the King of Burmah, still sends forth his missives "to the great umbrella-bearing chiefs of the Eastern countries," and the custom-keeping monarch of Dahomey still holds his court in a sort of barn lined with a row of twenty-four umbrellas. Those on the flanks, apportioned to the officers of the amazonian guards, are white; but the central ones, marking the spot where his majesty sits, affect the gaudiest hues. Some are purple, some green, some scarlet, and a few red, blue, and yellow, like the three held over the royal hammock when it is borne into camp by its twelve female bearers. The tricoloured umbrellas are for the king's use alone, and he prides himself not a little upon their splendour. Captain Burton says, in Dahomey the umbrella forms a kind of blazonry, so that any one skilled in such heraldry can tell "the troops from the flag." When a new caboceer, or chief, is made, he receives a virgin white umbrella of palace manufacture, as the insignia of his rank, its future decorations depending upon the deeds he performs. When strangers go to court they are obliged to remove their swords and furl their umbrellas before entering the royal presence.

The umbrella was familiar enough to the eyes of the old Greeks, and Roman dames thought their establishments incomplete unless they had their due complement of umbrella-bearers, to attend them in their walks and drives, and guard their complexions from solar influences. Roman playgoers took umbrellas with them to their open theatres, the priests of the early Christian churches said mass under them, and cardinals taking their titles from Basilican churches always received an umbrella with the red hat. A golden umbrella figures in the paraphernalia of High Church dignitaries to this day; and in some places the Host is never carried through the streets without a decorated umbrella to bear it company.

Montaigne says the use of the umbrella as a protection against the parching heat of the sun was common in Italy in his time, but the prince of essayists thought the encumbrance more than counterbalanced the comfort afforded, pronouncing the umbrella to be a greater burden to

a man's arm than relief to his head. Montaigne's verdict is certainly justified by Coryate, who describes the umbrellas he saw in Italy as being made of leather, in the form of a little canopy, hooped inside with divers little wooden hoops, extending the umbrella in a pretty large compass, and having a long handle. Whether the Romans introduced the umbrella, with other devices of civilisation, to our painted ancestors, is more than we can say; the Anglo-Saxons were undoubtedly acquainted with the article, although the earliest mention of it in English literature occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, in which play the hero is oddly enough compared to one. Altea, congratulating her sister-in-law upon securing the supposed easy-going fool for her husband, asks her:

Now is your heart at rest?  
Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,  
To keep the world's scorching opinion  
From your fair credit?

It would hardly be safe, however, to conclude that the umbrella was strange to English eyes prior to the sixteenth century, merely because earlier writers fail to mention it. Shakespeare could not tread the Globe boards without coming in contact with tobacco-smokers, and yet, if silence were good evidence, one must suppose he had never heard of the popular weed.

Florio, in his *World of Wonders* (1598), describes an "ombrella" as "a fan, a canopy; also a testern, or cloth of state for a prince; also a kind of round fan, a shadowing, that they use to ride with in summer in Italy." Philips, in his *New World of Words* (1678), gives us *umbrello*—a screen against the sun's heat, used chiefly by the Spaniards, among whom it was known by the name of *quitasole*. Shelton, the translator of *Don Quixote*, adopts another orthographical form—*umbrel*—used also by Fynes Morison, who writes, "to avoid the beams of the sun, in some places in Italy, they carry umbrels, or things like a little canopy, over their heads; but a learned physician told me that the use of them is dangerous, because they gather the heat into a pyramidal point, and thence cast it down perpendicularly upon the head." In 1656, an umbrella was sufficiently rare in England for Tradescant to think one worthy a place among the wonders of his Ark at South Lambeth. Eighteen years later umbrellas would seem to have got into society, for in Blount's *Glossographia*, *umbrello* is described as "a fashion of round and broad

fans, wherewith the Indians, and from them our great ones, preserve themselves from the heat of the sun."

The first hint of the umbrella being turned to its present purpose is given by Swift in the Tale of a Tub, written in 1696, where Jack is said to have had a way of working his parchment copy of his father's will into any shape he pleased, so that it served him for a nightcap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. In 1708, Kersey speaks of it as commonly used by women to keep off the rain. In 1709, Ned Ward, sneering at the new-fangled invention, the barometer, says by its means gentlemen and ladies of the middle quality may be infallibly informed when it is right to put on their best clothes, and when they ought not to venture in the fields without their cloaks and umbrellas. Ladies do not appear, however, to have taken very kindly to the innovation, for in Swift's description of the effects of a city shower we are told:

To shops, in crowds, the draggled females fly,  
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy;

although

The tucked-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,  
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.

Gay limits its appearance to the winter season:

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,  
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;  
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,  
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.  
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,  
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray.  
Or sweating slaves support the shady load.  
When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad.  
Britain in winter only knows its aid  
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.

A large umbrella was usually kept hanging in the hall at good houses, to keep visitors dry as they passed to or from their carriages. Coffee-house keepers provided in the same way for their frequenters; but men disdained to carry such a convenience through the streets. In the Tatler's verses, from which we have already quoted:

The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroad,  
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.

He would not have been guilty of slurring his own manhood like the careful young gentleman belonging to the Custom House, who, for fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella of Will's Coffee-House from the mistress, and was formally advertised that in like need he should be welcome to the maid's pattens. It was held effeminate, indeed, to shirk a wetting. "Take that thing away," said Lord Cornwallis to the servant about to hold the house umbrella

over him. "I am not sugar or salt, to melt in a shower." The marquis would have enjoyed the scene at that Metz review, when an officer, offering his umbrella to his unprotected emperor, Joseph the Second exclaimed, "I heed not a shower; it hurts nothing of a man but his clothes." Whereupon ensued a closing movement all round. There certainly is something unsoldierly about our subject, and it is hard to imagine the Guards under fire and umbrellas at the same time. Such a thing, however, was seen once. During the action at the Mayor's House, near Bayonne, in 1813, the Grenadiers, under Colonel Tynling, occupied an unfinished redoubt near the high road. Wellington, happening to ride that way, beheld the officers of the household regiment protecting themselves from the pelting rain with their umbrellas. This was too much for the great chief's equanimity, and he sent off Lord A. Hill instantaneously with the message, "Lord Wellington does not approve of the use of umbrellas under fire, and cannot allow the gentlemen's sons to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the army." He afterwards gave the colonel a good wiggling himself, telling him, "The Guards may carry umbrellas when on duty at St. James's, but in the field it is not only ridiculous, but unmilitary." Sainte-Beuve saw nothing ridiculous in standing fire under an umbrella. When he appeared as a duellist for the first and last time in his life, the critic took his place armed with an ancient flint-lock pistol and an umbrella. His adversary protested against the gingham, the seconds remonstrated, but in vain. Sainte-Beuve declared he had no objection to being shot, but preferred to die a dry death, so the duel proceeded, until each combatant had fired four times without effect, Sainte-Beuve keeping his umbrella hoisted to the end.

Wolfe, no feather-bed soldier, did not think there was any unmanliness in keeping one's coat dry. Writing home from France, in 1752, he expressed his surprise that the Parisian fashion of using umbrellas in sunshine, and something of the same kind in wet weather, had not been adopted in England. With Wolfe's negative evidence the one way, and Swift and Gay's positive evidence the other, it is impossible to tell when the umbrella was fairly established here. Jonas Hanway has been credited with being the first man courageous enough to carry an umbrella regularly in London streets, but it is open

to doubt if he carried an umbrella at all. He is said to have defended his wig and face with a "parapluie"—and Bailey calls a "parasol," a small umbrella to keep off the rain. It was something bigger than our modern lady's sunshade, however, wherewith Shebbeare's footman shielded his master in the pillory; if the doctor had not been popular with the mob, the device would have provoked an extra share of missiles, for, twelve years later, whenever Macdonald ventured to air a fine silk umbrella he had picked up in Spain, he was saluted with "Frenchman, why don't you call a coach!"—very likely enough to be raised by the hackney-coachmen, who counted upon making hay when the sun did not shine. The apparition of a scarlet umbrella caused immense excitement in Bristol in 1780, and Southey's mother could recollect the time when the Bristolians made a point of chivying any umbrella bearer. A Doctor Spens is said to have introduced the umbrella into Edinburgh; and a surgeon named Jameson, in 1781 or 1782, made one familiar to the eyes of the citizens of Glasgow. Forty years ago, a lady lived in Taunton, who could remember when but two umbrellas existed there; one, the property of the clergyman, being hung up in the church porch every Sunday, to be admired by the incoming congregation. They did not take such a serious view of the innovation as the worthy folks of New Haven, who were scandalised at beholding a deacon walking to church under an umbrella, and sent a deputation next day to reprove him for flying in the face of Providence, who evidently intended that man should get wet when it rained.

Umbrellas, when not on active service, used to be carried upside up, not upside down, as we carry them now, the finger being passed through a ring fixed to the top of the stick. In 1787, a tradesman in Cheapside admitted his readiness to supply the public with pocket and portable umbrellas, superior to any hitherto imported from abroad, or manufactured at home; he also guaranteed that his ordinary umbrellas were so prepared that they would not stick together, a common failing with the oiled silk articles then in vogue. Was his enterprising shopkeeper the introducer of the gingham umbrella, inseparably associated with Paul Pry, the inimitable Jamp, and the King of the French? Although banished from the best society, here is yet a sort of respectability about the gingham. "My dear fellow," said

Jerrold, to a popular actor, who was suffering from chronic pecuniary embarrassment, "I do not despair of living to see the day when you will be found, some muddy morning, walking up Ludgate-hill with a cotton umbrella under your arm, going to invest your funds in the Bank of England." Lamb's favourite comedian, Munden, was seldom seen off the stage without his gingham, a very shabby one. Meeting an old friend one morning, the latter saluted him with, "Ah, Joe, I've been thinking of you—I'm off to America!" "Are you?" said Munden, "then you must give me something in remembrance—take my umbrella and give me yours!" It is unnecessary, perhaps, to add that Joe's friend sported silk.

There was an odd row over an umbrella in 1827. The doorkeepers of the Upper House were in the habit of admitting strangers below the bar, after relieving them of their sticks or umbrellas. A Mr. Bell left his umbrella one evening, which somebody claimed and carried off; whereupon the defrauded proprietor brought an action against the doorkeepers, and served the process himself, within the precincts of the House. Lord Chancellor Eldon called the attention of the Lords to this breach of privilege, and the offender was ordered to appear at the bar. Tom Moore seized upon the incident, and indited a rhymed version of Eldon's speech:

"My Lords, on the question before us at present,  
No doubt I shall hear—'Tis that cursed old fellow,  
That bugbear of all that is liberal and pleasant,  
Who won't let the Lords give the man his umbrella!"  
"I own of our Protestant laws I am jealous,  
And long as God spares me, will always maintain;  
That once having taken men's rights or umbrellas,  
We ne'er should consent to restore them again."  
"What security have you, ye bishops and peers,  
If thus you give back Mr. Bell his parapluie,  
That he mayn't with his stick come about all your ears,  
And then where would your Protestant periwigs be?"  
"No, Heaven be my judge, were I dying to-day—  
Ere I dropped in my grave, like a medlar that's mellow,  
'For God's sake!' at that awful moment I'd say,  
'For God's sake, don't give Mr. Bell his umbrella!'"

As the question of the restoration or non-restoration of the missing umbrella was never before the House, of course Hansard contains nothing bearing the faintest resemblance to Moore's squib. Yet when the poet printed the lines, many years afterwards, in a collection of his works, he added a note for the benefit of posterity, explaining that Mr. Bell having left an umbrella behind him in the House of Lords, the doorkeepers, "standing upon the privileges of that noble body, refused to restore it, and the above speech arose

out of the transaction"—a proof how hard truth-telling is to a partisan writer.

Umbrellas share with books the peculiarity that they may be stolen with impunity, so long as the thief assumes the guise of a borrower; why this should be is an unsolvable mystery. It is just the same in America as in England, equally low notions on the subject prevailing on both sides the Atlantic. "Why buy an umbrella?" asks an American editor; "all you need do is to stand in a doorway until some one passes with an article suiting your taste, and then step out boldly, seize hold of the desired object, with 'Sir, I beg your pardon, you have my umbrella!' In nine cases out of ten it will be meekly surrendered, for how does the bearer know you are not the man he stole it from?" There are some signs that the world is growing better; we saw lately, with our own eyes, an advertisement offering to restore an umbrella, left somewhere by the forgetful owner; and a clergyman publicly declared his conviction that society was improving in morality, because he knew of three several instances of borrowed umbrellas finding their way back to the owners. But then on the other hand, we have the testimony of another clergyman that he had only married one couple in the course of a year; that they did not pay him his fee, but stayed to dine with him, as it was raining hard; and finally borrowed his umbrella when they departed—since when he has not seen or heard anything of them!

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER XI. MRS. CALVERLEY LOSES HER COMPANION.

WITHIN half an hour after Pauline's return Alice Claxton awoke to consciousness, dully and heavily at first, with dazed eyes, with a sense of oppression at her head and heart, with an impossibility to collect her thoughts, to make out where she was, or what was passing around her. Gradually this feeling of helplessness and indecision subsided. She recognised Pauline, who was bending over her, and softly bathing her forehead with eau-de-cologne, and with that recognition the flood-gates of memory were opened, and the recollection of her widowhood and her grief rushed into her mind.

In an instant Pauline saw what had

happened, one glance at the patient's face was sufficient for her practised eye.

"You must not move, dear," she whispered, leaning forward, "you must not attempt to speak until we have given you something to sustain you. You have been very ill, my poor child, and even now must on no account be subjected to any excitement. Lie still for yet a few minutes, and then I will tell you anything you want to know."

Alice did as she was bid, falling back on to the pillow from the sitting position in which she had endeavoured to raise herself, and closing her eyes, as though wearied with even that small attempt at motion. Meanwhile Pauline rang the bell, gave the servant orders to bring some jelly and other invalid food, which had been in preparation, and cast her eyes round the room to see that it was in exactly the same order as it had been when Alice was carried up to it. Everything just the same, the old desk replaced under the toilet-cover of the table, the books and papers through which Pauline had searched restored to their former position, no difference noticeable anywhere. Then Pauline seated herself by the bedside, and, taking the jelly from the servant, fed Alice with it as though she had been a child, proceeding afterwards to bathe her face and hands, to comb her dark hair from off her forehead, to shake and smooth the pillows, doing all quietly and with the gentlest touch imaginable.

"You are better now, dear," she said, when she had finished her task, and was again seated. "Your eyes are bright, and there is some sign of colour in your cheeks. You may speak now, dear, as I know you are anxious to do. You deserve some reward for your obedience."

Then Alice raised herself on her elbow, and said in a low tone, quite different from her usual clear voice, "I feel strange yet though, and not quite able to make out what has happened. Tell me," she said, "is it true about John Claxton, is he dead?"

"Yes, dear," said Pauline, "it is true."

"Ah, you were to take me to him," cried the girl, raising her voice. "I recollect it all now. Why am I here in bed? Why do we not start at once?"

"We do not start because it would be useless," said Pauline. "You do not know what has happened, my poor child. On the evening when you were to have gone to London with me, just as we were on the point of setting out, you, who had fought

so well against the excitement, gave way at last, and fell into a fainting fit."

"How long ago is that?" said Alice, putting her hand to her head.

"That is nearly three days ago," said Pauline, "and you have remained in a state of unconsciousness ever since, and——"

"And now I am too late to see him," cried Alice, wildly. "I know it by your manner, by your averted face. They cannot have buried him without my having seen him. It is not so? Oh, tell me at once."

"It would be worse than cruel to deceive you, my poor girl," said Pauline, softly. "It is so."

Then the little strength which remained to Alice Claxton gave way, and she burst into a fit of grief, burying her face in the pillow, over which her long dark hair lay streaming, clutching at the coverlet with her hands, and sobbing forth broken ejaculations of misery and despair. Pauline did not attempt to interfere with her while she was in this state, but stood by the bedside calmly compassionate, waiting until the paroxysm should be over, and the violence of Alice's grief should subside. It subsided after a time. Her head was raised from the pillow, the spasmodic action of the hands ceased, and although the tears still continued to flow, the ejaculations softened down into one oft-repeated wail, "What will become of me? What will become of me?"

Then Pauline gently touched her outstretched hand, and said, "What will become of you, my poor child, do you ask? While you have been lying here unconscious, there are others who have occupied themselves with your future."

"My future?" cried Alice. "Why should they occupy themselves with that? How can they give me back my husband?"

"They cannot indeed give you back your husband," said Pauline, quietly, "but they can see that your life altogether is less dreary and more hopeful than it otherwise would be; and it is well for you, Alice," she said, calling her for the first time by her Christian name, "that you have found such friends. You have seen one of them already, the gentleman who came here to tell you of your loss—Mr. Gurwood."

"Ah," said Alice, "I remember him, the clergyman?"

"Yes, the clergyman; he is a kind and a good man."

"Yes," said Alice, reflectively, "he was very kind and thoughtful, I recollect that, but why did they send him, he does not belong to this parish, why didn't Mr. Tom-

linson come? Is Mr. Gurwood a friend of his?"

"Not that I know of," said Pauline, who had not the least idea who Mr. Tomlinson might be. "Mr. Gurwood was—is Mr. Calverley's step-son."

"Mr. Calverley!" cried Alice, "my poor dear John's partner? Ah, then, it was quite natural he should be sent to me."

"Quite natural," said Pauline, much relieved by finding her take the explanation so easily. "Mr. Gurwood is, as I have said before, a very kind and a very good man. He will come and see you to-morrow or the next day, and tell you what he proposes you should do."

"I suppose I shall have to leave this house?" said Alice, looking round her with a sigh.

"I should think so, Alice," said Pauline. "I should think it would be better for many reasons that you should, but I know nothing positively; Mr. Gurwood will talk to you about that when he comes. And now, dear, I must leave you for awhile. I have to go to London to make some arrangements in my own affairs, but I will return as speedily as I can. I may see Mr. Gurwood, and I shall be glad to tell him that you are almost yourself again."

"Almost myself," said Alice. "Ah, no, never myself again! never myself again!"

Meanwhile the mistress of the house in Great Walpole-street had been in anything but an enviable frame of mind. It has been observed of Mrs. Calverley, that even when she was Miss Lorraine, and during the lives of both her husbands, her favourite position was standing upon her dignity, a position which, with some persons, is remarkably difficult to maintain. Mrs. Calverley was of opinion that by the conduct both of her companion and of her son her dignity had been knocked from under her, and she had been morally upset, and that, too, at a time when she had calculated on receiving increased homage: on taking her place as acknowledged head of the household. That Madame Du Tertre should ask to be relieved from her attendance at a time when of all others she might have known that her presence would be necessary to console her friend in her affliction, and to aid her in devising schemes for the future, was in itself a scandal and a shame. But that her son Martin, who, as a clergyman of the Church of England, ought to be a pattern of filial obedience and all other virtues, should neglect his mother in the way that he did, going away to keep what

he called business appointments day after day; above all, that he should omit to give her any definite answer to the generous proposition which she had made him, was more scandalous and more shameful.

So Mrs. Calverley remained swelling with spite and indignation, all the more fierce and bitter because she had to keep them to herself, and these were the first days of her triumph, days which she had thought to spend very differently, in receiving the delicate flattery and veiled homage which she had been accustomed to from Pauline, in listening to the protestations of gratitude which she had expected from her son. Now both of these persons were absent—for Martin was so little at Great Walpole-street that his mother had small opportunity of conversation with him—and she was left in her grim solitude, but she knew sooner or later they would return, and when she did get the opportunity she was perfectly prepared to make it as uncomfortable for each of them as possible.

It was late in the afternoon, and Mrs. Calverley, who had so far given in to the fashion of the time, as to take her five o'clock tea—which was served, not with the elegant appliances now common, but in a steaming breakfast-cup on an enormous silver salver—had settled herself to the consumption of what might be called her meal, when Pauline entered the room. She came forward rapidly, and taking her patroness's hand, bent over it and raised it to her lips. Mrs. Calverley gave her hand, or rather let it be taken, with sufficiently bad grace. She sat poker-like in her stiffness, with her lips tightly compressed. It was not her business to commence the conversation, and the delay gave her longer time to reflect upon the bitter things she fully intended to say.

"So at last I am able to once more reach my dear friend's side," said Pauline, seating herself in close proximity. She saw at once the kind of reception in store for her, and though the course on which she had determined rendered her independent of Mrs. Calverley's feelings towards her, she was too good a diplomatist to provoke where provocation was unnecessary.

"You certainly have not hurried yourself to get there," said Mrs. Calverley, clipping the words out from between her lips. "I have now been left entirely to myself for—"

"Do not render me more wretched by going into the details of the time of my absence," said Pauline, "it has impressed

itself upon me with sufficient distinctness already."

"I should have thought, madame," said Mrs. Calverley, unrelentingly, "that strictly brought up as you have always represented yourself to be, you would have understood, however pleasantly your time may have been occupied, that your duty required you to be in this house."

"However pleasantly my time may have been occupied," cried Pauline; "each word that you utter is an additional stab. It is duty and duty alone which has called me away from your side. It is duty which imposes a further task upon me, cruel, heart-rending task, which I have yet to declare to you! And you, who have been a life-long martyr to the discharge of your own duty, ought to have some pity for me in the discharge of mine."

These last words were excellently chosen for her purpose. That she was a martyr, and an unrecognised martyr, was the one text on which Mrs. Calverley preached: to acknowledge her in that capacity was to pay her the greatest possible compliment. So, considerably mollified, she replied, "If I felt annoyed at your absence, Palmyre, it was for your sake more than for my own. The loss of your society is a deprivation to me, but I am accustomed to deprivations and to crosses of all kinds. I devoted myself to my husband—and had he listened to the counsel I gave him, he would be here at this moment—and I am prepared to devote myself to my son."

"Ah," said Pauline, with earnestness, "Monsieur Martin!"

"Yes, Palmyre," said Mrs. Calverley. "Monsieur Martin, as you speak of him in your foreign way, the Reverend Martin Gurwood, as he is generally called. I am prepared to devote myself to him. I have told him that I will remove him from that desolate country parish, and establish him here in London in a church of his own, that he shall live with me in this house, share my wealth, and dispense my charities."

"Martin in London," thought Pauline, to herself. "Then it is in London that Alice and I must take up our abode." Then she said aloud, "And what does Monsieur Martin say to this grand, this generous proposition, madame?"

"Ay, exactly—what does he say!" cried Mrs. Calverley. "You may well ask that! You and every one else would have thought that he would have jumped at such an offer, wouldn't you? And so he would,

doubtless, if it had come from any one else, but it is my lot to suffer!"

"He has not refused it, madame?"

"No, he has not refused; he has given me no definite answer any way."

"Ah, he will not refuse you, I am sure," said Pauline, clasping her hands; "the prospect of such a life with such a mother must overcome even his strict notions of self-denial. Ah, madame, if you could only know what a thrill of joy your words have sent through my heart, how what you have said has tended to disperse the black clouds which were gathering over me!"

"Dear me, Palmyre," cried Mrs. Calverley, in her blank, unimaginative way, "black clouds! What on earth are you talking about?"

"I told you just now that I had a yet further sacrifice to make to duty. It is a sacrifice so great, so painful to me, that I hardly dared to hint at it; but what you have said just now robs it somewhat of its sting. What a comfort it would be to me to know that you had some one to look after and cherish you, as you ought to be cherished, when I am gone."

"What's that you said, Palmyre?" cried Mrs. Calverley, sharply indeed, but nothing like so viciously as Pauline had expected. "You are gone! What do you mean by that?"

"When I am gone," repeated Pauline, "in obedience to duty which calls upon me. Ah, dear friend, why are you wealthy, and in high position, surrounded by comforts and luxury? If you were poor and needy, sick and struggling, I could reconcile it with my duty to remain here with you; as it is, I am called upon to leave you, and to devote myself to those to whom my poor services can be useful."

"You must be more explicit, Palmyre," said Mrs. Calverley, still without any trace of anger. Bold and haughty as she was, she had been somewhat disturbed at the idea of having to break to her companion the news of her dismissal, and now she thought the difficulty seemed materially lightened.

"It is a sad story," said Pauline, "but it will be interesting to you who have a benevolent heart."

"It is about your cousin, I suppose?" said Mrs. Calverley.

"My cousin?" cried Pauline.

"Yes," said Mrs. Calverley; "your cousin, who was lying ill at the poor lodging, she who knew no one in London but yourself, could not speak our language, and

was utterly helpless; she is worse, I suppose? Perhaps she is dead!"

"Tiens," said Pauline to herself, "it is lucky she reminded me about the cousin; in all the confusion and plotting I had almost forgotten what I had said. No, my dear friend," she said aloud, "my poor cousin still lives, and is, indeed, considerably easier and better than when I first went to her. A relation of hers, a brother-in-law, has found her out, and is being kind to her, as the poor are always kind to one another; not, indeed, that this brother-in-law can be called poor, except in comparison with persons of wealth like yours. He is an old friend of mine; he knew my father, the artillery officer at Lyons, and used often to come to my husband's house when we were in business there."

"He admired you then, and he has made an offer now, and you are going to be married to him?" said Mrs. Calverley, with an icy smile. "Is that it, Palmyre; is that the sacrifice you feel yourself called upon to make?"

"Ah, my friend," cried Pauline, "there is no question of anything of that sort for me; my heart is buried in grief. No, this worthy man, who has known me so long, knows that I am what you call in your language, but for which we have no word in French, respectable. He knows that I can be trusted, and he offers to me a place of trust; he asks me to undertake a sacred charge."

"Dear me," again ejaculated Mrs. Calverley; "what might that be?"

"This old friend of mine finds himself left as guardian and trustee for the widow and orphan of his former ward, a wretched young man—he must have been born under an evil star, for nothing seemed to prosper with him—and who has just died of consumption at Nice. The widow is, as I understand, a weak creature, very young, very pretty, and utterly inexperienced. Her husband during his lifetime never allowed her to do anything, and the consequence is that she is quite ignorant of the ways of the world, and would be easily snapped up by any one who might choose to take advantage of her. Being, as I have said, very pretty, and having a small competence of her own, I need scarcely tell you that there would be plenty of wretches on the look out for her."

"Wretches, indeed!" cried Mrs. Calverley. "One of the few curses of wealth is that it renders one liable to be so beset."

"My old friend," then pursued Pauline,



"a warm-hearted man, who preserves a grateful recollection of the manner in which at the outset of his life he was befriended by his dead widow's father, and desirous of shielding the widow and orphans to the best of his power, offered me a modest salary to take up my abode with this young woman, and to become her protector and look after her generally."

"Well," said Mrs. Calverley, with a sniff, "and what did you say to that?"

"I refused altogether. I told him that I was already living with one whom fortune had cruelly treated in depriving her of her only protector, and who from her resignation and goodness commanded my deepest sympathy. But my old friend refused to accept this explanation, and after questioning me closely about you and your position, pointed out that if I were doing a good action in living with you, who were wealthy and powerful, how much more rigorously should I be discharging my duty in giving myself up to those who, while equally afflicted with you in the loss of those they loved, were not endowed with your circumstances, worse than all, were not endowed with your patience and Christian resignation."

A faint flush of pleasure glowed on Mrs. Calverley's pale cheeks. "There is something in that," she said; "it was a sensible remark. My trouble has been lifelong, I have been schooled in it from my youth; but this poor person is only just beginning to know the miseries of the world. Well, Palmyre, what did you say then?"

"I felt, dear friend, that, as you say, the argument was strong, the appeal almost irresistible; but I said that I could give no definite reply; that, however strongly my duty might call me elsewhere, my heart was with you; that I would lay the case before you, exactly as it stood, and unless I had your free consent I should not separate myself from you."

Outwardly calm and composed, Mrs. Calverley was inwardly in a state of great delight. Not merely did she see her way to getting rid of her companion without any trouble, but she would receive the greatest credit for her magnanimity and self-denial in giving Pauline up to those whose need was greater than her own. It was, however, necessary that she should be cautious and reticent to the last, so before pledging herself to anything definite Mrs. Calverley said:

"You, Palmyre, who know my character so well, must be perfectly aware that the circumstances which you have narrated to me are such as would command my warmest sympathies, but before I give you any definite answer, I should like to ask you one or two questions. The little household over which you are called upon to preside will be established in France I presume?"

"No," said Pauline, "in England. The poor widow is an Englishwoman, and declines to go away with her little child, a charming little creature, from the land of her birth."

"In England?" cried Mrs. Calverley. "And whereabouts in England?"

"Nothing is yet settled," said Pauline, "but I have no doubt that I should have some hand in deciding that, and all my influence would be used to remain in the neighbourhood of London."

Mrs. Calverley was overjoyed at this announcement; she thought she saw her way to making use of her quondam ally without the necessity of recompensing her.

She was silent for a few minutes. Then she said, in a tone which she tried to modulate as much as possible, but which was unmistakably triumphant, "I have reflected, Palmyre, and I find it is again my duty to exercise that power of self-denial with which I have fortunately been imbued. These poor creatures have greater need of you than I, and however much I may suffer by the abnegation, I waive my claim upon you—I give you up to them."

"You are an angel," said Pauline, bending down to kiss her friend's hand. Her face was necessarily hidden, but if any one could have caught a glimpse of it they would have seen on it an expression of intense amusement.

"I shall see you again, I suppose?" said Mrs. Calverley.

"Oh, certainly," said Pauline; "I shall let you know as soon as anything is settled, and I sincerely trust that my duties will not be so constant and so binding as to prevent my frequently coming to visit my best and dearest friend."

"Does she take me for a fool, this woman?" said Pauline when she had gained the solitude of her bedroom, "or is she so blinded by her own folly as to believe that other people are so weak as she? However, the difficulty, such as it was, has been easily arranged, and all is now clear for me to commence my new manner of life."

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 200. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1872.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## WILLING TO DIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND THE KEY."

### CHAPTER II. OUR CURIOSITY IS PIQUED.

AND so that odd vision was gone; and Laura Grey turned to us eagerly for information.

We could not give her much. We were ourselves so familiar with the fact of Mr. Carmel's existence, that it never occurred to us that his appearance could be a surprise to any one.

Mr. Carmel had come about eight months before to reside in the small old house in which the land-steward had once been harboured, and which, built in continuation of the side of the house, forms a sort of retreat-wing to it, with a hall-door to itself, but under the same roof.

This Mr. Carmel was, undoubtedly, a Roman Catholic, and an ecclesiastic; of what order I know not. Possibly he was a Jesuit. I never was very learned or very curious upon such points; but some one, I forget who, told me that he positively was a member of the Society of Jesus.

My poor mother was very High Church, and on very friendly terms with Catholic personages of note. Mr. Carmel had been very ill, and was still in delicate health, and a quiet nook in the country in the neighbourhood of the sea had been ordered for him. The vacant house I have described he begged for his use from my father, who did not at all like the idea of lending it, as I could gather from the partly jocular and partly serious discussions which he maintained upon the point, every now and then, at the breakfast-table, when I was last in town.

I remember hearing my father say at last: "You know, my dear Mabel, I'm always

ready to do anything you like. I'll be a Catholic myself if it gives you the least pleasure, only be sure, first, about this thing, that you really do like it. I shouldn't care if the man were hanged—he very likely deserves it—but I'll give him my house if it makes you happy. You must remember, though, the Cardyllion people won't like it, and you'll be talked about, and I dare say he'll make nuns of Ethel and Helen. He won't get a great deal by that, I'm afraid. And I don't see why those pious people—Jesuits, and that sort of persons, who don't know what to do with their money—should not take a house for him if he wants it, or what business they have quartering their friars and rubbish upon poor Protestants like you and me."

The end of it was that about two months later this Mr. Carmel arrived, duly accredited by my father, who told me when he paid us one of his visits of a day, soon after, that he was under promise not to talk to us about religion, and that if he did I was to write to tell him immediately.

When I had told my story to Laura Grey, she was thoughtful for a little time.

"Are his visits only once a week?" she asked.

"Yes," said I.

"And does he stay as short a time always?" she continued.

We both agreed that he usually stayed a little longer.

"And has he never talked on the subject of religion?"

"No, never. He has talked about shells, or flowers, or anything he found us employed about, and always told us something curious or interesting. I had heard papa say that he was engaged upon a work from which great things were expected, and boxes of books were perpetually coming

and going between him and his correspondents."

She was not quite satisfied, and in a few days there arrived from London two little books on the great controversy between Luther and the Pope; and out of these, to the best of her poor ability, she drilled us, by way of a prophylactic against Mr. Carmel's possible machinations.

It did not appear, however, to be Mr. Carmel's mission to flutter the little nest of heresy so near him. When he paid his next visit it so happened that one of these duodecimo disputants lay upon the table. Without thinking, as he talked, he raised it, and read the title on the cover, and smiled gently. Miss Grey blushed. She had not intended disclosing her suspicions.

"In two different regiments, Miss Grey," he said, "but both under the same king;" and he laid the book quietly upon the table again, and talked on of something quite different.

Laura Grey, in a short time, became less suspicious of Mr. Carmel, and rather enjoyed his little visits, and looked forward pleasantly to them.

Could you imagine a quieter or more primitive life than ours: or, on earth, a much happier one?

Malory owns an old-fashioned square pew in the aisle of the pretty church of Cardyllion. In this spacious pew we three sat every Sunday; and on one of these occasions, a few weeks after Miss Grey's arrival, from my corner I thought I saw a stranger in the Verney seat, which is at the opposite side of the aisle, and had not had an occupant for several months. There was certainly a man in it; but the stove that stood nearly between us would not allow me to see more than his elbow and the corner of an open book, from which I suppose he was reading.

I was not particularly curious about this person. I knew that the Verneys, who were distant cousins of ours, were abroad, and the visitor was not likely to be very interesting.

A long indistinct sermon interposed, and I did not recollect to look at the Verney pew until the congregation were trooping decorously out, and we had got some way down the aisle.

The pew was empty by that time.

"Some one in the Verneys' pew," I remarked to our governess, so soon as we were quite out of the shadow of the porch.

"Which is the Verneys' pew?" she asked.

I described it.

"Yes; there was. I have got a headache, dear. Suppose we go home by the Mill-road?"

We agreed.

It is a very pretty, and in places rather a steep road, very narrow, and ascending with a high and wooded bank at its right, and a precipitous and thickly planted glen to its left. The opposite side is thickly wooded also, and a stream far below splashes and tinkles among the rocks under the darkening foliage.

As we walked up this shadowy road, I saw an old gentleman walking down it, toward us. He was descending at a brisk pace, and wore a chocolate-coloured great-coat, made with a cape, and fitting his slight figure closely. He wore a hat with a rather wide brim, turned up at the sides. His face was very brown. He had a thin high nose, with very thin nostrils, rather prominent eyes, and carried his head high. Altogether he struck me as a particularly gentleman-like and ill-tempered looking old man, and his features wore a character of hauteur that was perfectly insolent.

He was pretty near us by the time I turned to warn our governess, who was beside me, to make way for him to pass. I did not speak; for I was a little startled to see that she was very much flushed, and almost instantly turned deadly pale.

We came nearly to a stand-still, and the old gentleman was up to us in a few seconds. As he approached, his prominent eyes were fixed on Laura Grey. He stopped, with the same haughty stare, and, raising his hat, said in a cold, rather high key, "Miss Grey, I think? Miss Laura Grey? You will not object, I dare say, to allow me a very few words?"

The young lady bowed very slightly, and said, in a low tone, "Certainly not."

I saw that she looked pained, and even faint. This old gentleman's manner, and the stern stare of his prominent eyes, embarrassed even me, who did not directly encounter them.

"Perhaps we had better go on, Helen and I, to the seat; we can wait for you there?" I said softly to her.

"Yes, dear, I think it will be as well," she answered gently.

We walked on slowly. The bench was not a hundred steps up the steep. It stands at the side of the road, with its back against the bank. From this seat I could see very well what passed, though, of course, quite out of hearing.

The old gentleman had a black cane in his fingers, which he poked about on the gravel. You would have said from his countenance that at every little stab he punched an enemy's eye out.

First, the gentleman made a little speech, with his head very high, and an air of determination and severity. The young lady seemed to answer, briefly and quietly. Then ensued a colloquy of a minute or more, during which the old gentleman's head nodded often with emphasis, and his gestures became much more decided. The young lady seemed to say little, and very quietly: her eyes were lowered to the ground as she spoke.

She said something, I suppose, which he chose to resent, for he smiled sarcastically, and raised his hat; then, suddenly resuming his gravity, he seemed to speak with a sharp and hectoring air, as if he were laying down the law upon some point once for all.

Laura Grey looked up sharply, with a brilliant colour, and with her head high, replied rapidly for a minute or more, and turning away, without waiting for his answer, walked slowly, with her head still high, towards us.

The gentleman stood looking after her with his sarcastic smile, but that was gone in a moment, and he continued looking, with an angry face, and muttering to himself, until suddenly he turned away, and walked off at a quick pace down the path towards Cardyllion.

A little uneasily, Helen and I stood up to meet our governess. She was still flushed, and breathing quickly, as people do from recent agitation.

"No bad news? Nothing unpleasant?" I asked, looking very eagerly into her face.

"No; no bad news, dear."

I took her hand. I felt that she was trembling a little, and she had become again more than usually pale. We walked homeward in silence.

Laura Grey seemed in deep and agitated thought. We did not, of course, disturb her. An unpleasant excitement like that always disposes one to silence. Not a word, I think, was uttered all the way to the steps of Malory. Laura Grey entered the hall, still silent, and when she came down to us, after an hour or two passed in her room, it was plain she had been crying.

#### CHAPTER III. THE THIEF IN THE NIGHT.

OF what happened next I have a strangely imperfect recollection. I cannot tell you the intervals, or even the

order, in which some of the events occurred. It is not that the mist of time obscures it; what I do recollect is dreadfully vivid; but there are spaces of the picture gone. I see faces of angels, and faces that make my heart sink; fragments of scenes. It is like something reflected in the pieces of a smashed looking-glass.

I have told you very little of Helen, my sister, my one darling on earth. There are things which people, after an interval of half a life, have continually present to their minds, but cannot speak of. The idea of opening them to strangers is insupportable. A sense of profanation shuts the door, and we "wake" our dead alone. I could not have told you what I am going to write. I did not intend inscribing here more than the short, bleak result. But I write it as if to myself, and I will get through it.

To you it may seem that I make too much of this, which is, as Hamlet says, "common." But you have not known what it is to be for all your early life shut out from all but one beloved companion, and never after to have found another.

Helen had a cough, and Laura Grey had written to mamma, who was then in Warwickshire, about it. She was referred to the Cardyllion doctor. He came; he was a skilful man. There were the hushed, dreadful moments, while he listened, through his stethoscope, thoughtfully, to the "still, small voice" of fate, to us inaudible, pronouncing on the dread issues of life or death.

"No sounder lungs in England," said Doctor Mervyn, looking up with a congratulatory smile.

He told her, only, that she must not go in the way of cold, and by-and-by sent her two bottles from his surgery; and so we were all happy once more.

But doctor's advices, like the warnings of fate, are seldom obeyed; least of all by the young. Nelly's little pet sparrow was ailing, or we fancied it was. She and I were up every hour during the night to see after it. Next evening Nelly had a slight pain in her chest. It became worse, and by twelve o'clock was so intense that Laura Grey, in alarm, sent to Cardyllion for the doctor. Thomas Jones came back without him, after a delay of an hour. He had been called away to make a visit somewhere, but the moment he came back he would come to Malory.

It came to be three o'clock; he had not appeared; darling Nelly was in actual torture. Again Doctor Mervyn was sent for:

and again, after a delay, the messenger returned with the same dismaying answer. The governess and Rebecca Torkill exhausted in vain their little list of remedies. I was growing terrified. Intuitively I perceived the danger. The doctor was my last earthly hope. Death, I saw, was drawing nearer and nearer every moment, and the doctor might be ten miles away. Think what it was to stand, helpless, by her. Can I ever forget her poor little face, flushed scarlet, the gasping and catching at breath, hands, throat, every sinew quivering in the mortal struggle!

At last a knock and a ring at the hall-door. I rushed to the window; the first chill grey of winter's dawn hung sickly over the landscape. No one was on the steps, or on the grey gravel of the court. But, yes—I do hear voices and steps upon the stair approaching. Oh! Heaven be thanked, the doctor is come at last!

I ran out upon the lobby, just as I was, in my dressing-gown, with my hair about my shoulders, and slippers on my bare feet. A candlestick, with the candle burnt low, was standing on the broad head of the clumsy old bannister, and Mr. Carmel, in a black riding-coat, with his hat in his hand, and that kind of riding-boots that used to be called clerical, on, was talking in a low earnest tone to our governess.

The faint grey from the low lobby window was lost at this point, and the delicate features of the pale ecclesiastic, and Miss Grey's pretty and anxious face, were lighted, like a fine portrait of Schalken's, by the candle only.

Throughout this time of agony and tumult, the memory of my retina remains unimpaired, and every picture retains its hold upon my brain.

And, oh! had the doctor come?

Yes. Mr. Carmel had ridden all the way, fourteen miles, to Llwynan, and brought the doctor back with him. He might not have been here for hours otherwise. He was now down-stairs making preparations, and would be in the room in a few minutes.

I looked at that fine, melancholy, energetic face as if he had saved me. I could not thank him. I turned and entered our room again, and told Nelly to be of good courage, that the doctor was come. "And, oh! please God, he'll do you good, my own darling, darling—precious darling!"

In a minute more the doctor was in the room. My eyes were fixed upon his face as he talked to his poor little patient; he did

not look at all as he had done on his former visit. I see him before me as I write; his bald head shining in the candle-light, his dissatisfied and gloomy face, and his shrewd light-blue eyes, reading her looks askance, as his fingers rested on her pulse.

I remember, as if the sick-room changed into it, finding myself in the small room opposite, with no one there but the doctor and Miss Grey, we three, in the cold morning light, and his saying, "Well, all this comes of violating directions. There is very intense inflammation, and her chest is in a most critical state."

Then Miss Grey said, after a moment's hush, the awful words, "Is there any danger?" and he answered shortly, "I wish I could say there wasn't." I felt my ears sing as if a pistol had been fired. No one spoke for another minute or more.

The doctor stayed, I think, for a long time, and he must have returned after, for he is mixed up in almost every scene I can remember during that jumbled day of terror.

There was, I know, but one day, and part of a night. But it seems to me as if whole nights intervened, and suns set and rose, and days uncounted and undistinguished passed, in that miserable period.

The pain subsided, but worse followed; a dreadful cough, that never ceased—a long, agonised struggle against a slow drowning of the lungs. The doctor gave her up. They wanted me to leave the room, but I could not.

The hour came at last, and she was gone. The wild cry—the terrible farewell—nothing can move inexorable death. All was still.

As the ship lies serene in the caverns of the cold sea, and feels no more the fury of the wind, the strain of cable, and the crash of wave, this forlorn wreck lay quiet now. Oh! little Nelly! I could not believe it.

She lay in her night-dress under the white coverlet. Was this whole scene an awful vision, and was my heart breaking in vain? Oh, poor simple little Nelly, to think that you should have changed into anything so sublime and terrible!

I stood dumb by the bedside, staring at the white face that was never to move again. Such a look I had never seen before. The white glory of an angel was upon it.

Rebecca Torkill spoke to me, I think. I remember her kind, sorrowful old face near me, but I did not hear what she said. I

was in a stupor, or a trance. I had not shed a tear. I had not said a word. For a time I was all but mad. In the light of that beautiful transfiguration my heart was bursting with the wildest rebellion against the law of death that had murdered my innocent sister before my eyes; against the fate of which humanity is the sport; against the awful Power who made us! What spirit knows, till the hour of temptation, the height or depth of its own impiety?

Oh, gentle, patient little Nelly! The only good thing I can see in myself in those days, is my tender love of you, and my deep inward certainty of my immeasurable inferiority. Gentle, humble little Nelly, who thought me so excelling in cleverness, in wisdom, and countless other perfections, how humble in my secret soul I felt myself beside you, although I was too proud to say so! In your presence my fierce earthy nature stood revealed, and wherever I looked my shadow was cast along the ground by the pure light that shone from you.

I don't know what time passed without a word falling from my lips. I suppose people had other things to mind, and I was left to myself. But Laura Grey stole her hand into mine, she kissed me, and I felt her tears on my cheek.

"Ethel, darling, come with me," she said, crying, very gently. "You can come back again. You'll come with me, won't you? Our darling is happier, Ethel, than ever she could have been on earth, and she will never know change or sorrow again."

I began to sob distractedly. I do really believe I was half out of my mind. I began to talk to her volubly, vehemently, crying passionately all the time. I do not remember now a word I uttered; I know its purport only from the pain and even horror I remember in Laura Grey's pale face. It has taken a long and terrible discipline to expel that evil spirit. I know what I was in those days. My pilgrimage since then has been by steep and solitary paths, in great dangers, in darkness, in fear; I have eaten the bread of affliction, and my drink has been of the waters of bitterness; I am tired and footsore, yet, though through a glass darkly, I think I can now see why it all was, and I thank God with a contrite heart for the terrors and the mercies he has shown me. I begin to discover through the mist who was the one friend who never forsook me through all those stupen-

dous wanderings, and I long for the time when I shall close my tired eyes, all being over, and lie at the feet of my Saviour.

## CHRONICLES OF LONDON STREETS.

### COVENT GARDEN (CENTRAL).

FOR ages a monastic garden and quiet semi-rural cemetery for the monks of Westminster; then a deserted plot and noisy playground for London urchins outside the gardens of Bedford House; at last, four years before the Restoration, a regular market-place built by Inigo Jones, with piazzas along the north and east sides. Such briefly are the chief transformation scenes which Harlequin Time has with his magic wand struck out of this central parade-ground of theatrical London—the "herbivorous parish," as Sydney Smith used to call it, of Covent Garden.

The modern square of Covent Garden was first formed in 1631, from the designs of Inigo Jones, who took the notion of the piazza from a square at Leghorn. In the centre, eight years after the Restoration, there was erected a column, surmounted by a dial, and the whole area was laid with gravel. Along the south side ran the wall of the garden of Bedford House, with a row of trees, under which, three days in the week, the first market-stalls stood. The square remained fashionable till Hanover, Grosvenor, and Cavendish-squares arose, and the quality flitted westward. Among other celebrities, Pope's Lady Mary Wortley Montague lived here in 1730, and is then mentioned as driving to Hyde Park, to take the air after a recent indisposition.

To perambulate the square on some reasonable system, let us commence with Evans's, at the north-west corner. This stately old brick mansion, since rebuilt or much altered, was occupied in succession by three eminent persons, all of whom were known to Lord Clarendon, and are drawn by him in his great History of the Civil War in grave full length. First of all through the new doorway entered Sir Harry Vane, the younger, from whom Cromwell, with that grim humour of his own, prayed so loudly to be delivered. Clarendon describes Vane as an ill-favoured man of great natural parts, and of very profound dissimulation, and of a quick conception. In Geneva first, and then in New England, he ripened his bitter gall against the Church, and with the aid of

Pym hastened the ruin of that dark, resolute, and dangerous adviser of King Charles, Wentworth, Lord Strafford. He married a lady of good family, and was for a time treasurer in the navy, till the Parliament assumed royal power, and led him to that current in which he eventually ran foul of that greatest bark of all that navigated those troubled seas, Cromwell himself. He remained refractory, and at the Restoration was beheaded on Tower-hill.

After Vane, there reigned in this house a still more extraordinary man—the great patron and friend of Ben Jonson, Sir Kenelm Digby. This great personage was the son of Sir Everard Digby, a Buckinghamshire Catholic baronet, who perished in his youth for his share in the Gunpowder Conspiracy. Kenelm entered the service of Prince Charles during that romantic visit to Spain, and on his return to England was knighted by the delighted King James, who nearly poked out one of his eyes during the august ceremony. He married one of the greatest beauties of the day, Venetia Stanley, an offshoot of the Derby family, and by no means of the severest virtue. Digby, in his *Private Memoirs*, says that her hair was like a stream of sunbeams converted into solid substance, and Aubrey, talking with his usual garrulous warmth, describes her face as being short and oval, with dark brown eyebrows, about which much sweetness, as also in the opening of her eyelids. She must have been beautiful indeed, and deserves the following lines of Ben Jonson's, which he wrote after her sudden death:

Draw first a cloud, all save her neck,  
And out of that make day to break;  
Till like her face it do appear  
And men may think all light rose there.  
Then let the beams of that disperse  
The cloud and show the universe;  
But at such distance as the eye  
May rather yet adore than spy.

Pious Feltham and amiable Babington also wrote elegies upon her, and Randolph composed lines on the same occasion.

Bring all the spices that Arabia yields.  
Distil the choicest flowers that paint the fields,  
And when in one their best perfections meet,  
Embalm her corse that she may make them sweet.

On Sir Kenelm, also, the *Mirandola* of his age, who is said to have known twelve languages, and to have discovered the art of making gold, Ben Jonson lavished much praise. In verses to Lady Venetia the poet says:

He doth excel  
In honour, courtesy, and all the parts  
Court can call hers, or man could call his arts.

He's prudent, valiant, just and temperate;  
In him all virtue is beheld in state,  
And he is built like some imperial room  
For that to dwell in, and be still at home.  
His breast is a brave palace, a broad street,  
Where all heroic ample thoughts do meet;  
Where nature such a large survey hath ta'en,  
As other souls to his dwell in a lane;  
Witness his action done at Scanderoon,  
Upon his birthday, the eleventh of June;  
When the Apostle Barnaby the bright  
Unto our year doth give the longest light.

These verses allude to one of Sir Kenelm's great exploits—the defeat of some Venetians at Scanderoon, at a time when Venice was still wealthy and still powerful at sea. This strange man was also the introducer into England of that mysterious Greek medicine, the sympathetic powder, which was not applied to the wound, but to the weapon that had inflicted it. He also wrote poetical criticisms, a book on cooking, a book on philosophy, a book on botany, translated something of Albertus Magnus, proposed to edit Roger Bacon, became a friend of Descartes, and dabbled in alchemy. His house in Covent Garden became a sort of academy for the savans of the day, and he had a laboratory in his garden (now the singing-room at Evans's). He died five years after the Restoration, and was buried in Christ Church, Newgate-street. Although Digby fought for King Charles, he was very generally supposed to have been a go-between used by Cromwell to make advances to the Catholic party. He used to boast that Mary de Medicis fell in love with him when he was a young gallant at Paris. His portrait by Vandyke, who also painted his dead wife, shows a handsome, portly man, full of vanity and self-confidence. There is no doubt, however, that as an encourager of scientific experiments he very materially helped forward that great movement that soon led to the formation of the Royal Society.

The next occupier was Denzil Holles, a son of the first Earl of Clare. He was one of the party who roused the Parliament against the Duke of Buckingham, that first evil adviser of King Charles, and was imprisoned on that account, a disagreeable fact which he by no means forgot. He carried up the impeachment of Archbishop Laud, was one of the members who held the Speaker down in his chair during a dangerous debate against the king's overstrained prerogative, and was one of the five obnoxious members, the attempted seizure of whom led to the outbreak of the Civil War. Eventually, his party went too far for him, and he helped forward the

Restoration, Charles the Second rewarding him with the title of Lord Holles. He was our ambassador at Breda, and died in 1680.

The next comer was, like Sir Kenelm Digby, a laurel-crowned admiral—Russell, afterwards Earl of Orford. It was this treacherous trimmer between William and James, who, brave as he was false, shattered in 1692 the French fleet of Louis the Fourteenth, near La Hogue, a tremendous victory, which finally crushed the hopes of the English Jacobites, spread dismay at St. Germain, and raised England again to the supreme monarchy of the seas. In this great conflict sixteen French men-of-war (eight of them three-deckers), were sunk or burned. Rooke and Sir Cloudesley Shovel fought by the side of Russell. After all, Macaulay, who is generally black or white, and seldom uses neutral tints, is too severe on Russell, who lived in an age when all the world was expecting the inevitable restoration of the Stuarts, and trimmed accordingly. Once steering straight for the centre of the French line his patriotism never wavered. Before recent alterations the façade of Evans's was thought to resemble the fore-castle of a ship, the old staircase up which Russell has often walked thinking of his last secret letter to James, once formed part of the *Britannia* (one hundred guns), the vessel the admiral commanded at La Hogue. It is carved with anchors, cables, coronets, and the initial letters of Lord Orford's name.

After Admiral Russell came Lord Archer, a nobleman of George the Second's creating, who died in 1768, whose title became extinct on the death of his son. To Lord Archer succeeded James West, a great book and print collector, who died in 1772.

Then passed away the greatness of the house; it sank into the plebeian rank, for in 1774, David Low, a hairdresser of Tavistock-street, opened it as a family hotel, the first of that description in London, and the enterprising barber distributed medals of the house, which procured him many lodgers. The place evidently took root and flourished, for in 1794 the proprietor, a Mr. Hudson, advertised the house as "with stabling for one hundred noblemen's horses."

Evans, a low comedian of Covent Garden Theatre, removed here from the Cyder Cellar in Maiden-lane, and converted the cellar, or large dining-room below stairs, into a singing-room where refreshments could be obtained. The songs were of rather a ribald and coarse kind, but the place

was snug after the theatre, and soon grew popular. It was sketched by Thackeray as the Cave of Harmony, and many modern essayists have described the same old haunt. In 1844, Evans's fell into the hands of Mr. John (better known as "Paddy") Green, an Irish actor and singer, who raised the style of the entertainments, and introduced a band of chorister boys, with fresh young voices and pleasant young faces.

St. Paul's Church, that dull grave Doric building in the centre of the west side, was built by Inigo two years after the square was laid out. Onslow, the Speaker, told Horace Walpole an anecdote about this church. When the Earl of Bedford sent for Inigo, he told him he wanted a chapel for the parishioners of Covent Garden, but added he would not go to any considerable expense. "In short," said he, "I would not have it much better than a barn." "Well, then," replied Jones, "you shall have the handsomest barn in England." The expense of building was four thousand five hundred pounds, so that the barn for the inhabitants that had not yet arrived was after all not so very cheap.

The old church was burned down in 1795, owing to the carelessness of labourers repairing the lead of the cupola, and only the bare walls were left. The church a few years before had cost ten thousand pounds repairing. Inigo's barn was of brick with stone columns to the portico, and had a red tiled roof. On the apex of the pediment was a stone cross, that gave great offence to the Puritans. The clock (1641) was the first long pendulum clock in Europe, says Peter Cunningham, "which its maker's name was Harris."

Around St. Paul's lie buried many clever and illustrious persons: Butler, the author of *Hudibras*; Sir Peter Lely; Estcourt the actor, eulogised as such a good fellow by Steele; Kynaston, the last and best male actor of female parts; Wycherley, the dramatist, Pope's early adviser; Grinling Gibbons, the great carver; Mrs. Centlivre, the dramatist; Wilks, the actor, the best of stage gallants; Davies, the bookseller, who introduced Boswell to Johnson; Sir Robert Strange, the great Jacobite engraver, who warred with the Academy for their contemptuous neglect of engravers; Girtin, that fine water-colour painter, Turner's early companion; Macklin, the great actor of Shylock, who lived to one hundred and seven (?), and John Wolcot, Peter Pindar, the stinging satirist of the foibles of George the Third.



In front of this church the Westminster election hustings used to be raised when Fox or Burdett were candidates for "the sweet voices," and here for seven days together the noisy partisans roared like the mob of Ephesus. The rubbish of the garden was always very useful for political purposes, for your tough cabbage-stalk or knotty turnip is even more convincing than your rotten egg or your decomposing kitten. There is a glimpse of the old church in Hogarth's print of Morning (1737), where the sour old maid is going to early prayers before the last night's revellers have ended their last carouse. At Tom King's Coffee House, a mere shed on the south side of the church portico, drunken rakes are fighting with swords and fire shovels, while a drunken scape-grace stops to kiss and fondle a pretty market girl fresh from Fulham. Near this was the Queen's Head, afterwards the Finish, a garden tavern kept open all night for the waggoners and fruit-cart men. It was only cleared away, says Mr. Timbs, in 1829.

The house, now the Tavistock, in the north-east piazza, boasts almost as illustrious memories as Evans's, for there in succession four eminent painters dwelt, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Sir James Thornhill; and the Tavistock breakfast-room was Richard Wilson's chambers when he was painting grand landscapes, which no one would buy.

Lely was a Westphalian; his real name Vanderhaas; but his father, settling in Holland, changed his name to Lely, from a pot of lilies being the sign of his house. It was Lely who, when painting Cromwell, was told by the honest Protector to put in every wart and pimple in his face, or he would not pay him a doit. Black-haired, saturnine Charles the Second and his hatchet-faced brother James sat often to him, and his slight graceful kind of painting suited that flimsy and meretricious age to a T. All the beautiful but frail women of King Charles's time came to him for their portraits, which are the best illustrations that exist of De Grammont's amusing but dissolute Memoirs. Pretty, good-natured, naughty Nell Gwynne, the black-browed, unhappy Portuguese queen, and Belle Stuart, the Britannia of our half-pennies, the outrageous Duchess of Portsmouth, the shameless Mazarine, that beautiful termagant, the Duchess of Cleveland, still live for us on his canvas. Indeed, half the people mentioned by Pepys and

Evelyn must have come to Covent Garden to sit beside Lely's easel. Friends of Newton and of Buckingham, philosophers and rakes, wits and playwrights, statesmen and buffoons, all showered their guineas on Lely, and secured his flattering brush. The prosperous court painter died of apoplexy in 1680, while painting the portrait of the Duchess of Somerset.

Kneller, a native of Lubeck and a pupil of Rembrandt, shared Lely's later popularity, and Charles allowed him to paint a portrait of him at the same time that he was sitting to Lely. He became as great a man at the court of William and Queen Anne as his predecessor had been at that less respectable one of Charles. The beauties of Hampton Court testify to the royal patronage, and show a chaster and more refined loveliness than that which Lely perpetuated. The admirable mezzotint workers of those days did much to found the fame of both men, and through that eminently pictorial art his best works were given to the eager public by thousands. His pale neutral colour and light sketchy manner acquired a certain dignity in pure black and white. The fluttering days of ribbon-covered rakes had passed away, and broadcloth was coming in. No one could throw such a grace as Kneller over the flowing lace cravat, or let it fall in graver lines over the polished corselet; no one could better paint those cascades of hair with which men in Queen Anne's time covered their pericraniums. Kneller could paint a gentleman well: not the ideal cavalier like Vandyke, or the astute senator like Titian, but still a gentleman and man of sense. Indeed, he was even more fortunate than Lely in his sitters, for he painted in his time ten monarchs, including Louis the Fourteenth, and all the wits of the Kit-Kat Club, among whom were Steele, Addison, and Congreve. He mixed, too, in more intellectual society than Lely, was a friend of Pope and Gay, and knew everybody worth knowing in his time. He was a good-natured, lively, extremely vain man, and it was a well-known joke against him as a justice of peace that he dismissed a soldier who had stolen a leg of mutton, and punished the butcher who had left the meat in a place of temptation. He used to declare he should have been a great general, because he delighted in the smell of fireworks; and once had a dream, in which he saw Saint Peter beckoning him to a special seat of honour near Saint Luke in Paradise. Pope often made fun of him, but on one

occasion Sir Godfrey was too much for the little crooked poet.

"Don't you really think, Sir Godfrey," said Pope one day, seriously, after fooling him to the top of his bent, "that if your advice had been asked at the creation some things would have been shaped far better than they are?"

"Fore gad," said Sir Godfrey, pressing Pope's deformed shoulder as he spoke, "I think they would," which was a very palpable hit, and no doubt made the little archer put by his satirical arrows for the rest of the day.

Lely's chef-d'œuvre was certainly his Hampton Court portrait of the Princess Mary as Diana, one of the most innocent, girlish, joyous faces and figures that exists on canvas. Kneller considered his chef-d'œuvre to be the Converted Chinese, now at Windsor; but one certainly of his most historically interesting pictures is that of James the Second, now in the possession of Mr. S. Pepys Cockerell. The king was sitting for it when the news arrived of the landing of the Prince of Orange, and the courtly painter proposed to pack up and retire.

"No," said the king, "I have promised Mr. Pepys my picture, and I will finish the sitting."

It is worth while remembering that a Lely may be easily distinguished from a Kneller by the fact that in Lely the wigs fall down on the shoulders, but in Kneller's portraits the curls are thrown carelessly behind the back. Kneller, who was fond of money and careless of fame, used to charge sixty pounds for a full length. Prices have advanced since then. Sir Thomas Lawrence charged six hundred pounds for a whole length, and seven hundred pounds for an extra whole length, half the price to be paid down at the first sitting.

The third possessor of the Tavistock was a far inferior painter to either Lely or Kneller. He aimed higher, but then unfortunately he did not hit the mark. Sir James Thornhill (Hogarth's father-in-law) was one of those artists who, from a certain academic manner, great self-confidence, and a certain amount of taste and learning, obtained a temporary but short-lived fame. With no real sound knowledge, but considerable fluency of composition, this big-wig of his inartistic time obtained all the more ambitious work of the day. He ornamented the refectory and saloon of Greenwich Hospital, he copied

Raphael's Cartoons, and executed those flimsy grisailles (the History of Saint Paul) in the dome of Saint Paul's, which, we may hope, will soon be effaced. One would like to think (and it is not punishable to do so) that it was at the Tavistock that Hogarth courted pretty Miss Thornhill, and behind an easel or a painting screen received the plighting kiss.

But the scent of flowers draws us like bees to the central avenue. There we know that we shall find the fruits and blossoms of half the regions of the earth. The market, we have already mentioned, seems to have continued under the shade of the Bedford Garden trees till 1704, when the building of the Tavistock-road forced the stall-keepers further into the central area, where the stalls gradually grew into houses. Good-natured Steele, in the Tatler (Number four hundred and fifty-four, 1712), describes, in his pleasant airy way, coming by boat from Richmond side by side with a fleet of gardeners' barges. He describes the ruddy maidens of Covent Garden as having the air of persons who sometimes converse with morning-rakes. "I landed," he says, "with ten sail of apricot boats at Strand Bridge, after having put in at Nine Elms, and taken in melons consigned by Mr. Cuff, of that place, to Sarah Sewell and Company, at their stall in Covent Garden." The old market is described as a strange assemblage of shed and pent-house, rude stall and crazy tenement, coffee-house and gin-shop, intersected by narrow and ill-lit footways. Nollekens Smith describes a walk in Covent Garden in the last century, when he met Mrs. Nollekens, the wife of the sculptor, with Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the friend of Doctor Johnson, and the learned translator of Epictetus. They had come to purchase dandelion-roots, and fell into conversation with Twigg, of the Garden, a well-known character, who sold fruit in the market, and knew all the wits of two generations. He had been cook at the Shakespeare Tavern. Twigg recollected Old Joe, the first person who sold flowers in the Garden; his stand was at the north-west corner, within the enclosure for flowers, then known as Primrose-hill, opposite Lowe's Hotel, now Evans's. Mrs. Carter then observed that she remembered that, when Mr. Garrick acted, sedan-chairs were so numerous that they stood all round the piazzas, ran down Southampton-street, and extended more than half way down Maiden-lane. She also recollected shoe-blacks at

every street corner, crying, as people passed, "Black your shoes, your honour." She had also seen the clergyman of St. Paul's visiting the fruit-shops in the Garden in full canonicals, and a very portly woman who used to preside at her fruit stall in a lace dress which was said to have cost more than one hundred guineas. The rosy country girls, and the old Irish crones with the frilled caps and the eternal dudheen between their withered lips, are now things of the past. The lumbering market-cart and the swift railway train have superseded that; but Sir Richard Phillips, that observant bookseller, writing in 1817, gives a pretty picture in his Walk from London to Kew of the gangs of Welsh and Shropshire girls who used to carry baskets of strawberries and raspberries to Covent Garden from Isleworth, Brentford, and Hammersmith. Their basketfuls weighed from forty to fifty pounds, and they would make two turns in the day from Isleworth (thirteen miles), earning fourpence a turn! He praises their beauty, symmetry, and complexion, and says their industry was only equalled by their virtue. The same writer computes the garden-ground within ten miles of the metropolis at fifteen thousand acres, giving employment to sixty thousand labourers.

The present market buildings, designed by Fowler, were erected by the Duke of Bedford in 1880, and the duke is said to derive more than five thousand pounds a year from the rent of the area. The outer colonnades, the terrace-fountains, and conservatories are now worthy of a great city, and of a market where millions are said to be annually paid for fruit and vegetables. From pears at a guinea each to watercresses at a halfpenny a bunch; from bouquets at two guineas (to be thrown at the feet of the great singer who probably paid for them) to the humble bunch of violets at twopence, you can here range through every grade of luxury; and if unable to purchase peas at a guinea a quart, you can refresh yourself with Barcelona nuts at threepence. Here the impecunious gourmand, longing for strawberries at a shilling an ounce, can solace himself with a pennyworth of American apples; and here for nothing at all the street boy, all eyes, can enjoy the Barmecide feast of velvety peaches, rosy cherries, delicious grapes, honied apricots, the owner unconscious of the feast he has afforded. Here, in silent rivalry, the brown pine of Jamaica vies with the scorched banana;

the little close-set family of strawberries with the portly Ribston pippins; the slender cucumber with the rotund pumpkin. Flora and Pomona here are rival exhibitors, and they pour their cornucopias at our feet. You can stand under solid walls of cabbages, and lean against yielding sackfuls of Brazil nuts. Everywhere there is an Oriental lavishness, a boundless Sardanapalian profusion that dazzles the eye and delights the sense. The lady of fashion and the street urchin; the watercress girl and the great opera singer; the busy City man and the lounging man about town, all come here to ogle or to purchase. Comfortable-looking Jews are the high priests of Pomona here, and the whole moving picture is one of gay bustle and playful business, very agreeable to the habitué, and very surprising to the foreigner. Covent Garden is the paradise of actors, the high exchange of flower and fruit lovers—the pleasantest and prettiest shopping place in all London.

The old Hummums (south-east side) was formerly a bagnio or Turkish bath, which the Arabic word Hammam signifies. In Queen Anne's time the charge was five shillings a time, or eight shillings for two friends. It is of this house that Doctor Johnson (credulous wherever the supernatural was concerned) used to tell with entire good faith his celebrated story of the ghost seen by the delirious waiter.

A waiter at the Hummums, in which house Ford died, had been absent for some time and returned, not knowing that Ford was dead. Going down to the cellar, according to the story, he met him; going down again, he met him a second time. When he came up he asked some people of the house what Ford could be doing there. They told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a fever, in which he lay for some time. When he recovered he said he had a message to deliver to some woman from Ford; but he was not to tell them what, or from whom. He walked out; he was followed; but somewhere about St. Paul's they lost him. He came back and said he had delivered it; the woman exclaimed, "Then we are all undone!" A doctor, who was not a credulous man, inquired into the truth of the story, and he said the evidence was irresistible. "My wife went to the Hummums (it is a place where people get themselves cupped); I believe she went with the intention to hear about this story of Ford. At first they were unwilling to tell her; but after

they had talked to her, she came away satisfied it was true. To be sure, the man had a fever, and this vision may have been the beginning of it. But if the message to the woman, and their behaviour upon it were true, as related, there was something supernatural. That rests upon his word, and there it remains." Oh, Doctor Johnson, Doctor Johnson, what, after all, did it matter what a delirious waiter saw, or did not see? Poor drunken Parson Ford, too, who himself so often saw double!

In the Bedford Coffee House, in the Piazza, there have been as many bottles cracked by clever men as in any tavern in London. Garrick, Quin, Foote, and Murphy were especial habitués at this convenient spot, and in 1754 Bonnell Thornton describes the house as every night crowded with men of parts. He says, "Jokes and bon-mots are echoed from box to box; every branch of literature is critically examined, and the merit of every production of the press or performance of the theatre weighed and determined." Conversation had not yet become a lost art. In 1765, Murphy, writing to Garrick, whose life he afterwards wrote, draws a fine sketch of the tavern bully and duellist of those days.

"Tiger Roach, who used to bully at the Bedford Coffee House, is set up by Wilkes's friends for Brentford, to burlesque Luttrell and his pretensions. I own I do not know a more ridiculous circumstance than to be a joint candidate with the Tiger. O'Brien used to take him off very pleasantly, and perhaps you may, from his representation, have some idea of this important wight. He used to sit with a half-starved look, a black patch upon his cheek, pale with the idea of murder, or with rank cowardice, a quivering lip, and a downcast eye. In that manner he used to sit at a table all alone, and his soliloquy, interrupted now and then with faint attempts to throw off a little saliva, was to the following effect: 'Hut! hut! a mercer's 'prentice with a bag-wig; d—n me, if I would not skiver a dozen of them like larks! Hut! hut! I don't understand such airs! How do you do, Pat? Hut! hut! Odd's blood—Larry, I'm glad to see you;—'prentices! a fine thing, indeed! Hut! hut! how do you, Dominick? What's here to do?' These were the meditations of this agreeable youth. From one of these reveries he started up one night, when I was there, called a Mr. Bagnall out of the room, and most heroically stabbed him in the dark,

the other having no weapon to defend himself with. In this career the Tiger persisted, till at length a Mr. Lennard brandished a whip over his head, and stood in a menacing attitude, commanding him to ask pardon directly. The Tiger shrank from the danger, and with a faint voice pronounced, 'Hut, hut! what signifies it between you and me? Well, well! I ask your pardon.' 'Speak louder, sir; I don't hear a word you say,' and, indeed, he was so very tall that it seemed as if the sound, sent feebly from below, could not ascend to such a height. This is the hero who is to figure at Brentford."

The Piazza in the old time was the scene of many rencontres, and in the days when swords were worn, blood was not unfrequently spilt upon its stones. Shenstone describes, in 1744, a gang of pickpockets armed with cutlasses, waiting here at dark and attacking persons coming out of the playhouse. That jolly bon-vivant, Quin, fought two duels here, one with a second-rate Welsh actor, named Williams, and another with that clever scoundrel, Theophilus Cibber. Williams, indignant with Quin for ridiculing him on the stage for calling Cato, Keeto, laid wait for him in the Piazza. Quin, contemptuous, yet unwilling to decline a fight, drew his sword and soon stretched Williams dead at his feet. Cibber also quarrelled with Quin, who had denounced him for neglecting a beautiful and injured wife. They fought in the Piazza, when Quin and Cibber slashed and cut each other across the arms and fingers till they were parted.

#### NOTHING CARES.

AY, nothing cares: the buds peep out  
Through the glory of waving grasses;  
The lime-tree flings its passionate breath  
To the light wind as it passes.  
The roses cluster, crimson and white,  
In affluent glow and bloom;  
The sunshine lends its careless light  
To the cradle and the tomb.  
The wild birds sing mid the wedding chimes,  
Or the mourners' sobbing prayers;  
The seasons keep their stated time,  
Life passes; nothing cares.

Our joy cannot soften the keen grey skies,  
Or the sting of the glittering frost;  
Our cry cannot sadden the spring's sweet sighs,  
On the merry breezes tossed;  
Our woe does not cloud the summer's flush,  
As it gladdens o'er land and lea;  
Our triumph sinks down when the autumn hush,  
Claims its grave tranquillity.  
Oh, never a touch of sympathy,  
Great Nature's magic wears.  
We strive, and stumble, and moan, and die:  
Life passes; nothing cares.

Oh, love them, while our days are bright,  
 Beauty, and life, and flowers.  
 Let them give our summer added light,  
 Let them bless our few bright hours,  
 And when the certain shadows creep,  
 Over the path we go,  
 Let us turn away from it all, and weep,  
 And bear, as we may, our woe;  
 Asking no comfort from outward things,  
 That but jar and mock our prayers,  
 For a bitter truth experience brings,  
 We die; and nothing cares.

### "GOOSE."

THE bird which saved the Capitol has ruined many a play. "Goose," "to be goosed," "to get the big-bird," signifies to be hissed, says the Slang Dictionary. This theatrical cant term is of ancient date. In the induction to Marston's comedy of *What You Will*, 1607, it is asked if the poet's resolve shall be "struck through with the blirt of a goose breath?" Shakespeare makes no mention of goose in this sense, but he refers now and then to hissing as the play-goers' method of indicating disapproval. "Mistress Page, remember you your cue," says Ford's wife in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. "I warrant thee," replies Mistress Page, "if I do not act it, hiss me!" In the Roman theatres, it is well known that the spectators pronounced judgment upon the efforts of the gladiators and combatants of the arena by silently turning their thumbs up or down, decreeing death in the one case and life in the other. Hissing, however, even at this time, was the usual method of condemning the public speaker of distasteful opinions. In one of Cicero's letters there is record of the orator Hortensius, "who attained old age without once incurring the disgrace of being hissed." The prologues of Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher frequently deprecate the hissing of the audience.

But theatrical censure, not content with imitating the goose, condescended to borrow from another of the inferior animals—the cat. Addison devoted one of his papers in the *Spectator* to a Dissertation upon Catcalls. In order to make himself master of his subject, he professed to have purchased one of these instruments, though not without great difficulty, "being informed at two or three toy-shops that the players had lately bought them all up." He found that antiquaries were much divided in opinion as to the origin of the catcall. A fellow of the Royal Society had concluded, from the simplicity of its make

and the uniformity of its sound, that it was older than any of the inventions of Jubal. "He observes very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds and other melodious animals, 'and what,' says he, 'was more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat, that lived under the same roof with them?' He added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind instrument, but for our string music in general." The essayist, however, is disposed to hold that the catcall is originally a piece of English music. "Its resemblance to the voice of some of our British songsters, as well as the use of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion." He mentions that the catcall has quite a contrary effect to the martial instruments then in use; and instead of stimulating courage and heroism, sinks the spirits, shakes the nerves, curdles the blood, and inspires despair and consternation at a surprising rate. "The catcall has struck a damp into generals, and frightened heroes off the stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a crowned head tremble, and a princess fall into fits." He concludes with mention of an ingenious artist who teaches to play on it by book, and to express by it the whole art of dramatic criticism. "He has his bass and his treble catcall: the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy; only in tragi-comedies they may both play together in concert. He has a particular squeak to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different sounds to show whether he aims at the poet or the player," &c.

The conveyance of a catcall to the theatre evidences a predisposition to uproarious censure. Hissing may be, in the nature of impromptu criticism, suddenly provoked by something held to be offensive in the representation; but a play-goer could scarcely have armed himself with a catcall without a desire and an intention of performing upon his instrument in any case. Of old, audiences would seem to have delighted in disturbance upon very light grounds. Theatrical rioting was of common occurrence. The rioters were in some sort a disciplined body, and proceeded systematically. Their plan of action had been previously agreed upon. It was a rule that the ladies should be politely handed out of the theatre before the commencement of any violent acts of hostility; and this dis-

appearance of the ladies from among the audience was always viewed by the management as rather an alarming hint of what might be expected. Then wine was sent for into the pit, the candles were thrown down, and the gentlemen drew their swords. They prepared to climb over the partitions of the orchestra and to carry the stage by assault. Now and then they made havoc of the decorations of the house, and cut and slashed the curtains, hangings, and scenery. At Drury Lane, in 1740, when a riot took place in consequence of the non-appearance of Madame Chateaufort, a favourite French dancer, a noble marquis deliberately proposed that the theatre should be fired, and a pile of rubbish was forthwith heaped upon the stage in order to carry into effect this atrocious suggestion. At the Haymarket Theatre, in 1749, the audience enraged at the famous Bottle Conjuror hoax, were incited by the Culloden Duke of Cumberland to pull down the house! The royal prince stood up in his box waving his drawn sword, which some one, however, ventured to wrest from his grasp. The interior fittings of the theatre were completely destroyed; the furniture and hangings being carried into the street and made a bonfire of, the curtain surmounting the flaming heap like a gigantic flag. A riot at the Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1721, led to George the First's order that in future a guard should attend the performances. This was the origin of the custom that long prevailed of stationing sentries on either side of the proscenium during representations at the patent theatres. Of late years the guards have been relegated to the outside of the buildings. On the occasion of state visits of royalty to the theatre, however—although these are now, perhaps, to be counted among things of the past—Beefeaters upon the stage form an impressive part of the ceremonial.

Theatrical rioting has greatly declined in violence, as well it might, since the O. P. saturnalia of disturbance, which lasted some sixty-six nights at Covent Garden Theatre in 1809. Swords were no longer worn, but the rioters made free use of their fists, called in professional pugilists as their allies, and, in addition to catcalls, armed themselves with bells, post-horns, whistles, and watchmen's rattles. The O. P. riots may be said to have abolished the catcall, but they established "goose." Captures of the rioters were occasionally made by Brandon, the courageous box-office keeper,

and they were charged at Bow-street police court with persistent hissing, with noisily crying "Silence!" and with "unnatural coughing." The charges were not proceeded with, but one of the accused, Mr. Clifford, a barrister, brought an action against Brandon for false imprisonment. In this case the Court of King's Bench decided that, although the audience in a public theatre have a right to express the feelings excited at the moment by the performance, and in this manner to applaud or hiss any piece which is represented, or any performer; yet if a number of persons, having come to the theatre with a predetermined purpose of interrupting the performance, for this end make a great noise so as to render the actors inaudible, though without offering personal violence or doing injury to the house, they are in law guilty of a riot. Serjeant Best, the counsel for the plaintiff, urged that, as play and players might be hissed, managers should be liable to their share; they should be controlled by public opinion; Garrick and others had yielded cheerfully to the jurisdiction of the pit without a thought of appealing to Westminster Hall. "Bells and rattles," added the serjeant, "may be new to the pit; but catcalls, which are equally stunning, are as old as the English drama." Apparently, however, the catcall, its claim to antiquity notwithstanding, was not favourably viewed by the court. In summing up, Chief Justice Mansfield observed: "I cannot tell on what grounds many people think they have a right, at a theatre, to make such a prodigious noise as to prevent others hearing what is going forward on the stage. Theatres are not absolute necessities of life, and any person may stay away who does not approve of the manner in which they are managed. If the prices of admission are unreasonable, the evil will cure itself. People will not go, and the proprietors will be ruined, unless they lower their demand. If the proprietors have acted contrary to the conditions of the patent, the patent itself may be set aside by a writ of *scire facias* in the Court of Chancery." To the great majority of play-goers it probably occurred that hissing was a simpler and more summary remedy of their grievances and relief to their feelings than any the Court of Chancery was likely to afford. In due time, however, came free trade in the drama and the abolition of the special privileges and monopolies too long enjoyed by the patent theatres.

After the failure of his luckless farce, Mr. H., Charles Lamb wrote to Wordsworth, "A hundred hisses (hang the word! I write it like *kisses*—how different!), a hundred hisses outweigh a thousand claps. The former come more directly from the heart." The reception of the little play had been of a disastrous kind, and Lamb, sitting in the front row of the pit, is said to have joined in condemning his own work, and to have hissed and hooted as loudly as any of his neighbours. "I had many fears; the subject was not substantial enough. John Bull must have solider fare than a letter. We are pretty stout about it; have had plenty of condoling friends; but, after all, we had rather it should have succeeded. You will see the prologue in most of the morning papers. It was received with such shouts as I never witnessed to a prologue. It was attempted to be encored. . . . The quantity of friends we had in the house—my brother and I being in public offices, &c.—was astonishing, but they yielded at last to a few hisses." Mr. H. could probably in no case have achieved any great success, but it may be that its failure was precipitated by the indiscreet cordiality of its author's "quantity of friends." They were too eager to express approbation, and distributed their applause injudiciously. The pace at which they started could not be sustained. As Monsieur Auguste, the famous chef des claqueurs at the Paris Opera House, explained to Doctor Véron, the manager, "*il ne fallait pas trop chauffer le premier acte; qu'on devait, au contraire, réserver son courage et ses forces pour enlever le dernier acte et le dénouement.*" He admitted that he should not hesitate to award three rounds of applause to a song in the last act, to which, if it had occurred earlier in the representation, he should have given one round only. Lamb's friends knew nothing of this sound theory of systematised applause. They expended their ammunition at the commencement of the struggle, and when they were, so to say, out of range. It was one of Monsieur Auguste's principles of action that public opinion should never be outraged or affronted; it might be led and encouraged, but there should be no attempt to drive it. "Above all things, respect the public," he said to his subordinates. Nothing so much stimulates the disapprobation of the unbiased as extravagant applause. Reaction certainly ensues; men begin to hiss by way of self-assertion, and out of self-respect. They resent an attempt to coerce their

opinion, and to compel a favourable verdict in spite of themselves. The attempt to encore the prologue to Mr. H. was most unwise. It was a strong prologue, but the play was weak. The former might have been left to the good sense of the general public; it was the latter that especially demanded the watchful support of the author's friends. The infirm need crutches, not the robust. The playbills announced, "The new farce of Mr. H., performed for the first time last night, was received by an overflowing audience with universal applause, and will be repeated for the second time to-morrow." Such are playbills. Mr. H. never that morrow saw. "'Tis withdrawn, and there's an end of it," wrote Lamb to Wordsworth.

Hissing is no doubt a dreadful sound—a word of fear displeasing to the ear of both playwright and player. For there is no revoking, no arguing down, no remedying a hiss; it has simply to be endured. Playgoers have a giant's strength in this respect; but it must be said for them, that, of late years at any rate, they have rarely used it tyrannously, like a giant. Of all the dramatists, perhaps Fielding treated hissing with the greatest indifference. In 1743, his comedy of the *Wedding Day* was produced. Garrick had in vain implored him to suppress a scene which he urged would certainly endanger the success of the piece. "If the scene is not a good one, let them find it out," said Fielding. As had been foreseen an uproar ensued in the theatre. The actor hastened to the green-room, where the author was cheering his spirits with a bottle of champagne. Surveying Garrick's rueful countenance, Fielding inquired, "What's the matter? Are they hissing me now?" "Yes, the very passage I wanted you to retrench. I knew it wouldn't do. And they've so horribly frightened me I shall not be right again the whole night." "Oh," cried the author, "I did not give them credit for it. So they have found it out, have they?" Upon the failure of his farce of *Eurydice*, he produced an occasional piece entitled *Eurydice Hissed*, in which Mrs. Charke, the daughter of Colley Cibber, sustained the part of Pillage, a dramatic author. Pillage is about to produce a new play, and one of his friends volunteers to "clap every good thing till I bring the house down." "That won't do." Pillage sagaciously replies; "the town of its own accord will applaud what they like; you must stand by me when they dislike. I don't desire any of you to clap unless

when you hear a hiss. Let that be your cue for clapping." Later in the play three gentlemen enter, and in Shakespearian fashion discuss in blank verse the fate of Pillage's production:

*Third Gentleman.* Oh friends, all's lost! Eurydice is damned.

*Second Gentleman.* Ha! damned! A few short moments past I came

From the pit door and heard a loud applause.

*Third Gentleman.* 'Tis true at first the pit seemed greatly pleased,

And loud applauses through the benches rung;

But as the plot began to open more

(A shallow plot) the claps less frequent grew,

Till by degrees a gentle hiss arose;

This by a catcall from the gallery

Was quickly seconded: then followed claps;

And 'twixt long claps and hisses did succeed

A stern contention; victory being dubious.

So hangs the conscience, doubtful to determine

When honesty pleads here, and there a bribe.

But it was mighty pleasant to behold

When the damnation of the farce was sure,

How all those friends who had begun the claps

With greatest vigour showed who first should hiss

And show disapprobation.

Surely no dramatist ever jested more over his own discomfiture. In publishing *Eurydice* he described it as "a farce, as it was d—d at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane." This was a following of Ben Jonson's example, who, publishing his *New Inn*, makes mention of it as a comedy "never acted, but most negligently played by some the king's servants, and more squeamishly beheld and censured by others the king's subjects, 1629; and now, at last, set at liberty to the readers, his majesty's servants and subjects, to be judged of, 1631."

There is something pathetic in the way Southerne, the veteran dramatist, in 1726, bore the condemnation of his comedy of *Money the Mistress*, at the Lincoln's-Inn Fields Theatre. The audience hissed unmercifully. Rich, the manager, asked the old man, as he stood in the wings, "if he heard what they were doing?" "No, sir," said Southerne, calmly, "I'm very deaf." On the first representation of *She Stoops to Conquer*, a solitary hiss was heard during the fifth act at the improbability of Mrs. Hardcastle, in her own garden, supposing herself forty miles off on Crackskull Common. "What's that?" cried Goldsmith, not a little alarmed at the sound. "Psha! doctor," replied Colman, "don't be afraid of a squib when we have been sitting these two hours on a barrel of gunpowder." Goldsmith is said never to have forgiven Colman his ill-timed pleasantry. The hiss seems to have been really a solitary and exceptional one. It was ascribed

by one journal to Cumberland, by another to Hugh Kelly, and by a third, in a parody on Ossian, to Macpherson, who was known to be hostilely inclined towards Johnson and all his friends. The disapprobation excited by the capital scene of the bailiffs in Goldsmith's earlier comedy, *The Good-natured Man*, had been of a more general and alarming kind, however, and was only appeased by the omission of this portion of the work. Goldsmith suffered exquisite distress. Before his friends, at the club in Gerrard-street, he exerted him greatly to hide the fact of his discomfiture; chatted gaily and noisily, and even sang his favourite comic song with which he was wont to oblige the company only on special occasions. But alone with Johnson he fairly broke down, confessed the anguish of his heart, burst into tears, and swore he would never write more. The condemnation incurred by *The Rivals* on its first performance led to its being withdrawn for revision and amendment. In his preface to the published play Sheridan wrote: "I see no reason why an author should not regard a first night's audience as a candid and judicious friend attending, in behalf of the public, at his last rehearsal. If he can dispense with flattery, he is sure at least of sincerity, and even though the annotation be rude, he may rely upon the justness of the comment." This is calm and complacent enough, but he proceeds with some warmth: "As for the little puny critics who scatter their peevish strictures in private circles, and scribble at every author who has the eminence of being unconnected with them, as they are usually spleen-swollen from a vain idea of increasing their consequence, there will always be found a petulance and illiberality in their remarks, which should place them as far beneath the notice of a gentleman, as their original dulness had sunk them from the level of the most unsuccessful author." This reads like an extract from the *School for Scandal*.

In truth hissing is very hard to endure. Lamb treated the misfortunes of Mr. H. as lightly as he could, yet it is plain he took his failure much to heart. In his letter signed *Semel-Damnatus*, upon *Hissing* at the Theatres, he is alternately merry and sad over his defeat as a dramatist. "Is it not a pity," he asks, "that the sweet human voice which was given man to speak with, to sing with, to whisper tones of love in, to express compliance, to convey a favour, or to grant a suit—that voice, which



in a Siddons or a Braham rouses us, in a siren Catalani charms and captivates us—that the musical expressive human voice should be converted into a rival of the noises of silly geese and irrational venomous snakes? I never shall forget the sounds on my night!" He urges that the venial mistake of the poor author, "who thought to please in the act of filling his pockets, for the sum of his demerits amounts to no more than that," is too severely punished; and he adds, "the provocations to which a dramatic genius is exposed from the public are so much the more vexatious as they are removed from any possibility of retaliation, the hope of which sweetens most other injuries; for the public never writes itself." He concludes with an account, written in an Addisonian vein, of a club to which he had the honour to belong. "There are fourteen of us, who are all authors that have been once in our lives what is called damned. We meet on the anniversaries of our respective nights, and make ourselves merry at the expense of the public. . . . To keep up the memory of the cause in which we suffered, as the ancients sacrificed a goat, a supposed unhealthy animal, to Æsculapius, on our feast nights we cut up a goose, an animal typical of the popular voice, to the deities of Candour and Patient Hearing. A zealous member of the society once proposed that we should revive the obsolete luxury of viper-broth; but, the stomachs of some of the company rising at the proposition, we lost the benefit of that highly salutary and antidotal dish."

It is to be observed that when a play is hissed there is this consolation at the service of those concerned: they can shift the burden of reproach. The author is at liberty to say, "It was the fault of the actors. Read my play, you will see that it did not deserve the cruel treatment it experienced." And the actor can assert, "I was not to blame. I did but speak the words that were set down for me. My fate is hard—I have to bear the burden of another's sins." And in each case these are reasonably valid pleas. In the hour of triumph, however, it is certain that the author is apt to be forgotten, and that the lion's share of success is popularly awarded to the players. For the dramatist is a vague, impalpable, invisible personage; whereas the actor is a vital presence upon the scene; he can be beheld, noted, and listened to; it is difficult to disconnect him from the humours he exhibits, from the pathos he displays, from the speeches he utters. Much may be due to his own merit;

but still his debt to the dramatist is not to be wholly ignored. The author is applauded or hissed, as the case may be, by proxy. But altogether it is perhaps not surprising that the proxy should oftentimes forget his real position, and arrogate wholly to himself the applause due to his principal.

High and low, from Garrick to "the super," it is probably the actor's doom, for more or less reasons, at some time or another, to be hissed. He is, as members of parliament are fond of saying, "in the hands of the house," and may be ill-considered by it. Any one can hiss, and one goose makes many. Lamb relates how he once saw Elliston, sitting in state in the tarnished green-room of the Olympic Theatre, while before him was brought for judgment, on complaint of prompter, "one of those little tawdry things that flirt at the tails of choruses—the pertest little drab—a dirty fringe and appendage of the lamp's smoke—who, it seems, on some disapprobation expressed by a 'highly respectable' audience, had precipitately quitted her station on the boards and withdrawn her small talents in disgust. 'And how dare you,' said the manager, 'how dare you, madam, without a notice, withdraw yourself from your theatrical duties?' 'I was hissed, sir.' 'And you have the presumption to decide upon the taste of the town?' 'I don't know that, sir, but I will never stand to be hissed,' was the rejoinder of Young Confidence. Then, gathering up his features into one significant mass of wonder, pity, and expostulatory indignation—in a lesson never to have been lost upon a creature less forward than she who stood before him—his words were these: 'They have hissed me!'"

It is understood that this argument failed in its effect, for, after all, a hiss is not to be in such wise excused or explained away; its application is far too direct and personal. "Ladies and gentlemen, it was not I that shot the arrow," said Braham to his audience, when some bungling occurred in a performance of William Tell, and the famous apple remained uninjured upon the head of the hero's son. If derision was moved by this bungling, still more did the singer's address and confession excite the mirth of the spectators. To another singer, failure, or the dread of failure, was fraught with more tragic consequence. For some sixteen years Adolphe Nourrit had been the chief tenor of the Paris Opera House. He had created the leading characters in Robert, Les Huguenots, La Juive, Gustave, and Masaniello. He resigned his position pre-

capitately upon the advent of Duprez. The younger singer afflicted the elder with a kind of panic. The news that Duprez was among his audience was sufficient to paralyse his powers, to extinguish his voice. He left France for Italy. His success was unquestionable, but he had lost confidence in himself; a deep dejection settled upon him, his apprehension of failure approached delirium. At last he persuaded himself that the applause he won from a Neapolitan audience was purely ironical, was but scoffing ill-disguised. At five in the morning, on the 8th of March, 1839, he flung himself from the window of an upper floor, and was picked up in the street quite dead. Poor Nourrit! he was a man of genius in his way; but for him there would have been no grand duet in the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*, no cavatina for Eleazar in *La Juive*; and to his inventiveness is to be ascribed the ballet of *La Sylphide*, which Taglioni made so famous.

It is odd to hear of an actor anxious for "goose," and disappointed at not obtaining it. Yet something like this happened once during the O. P. riots. Making sure that there would be a disturbance in the theatre, Mr. Murray, one of John Kemble's company, thought it needless to commit his part to memory; he was so certain that he should not be listened to. But the uproar suddenly ceased; there was a lull in the storm. The actor bowed, stammered, stared, and was what is called in the language of the theatre "dead stuck." However, his mind was soon at ease; to do him justice the audience soon hissed him to his heart's content, and perhaps even in excess of that measure. Subsequently he resolved, riot or no riot, to learn something of his part.

### THE BRITISH TOURIST.

FROM MY WINDOW IN THE HIGHLANDS.

It is my time for the "*dolce far niente*"—if scaling the Highland Bens, tramping through glen and strath thirty miles a day, and bathing either in the sea or in the clear cold waters of a mountain streamlet, can be called doing nothing. I do not shoot, I do not fish, I do not stalk the deer; for I do not like to kill anything when I take my pleasure, or indeed at any other time, unless it be a wasp or a mosquito, and then only in self-defence. I am lying fallow, as it were, allowing my mind to take a needful rest; but, even when fallow, the earth is not idle, nor can the mind of any one who has been accustomed to use it ever be said to be wholly at rest, unless it be in the

deep, happy sleep which comes seldom to any one, and which is untroubled by a dream. I am enjoying my leisure in the bonnie little town of Oban, embowered amid the mountains of Argyllshire.

Having nothing to do, and intending to do it well, I amuse myself by sitting at my window, looking over the lovely bay to the green hills of Kerrera and the dark mountains of Mull, watching and studying the varied lights and shadows of the ever-changing landscape. But it is also my fancy to study my fellow-creatures, especially if they come in the shape of tourists. Whether their object be to kill the grouse and call it sport; to climb the hill-sides in search of rare flowers and ferns; to scramble over high peaks and stony summits, hammer in hand, to chip off pieces of rock and think they are making progress in geology; to wade knee-deep in streams and rivers and fish for trout and salmon; to sit upon the shore and throw pebbles into the sea; or, if they be ladies, to lounge upon the beach and dilute their intellects by reading the girlish prattle of the last new novel by the great Mr. Slip-Slop—they are all equally interesting to me. While I am in the position of what the Americans call a loafer, it is my pleasure to observe the manners and customs of these emancipated people, and to note how happy they all seem to be, the one sex in being relieved from the trammels of their daily business in shop, in mill, in bank, or in counting-house, and the other from the monotonous round of their home existence, and the eternal thrumming of their wearisome pianofortes. In the male tourist there is a rollicking sense of freedom, which beams on his countenance and pervades his whole behaviour. He plays truant from his school, and the cold, hard eye of Master Business is no longer upon him. He gives his nature, mild, or genial, or savage, as it may happen to be, full scope and expansion. He feels that his spirit has been bottled up too long, and that civilisation has cramped him, swathed him, smothered him, stunted him, and benumbed him. He consequently resolves to throw off civilisation to what extent he can, and become a "noble savage," rampant and riotous in his newly acquired liberty. The same feeling animates the ladies, who revel in unwonted extravagance of dress and manner.

As in other watering-places, one of the chief amusements of the day at Oban is to go down to the pier to await the arrival of the daily steamer, and a beautiful steamer

she is—the Chevalier, sister of the more beautiful Iona that plies from Glasgow to Ardrishaig. The Chevalier takes up her passengers at Crinan, the outlet of the canal of the same name which cuts through the isthmus of Knapdale, and saves the long voyage of eighty miles round the Mull of Cantyre. It is (to use an old phrase) as good as a play to watch the tourists as they arrive, and scamper off towards the principal hotels to secure lodgings, as if the demon of selfishness had taken possession of their feet and urged them onwards, to snatch the smallest possible advantage over their neighbours. One portly old paterfamilias, who looks as if his climbing days had been over a quarter of a century ago, has armed himself with an alpenstock, as if he expected to find the glaciers and crevasses of Mont Blanc on the slopes of Ben Cruachan. Materfamilias, more portly still, has not an alpenstock merely, but a whole collection of different sorts and sizes of alpenstocks, wrapped round with a strong leathern buckle; while her daughter—fresh, saucy, defiant, with a chignon as big as the bearskin of a Life Guardsman, and a thin disc intended for a hat aslant on the top of it—steps ashore with a package of walking-sticks, a butterfly net, and a geological hammer, as if she were, as no doubt she is, bent on very serious business in the Highlands, and determined, as is the fashion of the English, to amuse herself “moult tristement.”

I notice that the vagaries of costume in which tourists indulge are pretty equally divided between the women and the men. The women amuse themselves, and displease everybody of the other sex who looks at them, by making their heads as hideous as they can by the fashion in which they arrange their hair (and other people's mixed along with it), and by the head-gear which they stick on the top of it; while the men bestow their chief attention upon their legs, which they defiantly display either in kilts or in knickerbockers. No man with spindle shanks ought to be permitted to wear either of these articles of costume, under the penalty inflicted for drunkenness in the days before the New Licensing Act—a fine of five shillings; and if his legs be good and fairly presentable, he ought not to be allowed to encase them in red, or purple, or parti-coloured stockings, without incurring some degree of public reprobation for his abominably bad taste. If the ladies ever take to kilts or knickerbockers, something might be said in

favour of the daring innovation. But as for men—respectable citizens, perhaps, who certainly would not think of walking up and down Cheapside or Regent-street in such a guise—why, oh, why will they persist in making laughing-stocks of themselves as soon as they turn out for their annual holiday? Is it necessary for a man to play the fool because he visits a strange country? and to advertise himself to all the innkeepers and shopkeepers of every town which he enters as an ass and a simpleton, whom it is fair game to plunder?

But who comes here? A damsel with a sailor's hat high perched upon her enormous chignon, with a broad band around it on which is emblazoned the name of a yacht: let me call it the Snapdragon. She is followed by five other damsels, and one very old lady, all in the same costume, and all with sailor's hats, bearing in like manner the name of the Snapdragon on their head-gear. Clearly this is intended for an advertisement of the fact, that these ladies either keep a yacht, or are members of the family of, or perhaps merely friends and acquaintances of some one who is able to indulge in such a luxury. They seem to say in vulgar English, “We keeps a yacht, we does.” But who cares whether they keep a yacht or not? And of what interest is it to any one but themselves to know the name of their vessel? And if a woman, young or old, ever can be a snob, is it not a piece of very vulgar snobbery indeed to parade in this manner the fact of her wealth and importance?

But here comes something of another type; a veritable, a determined, and most unmistakable tourist. His grey knickerbockers are very baggy at the knees, his coat is brown, and his stockings are scarlet, and he wears a scarlet belt around his loins. He carries a knapsack on his back, and an alpenstock in his hand. At his back, dangling just above his hips, is slung a miniature liquor-barrel with glass ends, through which any one can see that it is about half full of whisky or brandy. Immediately above the barrel, but somewhat nearer to his hand, he carries an opera-glass. From one of his multitudinous pockets projects a telescope, and from his watch-chain dangles a small aneroid. His head is surmounted by a Glengarry bonnet, with an eagle's plume—though perhaps it is only a feather from the tail of a barn-door fowl. Beside him walks his wife, a little round woman, with blue spectacles, carrying in one hand an inflated air-cushion to soften

her seat should she repose upon a crag, and in the other an alpenstock, with a great ferrule, to dig, it is to be supposed, into the soft ice of the glaciers, which she certainly will not find either in the highways or the byways, the glens or the Bens of Argyllshire. She, too, has her dram-barrel slung at her back, as if she suspected that her husband would not drink "truly and fairly," and was determined to shelter herself on the right side of her doubt by carrying a supply of her own. As the main object of your genuine cockney tourist appears to be to be looked at, no one need be much surprised, however much he may be amused, by any oddities of costume or manner which any of the class may affect for the purpose. Take, for instance, Brown of Cornhill—whom I know but will not recognise, lest I should laugh in his face—who saunters along the esplanade, exhibiting his legs, which are almost guiltless of calves, and which would certainly look better if padded, or, better still, if concealed altogether, adorned the one with a mauve and the other with a green stocking. The ladies look and titter, and Brown walks on his way rejoicing, while I mentally ejaculate the well known lines of Burns, "Oh, would some power the giftie gie us," &c., which if Brown thought upon the subject would, very probably, appear to be as applicable to me as to himself. After him follows a very tall man, said to be a member of parliament, distinguished in the law, with a gun-case in his hand. He is bound for the moors, evidently, and, by the patches of leather on the knees of his knickerbockers, seems to notify to an admiring world that such small deer as grouse are not what he is in search of, and that a nobler creature, the mountain stag, is the object of his pursuit. Like the Laird of Cockpen, he wears a blue coat and a white waistcoat; but, unlike the laird, he sports purple stockings streaked with white, and, over all, an Ulster great coat, with a marvellous supply of pockets and whisky flasks. And not alone the mountains, but the streams are to be visited by this adventurous gentleman, if one may judge from his bundle of fishing-rods and tackle. Looking deeper into the crowd, I become aware of the presence of Americans, with huge unwieldy trunks, their names inscribed upon them in very large and conspicuous letters together with their address in New York, or, perhaps, in Maine, Vermont, or Ohio. The gentlemen are gaunt and sallow, while the ladies—very delicate and petite—look as if such very small feet as they possess would

be utterly unable to support the weight of their bodies, if they attempted any great exertion of locomotion. They are all fully accoutred for travel on the mountains; indeed, a much higher mountain than they are likely to discover in this or any other part of Caledonia. The Americans do not care for sport. They neither shoot nor fish, but are content to roam from place to place, and to visit all the spots that are celebrated in the abundant romance and still more abundant poetry of Scotland. They are all well up in their Burns and their Scott, and draw additional enjoyment from the scenery by their ability to call to memory all the legendary and historical lore connected with it. This is the true joy of travelling, and the best recompense for the toils which it entails.

Five days a week, during the summer season, a steamer starts at eight in the morning, weather permitting, for an excursion to Staffa and Iona, making the whole circuit of the noble island of Mull, to which these smaller islets are but adjuncts and appendages. A party of Cook's tourists are expected to-morrow, and I make up my mind to go along with them, purely out of the interest I take in the genus. For I love the tourist in spite of his eccentricities, and am rejoiced to see him happy, provided he be not a very great snob indeed. The wondrous cave of Staffa is familiar ground to me, and I make this particular visit not for the sake of the cave, but for that of studying the tourists. And a joyous company they are, as they marshal themselves on the pier of Oban, under the guidance of a tall man with a white beard and a red fez, who escorts them, to the number of forty or thereabouts, on board of the Pioneer, the steamer appointed for the trip. They are by no means loud, either in their costume or their behaviour, and have dressed themselves much the same as they would have dressed themselves in the pursuit of their ordinary business in the streets of London, Manchester, or Glasgow. There is one man among them who carries a cornet-à-piston, but who does not favour the company with any specimen of his skill upon the instrument, reserving the display, as we learn hereafter, for the interior of the cave, when he intends to try its effect in awakening the echoes. And he does so with a vengeance, nearly spoiling all the pleasure of a splendid trip and a glorious day by his insane love of making an ass of himself. But, luckily, the man in the fez comes to the rescue, and, leading off with the Doxology, is speedily

joined by the whole company, who chant the glorious hymn in excellent style, and with the best possible effect. A most picturesque group they form as they line the dangerous path that leads to the end of the cave; the scarlet and azure cloaks and shawls of the ladies lighting up the gloomy grandeur of the abyss with rays of light and colour. Not even the fool with the cornet-à-piston can spoil the cave of Staffa.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER XII. ROSE COTTAGE TO LET.

It was probably not without a certain amount of consideration and circumspection that John Calverley had fixed upon Hendon as the place in which to establish his second home, to which to take the pretty, trusting girl who believed herself to be his wife. It was a locality in which she could live retired, and in which there was very little chance of his being recognised. It offered no advantages to gentlemen engaged in the City—it was not accessible by either boat, 'bus, or rail; the pony carriages of the inhabitants were for the most part confined to a radius of four miles in their journeys, and Davis's coach and the carrier's waggon were the sole means of communication with the metropolis:

Also, in his quiet, undemonstrative way, Mr. Calverley had taken occasion to make himself acquainted with the names, social position, and antecedents of all the inhabitants, and to ascertain the chances of their ever having seen or heard of him, which he found on inquiry were very remote. They were for the most part Hendon born and bred, and the few settlers amongst them were retired tradesmen, who had some connexion with the place, and who were not likely, from the nature of the business they had pursued while engaged in commerce, to have become acquainted with the person, or even to have heard the name of the head of the firm in Mincing-lane. About the doctor and the clergyman, as being the persons with whom he would most likely be brought into contact, he was specially curious. But his anxiety was appeased on learning that Mr. Broadbent was of a Devonshire family, and had practised in the neighbourhood of Tavistock previous to his purchase of old Doctor Fleeme's practice; while the

vicar, Mr. Tomlinson, after leaving Oxford, had gone to a curacy near Durham, whence he had been transferred to Hendon.

So, when he had decided upon the house, and Alice had taken possession of it, John Calverley congratulated himself on having settled her down in a place where not merely he was unknown, but where the spirit of inquisitiveness was unknown also. He heard of no gossiping, no inquiries as to who they were, or where they had come from. Comments, indeed, upon the disparity of years between the married couple reached his ears; but that he was prepared for, and did not mind, so long as Alice was loving and true to him. What cared he how often the world called him old, and wondered at her choice?

It must be confessed that concerning the amount of gossip talked about him and his household, John Calverley was very much deceived. The people of Hendon were not different from the people of any other place, and though they lived remote from the world, they were just as fond of talking about the affairs of their neighbours as fashionable women round the tea-table in their boudoirs, or fashionable men in the smoking-room of their clubs. They discussed Mrs. A.'s tantrums and Mrs. B.'s stinginess, the doctor's wife's jealousy, and the parson's wife's airs; all each others' short-comings were regularly gone through, and it was not likely that the household at Rose Cottage would be suffered to escape. On the contrary, it was a standing topic, and a theme for infinite discussion. Not that there was the smallest doubt amongst the neighbours as to the propriety of Alice's conduct, or the least question about her being the old gentleman's wife, but the mere fact of Mr. Claxton's being an old gentleman, and having such a young and pretty wife, excited a vast amount of talk; and when it was found that Mr. Claxton's business caused him to be constantly absent from home, there was no end to the speculation as to what that absence might not give rise. There seemed to be some sort of notion among the inhabitants that Alice would some day be carried bodily away, and many an innocent artist with his sketch-book in his breast-pocket, looking about him in search of a subject, has been put down by Miss M'Craw and her friends as a dangerous character, full of desperate designs upon Mr. Claxton's domestic happiness.

Miss M'Craw was a lady who took great interest in her neighbours' affairs, having but few of her own to attend to, and being

naturally of an excitable and inquiring disposition, she had made many advances towards Alice, which had not been very warmly reciprocated, and the consequence was that Miss M'Craw devoted a large portion of her time to espionage over the Rose Cottage establishment, and to commenting upon what she gleaned in a very vicious spirit. Early in the year in which the village was startled by the news of Mr. Claxton's death, Miss M'Craw was entertaining two or three of her special friends at tea in her little parlour, from the window of which she could command a distant view of the Rose Cottage garden gate, when the conversation, which had been somewhat flagging, happened to turn upon Alice, and thenceforth was carried on briskly.

"Now, my dear," said Miss M'Craw, in pursuance of an observation she had previously made, "we shall see whether he comes back again to-day. This is Wednesday, is it not? Well, he has been here for the last three Wednesdays, always just about the same time, between six and seven o'clock, and always doing the same thing."

"Who is he? and what is it all about, Martha?" asked Mrs. Gannup, who had only just arrived, and who had been going through the ceremony known as "taking off her things" in the little back parlour, while the previous conversation had been carried on.

"Oh, you were not here, Mrs. Gannup, and didn't hear what I said," said Miss M'Craw. "I was mentioning to these ladies that for the last three Wednesdays there has come a strange gentleman to our village, quite a gentleman too, riding on horseback, and with a groom behind him, well-dressed, and really," added Miss M'Craw, with a simper, "quite good-looking!"

She was the youngest of the party, being not more than forty-three years old, and in virtue of her youth was occasionally given to giggling and blushing in an innocent and playful manner.

"Never mind his good looks, Martha," said one of the ladies, in an admonitory tone, "tell Mrs. Gannup what you saw him do."

"Always the same," said Miss M'Craw. "He always leaves the groom at some distance behind him, and rides up by the side of the Claxtons' hedge, and sits on his horse staring over into their garden. If you wind up that old music-stool to the top of its screw," continued the innocent damsel, "and put it into that corner of the window,

and move the bird-cage, by climbing on to it you can see a bit of the Claxtons' lawn; and each time that I have seen this gentleman coming up the hill I have put the stool like that and looked out. Twice Mrs. Claxton was on the lawn, but directly she saw the man staring at her she ran into the house.

"Who," said Mrs. Gannup, "who is she that she should not be looked at as well as anybody else? I hate such mock modesty!"

"And what I was saying before you came in, dear," cried Miss M'Craw, who fully agreed with the sentiment just enunciated, "was, that this being Wednesday, perhaps he will come again to-day. I fixed our little meeting for to-night, in order that you might all be here to see him in case he should come. It is strange, to say the least of it, that a young man should come for three weeks running and stare in at a garden belonging to people whom he does not know, at least, whom I suppose he does not know, for he has never made an attempt to go to the front gate to be let in."

"There is something about these Claxtons——" said Mrs. Gannup.

And the worthy lady was not permitted to finish her sentence, for Miss M'Craw, springing up from her chair, cried, "There he is again, I declare, and punctual to the time I told you! Now bring the music-stool, quick!"

Her visitors crowded round the window, and saw a tall man with a long fair beard ride up to the hedge of the Claxtons' garden, as had been described by Miss M'Craw, rein in his horse, and stand up in his stirrups to look over the hedge.

So far the programme had been carried out exactly, to the intense delight of the on-lookers.

"Tell us," cried Mrs. Gannup to Miss M'Craw, who was mounted on a music-stool, "tell us, is she in the garden?"

"She? No," cried Miss M'Craw, from her coigne of vantage, "she is not, but he is. Mr. Claxton is walking up and down the lawn with his hands behind his back, and directly the man on horseback saw him he ducked down. See, he is off already!" And as she spoke the rider turned his horse's head, and, followed by his groom, cantered slowly away.

When he had gone for about a mile he reduced his horse's pace to a walk, and sitting back in his saddle, indulged in a low, noiseless, chuckling laugh.

"It was John Calverley, no doubt about that," he said to himself. "I thought it

was he a fortnight ago, but this time I am sure of it. Fancy that sedate old fellow, so highly thought of in the City, one of the pillars of British commerce, as they call him, spending his spare time in that pretty box with that lovely creature. From the glance I had of her at the window just now she seems as bewitching as ever. What a life for her, to be relegated to the society of an old fogey like that—old enough to be her father at the very least, and knowing nothing except about subjects in which she can scarcely be expected to take much interest. Not much even of that society, I should say, for old Calverley still continues to live with his wife in Walpole-street, and can only come out here occasionally, of course. What a dull time she must have of it, this pretty bird; how she must long for some companionship; for instance, that of a man more of her own age, who has travelled, and who knows the world, and can amuse her, and treat her as she ought to be treated."

Thus communing with himself, the good-looking, light-bearded gentleman rode on towards London, crossing the top of Hampstead Heath, and making his way by a narrow path, little frequented, but apparently well known to him, into the Finchley-road. There, close by the Swiss Cottage, he was joined by another equestrian, a gentleman equally well mounted and almost equally good-looking. This gentleman stared very much as he saw the first-named rider pass by the end of the side-road up which he was passing, and sticking spurs into his horse quickly came up with him.

"My dear Wetter," he cried, after they had exchanged salutations, "what an extraordinary fellow you are. You have still got the chestnut thoroughbred, I see; do you continue to like him?"

"I still have the chestnut thoroughbred, and I continue to like him," said Mr. Wetter, with a smile, "though why I am an extraordinary fellow for that I am at a loss to perceive."

"Not for that, of course," said his friend, "that was merely said *par parenthèse*. You are an extraordinary fellow because one never sees you in the Park, or in any place of that sort, and because one finds you riding alone here, evidently on your way back from some outlandish place in the north-west, after grinding away in the City, and wearying your brain as you must do with your enormous business; one would think you would like a little relaxation."

"It is precisely because I do grind away all the day in the City, I do weary my brain,

I do want a little relaxation, that you do not see me in the Park, where I should have to ride up and down that ghastly Row, and talk nonsense to the fribbles and the fools I meet there. It is precisely in search of the relaxation you speak that I ride out to the north-west or the south-east, it little matters to me where, so long as I can find fresh air and green trees, and the absence of my fellow-creatures."

"You are polite, by Jove," said his friend, with a laugh, "considering that I have just joined you."

"Oh, I don't mean you, Lingard," said Mr. Wetter. "My ride is over for the day. When I reach the turnpike yonder I look upon myself as within the confines of civilisation, and behave myself accordingly."

"You certainly are a very extraordinary fellow," said Mr. Lingard, who was one of those gushing creatures whom nothing could silence. "They were talking of you only yesterday at the Darnley Club."

"Indeed," said Wetter, without betraying the slightest interest in his manner, "and what were they pleased to say of me?"

"They were saying what a wonderful fellow you were, considering that whereas three years ago you had scarcely been heard of in London, you had made such a fortune and held such a leading position."

"Yes," said Mr. Wetter, with a pleasant smile, "they said that did they?"

"What Mr. Sleiner wondered was, that you did not get yourself made a baronet, like those other fellows."

"Ah, that was Sleiner," said Mr. Wetter, still with his smile.

"And Mopkinson said you would not care about that. He believed you intended to marry a woman of high family."

"Ah, that was Mopkinson," said Mr. Wetter, still smiling.

"Podlinbury said marriage was not in your way at all, and then they all laughed."

"Did Podlinbury say that?" said Mr. Wetter, grinning from ear to ear. "Now I really cannot conceive what should have made them all laugh."

"I cannot imagine myself," said Mr. Lingard, "and I told them so, and then they all roared worse than ever."

"Let me make amends for your having been laughed at on my account, my dear Lingard, by asking you to dinner. Come and dine with me at the club to-night. We shall have time to wash our hands and to get to table by half-past eight?"

"No, not to-night, thanks," said Mr. Lingard, "I am engaged, and I must push

on, by the way, for I dine at eight. Shall we meet on Friday?"

"Friday? Where?"

"At the house of one of your City magnates. You know him, I suppose—Mr. Calverley?"

"Mr. Calverley! Is there a dinner at his house in Great Walpole-street on Friday?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Lingard, "a grand spread, I should imagine. A case of fortnight's invitation. Sorry you are not going. Thought I should be sure to meet you there. Ta! ta!" And the young man kissed his hand in adieu, and cantered away.

"That's a delightful young creature," said Mr. Wetter to himself, as he watched his friend's departing figure. "If there were only a few more like him in the City it would not take me long to complete that fortune which I am piling together. With what frankness and innocence he repeats all that is said about one by one's friends, and how refreshingly he confides to one everything concerning himself, even to his dinner engagements. By the way, that reminds me of that dinner-party at Calverley's, on Friday. At that dinner-party Calverley will necessarily be present. Friday would not be a bad day, therefore, for me to ride up again to Hendon, make some excuse for calling at the nest, and see if I can manage to get a sight of the bird. I will make a mem. to that effect when I go in."

The world was right in declaring Mr. Wetter to be a very wealthy man. He was the second partner in, and English representative of, the great Vienna banking-house of Wetter and Stutterheim, with branches in Paris, London, Frankfort, and New York. He came to London quite unknown, save to a few of his countrymen, but he was speedily spoken of as a man of immense capacity, and as a financier of the first rank. Perfectly steady-going people were Wetter and Stutterheim, doing a straightforward banking and agency business, with its quintupled operations, based upon the principles laid down by the old house of Kribbs et Cie. to whom they had succeeded. Wetter and Stutterheim smiled with scorn at the wonderful schemes which were daily brought forward upon the Stock Exchange, and at the status and supposed success of the persons by whom they were "promoted" and "financiered." They knew well enough how those matters were worked, and knew too what was generally the fate of those involved in them. Wetter and Stutterheim were quite content with the state of their balance on the thirty-first of every December, and content

with the status which they occupied in the eyes of the chief merchant princes of the various cities where their banking business was carried on.

Mr. Stutterheim managed the parent house in Vienna—the parent house, however, did not do a fourth of the business transacted by its London offspring—and only came to London once or twice a year. He was an elderly man, steady and responsible, but did not combine dash and energy with his more solid business qualifications, as did Mr. Henry Wetter, the head of the London house.

Mr. Wetter lived in pleasant rooms in South Audley-street; that is to say, he slept in them, and drank a hurried cup of coffee there in the morning when he did not breakfast at his club, but in general he followed the continental fashion, and took his first meal at about twelve o'clock in his private room at the bank after he had gone through and given his instructions upon the morning's letters. He returned to his lodging to dress for dinner; he dressed always punctiliously, whether he dined in society or by himself at the club, and was seldom out of his bed after midnight. A man whom no one could accuse of any positive excess, who lived strictly within his means, and who was never seen in any disreputable company; yet a man at the mention of whose name in certain society there went round winks and shoulder shrugs, and men hinted "that they could, and if they would," &c. Heinrich Wetter did not pay much attention to these hints, or rather to the men from whom they came. They were not the style of men whose good or bad words were likely to have the smallest influence on his career; his position was far too secure to be affected by anything they might say.

By anything any one might say, for the matter of that. He was full of that thought as he rode home after leaving Mr. Lingard. He had played his cards well in his wildest dreams, but he had never hoped to climb to the height at which he had actually arrived. Wealth? He did not spend a fifth part of his income. His old mother had her villa at Kreuznech, where she lived with his sister Lisbett, while Ernestine was married to Domhardt, who, thanks to him and his lent capital, was doing so well as a wine-grower at Hochheim. Fritz seemed to have settled down at last, and to be establishing for himself a business as Domhardt's agent in Melbourne. There was no one else of his own blood to support. There were others who had claims on him, but those



claims were allowed and provided for, and there was still more money than he knew with what to do. Position? Not much doubt about that! Men of the highest rank in the City allowed his status to be equal to their own; and as to his own house, the other partners had practically acknowledged that he was its backbone and their superior. For instance, when there was that question, a month ago, about the manner in which their New York agency was conducted, to whom did they refer but to him? If Rufus P. Clamborough had turned out a rogue, he would have had to go out, he thought, to settle the business there! Yes! to have the money and to have the position were both pleasant things! To gain them he sacrificed nearly all his life, and certainly he needed some little recreation. What a wonderful pretty girl that was at Rose Cottage, and how extraordinary that he should have discovered old John Calverley there! How lucky, too, that he should have met Lingard! The great dinner-party in Great Walpole-street was to be on Friday. On Friday, then, he would ride out by Hendon once again.

But Mr. Wetter did not ride out to Hendon on Friday, as he intended. On that Friday night he slept at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, going off in the tender at eight-thirty the next morning to the Cunard steamer *China*, lying in the Mersey, and not returning to England for nearly six months. On the evening of his meeting Mr. Lingard, on his arrival at South Audley-street, he found a telegram which had been forwarded to him from the City, informing him that Rufus P. Clamborough had by no means come out as rightly as was anticipated, and that it was imperative that some one should go out at once and look after the New York agency. Mr. Wetter was, above all things, a man of business, and he knew that that some one was himself, so he packed his portmanteau and went off. And finding an immense deal of business to be done, and life in New York city anything but disagreeable, he remained there until he had placed the affairs of Stutterheim and Wetter on a satisfactory footing, and then, and not till then, he took ship and came home.

Three weeks after Mr. Wetter's return to England, Miss M'Craw saw him once

again in the Hendon lane. It was spring time when she had last seen him, but now it was deep autumn, and the dead leaves were whirling through the air, and being gathered into heaps by the old men employed as scavengers by the parish. Miss M'Craw was alone in her little parlour, and had no friends to share her watch. Nevertheless, she did not allow her attention to be diverted from Mr. Wetter for an instant. She saw him ride up, followed by his groom, but instead of gazing over the hedge he rode straight to the front gate, over which appeared a painted board announcing the house as to let, and referring possible inquirers to the village agent and to the auctioneers in London.

Miss M'Craw saw Mr. Wetter yield up his horse to his groom, dismount, ring the bell, and pass out of her sight up the garden. When he reached the door it was already opened by the servant, who was standing there, to whom he intimated his desire to see the house. The girl asked him into the dining-room, and withdrew. Five minutes afterwards the door opened, and Pauline entered the room. The sun had set about five minutes previously, and there was but little daylight left, so little that Mr. Wetter, glancing at the new comer, thought he must have been deceived, and made a step forward, staring hard at her.

There was something in the movement which put Pauline on her mettle instantly.

"May I ask your business?" said she, in a hard, dry tone.

"The voice, the accent—no doubt about it now!" said Mr. Wetter to himself. Then he said aloud, "I see this house is to let: I ask to be permitted to look over it."

"The house cannot be seen without a card from the agent in the village, Mr. Bowles," said Pauline, in her former tone. "And I may as well remark that Mr. Bowles will not give a card to every one. He will expect a reference."

"I shall be very happy to give him one," said Mr. Wetter, with a sardonic smile. "My name is Henrich Wetter, formerly clerk to Monsieur Krebs, the banker, of Marseilles; and I shall be happy to refer him to an old acquaintance of mine, Madame Pauline Lunelle, dame du comptoir at the Restaurant du Midi in that city!"

END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Author.*

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 201. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### WILLING TO DIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BORN AND THE KEY."

#### CHAPTER IV. MY FATHER.

FORTH sped Laura Grey's letter to mamma. She was then at Roydon; papa was with her.

The Easter recess had just sent down some distinguished visitors, who were glad to clear their heads for a few days of the hum of the Houses and the smell of the river; and my father, although not in the House, ran down with them. Little Nelly had been his pet, as I was mamma's.

There was an awkwardness in post-office arrangements between the two places then, and letters had to make a considerable circuit. There was a delay of three clear days between the despatch of the letter and the reply.

I must say a word about papa. He was about the most agreeable and careless man on earth.

There are men whom no fortune could keep out of debt. A man of that sort seems to me not to have any defined want or enjoyment, but the horizon of his necessities expands in proportion as he rises in fortune, and always exceeds the ring-fence of his estate. What its periphery may be, or his own real wants, signifies very little. His permanent necessity is always to exceed his revenue.

I don't think my father's feelings were very deep. He was a good-natured husband, but, I am afraid, not a good one. I loved him better than I loved mamma. Children are always captivated by gaiety and indulgence. I was not of an age to judge of higher things, and I never missed the article of religion, of which, I believe, he had none. Although he lived so much in

society that he might almost be said to have no domestic life whatever, no man could be simpler, less suspicious, or more easily imposed upon.

The answer to Miss Grey's letter was the arrival of my father. He was in passionate grief, and in a state of high excitement. He ran up-stairs, without waiting to take off his hat; but at the door of our darling's room he hesitated. I did not know he had arrived till I heard him, some minutes later, walking up and down the room, sobbing. Though he was selfish, he was affectionate. No one liked to go in to disturb him. She lay by this time in her coffin. The tint of clay darkened her pretty features. The angelic beauty that belongs to death is transitory beyond all others. I would not look at her again to obscure its glory. She lay now in her shroud a forlorn sunken image of decay.

When he came out he talked wildly and bitterly. His darling had been murdered, he said, by neglect. He upbraided us all round, including Rebecca Torkill, for our cruel carelessness. He blamed the doctor. He had no right, in a country where there was but one physician, to go so far away as fourteen miles, and to stay away so long. He denounced even his treatment. He ought to have bled her. It was, every one knew, the proper way of treating such a case.

Than Laura Grey no one could have been more scrupulously careful. She could not have prevented, even if she had suspected the possibility of such a thing, her stealing out of bed now and then to look at her sick sparrow. All this injustice was, however, but the raving of his grief.

In poor little Nelly's room my father's affectionate nature was convulsed with sorrow. When he came down I cried with

him for a long time. I think this affliction had drawn us nearer. He was more tender to me than I ever remembered him before.

At last the ghastly wait and suspense were ended. I saw no more strange faces on the lobbies, and the strange voices on the stairs and footsteps in the room, and the muffled sounds that made me feel faint, were heard no more. The funeral was over, and pretty Nelly was gone for ever and ever, and I would come in and go out, and read my books, and take my walks alone, and the flowers, and the long summer evenings, and the songs of birds would come again, and the leaves make their soft shadow in the nooks where we used to sit together in the wood, but gentle little Nelly would never come again.

During these terrible days Laura Grey was a sister to me, both in affection and in sorrow. Oh, Laura, can I ever forget your tender, patient sympathy? How often my thoughts recal your loved face as I lay my head upon my lonely pillow, and my blessings follow you over the wide sea to your far-off home!

Papa took a long solitary ride that day through the warren and away by Penruthyn Priory, and did not return till dark.

When he did, he sent for me. I found him in the room which, in the old-fashioned style, was called the oak parlour. A log fire—we were well supplied from the wood in the rear of the house—lighted the room with a broad pale flicker. My father was looking ill and tired. He was leaning with his elbow on the mantelpiece, and said:

"Ethel, darling, I want to know what you would like best. We are going abroad for a little time; it is the only thing for your mamma. This place would kill her. I shall be leaving this to-morrow afternoon, and you can make up your mind which you would like best—to come with us and travel for some months, or to wait here, with Miss Grey, until our return. You shall do precisely whatever you like best—I don't wish you to hurry yourself, darling. I'd rather you thought it over at your leisure."

Then he sat down and talked about other things; and turned about to the fire, with his decanter of sherry by him, and drank a good many glasses, and leaned back in his chair before he had finished it.

My father, I thought, was dozing, but I was not sure; and being a good deal in awe of him—a natural consequence of seeing so little of him—I did not venture either to waken him, or to leave the room without his permission.

There are two doors in that room. I was standing irresolutely near that which is next the window, when the other opened, and the long whiskers and good-humoured, sensible face of portly Wynne Williams, the town-clerk and attorney of Cardyllion, entered. My father awoke, with a start, at the sound, and seeing him, smiled and extended his hand.

"How d'ye do, Williams? It's so good of you to come. Sit down. I'm off to-morrow, so I sent you a note. Try that sherry; it is better than I thought. And now I must tell you, that old scoundrel, Rokestone, is going to foreclose the mortgage, and they have served one of the tenants at Darlip with an ejectment; that's more serious; I fancy he means mischief there also. What do you think?"

"I always thought he might give us annoyance there; but Mandrick's opinion was with us. Do you wish me to look after that?"

"Certainly. And he's bothering me about that trust."

"I know," said Mr. Wynne Williams, with rather gloomy rumination.

"That fellow has lost me, I was reckoning it up only a day or two ago, between five and six thousand pounds in mere law costs; beside all the direct mischief he has done me; and he has twice lost me a seat in the House, first by maintaining that petition at King's Firkins, a thing that must have dropped but for his money; he had nothing on earth to do with it, and no motive but his personal, fiendish feelings; and next by getting up the contest against me at Shillingsworth, where, you know, it was ten to one, by Heavens! I should have had a walk over. There is not an injury that man could do me he has not done. I can prove that he swore he would strip me of everything I possessed. It is ever so many years since I saw him—you know all about it—and the miscreant pursues me still, relentlessly. He swore to old Dymock, I'm told, and I believe it, that he would never rest till he had brought me to a prison. I could have him before a jury for that. There's some remedy, I suppose, there's some protection? If I had done what I wished ten years ago, I'd have had him out; it's not too late yet to try whether pistols can't settle it. I wish I had not taken advice; in a matter like that, the man who does, always does wrong. I dare say, Williams, you think with me, now it's a case for cutting the Gordian knot?"

"I should not advise it, sir; he's an old

man, and he's not afraid of what people say, and people know he has fought. He'd have you in the Queen's Bench, and as his feelings are of that nature, I'd not leave him the chance—I wouldn't trust him."

"It's not easy to know what one should do—a miscreant like that. I hope and pray that the curse of——"

My father spoke with a fierce tremble in his voice, and at that moment he saw me. He had forgotten that I was in the room, and said instantly:

"You may as well run away, dear; Mr. Williams and I have some business to talk over; and tiresome business it is. Good night, darling."

So away I went, glad of my escape, and left them talking. My father rang the bell soon, and called for more wine; so I suppose the council sat till late.

I joined Laura Grey, to whom I related all that had passed, and my decision on the question; which was, to remain with her at Malory.

She kissed me, and said, after a moment's thought, "But will they think it unkind of you, preferring to remain here?"

"No," I said; "I think I should be rather in the way if I went; and, beside, I know papa is never high with any one, and really means what he says; and I should feel a little strange with them. They are very kind, and love me very much, I know, and so do I love them; but I see them so little, and you are such a friend, and I don't wish to leave this place; I like it better than any other in all the world; and I feel at home with you, more than I could with any one else in the world."

So that point was settled; and next day papa took leave of me very affectionately; and, notwithstanding his excited language, I heard nothing more of pistols and Mr. Rokestone.

But many things were to happen before I saw papa again.

I remained, therefore, at Malory, and Laura Grey with me; and the shadow of Mr. Carmel passed the window every evening, but he did not come in to see us, as he used. He made inquiries at the door instead, and talked, sometimes for five minutes together, with Rebecca Torkill. I was a little hurt at this; I did not pretend to Laura to perceive it; but, in our walks, or returning, in the evening, if by chance I saw his tall, thin, but graceful figure approaching by the same path, I used to make her turn aside and avoid him

by a detour. In so lonely a place as Malory the change was marked; and there was pain in that neglect. I would not let him fancy, however, that I wished, any more than he, to renew our old and near acquaintance.

So weeks passed away, and leafy May had come, and Laura Grey and I were sitting in our accustomed room, in the evening, talking in our desultory way.

"Don't you think papa very handsome?" I asked.

"Yes, he is handsome," she answered; "there is something refined as well as clever in his face; and his eyes are fine; and all that goes a great way. But many people might think him not actually handsome, though very good-looking and prepossessing."

"They must be hard to please," I said.

She smiled good-naturedly.

"Mamma fell in love with him at first sight, Rebecca Torkill says," I persisted, "and mamma was not easily pleased. There was a gentleman who was wildly in love with her; a man of very old family, Rebecca says, and good-looking, but she would not look at him when once she had seen papa."

"I think I heard of that. He is a baronet now; but he was a great deal older than Mr. Ware, I believe."

"Yes, he was; but Rebecca says he did not look ten years older than papa, and he was very young indeed then," I answered. "It was well for mamma she did not like him, for I once heard Rebecca say that he was a very bad man."

"Did you ever hear of mamma's aunt Lorrimer?" I resumed, after a little pause.

"Not that I recollect."

"She is very rich, Rebecca says. She has a house in London, but she is hardly ever there. She's not very old—not sixty. Rebecca is always wondering who she will leave her money to; but that don't much matter, for I believe we have more than we want. Papa says, about ten years ago, she lived for nothing but society, and was everywhere; and now she has quite given up all that, and wanders about the Continent."

Our conversation subsided; and there was a short interval in which neither spoke.

"Why is it, Laura," said I, after this little silence, "that you never tell me anything about yourself, and I am always telling you everything I think or remember? Why are you so secret? Why don't you tell me your story?"

"My story; what does it signify? I suppose it is about an average story. Some people are educated to be governesses; and some of us take to it later, or by accident; and we are amateurs, and do our best. The Jewish custom was wise; every one should learn a mechanic's business. Saint Paul was a tent-maker. If fortune upsets the boat, it is well to have anything to lay hold of—anything rather than drowning; an hospital matron, a companion, a governess, there are not many chances when things go wrong, between a poor woman and the workhouse."

"All this means, you will tell me nothing," I said.

"I am a governess, darling. What does it matter what I was? I am happier with you than ever I thought I could be again. If I had a story that was pleasant to hear, there is no one on earth I would tell it to so readily; but my story—There is no use in thinking over misfortune," she continued; "there is no greater waste of time than regretting, except wishing. I know, Ethel, you would not pain me. I can't talk about those things yet; I may another time."

"You shan't speak of them, Laura, unless you wish it. I am ashamed of having bothered you so." I kissed her. "But, will you tell me one thing, for I am really curious about it? I have been thinking about that very peculiar-looking old gentleman, who wore a chocolate-coloured great coat, and met us in the Mill-walk, and talked to you, you remember, on the Sunday we returned from church that way. Now I want you to tell me, is that old man's name Rokestone?"

"No, dear, it is not; I don't think he even knows him. But isn't it time for us to have our tea? Will you make it, while I put our books up in the other room?"

So I undertook this office, and was alone.

The window was raised, the evening warm, and the sun by this time setting. It was the pensive hour when solitude is pleasant; when grief is mellowed, and even a thoughtless mind, like mine, is tinged with melancholy. I was thinking now of our recluse neighbour. I had seen him pass, as Miss Grey and I were talking.

He still despatched those little notes about the inmates of Malory; for mamma always mentioned, when she wrote to me, in her wanderings on the Continent, that she had heard from Mr. Carmel that I was well, and was out every day with my

governess, and so on. I wondered why he had quite given up those little weekly visits, and whether I could have unwittingly offended him.

These speculations would recur oftener than, perhaps, was quite consistent with the disdain I affected on the subject. But people who live in cities have no idea how large a space in one's thoughts, in a solitude like Malory, a neighbour at all agreeable must occupy.

I was ruminating in a great arm-chair, with my hand supporting my head, and my eyes fixed on my foot, which was tapping the carpet, when I heard the cold, clear voice of Mr. Carmel at the window. I looked up, and my eyes met his.

#### CHAPTER V. THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK.

OUR eyes met, I said; they remained fixed for a moment, and then mine dropped. I had been, as it were, detected, while meditating upon this capricious person. I dare say I even blushed; I certainly was embarrassed. He was repeating his salutation, "How d'ye do, Miss Ware?"

"Oh, I'm very well, thanks, Mr. Carmel," I answered, looking up; "and—and I heard from mamma on Thursday. They are very well; they are at Geneva now. They are thinking of going to Florence in about three weeks."

"I know; yes. And you have no thoughts of joining them?"

"Oh, none! I should not like to leave this. They have not said a word about it lately."

"It is such a time, Miss Ethel, since I had the pleasure of seeing you—I don't mean, of course, at a distance, but near enough to ask you how you are. I dared not ask to see you too soon, and I thought—I fancied—you wished your walks uninterrupted."

I saw that he had observed my strategy; I was not sorry.

"I have often wished to thank you, Mr. Carmel; you were so very kind."

"I had no opportunity, Miss Ethel," he answered, with more feeling than before. "My profession obliges me to be kind—but I had no opportunity—Miss Grey is quite well?"

"She is very well, thanks."

With a softened glory, in level lines, the beams of the setting sun broke, scattered, through the trunks of the old elms, and one touched the head of the pale young man, as he stood at the window, looking in; his delicate and melancholy features

were in the shade, and the golden light, through his thick, brown hair, shone softly, like the glory of a saint.

As, standing thus, he looked down in a momentary reverie, Laura Grey came in, and paused, in manifest surprise, on seeing Mr. Carmel at the window.

I smiled, in spite of my efforts to look grave, and the governess advancing, asked the young ecclesiastic how he was. Thus recalled, by a new voice, he smiled and talked with us for a few minutes. I think he saw our tea-equipage, and fancied that he might be, possibly, in the way; for he was taking his leave, when I said:

"Mr. Carmel, you must take tea before you go."

"Tea; I find it very hard to resist; will you allow me to take it, like a beggarman, at the window; I shall feel less as if I were disturbing you; for you have only to shut the window down, when I grow prosy."

So, laughing, Laura Grey gave him a cup of tea, which he placed on the window-stone, and seating himself a little sideways on the bench that stands outside the window, he leaned in, with his hat off, and sipped his tea, and chatted; and sitting as Miss Grey and I did, near the window, we made a very sociable little party of three.

I had quite given up the idea of our renewing our speaking acquaintance with Mr. Carmel, and here we were, talking away, on more affable terms than ever! It seemed to me like a dream.

I don't say that Mr. Carmel was chatting with the insouciance and gaiety of a French abbé. There was, on the contrary, something very peculiar, both in his countenance and manner, something that suggested the life and sufferings of an ascetic. Something also, not easily defined, of command; I think it was partly in the severe though gentle gravity with which he spoke anything like advice or opinion.

I felt a little awed in his presence, I could not exactly tell why; and yet I was more glad than I would have confessed, that we were good friends again.

He sipped his cup of tea slowly, as he talked, and was easily persuaded to take another.

"I see, Miss Ethel, you are looking at my book with curious eyes."

It was true; the book was a very thick and short volume, bound in black shagreen, with silver clasps, and lay on the window-stone, beside his cup. He took it up in his slender fingers, smiling as he looked at me. "You wish to know what it is; but you

are too ceremonious to ask me. I should be curious myself, if I saw it for the first time. I have often picked out a book from a library, simply for its characteristic binding. Some books look interesting. Now what do you take this to be?"

"Haven't you books called breviaries? I think this is one," said I.

"That is your guess; it is not a bad one—but no; it is not a breviary. What do you say, Miss Grey?"

"Well, I say, it is a book of the offices of the Church."

"Not a bad guess, either. But it is no such thing. I think I must tell you; it is what you would call a story-book."

"Really!" I exclaimed, and Miss Grey and I simultaneously conceived a longing to borrow it.

"The book is two hundred and seventy years old, and written in very old French. You would call them stories," he said, smiling on the back of the book; "but you must not laugh at them; for I believe them all implicitly. They are legends."

"Legends?" said I, eagerly; "I should so like to hear one. Do, pray, tell one of them."

"I'll read one, if you command me, into English. They are told, here, as shortly as it is possible to relate them. Here, for instance, is a legend of John of Parma. I think I can read it in about two minutes."

"I'm sorry it is so short; do, pray, begin," I said.

Accordingly, there being still light enough to read by, he translated the legend as follows:

"John of Parma, general of the order of Friars Minors, travelling one winter's night, with some brothers of the order, the party went astray in a dense forest, where they wandered about for several hours, unable to find the right path. Wearied with their fruitless efforts, they at length knelt down, and having commended themselves to the protection of the mother of God, and of their patron, Saint Francis, began to recite the first nocturn of the Office of the blessed Virgin. They had not been long so engaged, when they heard a bell in the distance, and rising at once, and following the direction whence the sound proceeded, soon came to an extensive abbey, at the gate of which they knocked for admittance. The doors were instantly thrown open, and within they beheld a number of monks evidently awaiting their arrival, who, the moment they appeared, led them to a fire, washed their feet, and then seated them

at a table, where supper stood ready; and having attended them during their meal, they conducted them to their beds. Wearied with their toilsome journey, the other travellers slept soundly; but John, rising in the night to pray, as was his custom, heard the bell ring for matins, and quitting his cell, followed the monks of the abbey to the chapel, to join with them in reciting the divine office.

"Arrived there, one of the monks began with this verse of the Thirty-fifth Psalm, 'Ibi ceciderunt qui operantur iniquitatem;' to which the choir responded, 'Expulsi sunt nec potuerunt stare.' Startled by the strange despairing tone in which the words were intoned, as well as by the fact that this is not the manner in which matins are usually commenced, John's suspicions were aroused, and addressing the monks, he commanded them, in the name of the Saviour, to tell him who and what they were. Thus adjured, he who appeared an abbot replied, that they were all angels of darkness, who, at the prayer of the blessed Virgin, and of Saint Francis, had been sent to serve him and his brethren in their need. As he spoke, all disappeared; and next moment John found himself and his companions in a grotto, where they remained, absorbed in prayer and singing the praises of God, until the return of day enabled them to resume their journey."

"How picturesque that is," I said, as he closed the little book.

He smiled, and answered: "So it is. Dryden would have transmuted such a legend into noble verse; painters might find great pictures in it; but, to the faithful, it is more. To me, these legends are sweet and holy readings, telling how the goodness, vigilance, and wisdom of God work by miracles for his children, and how these celestial manifestations have never ceased throughout the history of his Church on earth. To you they are, as I said, but stories; as such you may wish to look into them. I believe, Miss Grey, you may read them without danger." He smiled gently, as he looked at the governess.

"Oh, certainly, Laura!" cried I; "I am so much obliged."

"It is very kind of you," said Miss Grey. "They are, I am sure, very interesting; but does this little book contain anything more?"

"Nothing, I am afraid, that could possibly interest you; nothing, in fact, but a few litanies, and what we call elevations—you will see in a moment. There is nothing

controversial. I am no proselytiser, Miss Grey"—he laughed a little—"my duty is quite of a different kind. I am collecting authorities, making extracts and precis, and preparing a work, not all my own, for the press, under a greater than I."

"Recollect, Laura, it is lent to me—isn't it, Mr. Carmel?" I pleaded, as I took the little volume and turned over its pages.

"Very well—certainly," he acquiesced, smiling.

He stood up now; the twilight was deepening; he laid his hand on the window sash, and leaned his forehead upon it, as he looked in, and continued to chat for a few minutes longer; and then, with a slight adieu, he left us.

When he was gone, we talked him over a little.

"I wonder what he is—a priest only or a Jesuit," said I; "or, perhaps, a member of some other order. I should like so much to know."

"You'd not be a bit wiser if you did," said Laura.

"Oh, you mean because I know nothing of those orders; but I could easily make out. I think he would have told us to-night, in the twilight, if we had asked him."

"I don't think he would have told us anything he had not determined beforehand to tell. He has told us nothing about himself we did not know already. We know he is a Roman Catholic, and an ecclesiastic—his tonsure proclaims that; and your mamma told you that he is writing a book, so that is no revelation either. I think he is profoundly reserved, cautious, and resolute; and with a kind of exterior gentleness, he seems to me to be really inflexible and imperious."

"I like that unconscious air of command, but I don't perceive those signs of cunning and reserve. He seemed to grow more communicative the longer he stayed," I answered.

"The darker it grew," she replied. "He is one of those persons who become more confident the more effectually their countenances are concealed. There ceases to be any danger of a conflict between looks and language—a danger that embarrasses some people."

"You are suspicious this evening," I said. "I don't think you like him."

"I don't know him; but I fancy that, talk as he may to us, neither you nor I have for one moment a peep into his real mind. His world may be perfectly celestial

and serene, or it may be an ambitious, dark, and bad one; but it is an invisible world for us."

The candles were by this time lighted, and Miss Grey was closing the window, when the glitter of the silver clasp of the little book caught her eye.

"Have you found anything?" said I.

"Only the book—I forgot all about it. I am almost sorry we allowed him to lend it."

"We borrowed it; I don't think he wanted to lend it," said I; "but, however it was, I'm very glad we have got it. One would fancy you had lighted on a scorpion. I'm not afraid of it; I know it can't do any one the least harm, for they are only stories."

"Oh, I think so. I don't see myself that they can do any harm; but I am almost sorry we have got into that sort of relation with him."

"What relation, Laura?"

"Borrowing books, and discussing them."

"But we need not discuss them; I won't—and you are so well up in the controversy with your two books of theology, that I think he's in more danger of being converted than you. Give me the book, and I'll find out something to read to you."

### AN ARABIAN SEAPORT IN WAR TIME.

"CALL this 'ere thing a town? I'll tell yer what I calls it—an island o' dirt in a hocean o' sand! To think o' sticking up them 'arf-dozen pigsties in the middle o' a big waste like that there! Why, blest if they don't look as silly as a ha'porth o' treacle in a two-gallon jug!"

Such is the uncompromising verdict of our chief engineer upon the little Arab seaport off which we anchored after dark last night; and it must be owned that he is not altogether wrong. Perched on the boundary line between the great sea and the everlasting wilderness, this little speck of human life does indeed look mean and pigmy. Look where we will, it is the same panorama of unending desolation. Behind, the boundless emptiness of the sailless sea; above, the bright, cloudless, cruel sky; and, far to right and far to left, and miles upon miles onward in front, the dull brassy yellow of the unchanging desert, melting at last into the quivering haze of intense heat that hovers along the horizon. Over this waste, twelve hundred years ago,

Mahomet and his apostles of the sword came rushing like a flight of vultures, flinging themselves blindly upon an enterprise whose issue no man could foresee. Since that day almost all the face of the world has changed beyond recognition; but this strange old country, which Time himself appears to have forgotten, is still the same in every feature as when Khaled was thundering at the gates of Damascus, and Amrou watching the lapping flames of the Alexandrian Library. Were we to see the Prophet and his host come spurring from behind these long, even sand-ridges, we could hardly feel surprised; but his first glance along the shore would sorely surprise him. For yonder, behind that low, massive white wall that stands up stark and bare in the blistering sunshine, scores of gaunt, swarthy men in white tunics sit watching beside their piled muskets—true Moslems every man of them, yet encamped as invaders on the soil which every Moslem holds sacred—with the creed of the Prophet on their lips day and night, yet dipping their hands in the blood of his descendants. The Yemen insurrection is in full blaze, and this port is the Balaklava of the Turkish armament.

In and out, in and out—the long white coils of the coral reefs showing on every side through the clear, still water, as our jolly-boat zigzags among them—till at last we thread our way out of the labyrinth, and run alongside a long, low jetty of planks rudely lashed together. Out we leap, all five of us, like explorers landing in a new world; the captain, a short, square, jolly-looking man with an immense brown beard; the engineer, a brawny Geordie from South Shields, imbued with a thoroughly English contempt for everything foreign; myself, with the complexion of a lime-burner and the dress of a scarecrow; our interpreter, a tall, solemn-faced Greek, defying the climate by a complete suit of black; and last, but certainly not least, Achmet Bey, the Turkish officer in command of our convoy, fattest and laziest of the true believers whom we have on board, eating for one hour, and sleeping for twenty-three.

Here, at last, are some living creatures coming toward us along the shore—not the Prophet and his myrmidons—but a string of Arab camel-drivers, whose dark sinewy limbs and supple grace of movement would gladden the eye of a sculptor. Behind them come the djemels, with their long noiseless stride, bowing their necks for-



ward, and fixing their large, mild, dreamy brown eyes wistfully upon the cool sparkling water into which they are about to plunge. Further back upon the jetty itself appear little knots of lounging Arabs, some in long white burnouses, some in cotton drawers, and not a few perfectly nude; but distinguished, one and all, by a peculiarity which our critical engineer is not slow to observe.

"Well, by jingo," he remarks, with contemptuous surprise, "I'm blest if them there ugly-lookin' red herrins ain't got chignons on, every man Jack on 'em!"

Such is indeed the case. As if it were not sufficient to stand bareheaded in this merciless glare (one hundred and thirty-seven degrees Fahrenheit); these hobgoblins have actually shaved their heads up to the crown of the scalp, leaving the occiput one great bush three or four inches in diameter, the whole effect being irresistibly suggestive of a scalded parrot. They give us merely a careless glance as we pass by; but at the sight of the bey's gorgeous uniform, there flits over their lean, wolfish faces a momentary gleam which speaks volumes. But the stout Osmanli stalks by unheeding, looking down upon them as they sidle out of his way with a grand and massive contempt, which almost savours of the heroic. Among these low sand-hills and little reed-thatched hovels, scores of his countrymen have been foully murdered, and the cruel expectation that looks askance at us out of the eyes of these gaunt, black, silent figures in their white, shroud-like dresses, shows that the native thirst for blood is still unslaked. Once ashore in this hostile region, Achmet Bey's life is in his hand, and he knows it, though the knowledge does not for a moment disturb his haughty composure. Heavy, sensual, indolent, unprogressive—benumbed by the cramping influences of a bigoted conservatism and a barbarous superstition—the Turk has still within him the spirit of the men who fought at Yermouk and Aleppo; and not without reason does our stalwart engineer (himself as brave a man as ever breathed) mutter to himself in grim approbation, "By jingo, that 'ere old dumping's got some pluck in him arter all!"

We unfurl our huge white umbrellas, which give us the look of laden merchantmen under a press of sail, and plod steadily onward, past huge dry fosses, cracked and parched like a newly-baked brick; past long rows of tents, whence lean, dark, bearded faces stare curiously after us; past lines of

casks and pyramids of flour-sacks, which, landed weeks ago for immediate transmission to the interior, still remain as a monument of the zeal and fidelity of the resident pasha ("And some poor devils dyin' all the time for want of 'em, belike," remarks our skipper, indignantly); past couching camels, with their legs wrapped up, and tucked away out of sight, and their long necks outstretched upon the earth in lazy enjoyment. At last the cool shadowy gateway of the Turkish fort opens before us, and the white-coated sentries, who are basking in the shade, survey our burning faces with a grin of conscious superiority.

At this point our paths diverge, the Turk strolling off to visit a brother officer of the garrison, the engineer plunging into the town in search of "summut to drink" (always the first duty of the true Englishman on foreign soil), and the captain and myself, with our interpreter, to make obeisance to the pasha. The great man, however, like other officials nearer home, is anything but easy to find when wanted. I will not burden my readers with the details of our search for, and discovery of, him; our tramp round the barrack square, as if we had come to relieve guard; our game of hide-and-seek with the Turkish soldiers, who either profess utter ignorance of their chief's whereabouts, or minutely direct us wrong; our final scramble up a kind of foreshortened ladder, and headlong tumble into a queer little lighthouse made up of half a dozen windows patched together, in the midst of which, on a huge wooden tea-tray, squats a little shrivelled man, not unlike a smoked haddock, who, on inquiry, turns out to be Nasif Pasha himself, the Lord of Life and Giver of all Good, before whom we have literally fallen down. Suffice it to say that we go through all the prescribed forms of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, sitting cross-legged upon cushions, sipping real Arabian coffee, without cream or sugar, black as ink, and strong as brandy, served in handleless cups fitted into small silver stands, and administered by a bonâ fide tall black slave, whom the pasha (better still!) summons by actually clapping his hands! At length, after an interview of about half an hour, we depart with our business satisfactorily untransacted (the usual fate of those who have to deal with a pasha), and file off through the opposite gate, which opens direct into the town. Here we are met by the chief engineer, who announces, in a tone of pardonable excitement, that he has

"found a shop, a real live shop, by jingo! and a man in it, selling liquor." The captain and interpreter lick their lips, and make haste to follow him, while I bring up the rear.

And now, for the first time since entering the Suez Canal, we see an Arab town in its true colours. Port Said is a French town with an Arab population. Ismailia is a European picture in an Eastern frame. Suez, uniting all races, belongs distinctively to none. Djeddah, despite its motley conflux of pilgrims, and the barbaric picturesqueness of its wonderful bazaar, is more Turkish than Arabic, and more Maltese than either. But here, at Koomfidah, we see the exact realisation of the ancient Arab camp, the symbol of those tameless guerillas to whom the proudest of earth's cities were but as wayside hostleries, to be each in turn used and forsaken. All around the fort, sown broadcast over the flat sandy plain, lie tiny hovels of wickerwork daubed with mud,\* and rudely thatched with reeds or palm-leaves, as though a monster picnic had suddenly broken up, leaving behind several hundred empty hampers. Under the shadow of the wall itself runs a line of more pretentious dwellings, stronger, larger, more solid, with projecting thatches, which, nearly meeting overhead, fill the whole avenue with a kind of semi-twilight, through which the black grinning skeletons, in their long white robes, flit like a procession of spectres. A motley throng! Portly traders in fringed burnouses, and half-stripped camel-drivers, with thick woolly hair; stalwart Turkish soldiers, marching defiantly through the mass of scowling faces; gaunt, wild-eyed dervishes, naked to the waist, with little copper chains round their necks, and long white beards flowing over their swarthy chests in a way suggestive of a black doll which has burst and let out all its stuffing; long files of striding camels, heralded by a scream of "Wah-ah!" (look out!), and seeming, in the midst of these little toy houses, doubly gigantic. On this side a turbaned fruit-seller thrusts a pulp of crushed dates (with the corpses of countless flies adhering to it) enticingly towards us in his grimy fingers; on that a fish-dealer is strewing leaves over his stock, to protect them against the swarming insects that buzz around them. A little further on, a villanous-looking old grey beard is frizzling some chips of fat

meat in a very dirty pan, while a dozen grimy customers, crouched on their hams around him, eagerly await the promised dainty. And yonder, amid a circle of admiring ragamuffins, appears our Arab pilot (who has already made ducks and drakes of the first instalment of his hire), in a huge yellow turban, which gives him the look of a pork sausage with a dab of mustard on it.

Ploughing our way through this chaos we reach at length the shop discovered by the chief engineer, in front of which a number of tins and small boxes, with the London trade-mark upon them, welcome us like old friends. A huge broad-shouldered man in a Bombay hat, who is standing at the door with a half-empty glass in his hand, turns round as we approach, and he and our engineer burst forth simultaneously:

"Hallo, Jack, is this yourself?"

"Why, Bill, old boy, what wind's blown you here?"

"Just up from Hodeidah, with the Turkish despatch-boat, and haven't we got news for the Constantinople folk, just. Let's have a drain, and then I'll tell you all about it."

We seat ourselves in the doorway, while the proprietor (a lithe, keen-eyed Greek, sly-looking enough to sit for the portrait of either Sinon or Epialtes) serves out to my comrades a jorum of brandy, and to me a bottle of lemonade. Our new acquaintance, emptying his tumbler at a draught, clears his throat and begins to tell us that the rebels have been defeated in a great battle by Redif Pasha, that he has driven them back into the interior, and is now preparing to besiege Reyda, their chief stronghold and principal magazine, the capture of which will probably put an end to the war. "But mark ye, they've got some pluck, them rebels—blowed if they hain't. In that 'ere battle I was talkin' on, they comed right up to the muzzles o' the guns three times over, with the round shot a-rippin' through 'em like blazes every time. We've got the 'ead o' the big chief's younger brother on board, sewn up in a bag for to go to Constantinople; and a werry nice present it'll be for Mr. Sultan."

"Have you brought any prisoners up?" ask I.

"We hain't; but there's a lot on 'em a-comin' on by land, and I reckon they oughter to be here to-morrer or the day arter. When they does come, you'll see just about the ugliest sight as ever you see'd in your life."

\* Similar dwellings are common among the Cossacks of the Don, and the Kirghis and Kalmucks of the Eastern steppes, where I first saw them.

I remembered his words three days later, when, in the glory of the tropical sunset, the long line of miserable objects, gaunt with famine, and reeling with exhaustion, their tongues lolling out from thirst, their unbandaged wounds grimed with dust and black with sand-flies, came winding down to the shore.\* Most of the faces had settled into the blank apathy of despair; but here and there, in some half-closed eye lurked a gleam of hatred which no suffering could diminish. A sadder or a ghostlier sight no man could look upon; but I have neither the time nor the inclination to dwell on it here.

And so the talk proceeds, merrily enough. After such a march in such a temperature, this little chat in the shade, over our morning draught, is rather enjoyable, but it is a very short-lived enjoyment. The apparition of five Feringhees in their own outlandish dress is sufficiently rare in this remote corner of the earth to gather round us a triple ring of curious gazers, bringing with them a collection of strange odours that would astound a drain-digger. This, indeed, is only what we are already accustomed to; but even this is not all. The "real live shop" proves to be so in fatal earnest. As I sit in the doorway, a spider about the size of an ordinary saucer suddenly descends from the lintel, Blondin-fashion, by a rope of his own manufacture, and proceeds to hold a private rehearsal of gymnastics on the front of my turban. The next moment, a black cockroach, an inch and half long, falls with loud splash into the captain's tumbler, just as he is raising it to his lips, while at the same instant our interpreter comes bumping out of his corner with a cry of dismay, hotly pursued by an immense scorpion. I begin to recollect my old friend Gadabout's description of a Chinese fair, where "all my senses, sir, were offended at once; my eyes by ugly faces; my ears by horrid din; my nose by a well-selected assortment of all the bad smells in the world, and sundry others invented for the occasion; my taste by messes of dogs, and frogs, and cats, and rats, and bats, made worse in the cooking; and my sense of feeling by twenty-seven distinct species of vermin in hard training." Clearly this will not do. We swallow our liquor hastily, and troop off en masse.

I need not recount the subsequent adventures of the day—how we made the circuit of the fort, and found the eastern

angle a mere heap of crumbling stones, with one rusty cannon sticking up perpendicularly from the mass, like a holly-twig in an over-boiled pudding; how we explored the outskirts of the town, till the sight of a knot of Arabs dogging us suggested the wisdom of a retreat; how we went down to the shore and had a long swim, in the course of which I was nearly picked up by a shark, probably the transformed spirit of some Turkish custom-house officer; how we went coral-hunting along the reefs, with considerable success; and how, in wading through the shallow pools, our feet got so smartly scalded by the heat of the water, that we were fain to come out upon the sand to cool them—causing our skipper to remark, not unnaturally, "Well, now, I wonder if I was to tell 'em at home as how there's a country where folk goes into the sea to get warm, what kind o' liar 'ud they call me!"

But the last sight that we saw that day is one which I have not yet forgotten, and can never forget. As we march across the skirt of desert on our way back to the town, our interpreter suddenly points a little to the left, and says, "There are the graves of the Turkish soldiers!" We halt and look at them in silence. Here are no stately sculptures or well-turned epitaphs—only a few score low mounds of dust, already half-effaced by the winds of the desert; yet of all the countless graves which I had seen, there were none that impressed me like these. I had seen, upon the green slopes of Brittany, the crumbling headstones, garlanded with immortelles, beneath which sleep the countrymen of Duguesclin and Georges Cadoudal. I had watched the shepherds of Switzerland, beneath the shadow of the everlasting hills, lower into its grave, to the sound of a plaintive Vaudois hymn, the coarse pinewood coffin which held all that the avalanche had spared of their youngest and bravest. In the quaint little churchyards of remote German villages, I had spelled out half-effaced texts of Scripture, or fragments of some grand old Lutheran psalm. I had stood, in Denmark, on the ground where those whom Nelson's cannon slew before Copenhagen, and those who fell by Prussian needle-guns at Dybbøl, sleep in one common grave, marked with the simple inscription, "Died for the Fatherland," with the sweet spring-flowers blooming above them, and bright-eyed children bringing their little cans of water to sprinkle the graves of the fathers and brothers whom they never knew. Beneath the forest shades of ancient Sweden,

\* Many of these men were afterwards forcibly drafted into the Turkish army, with what result I have not yet heard.

I had gazed upon the grassy mound that held the dust of the aged pastor, surmounted by a simple cross carved by the hand of his son. I had seen, amid the endless plains of Central Russia, the rough-hewn crosses beneath which lie the men of Krasnoë and Borodina. Far away in the solitudes of the Arctic Ocean, I had lighted upon spray-lashed slabs of rock on the brink of the unresting sea, marking the last resting-places of the sailor patriarchs of Shetland and Faroe. On the sunny hill-sides of the Danube I had seen Russian triumphal columns looking down upon the buried soldiers of Nicholas, in the heart of a region whence the glory of Russia has long since departed. I had wandered through the picturesque graveyards of Constantinople. I had scaled the mighty monuments of human nothingness, which, on the verge of the everlasting desert, still preserve the memory of the Pharaohs. But in all the long panorama I had seen nothing more sad or touching than this. Thousands of miles from home, in hostile soil, amid a race which curses and spits at their graves every time it passes them, they lie unnoticed and unknown—nameless heroes, who knew only how to die in their obedience.

These were not stirred by passion,  
Nor yet by wine made bold;  
'Twas not renown that moved them,  
Nor did they look for gold.

To them their leader's signal  
Was as the voice of God;  
Unswerving, uncomplaining,  
The way of death they trod.

And around the spot where they lie, the snakes rustle through the drifting sand, and the camels go by with their long, noiseless stride in the glory of the sunset; and the great sea and the lonely desert keep watch over their graves for ever.

"Well," mutters our skipper, looking down upon the graves, "if this here work's agoin' to go on every year, I wonder how long 'ull the Turks be able to stand it?"

That question is one which Turkey has still to answer.\*

### A NOVEL RACE.

THERE is something in a race of any kind which appeals at once to the sympathies of Englishmen. The announcement of a forthcoming "event" awakens a responsive chord even in the sternest and most business-like bosom. I firmly believe

\* Since the above was written, I have learned that fresh disturbances have broken out both in Arabia and in Irak.

that, clever as Mr. Oliphant's book undoubtedly is, a large portion of Her Majesty's liege subjects was sorely disappointed on finding that *The Coming Race* was only a book, and not even a betting-book at that. Is this feeling merely the Anglo-Saxon development of the passion for gambling, which among Latin races contents itself with a pack of cards in a stuffy room, but among Englishmen requires a breezy heath for its board of green cloth, and highly-bred horses or highly-trained men for its cards or dice? I think not, and am inclined to refer the English love for a race of any kind to a healthy sympathy with emulation in every walk of life, and somewhat also to the grand old "*certaminis gaudia*" inherited from those doughty Norse pirates, our most worthy ancestors.

It might perhaps have been thought that the ingenuity of man had been so thoroughly ransacked that a new description of race was almost an impossibility; but it has been reserved for the enterprising gentleman who rejoices in spiky monstaches and the title of the Peoples' Caterer, to demonstrate the contrary.

A postman's race was, the other day, announced to take place at North Woolwich Gardens, over a three-hundred-yards course planted with trees at a distance of about ten yards from each other; to each tree was to be affixed a number, a knocker, and a letter-box, and the men being started in heats of four (each man provided with the same number of letters) the duty of each competitor was to deliver the regulation postman's knock at each tree, drop a letter in the box, and, getting over the ground as rapidly as possible, either by running or walking, to return to the starting-post. To prevent this curious race from resolving itself into a mere trial of speed—instead of speed and accuracy combined—the whole sixty letters representing the number of leafy houses to be called at in going and returning, were not to be served out to each man, but a dozen letters were to be withdrawn at random from each batch, while a single false delivery among the forty-eight remaining numbers was to distance the unfortunate blunderer. Prizes were to be given to the winner of the grand heat, the winners of the trial heats, and also to the second and third in each heat.

The novelty of the event, and the peculiarly business-like character of the arrangement, attracted my attention, and it was with some surprise that I discovered a paragraph going the round of the papers, not

only stating that the chiefs of the Postal Department declined to smile official sanction on the undertaking, but throwing as much cold water upon it as possible. That the authorities should decline to take any trouble about the matter was conceivable enough, but it appeared to your contributor that they certainly travelled out of the record in administering a public snubbing to the projector. A postman when he gets a holiday—no very frequent occurrence—has clearly as good a right to attend a race, or even to take part therein, as any other citizen.

Entertaining some grave doubts as to the probable effect of the official wet-blanket thrown over the project, I betake myself on a fine summer afternoon to Fenchurch-street Station, and proceed to discover North Woolwich Gardens. Even to the most florid imagination the scenery by the way can hardly appear romantic. Tall chimneys, huge factories, long, straight rows of dusty brick cottages, acres of linen hanging out to dry, and forlorn fields of smoky-looking cabbages compose the features of the arid landscape. At length some huge gasometers—like mushrooms of a monstrous growth emerging from the plain—heave in sight, and in a few minutes we are at the gardens famous for baby, barmaid, monkey, and other shows. Although some thousands of people are present, there is plenty of room for everybody. The blue uniforms of the postmen pervade the entire gardens, and the wives and families, the friends and adherents of those honest fellows, muster strongly. The swings are doing a roaring trade, and the proprietor of a huge iron roundabout of the bicycle order of architecture can hardly accommodate the numerous customers, who seem hugely to appreciate the fun of working very hard to spin—like horizontal squirrels—round in a circle. Tom Tug—gorgeously arrayed in a new and painfully shiny hat, and a fearfully and wonderfully tight suit of clothes—is walking on the river terrace holding forth energetically, as it seems, to Wilhelmina, in a neat crisp cotton print. I am inclined to suspect that T. T. is doing his best to persuade his blushing companion to name the “day, the happy d-a-a-y,” and is asserting his unalterable determination to forthwith “bu-u-uy the ring.”

But, perhaps, like Mr. Blenkinsop, I am “preemator,” and Tom is only urging his ladye-love to join in the antiquated but by no means obsolete pastime of kiss-in-the-

ring. Wilhelmina proves coy, however, and insists on marching Tom up to talk to Jack Ratchet, from the engine factory hard by, who is making holiday, and having a good time with his wife and children, the latter rather numerous, but nicely graduated as to size, like a set of human pandean pipes. It is lucky for those little ones that Jack is a skilled workman, and steady withal, as his smart broadcloth and gold watch-chain testify, or those poor little pipes would play a very dismal tune in these days of dear beef. Young Sloper and Tom Dashall, those rapid youths, who are spending their mosaic-golden youth, who revel in exiguous coats, wonderful shirt-collars, astounding breast-pins, endless champagne, and B. and S., are conspicuous by their absence. The style of amusement at North Woolwich is too primitive to suit their already jaded palates. But the simple, jovial holiday-makers are getting on very well without these sparks, and the laughter of merry children rings sweetly in the summer air, especially at the blissful moment when a huge tray arrives laden with fragrant tea, mighty heaps of shrimps in their ruddy brown armour, whole forests of green water-cresses, and bread-and-butter galore.

But the postmen entered for the race are beginning to collect at the end of the course—the dark blue uniforms gradually sifting themselves out of the crowd of merry-makers—and come to the front with the air of men who have a great undertaking before them. Some few of the competitors have gone to the length of laying aside their uniform altogether, and attired in jerseys, with over-coats tied round their necks by the sleeves in the approved athletic style, contrive, by their would-be pedestrian get-up, to slightly mar the symmetry of some of the races.

The People's Caterer and his merry men are busily employed clearing the course, and the general public relinquish with evident reluctance, the new and delightful amusement of trying the different knockers, a sport which has kept many youths and maidens in high good humour during the afternoon, and heavily taxed the powers of much-enduring paterfamilias in raising his olive branches to the level of the coveted noise-producer. The course is cleared at last, the trees, all duly accounted with knocker, box, and number, are counted, and preparations are made for the start.

There is no betting on the postman's race. No “monkeys” are offered on the field; no perspiring Stentors conjure me to

back one, or proclaim their readiness to bet fabulous odds, "bar one." There are no quiet, business-like inquiries whether I know anything; nor have I been interviewed by the seedy man of benevolent tendencies who is always burning to impart his knowledge of a "good thing," thus weakly frittering away his preternatural information on others, for the state of his hat affords ample evidence that the good things profit him but little. No private trials have taken place, and no straight tip as to the form of the competitors is volunteered. Dim rumours of the prowess of the Walking Postman float in the air, but no one is rash enough to spend his money in making a favourite.

At last all is ready, and the four men drawn in the first heat stand ready, each man with his packet of cards in his hand. One of these, the stalwart fellow in a grey jersey, is a good specimen of that well-known character in all racing matters—the litigious competitor. He has been in great force all the afternoon, asking endless questions, and worrying the great caterer by propounding to him knotty points as to disqualification, the exact meaning of each and every one of the conditions, the choice of umpires, and such-like tough and uncomfortable subjects. I have a great hope that he will be beaten; and my sympathies are undoubtedly with the lithe young fellow in plain clothes, who says nothing, but takes up his letters and his position in silence.

The word is given, away they go, and at a clipping pace. Rat-tat, rat-tat, rat-tat, the air seems full of the postman's knock, so rapidly do the rat-tats succeed each other. The stout competitor, who went off with a tremendous rush, is dropping into the rear already, and his interesting family, craning over the ropes to "see papa win," is doomed to disappointment. I hope the discomfiture of papa on this occasion will not shake the faith of the family in its head. By Jove, the litigious man is leading; I can see his detestable grey jersey well in front. They have turned the corner, and are now racing back, but Grey-Jacket has lost the pride of place. The quiet man leads; rat-tat, rat-tat, rat-tat; Grey-Jacket makes a final effort, but the quiet competitor wins in a canter.

The litigious man is placed second; and, true to the last, no sooner recovers his breath than he lodges an objection against the winner for going on the wrong side of a tree. The objector takes but little by his

motion though, for Number One has gone over the whole course, and delivered all his letters correctly, so the objection is quietly overruled. But the objector, though disposed of officially, hovers about for hours in a discontented manner, and putting on the air of one who has been deeply wronged, pounces like a sort of mail-carrying Ancient Mariner upon any unfortunate wight who may be weak enough to listen to the yarn of the litigious one. The heats now follow each other in rapid succession, and the interest is well kept up by the crowd of families and sympathisers. Meanwhile twilight falls softly over the broad river; the lights gleam brightly from the Woolwich shore; the illumination of the gardens commences; those excellent comedians "the Paynes" are filling a crowded theatre with merry peals of laughter; music strikes up on the platform and dancing begins; but my dancing days, like the postmen's races, are things of the past, and stepping into a railway carriage, I am soon once more in London's "seething cauldron."

#### OCTOBER.

Grey-tinted glide the clouds across the sky,  
Murky the gloaming; and the mist-bound fens  
White frosty wreaths of vaporous damp exhale,  
Veiling the onward steps of coming night.  
The golden plover wheels across the marsh,  
The crooning mallard on his blue-barred wing,  
Sinks to his reedy lair: the bittern booms,  
And speckled curlews, ranked in Indian file,  
Fly homewards wailing in harsh monotone,  
The evening dirge that marshals them to rest.

October's touch paints all the maple leaves  
With brilliant crimson, and his golden glow  
Lies on the clustered hazels: scarlet glows  
The sturdy oak, and copper-hued the beech:  
A russet glory lingers on the elm,  
The pensile birch is yellowing apace,  
And many-tinted show the woodlands all,  
With autumn's dying splendours.

In the copee  
Crows the cock-pheasant, all his gorgeous breast  
A-glow with emerald and amethyst;  
His purple neck with crimson gorget hung,  
Outstretched to banquet with his dun-clad mate  
Upon the luscious beech-mast. On the pine,  
The dark-crowned, needle-armed, sombre pine,  
The exultant black-cock tunes his clarion shrill,  
As from the cones he takes his evening meal,  
And sounds his latest challenge ere the night.

'Neath the green leafage rank of turnip-field  
Crouches the partridge, on her ashen breast  
Her brown wing folded: and with ears up-pricked  
Bounds the white-breasted hare from off her form,  
Across the clover-glade: the acorns ripe  
Are gathered by the dormouse, squirrels crouch  
Warm in their nests, with ample provender  
For many a wintry day.

Now homeward hies  
The whistling faggot-laden peasant-boy;  
His daily task is over, and the hearth  
Glow bright before his vision—welcome goal,  
Spurring the tired stripling to his rest!

What though his evening meal be homely fare,  
Brown bread and milk, potatoes, or, perchance,  
A scrap of home-cured bacon? Daintier 'tis  
To the toil-hungred palate than the meats  
Unseasoned by the zest of industry,  
That tempt the jaded appetites of kings.

Welcome October! coronalled with wealth,  
Of Nature's pure coined gold! Upon thy brow  
Thou bear'st the mint-stamp of prosperity,  
The almoner of bounteous Providence,  
Thou crownest all the toiling, teeming year  
With rich fruition: and thy purpled vines,  
Thy russet clusters, are but symbols given  
To Earth of His dear love who ruleth Heaven!

### THE ARMY ON ITS LEGS.

THIRTY barrels of good humming ale await the gallant Southern army—the brave, the thirsty, the dusty, the indefatigable invaders of our English soil. Yes, thirty casks, brimming with the sherry-coloured extract of English malt and hops, oddly enough await the representatives of a burning and slaughtering foe, eager to give our barns and homesteads to the flames, and our quiet English vicarages and country houses to soldiers' fury and rapine. Happy country where all this is mere make-believe and holiday show, and not grim, bloody, wrathful, earnest war.

The thirty barrels, in a portly double row, stand on Squire Groveley's green, velvety lawn. All round the stately park gate the country people muster in wondering crowds waiting for the glorious vision of gold and scarlet, shining steel, and neighing horses. Queer old shepherds, brown and gaunt, stand by their homely, shrewd-looking wives in silent expectancy; the big lads reconnoitre the distant roads, with their buxom lasses by their side; the children run and play under the trees, unawed by the presence of the squire's choleric bailiff, of the head-groom, who is master of the ceremonies, or of the head-keeper, the stern supervisor of their fathers. Some country girls, from the next village, are picturesquely strewn about under the park wall, where they laugh, chatter, and criticise each other's lovers after the manner of youth's golden age. In a tent near the barrels various assistants burnish basketfuls of tumblers, test the quality of the beer, tap casks, and arrange seats. Under the trees the gentry of the neighbourhood are moored in waggonettes, basket-carriages, and traps, while pretty girls in Dolly Varden hats exchange kindly salutations, and discuss the one subject—the arrival of the Southern army on its way to its encampment on Fonthill Down

a mile away. The park looks its best in the September sunlight, and across the lake there are glimpses of the white tents of an advanced post. The deer, careless of such intruders, feed on the brow of the valley across the lake, and, heedless of approaching festivities, see no danger to themselves in the gathering crowd. Two or three stray soldiers talk to the country girls under the trees, and point up the road with the switches they have just cut on their march.

On the battlements of the squire's house fluttering colours mark female guests, who look out afar like the lady in the Scotch ballad who saw the Earl of Murray "come sounding through the town." There is a great lunch at Squire Groveley's, and the country families are arriving fast in yellow barouches and snug broughams full of ladies. Every now and then an orderly dashes through the park on his way to the spot where the camp is to be, and announces the speedy approach of the army. The excitement is renewed by a stray hussar riding as if for dear life, and is culminated by the flight past us of a real lancer, the pennon on his spear fluttering as he dashes along. By-and-bye a general and two or three officers ride up to the house, and the host and hostess are seen to advance and greet them. The head-groom—who is running up and down the rows of casks, and in and out the tent—upon the sight of the general, makes a dash at the ha-ha that separates the squire's garden from the park, and two or three grooms race after him, to hold their horses.

Presently there is a moving of scarlet, and round the angle of the road come half a dozen of the Coldstream Guards, with a sergeant at their head. Two of the men carry on their shoulders poles with flags or pieces of canvas wrapped round them, and it is murmured that these are soldiers sent forward to mark out the infantry camp. The hospitable head-groom instantly flies at them with glasses of ale, and in two minutes the men have piled arms, thrown down their grey knapsacks, unfastened their belts, taken off their great black bearskins, and posed themselves unconsciously into an effective theatrical group. And here, it may be observed, that for the first time we discovered that the British soldier on every possible occasion dons a red nightcap. Clipped close as he is, he probably fears cold; hot as he generally is on the march, he possibly dreads catarrh; certain it is that in camp, or on the halt, in trenches, or at meals, he literally revels in red

nightcaps, a fact by no means to be overlooked by the writer on the humours of the autumn manoeuvres. Here comes another lancer, who the moment he has seen the thirty barrels, instantly, as if they were an enemy's battery, reins his wiry-looking horse on its haunches, and gallops back to whence he came, like a scout who had made a valuable reconnoissance. In vain the head-keeper signals him with a frothing ale-glass; away he flies, with a spurt of dust on the road, a splash of black earth on the spurned turf, and is round the corner in no time.

But now comes a bitter disappointment. To the hasty lancer succeeds another orderly in undress uniform, who reins up to where the bailiff's red face glows like a friendly harbour-light, and announces that the gallant army, tired with a fifteen miles' march from Blandford, has gone round another way to the downs, and that Squire Groveley's hospitality has been all in vain. The head-keeper, in sheer vexation, runs threetimes up and down the line of barrels, and eventually vaults over the ha-ha to acquaint the squire with the dismal disaster. A group of ladies, led by the hostess, emerge on the garden-terrace, look forlornly at the line of barrels, then return in dismay to the lunch. By-and-bye the barrels will be carted away for the coming harvest home, and so the squire's good intentions are frustrated.

The sight in Groveley Park melts away like a dream. The country people break up into groups. The head-keeper, with one arm on a cask, meditatively listens to the bailiff's consolation. Disappointed in one place, we try our luck in another, and urge our fiery dog-cart to the downs to intercept, if possible, the advancing Southern army, in spite of its shabby conduct to our good friend the squire. Up a long winding country lane, between fields of turnips and half-cut golden barley, we drive furiously as did the son of Nimshi. We can see two hussars taking a short way up a cart-road towards the downs, where the cavalry are already encamped.

A gradual sense comes over us of being surrounded by soldiers, for we presently meet a string of mounted dragoons in careless dress and nightcaps, each man leading a horse. Some of the dragoons are rating their horses, others coaxing them, nearly all are smoking, as they go down to the squire's lake for water. Yes, the infantry are expected every moment, so again we urge on our wild career, and turn into the by-

road after the two avant-courier hussars, who seem as inseparable as the two grenadiers of Heine's fine ballad.

We debouch at last upon the down, the broad rolling, the once lonely down. What a transformation! What! this the down that stretches unbroken for thirty miles—all the way from Amesbury and Great Stonehenge to Warminster, and the outstretched blue plain of Dorsetshire? What! this the quiet range of turf where I used to stretch myself on my stomach like a serpent, and practise for hours at the five hundred yards' range, no one near me but rabbits and crows; my only other visitors the watchful wheat-ears, reconnoitring from the little grassy ant-hills, purple with flowering thyme? Haven't I blazed away whole summer afternoons and seen only one white awninged market-cart come jogging down that white streak of road, which cuts the green turf like a chalk-line on a billiard-table, and winds down through the fir-wood from Codford. Was there ever any sound here to answer the sharp tang of my bullets on the iron target but the linnetsong from the golden gorse, or the lark's blithe hymn in the blue sky overhead? But, beshrew me, now, the down is alive with warlike men and caparisoned horses, and long rows of white tents have sprung up thick as mushrooms. A canvas city has arisen, sudden as a dream-world, and the ring of trumpet, the clash of sword and scabbard, the shout of soldiers, the cry to distant comrades, the stern word of command, fill the astonished air. Here is a group of lancers, half the men stretched out asleep, but still holding the bridles of their patient horses. Here a tent round which half-dressed soldier-workmen stitch at red jackets, mend saddles, or tug out handfuls from brown trusses of hay. Here are soldiers building fires under walls of turf, stirring kettles, or tending boiling pots. Here stands a group of dismounted dragoons beating the horizon with field-glasses. The Northern army is across the Wiley, not far off, and the Southern videttes are out in all directions.

"Been out on the scout, Baker?" cries an hussar, as a tired dragoon, his legs still bowed with a long scour across country, ties up his horse and strides into a tent, growling an affirmative as he disappears.

"I hope the infantry will soon be here," says another hussar to his comrade, "or they Northerners might attack us through that wood before we could get our men up."

"There they come, sure," said a grey-



coated gentleman-farmer of the true Wiltshire breed, jolly, frank, and hearty, "over the brow of that hill, behind those baggage-carts."

It was the Rifles with some guns, followed by dark masses of infantry. They flow on down the road, rolling like a sluggish dark flood, and behind them glows something red. Those are the Guards. Soon the Rifles spread down the valley over the turf, and form in long black lines, while the red stream behind them widens and widens, speckled white here and there with shoulder belts and other accoutrements. They are to camp down in the valley, in a line with my old, now dismantled, rifle-butts. Some of the officers come riding up towards the cavalry to ask for news. While we look with pleasant consternation at this invasion of our native soil, fresh regiments, in solid red masses, keep marching diagonally across the valley, and draw up here and there in close formation. Presently they ground arms, and in small companies decant off into the lines of tents that have sprung up as we stood there. In a few minutes groups of red specks appear at every tent door; flags mark out the site of the various regiments; the canvas city is peopled—the warlike nomades have arrived to tenant their vagrant homes.

And now we steer homeward up a steep, stone-strewn hill, and come upon the commencement of the two miles of baggage waggons, one long, jolting, dusty, unbroken line. Sturdy, thick-set waggons they are, each drawn by four strong horses, with two soldier-drivers as postilions, and escorts of armed men in the true military manner, just as if at any moment pistols might bang, sabres flash, and mounted robbers swoop down upon their prize. The waggons differ sufficiently to be interesting. Here comes a field-telegraph station, and after it drags a huge boat on wheels, ready for the engineers when they require supports for an impromptu bridge. After the pontoons, jumbles by a big waggon full of planks and beams, a cart full of tents, or a contractor's van, with meat, beans, or oats. There is great work putting on the massive drags that fix the hind wheels down the steep hill, and now and then an ammunition waggon is interpolated among vans full of merry, noisy, country sight-seers. It is all we can do to avoid the remorseless wheels, for some of the soldier-postilions are careless, some reckless, others surly and sullen. Every now and then a

hand, held warningly up, checks the long procession, and spreads angry confusion for half a mile backwards at least. The soldiers on foot, and the dismounted drivers, seem as ravenous and unscrupulous as locusts about all green food they meet, and many a rank handful of clean, white, half-grown turnips is pulled up and crammed into holsters, haversacks, and saddle-bags.

"How dare you touch those turnips? Put them down directly," cried a young mounted officer as he rides past a plunderer.

"Got permission, sir," is the ready but not strictly veracious answer of the sun-burnt driver. "Like his cheek," he says, as the officer rides away, "to think I was going to throw them away after all my trouble." And he crams them into the white canvas bag on his left side.

Half the old decorated soldiers who tramp on as escorts of the luggage waggons wear the undress nightcap, and look by no means unlike guerilla banditti. Among the gallant volunteer escort there are faces and demeanours worthy of Punch, and one long-faced Highlander, with a glass in his rueful left eye, strikes me as peculiarly droll from the loyal Scotchman's evident self-satisfaction at his own appearance as a veteran on active service. At last the final waggon, a sort of sutler's venture of tin cans and lemonade bottles, rickets past us, and we are on the road alone. The only sign of an army left is an empty box turned up at the corner of the road, with "To the Camp" chalked upon it by some considerate native. Three hours later, after dinner, we go out up one of the lanes leading to the downs, and see, stretching away for a mile or more, the long line of camp fires, in a region where ordinarily o' nights a light stronger than a glow-worm's would puzzle and astonish. And when we discover, black against the dark horizon, the long line of Squire Groveley's fir-woods, we remember that a night attack by the watchful Northern army is dreaded, and that every path and riding is paced by the sleepless Southern sentinels.

Not long after daybreak the next morning I am again on the long stony lane leading up to the now populous downs, riding by the side of an old Indian officer, who takes a veteran's contemptuous view of the present system of autumn manoeuvres. Another moment and the long streets of the canvas city will open before our eyes. Imagine Aladdin when he woke and found his palace flown, and only the drear brown desert before him, and you see me standing

up in my stirrups and rubbing my eyes to find only half a dozen tents (one of which drops and is packed away as I gaze), half a dozen dragoon horses, and ten or twelve cumbersome baggage-waggons, already on the move. Yes, the camp is broken up, and Sir John Michel is off to seize the fords of the Wiley. There is nothing left but some heaps of hay, some sacks of oats, a heap of firewood, countless black circles, made by the fires we saw last night, and long trampled lines where the tents had stood. We look into one officer's tent, still standing, with the owner's towel drying on one of the cords, and a pair of cavalry boots standing by as if they were the officer's legs that had been shot off in a morning skirmish. A trumpet sounds, and the dragoons saddle their horses that are picketed near this tent. One of the men, a reckless-looking young fellow, is so tipsy that he lets his horse go, and it gallops off across the down, luckily soon headed back by a fusilier quarter-master who is on escort duty. When the horse is brought back, the drunken lad lashes it with a bridle till it backs into the other horses and begins kicking dangerously. Then two or three dragoons knock over their inebriated comrade, who rolls helplessly under the charger's legs, and eventually is thrown down headlong on the turf with force enough to beat in his brass helmet.

"Seize that man, corporal," cries the sergeant, and two or three dragoons advance towards the too social youth, who however shows fight, and looks savage enough to use his sword or carbine if he unluckily has them about him.

"D—fuss," he cries, "about a little drink; one would think I was a deserter."

The good-natured quarter-master comes up, expostulates with him, and leads him to the straps of a baggage-waggon, whose drivers are already mounted for the start. The tipsy soldier clings helplessly to the waggon.

"We are all friends here, Baker," says Mentor, the quarter-master; "your only enemy is yourself."

"Stand off, Davy," said the infuriated mutineer; "none of them will touch me, and do you know why, Davy? do you know why? Because they're afraid."

Just then the officer reads the roll-call, the men answer to their names, and at the approach of the move off the obstreperous dragoon cools down and answers in a wandering way to his name.

"How these fellows drink," said my

friend. "I've seen them bawling for beer and cider at every house they pass. The gentry and farmers are so hospitable with champagne to the officers, and beer to the men, that it is enough to demoralise the whole army; and, goodness, how they steal turnips and kill hares. I should only like to have them at Peshawur for a week; I'd soon let them know."

A beery-looking hussar, in very dirty undress, came up just then, and explained vaguely, but at great length, his views of Sir John Michel's tactics. He wanted to know if he should get us some porter from the canteen, and enlarged on the merits of several generals who were never off the saddle from two in the morning till twelve at night. He told us that a Northern spy had been made prisoner in the camp last night; his uniform was hidden by a waterproof. He added that every one must wear a Southern badge (a white band round the left arm), and he wants to sell us one.

"Disgraceful," said my friend, as the fellow at last shambled off to help load a hospital waggon; "a regular cadger, and every other word a lie. What good now is a drunken idle rascal like that?"

As we ride on after the army, an old farmer trots up to us on his cob, his Wiltshire dialect broader than ever from excitement. He has just been made prisoner in his own turnip-field by two lancers.

"A pretty thing," he says; "and I told them I'd more right there than they had—that's what I said."

"Going in for much compensation?" says my friend, dryly.

"Compensation is all very well," replies the farmer, "but I do hold that one would lose half one's time getting the money. But, there, I may try for a little."

A sharp canter across the downs soon brings us up to the rear of the army. More long rumbling lines of waggons. Here a farrier stopping to nail on a horse's loose shoe, there some hopeless-looking drunken or tired men, sitting in ambulance waggons; and presently a badly packed cart, from which, as we pass, fall some tin cans, some firewood, and a tent-pole, which no one seems to stop for.

Then the downs open to a high plateau, with rolling blue hills beyond, clumps of wood, slopes, and hollows. Below in the valley, hidden by trees, runs the disputed river, bordered by villages. On the plateau several regiments have halted, and are lying down, dotting with scarlet the broad green turf. The Rifles, too, are here

in dark masses, and the great brazen ophicleide of the band glitters in the sun. There are rumours that the enemy has been seen skirting the distant hills towards Amesbury, but we see only a few specks, which may perhaps be mounted reconnoiterers. There is no sound of firing. A telegraph tent is pitched on the down, and the wires, covered with gutta-percha, wind from an iron arch across the road, through the furze bushes and tufts of flowery heather. Some officers tell us that Michel is very anxious to seize the river, as otherwise the camp will have to return to-night to Fonthill Down.

We strike off now across the down by a wood, where some merry country people are lunching in unhorsed vans, to a good point of view. The paths are lined with deep and dangerous ruts, and one has to be wary in riding. A rainy haze suddenly brightens to sunshine as we come upon the main Southern army below in the valley. The Guards are lying down on the stubble in long lines of white-speckled scarlet, waiting for the word to advance. Behind them is the band, every musical instrument sparkling like gold. In a field beyond, the Rifles are advancing along the edge of a barley-field, and making for a gap that leads down to the river. A hare, frightened at their approach, is skimming across the fallows, watched by many eager eyes. Mounted orderlies gallop to and fro with orders.

This division is scarcely out of sight when we see, on a distant hill across the river, a great waft of smoke, out of which comes the roar of a gun. The fighting has commenced. The Southern army is striking for the river ford, and the Northern has seen them. A quarter of an hour more, and we see the Rifles massed on an opposite hill, moving in face of a wood, which, it is supposed, conceals an ambuscade. As we stay our horses to watch, the wood suddenly steams with smoke, and half a second after comes the rattle of musketry, to which the Rifles, nothing loth, reply with equal energy. A short sharp tussle, and the Northerners come pouring out of the wood in full retreat, firing as they retire. The Southern bullets have ferreted them out of their covert, and they fly to higher ground, above a great hollow of the down, difficult of access. Their enemies come scrambling after them. Puffs of smoke, upward and downward, mark the picturesque struggle. Then the battle rolls away over the brow of the hill, and passes from our sight.

"Pack of nonsense," growls my unappeasable companion. "Why did those Northern fellows get miles away from their supports. Pretty generalship, indeed. Well, I suppose we had better see the end of it. They'll give battle now. Hark away, then."

We are soon down across the river to the right, among the Northerners, into Steeple Langford, which we find full of soldiers ready for the advance, for the North, hitherto on the defensive, is to-day to assail the enemy's camp on Codford Down. Horsemen are scouring along, artillery hurrying to the front, generals riding about as if they had lost their staff, or scarcely knew where they had got to—a very possible contingency. We ride along a dusty road, some fields off the river, and find the fords watched by skirmishers behind every tree. To the right the down runs steeply up, in some places almost precipitously. Mounted officers scour up and down the road as if a Waterloo were impending. Some grey horsemen dash along the road. Those are the Hampshire Light Horse. Very gallant they look with their plumed wideawakes; they are well mounted, good riders, and several decorated young officers are among them. We clamber up over the stubble-fields, and find the hedges lined with riflemen, all on the keen outlook for the foe; every bank, tree, and bush hides a man.

"Well placed," said my friend, condescendingly; "that's workman-like. Generally these fellows care no more for cover than if they were facing squirts and pop-guns. Now let's go back to the Southern lot."

So we go. As I cross the boundary, I pass a wood that looks demurely quiet, full as it is of mischief.

"They're in there for a dozen," says my old colonel.

I look in through the green darkness, and soon catch glimpses of scarlet behind the fir-trees and under the banks. The grenadiers, generally with bearskins off—nightcaps again—are in twos and threes, watchful as deer-stalkers. Neither side seems anxious to attack. Neither knows the other's strength. There they stand, like Sir Richard Strachan, waiting with his sword half drawn, while all the while the Earl of Chatham

Is very eager to get at 'em.

Bolder at last, the North creeps forward and dashes at the wood, which instantly shoots

out tongues of fire and volleys of smoke. But the stealthy and daring riflemen still advance, and the Southerners, outnumbered, begin to pour out of the rear of the wood, firing as they go. They dash down a steep slope, fire from the hedge in the valley, and slowly scatter over a field towards their camp. We have dismounted, and left our horses with a boy, and the foe, as they work through the wood, make for a cluster of trees where we stand, urging us forward, and sending my friend the colonel headlong over a stump, from which he rises with many sharp remarks in very choice and emphatic Hindostanee. I, too, suddenly find my left ear apparently blown away by the discharge of the rifle of a too zealous skirmisher, and now ensues a very pretty and effective episode of the bloodless war. The Southern grenadiers, on the opposite hill, seeing their camp threatened, suddenly spread in a long semicircle through the stubble, and intrench themselves on very advantageous ground. Quick as moles the deft spademen dig a long shallow trench, and throw up before it a low embankment. In a few minutes only a few black heads are visible, and the place is ready for the supports, who scramble in.

The Northern riflemen are all down in the lane, lining the hedge, but not willing to advance in front of the rifle-pits, at which they keep up an incessant and harassing, but not perhaps very destructive fire. Squadrons of Life Guards, with sparkling breast-plates, are stealing round the higher downs to turn the flank of the foe, watched by the Tenth Hussars, who are down in the valley on the right of the camp. The North, too, is busy in the Wiley-road, trying to turn the enemy's other flank, and firing untiringly at the retreating skirmishers. To change our point of sight, we stride across the lane, and up the stubbles towards the rifle-pits. In the face of a heavy and well-nourished fire, we leap on the embankment, and over the trench, and get in the rear of the defenders, who are bravely preparing for the worst. Below we see the Rifles gathering near an open gate for the assault, while their supports, in masses of scarlet, are hurrying down from the wood, a terrible target for the bullets they too evidently despise. The trenches are closely packed with the Guards, a sergeant near us is earnestly directing the fire, and urging on the marksmen. All in nightcaps again, and the clumsy bearskins are lying anywhere among the torn blue paper of the cartridge-packets. Two men,

carrying a chest like an enormous cigar-box, run along outside the trench, feeding the men with blue packets of cartridges. The fire is tremendous. Thundering, crashing, withering. It rolls and rages in waves of sound, and the calm sergeant, equal to the occasion,

Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

So, by-the-bye, does the captain of the Rifles, for now the dark green men advance in mass through the gate, and swiftly advance on the pits. In vain the sergeant cries:

"Now then, watch that gate. Wait a bit, Thompson. Now, then, give it them; let them have it again. Keep it up, boys. Now, then, at that clump on the hill; blaze away, my lads; give it to 'em. We'll teach 'em."

Alas! brave sergeant of the Coldstreams, I see three Northern guns jolt down the slope, stop, turn, and open fire. You must retreat, sons of Mars, and retreat in time. Waggon-loads of cartridges could not save you; and here come the Rifles, chaffing you about your defeat. Fall back. And fall back they do, in long skirmishing lines, while the left side of the intrenchment still hold possession against the riflemen attacking from the road, the most protected side, and there is a grave and angry discussion in the pits as to whether they are or are not beaten.

"I say, sergeant-major," said one officer, not unknown in the West-end, and looking singularly helpless in the bearskin that covers up his eyes, "they say we are enfiladed. What do fellows do when they're enfiladed?"

By this time cannon open fire everywhere, especially to the far right on the South and the far left on the North. The South still retreats in long skirmishing lines, heedless of the most annihilating artillery fire. Cavalry charges are expected, but do not come off.

"Parcel of humbug," says a Scotch Fusilier to me. "I haven't had all my things off since I left Aldershot. All I hope is, the Tenth will get at those Life Guards; and if they do there will be fist-cuffs, for they hate each other like mad."

And now, by a masterly manoeuvre, worthy of Captain Bobadil himself, each army turns a flank of the other, so that the invaders are now cut off from the sea, and the defenders from London, a curious kind of scholar's mate.

"Mashallah," said my friend, slapping

his thigh; "if I don't think any two intelligent country gentlemen hereabouts, taken at random, could have manœuvred the two armies better than that!"

Still the Guards, no one knows why, fall steadily back; still on the left flank the volunteers line the hedges, and blaze away; still through a heavy rain, now set in, everybody fires anywhere, at friend or foe; still the Prince, under a haystack, gets wet, and seems to enjoy it; still the guns crack like maroons at the Crystal Palace; still they blaze away from the distant heights, till the umpires, with the white rosettes, red and confused, ride up and beg every one to stop firing, and to get as soon as possible out of reach of the foreign visitors.

"Well, I never did," vociferates my friend the colonel; "but there is one thing, the worse the fellows do it the more proof it is that manœuvres (though not this particular sort) are required if we want in England to keep up anything but a navy—and a navy, mind you, of untried vessels."

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### BOOK III.

#### CHAPTER I. DULY PRESENTED.

THE words of recognition uttered by Mr. Wetter filled Pauline with the utmost consternation. What! was this elegant gentleman who stood before her, with an amused smile on his handsome face, the same Henrich Wetter, the blonde and lymphatic clerk to Monsieur Krebs?

As she stared at him the features grew familiar to her, and she saw that he was practising no deception. Henrich Wetter! He knew all about her former life, then, and, if he chose, could, with a word, destroy the neat fabric of invention which she had so carefully raised. He could tell any one, whose interest it would be to know it, all about her position at the Restaurant du Midi, all about her marriage with Tom Durham, perhaps even some of the particulars of her life since her marriage? It would be most advisable to keep on good terms with a man of so much knowledge. So, all these thoughts having flashed instantaneously through Pauline's mind, she turned to her companion with a look in which astonishment and delight were admirably blended, and stretched out her hand in the frankest and friendliest manner.

"You must not be astonished at my not recognising you, Monsieur Wetter," she said; "it is long since we met, and in the interval you are so much changed, and, if I may say it, so much improved."

Mr. Wetter smiled blandly and easily. "And you, Pauline—" he said.

Pauline started as he pronounced the name. Her husband was the only man who had so addressed her since the old days at Marseilles, and, of course, she had not heard it since his death.

"And you, Pauline," he continued, "how well and handsome you look! how prosperous you seem!"

"Do I, Monsieur Wetter?" she said, with a characteristic shoulder shrug, "do I? It must be then because I have a light heart and a strong will of my own, for I have not been without my troubles, and heavy ones too. However, these are matters in which you could feel no possible interest, and with which I will not pretend to worry you."

"I feel no interest in what concerns you?" said Mr. Wetter, with elevated eyebrows. "Why, what do you imagine brought me to this house?"

"Information that the house was to let, and a desire to see if it would suit your purpose."

"Suit my purpose?" repeated Mr. Wetter, with a half-sneering laugh. "And what do you imagine my purpose to be, Pauline? I am a man of action and of business. It would not suit me to drone away my life in this rural solitude; my home must be in London, where my time is spent."

"Perhaps you came to look at the house for a friend?" said Pauline.

"Wrong again," he cried; "my friends are like myself, men to whom this house, from its situation, would be absolutely useless. Now, what do you say if I were to tell you," he said, leaning on the table, and bending towards her as he spoke, "that the memory of the old days has never passed away from my mind, of the old days when Adolphe de Noailles and I ran neck and neck for the hand of the prettiest girl in Marseilles, and when we were both beaten by the English escroc who took her away from us?"

"Monsieur Wetter," said Pauline, holding up her hand, "he was my husband."

"You are right in saying was, Pauline; for he is dead, and you are free. You see," he added, in amusement at the amazed expression on her face, "I keep myself

tolerably well informed as to the movements of those in whom I have at any time taken an interest."

"And by your—your inquiries you learned that I was here?" she asked.

"No," he replied; "truth to tell, that was entirely accidental. I have only just returned from America, and as I was riding by here a few days ago I thought I perceived you at the window. At first I doubted the evidence of my senses, and even when I had satisfied myself I was so completely bouleversé that I could not attempt to come in. I went home meditating on what I had seen, and determining to come out again on the first opportunity. As I rode out to-day I was debating within myself what excuse I could possibly offer for intruding upon you without announcing myself, as I wished to ascertain whether you would recognise me, when the board at the gate, advertising the house to let, fortunately afforded me the necessary excuse, and how the rest of the little comedy was played out you are aware."

Pauline looked at him earnestly for some moments, as though desirous of ascertaining whether he had correctly stated the motive by which he professed himself animated. The result of her survey seemed to be satisfactory, for she said to him, "I need scarcely tell you, Monsieur Wetter, that I am much flattered by what you have said, or that I am very much pleased to see you again."

"And on my part," said he, taking her hand and gallantly raising it to his lips, "I need scarcely say that the pleasure is mutual. I hope I shall often be allowed to visit you in this house?"

"Not in this house," said Pauline. "You forget the board at the gate. There is no deception about that. This house is veritably to let, and we are about to leave it as soon as possible."

"Why?" said Mr. Wetter, interrogatively.

"Why," interrupted Pauline. "I forgot to mention that I am not here alone, and that this is not my house. There is another lady with me."

"Oh, indeed; another lady?" said Wetter, brightening. "And who may she be?"

The change in his manner was not lost upon Pauline. "She is a lady who has just lost her husband," said she, coldly. "Her bereavement is so recent, and she feels it so acutely, that she will see no one, nor will she remain in this house where she lived with him."

"Poor creature," said Mr. Wetter, shaking his head. "No one with any feeling would desire to intrude upon her. And will you continue to live with her when she moves to a new abode?"

"I shall," said Pauline, still coldly. "She depends upon me greatly for advice and assistance."

"And that new abode will be?" he asked, insinuatingly.

"I cannot say at present," she replied; "nothing is decided; we have, indeed, scarcely had time to look out."

"You will let me know when you have fixed upon a spot, will you not?" he said. "I am going out of town for some shooting, but I shall not be more than a month away; and I should like to carry with me the thought that the renewal of an acquaintance so dear to me is not a mere temporary measure."

His manner was as earnest and as gallant as before, and his eyes were as expressive as his words, but Pauline still answered him coldly: "You shall have a line from me stating where I have pitched my tent if you will tell me where to send it."

He gave her his address in South Audley-street, and, as there was nothing more to be done, rose and took his leave. As he bade her adieu he once more raised her hand to his lips, and reiterated his hope of speedily hearing from her.

Pauline walked to the window, and looked out after him. She heard his retreating footsteps, but it was too dark to see his figure. Then, as she turned away, her face was set and rigid, and she muttered to herself, "Connu, monsieur! connu! Though I was very nearly being taken in by your bland manner and the softly sympathetic voice in which you spoke of those old memories. If it had not been for that sly look at the corner of your eyes, which you always had, and which I recognised at once when you spoke of the subject in which you were really interested, I might have imagined that it was on my account you had taken the trouble to ride out here, that to renew your friendship with me was the one great wish of your life. It is all plain to me now. He has seen Alice, and is dying for an introduction to her. He tried to avail himself of the circumstance of the house being to let, was baffled for the moment when he recognised me, but had sufficient mother wit to enable him to concoct a story by which I was so nearly taken in! I, with whom all vanity ought to have died out years ago, whose know-

ledge of the world ought to have led me at once to suspect the hollowness of Monsieur Wetter's profession!

"He wants an introduction to Alice, that is it, undoubtedly; and for what end? He is amazingly changed, this garçon! He is no longer lymphatic, romantic in the highest degree, mawkish, or Teutonic; he rides on horseback, and affects the air of conquest. There is about him a smack of the gallant, of the *coureur des dames*. He is a man whom Alice would not like, but still it is as well that she did not see him at this particular time. He is going out of town, he said; when he comes back we shall have moved to another house, our change of address will not be recorded in the fashionable newspapers, and, as I shall take care that it is not sent to Monsieur Wetter in South Andley-street, it is probable that he will know nothing about it. And so," she added, drawing down the blinds as she heard Alice's footsteps on the stairs, "bon soir, Monsieur Wetter."

And for his own part, Mr. Wetter, as he rode back to London, was full of his reflections.

"What a wonderful thing," he thought to himself, "that I should have come across Pauline Lunelle in that house, and how lucky that I recognised her instantly, and was enabled, by playing upon her vanity, to put her off the scent of the real motive of my visit, and induce her to believe that I had come to see her. Let me see; all the points of the story seem to fit and dove-tail together admirably. Pauline spoke of her companion as a widow—yes, that's right. I saw the notice of John Calverley's death just before I left New York. She said, too, that her husband, the escroc, was dead—that, also, is right. I recollect reading the story of his having been drowned some time ago. Ay, and now I remember that it spoke of him, Mr. Durham, as having been in the employ of Messrs. Calverley. This would account for Pauline's presence in that house, and her intended connexion with that pretty girl. So far so good, *je prend mon bien où je le trouve*; and I think in the present instance I shall not have far to look for it. Mademoiselle Pauline Lunelle, *ex-dame du comptoir*, will be too much frightened at the idea of having the story of her own youth set before her friends to refuse to aid me in any way that I may wish."

It was curious to note how Alice had accepted Pauline's companionship as a matter of course, and how she seemed to cling to

the Frenchwoman for society in that dark period of her life. When Martin Gurwood visited her soon after her convalescence, he conducted himself, under Humphrey Statham's directions, with all the formality and authority of a duly appointed guardian, and as such Alice received him. Amongst the business matters which were discussed between them, the appointment of Pauline to her new charge naturally held a prominent place. Martin imagined that he might have had some difficulty in bringing Alice to his views, but Pauline had already made herself so useful and agreeable to the broken-hearted girl, relieving her of all trouble, and showing, without the least ostentation, that she thoroughly sympathised with her grief, that Alice was only too glad to learn that for some time, at least, her home was to be shared by a person so capable of understanding her position and administering to her wants. And Martin Gurwood himself did not fail to notice the alteration in Madame Du Tertre's demeanour, the gentleness of her manner towards Alice, the delicacy with which she warded off any chance allusion that might have pained her, and the eagerness and anxiety she exhibited to do her service. Martin mentioned these facts to Humphrey Statham, who received the communication in the most matter-of-fact manner, and said something to the effect "that he was glad to hear that the Frenchwoman was earning her money," which Martin, who was essentially soft-hearted, and who surrounded everything connected with Alice with a halo of romance, thought rather a brutal speech.

Uncaring in most matters, assenting not languidly—for, poor child, she strove to feign an interest which she did not feel, and failed most signally in the attempt—to all that was proposed to her, Alice had yet one real anxiety, and that was to get away as quickly as possible from Rose Cottage. The place had become hateful to her; everywhere, in the house, in the garden, there was something to remind her of the kind old man who had loved her so, and whom she had lost for ever. She wanted to be rid of it all, not merely the house, but the furniture, with its haunting memories; and most fortunately there arrived one day an American gentleman, whose business compelled him to dwell in England for a few years, during which period he must be two or three times a week in London, and who was so charmed with the cottage and its contents that he took the lease of the first, and purchased the

second "right away," as he expressed it, at the price demanded for it.

Then what was to be done, and where were they to go to? Alice had expressed a decided objection to the country, and it was accordingly decided that the new residence must be either in London itself, or in some immediate suburb. So advertisements in the newspapers were eagerly consulted, and likely house-agents were daily besieged by Martin Gurwood and Statham, until one day, just before the time when it was necessary that Rose Cottage should be given up, the latter gentleman brought word that he had seen what he thought would be a suitable house. It was the corner house in a new street of the old village of Chelsea, and from its side window one had a pleasant glimpse of the river and the green fields and waving trees on the further shore. A neat, unpretending, comfortable little house, neatly and comfortably furnished with the money derived from the sale of the contents of Rose Cottage, suited to Alice's means, where she could live peaceably, exciting less curiosity, perhaps, than in a more retired spot. From nine in the morning till five in the evening scarcely a man, save the tradespeople of the neighbourhood, was seen in the street, but there were plenty of lady-like women and children, with their nursemaids, passing to and fro, and to many of these Alice speedily became known as "the pretty, delicate-looking lady at number nine." All attempts at visiting were declined on the score of Mrs. Claxton's ill health, and the necessity for her maintaining perfect quietude. But Pauline had a bowing acquaintance with several of the neighbours, and was highly popular among the children.

In the early days of their tenancy Martin Gurwood was a daily visitor, and the intense respectability of his appearance did much to influence the neighbours in Alice's favour. On several occasions he was accompanied by Humphrey Statham; and when, after a short time, Martin had to return to his vicarage at Lullington, Mr. Statham came up once or twice a week and took tea with the ladies, both of whom were impressed with his gentlemanly bearing, his modesty, and his practical good sense. They had no other visitors; so it was not astonishing that one evening, when their only servant was out, and Alice feeling somewhat fatigued was lying down in her bedroom, Pauline seated at the window in the dusk seeing a tall bearded gentleman making for the house, imagined

herself to let him in. But her surprise was only equalled by her dismay when on looking up, she found herself confronted by Heinrich Wetter.

For an instant she stood in the doorway irresolute, but as the new-comer politely but firmly pressed into the passage, she felt constrained to ask him to walk into the parlour, and followed him there.

"Now really I am obliged to call this an exhibition of very bad manners, my dear Madame Durham."

"For Heaven's sake!" cried Pauline, interrupting him. "I am Madame Du Tertre!"

"By all means," said Mr. Wetter, pleasantly, "my dear Madame Du Tertre, then. In the first place you failed in fulfilling your agreeable promise to send me your new address; and when, with infinite labour and pains, I have discovered it, you seem as though you were inclined to close your door against me."

"It was a mistake," murmured Pauline, "I did not recognise you in the darkness; I took you for some one else."

"Took me for some one else," he repeated with a laugh. "Mistook me for some of those gay gallants who besiege your door, and who is out of favour for the time!"

The levity of his tone grated on Pauline's ear. "You are labouring under a mistake, Monsieur Wetter," she said. "We, that is to say I, have but few friends, and certainly no acquaintances of the kind you indicate."

"Do you look upon me as one of those acquaintances of the kind I indicate," said Mr. Wetter, lying lazily back in his chair and smiling placidly at her, "and that it is for that reason you have failed in sending me your address?"

"It is so long since we knew anything of each other, that I should be uncertain in what category of my acquaintance to class you, Monsieur Wetter," said Pauline, becoming desperately annoyed at his self-sufficiency and nonchalance. "The reason that you did not receive my address was, that I had lost yours, and I did not know where to write to you."

"Quite a sufficient excuse," he said, "and no more need be said about the matter, unless I call your attention to the fact, that despite your negligence, I have discovered you, and have brought to that discovery an amount of perseverance and skill which would——"

"Which would have been better employed in a worthier cause," said Pauline,



"A worthier cause!" said Mr. Wetter. "How could that be? There can be nothing better than a restoration of an old friendship, unless," he added, half under his breath, "unless it be the commencement of a new one."

His tone was so eminently provoking, that despite her better reason, Pauline suffered herself to be betrayed into an expression of annoyance.

"It is not the restoration of an old friendship that brings you here, Monsieur Wetter," she said, settling herself stiffly, and glaring at him. "Your memory, of which you prate, cannot serve you very well if you take me for a fool."

"My dear Mademoiselle Lunelle, Madame Durham, Madame—I beg your pardon, I have forgotten the most recent appellation—you do me a serious injustice in imagining that I take you for anything of the kind. The way in which you managed your affairs at Marseilles would have prevented my having any such ideas."

"And yet you think to blind and hoodwink me by pretending that you are very glad to see me."

"I am very glad to see you," said Mr. Wetter, smiling, "I can give you my word of honour of that."

"But why—why, I ask?" said Pauline, vehemently.

"Because I think you can be of use to me," said Mr. Wetter, bending forward, and bringing his hand down with force upon the table. "It is well to be explicit about that."

"Of use to you," said Pauline. "In what way?"

"By introducing me to the lady who was living with you out in that country place where I last had the pleasure of seeing you, who is now living with you in this house. I have taken a fancy to her, and desire the pleasure of making her acquaintance."

"Monsieur, que d'honneur!" exclaimed Pauline, with curling lip, and making him a mock obeisance. "How flattered she ought to be at this proof of your esteem."

"Don't be satirical, Mademoiselle Lunelle—it is best to stick to the name which I know once to have been really yours," said Mr. Wetter, with a certain amount of savageness, "don't be satirical, it does not become you, and it offends me."

"Offends?" cried Pauline.

"Offends," repeated Mr. Wetter. "I have asked you to do nothing extraordinary, nothing but what any gentleman might ask of any lady."

"And suppose I were to refuse—suppose I were to decide from pique, jealousy, or whatever other motive you may choose to accredit me with, that it was inexpedient for me to present you to my friend—what then?"

"Then," said Mr. Wetter, with smiling lips, but with an unpleasant look in his eyes, "I should be forced to present myself. I have made up mind to make this lady's acquaintance, and it's a characteristic of mine, that I invariably carry out what I once undertake, and in making her acquaintance, I should have occasion to inquire how much she knew of the character and antecedents of the person who was domesticated with her."

"You threaten?" cried Pauline.

"Everything," said Mr. Wetter, again bringing his hand down upon the table. "And I not merely threaten, but I execute! Your position at Marseilles, the name and social status of your husband, and the circumstances under which you married him, all these will be news I should think to Mrs.—by the way, you have not told me how the lady calls herself."

While he had been speaking Pauline's head had fallen upon her breast. She raised it now but a very little as she said, "Her name is Claxton, I will present you to her whenever you choose."

"Of course you will," said Mr. Wetter, gaily touching her hand with the back of his. "And there is no time like the present for such a pleasurable interview. She is in the house I suppose?"

"She is," said Pauline.

"Very well then, introduce me at once. By the way, it will be advisable perhaps to say that I am your cousin, or something of that sort. We are both foreigners you know, and English people are not clever in distinguishing between Germans and French, either in name or accent."

Pauline bowed her head and left the room. Five minutes afterwards she returned, bringing Alice with her. Her lips trembled, and her face was deadly pale as she said, "My dear, permit me to present to you my cousin, Monsieur Henrich Wetter."

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 202. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### WILLING TO DIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND THE KEY."

#### CHAPTER VI. A STRANGER APPEARS.

NEXT day Miss Grey and I were walking on the lonely road towards Penruthyn Priory. The sea lies beneath it on the right, and on the left is an old grass-grown bank, shaggy with brambles. Round a clump of ancient trees, that stand at a bend of this green rampart, about a hundred steps before us, came, on a sudden, Mr. Carmel, and a man dressed also in black, slight, but not so tall as he. They were walking at a brisk pace, and the stranger was talking incessantly to his companion.

That did not prevent his observing us, for I saw him slightly touch Mr. Carmel's arm with his elbow as he looked at us.

Mr. Carmel evidently answered a question; and, as he did so, glanced at us; and immediately the stranger resumed his conversation.

They were quickly up to us, and stopped. Mr. Carmel raised his hat, and asked leave to introduce his friend. We bowed, so did the stranger; but Mr. Carmel did not repeat his name very distinctly.

This friend was far from prepossessing. He was of middle height, and narrow-shouldered, what they call "putty-faced," and closely shorn, the region of the beard and whisker being defined in smooth dark blue. He looked about fifty. His movements were short and quick, and restless; he rather stooped, and his face and forehead inclined as if he were looking on the ground. But his eyes were not upon the ground; they were very fierce, but seldom rested for more than a moment on any one object. As he made his bow, rais-

ing his hat from his massive forehead first to me, and afterwards to Miss Grey, his eyes, compressed with those wrinkles with which near-sighted people assist their vision, scrutinised us each with a piercing glance under his black eyebrows. It was a face at once intellectual, mean, and intimidating.

"Walking; nothing like walking, in moderation. You have boating here also, and you drive, of course; which do you like best, Miss Ware?" The stranger spoke with a slightly foreign accent, and, though he smiled, with a harsh and rapid utterance.

I forget how I answered this, his first question—rather an odd one.

He turned and walked a little way with us.

"Charming country. Heavenly weather. But you must find it rather lonely, living down here. How you must both long for a week in London!"

"For my part, I like this better," I answered. "I don't like London in summer, even in winter I prefer this."

"You have lived here with people you like, I dare say, and for their sakes you love the place?" he mused.

We walked on a little in silence. His words recalled darling Nelly.

This was our favourite walk long ago; it led to what we called the blackberry wilderness, rich in its proper fruit in the late autumn, and in May with banks all covered with cowslips and primroses. A sudden thought, that finds simple associations near, is affecting, and my eyes filled with tears. But with an effort I restrained them. The presence of a stranger, the sense of publicity, seals those fountains. How seldom people cry at the funerals of their beloved! They go through the public rite like an ex-

cution, pale and collected, and return home to break their hearts alone.

"You have been here some months, Miss Grey. You find Miss Ware a very amenable pupil, I venture to believe. I think I know something of physiognomy, and I may congratulate you on a very sweet and docile pupil, eh?"

Laura Grey, governess as she was, looked a little haughtily at this officious gentleman, who, as he put the question, glanced sharply for a moment at her, and then as rapidly at me, as if to see how it told.

"I think—I hope we are very happy together," said Miss Grey. "I can answer for myself."

"Precisely what I expected," said the stranger, taking a pinch of snuff. "I ought to mention that I am a very particular acquaintance, friend, I may say, of Mrs. Ware, and am, therefore, privileged."

Mr. Carmel was walking beside his friend in silence, with his eyes apparently lowered to the ground all this time.

My blood was boiling with indignation at being treated as a mere child by this brusque and impertinent old man. He turned to me.

"I see, by your countenance, young lady, that you respect authority. I think your governess is very fortunate; a dull pupil is a bad bargain, and you are not dull. But a contumacious pupil is utterly intolerable; you are not that, either; you are sweetness and submission itself, eh?"

I felt my cheeks flushing, and I directed on him a glance which, if the fire of ladies' eyes be not altogether a fable, ought at least to have scorched him.

"I have no need of submission, sir. Miss Grey does not think of exercising authority over me. I shall be eighteen my next birthday. I shall be coming out, papa says, in less than a year. I am not treated like a child any longer, sir. I think, Laura, we have walked far enough. Hadn't we better go home? We can take a walk another time—any time would be pleasanter than now."

Without waiting for her answer, I turned, holding my head very high, breathing quickly, and feeling my cheeks in a flame.

The odious stranger, nothing daunted by my dignified resentment, smiled shrewdly, turned about quite unconcernedly, and continued to walk by my side. On my other side was Laura Grey, who told me afterwards that she greatly enjoyed my spirited treatment of his ill-breeding.

She walked by my side, looking straight before her, as I did. Out of the corners of my eyes I saw the impudent old man marching on as if quite unconscious, or, at least, careless of having given the least offence. Beyond him I saw, also, in the same oblique way, Mr. Carmel, walking with downcast eyes as before.

He ought to be ashamed, I thought, of having introduced such a person.

I had not time to think a great deal, before the man of the harsh voice and restless eyes suddenly addressed me again.

"You are coming out, you say, Miss Ware, when you are eighteen?"

I made him no answer.

"You are now seventeen, and a year intervenes," he continued, and turning to Mr. Carmel, "Edwya, run you down to the house, and tell the man to put my horse to."

So Mr. Carmel crossed the stile at the road-side, and disappeared by the path leading to the stables of Malory.

And then turning again to me, the stranger said:

"Suppose your father and mother have placed you in my sole charge, with a direction to remove you from Malory, and take you under my immediate care and supervision, to-day; you will hold yourself in readiness to depart immediately, attended by a lady appointed to look after you, with the approbation of your parents, eh?"

"No, sir, I'll not go. I'll remain with Miss Grey. I'll not leave Malory," I replied, stopping short, and turning toward him. I felt myself growing very pale, but I spoke with resolution.

"You'll not? what, my good young lady, not if I show you your father's letter?"

"Certainly not. Nothing but violence shall remove me from Malory, until I see papa himself. He certainly would not do anything so cruel," I exclaimed, while my heart sank within me.

He studied my face for a moment with his dark and fiery eyes.

"You are a spirited young lady; a will of your own!" he said. "Then you won't obey your parents?"

"I'll do as I have said," I answered, inwardly quaking.

He addressed Miss Grey now.

"You'll make her do as she's ordered?" said this man, whose looks seemed to me more sinister every moment.

"I really can't. Beside, in a matter of so much importance, I think she is right not to act without seeing her father, or, at least, hearing directly from him."

"Well, I must take my leave," said he. "And I may as well tell you it is a mere mystification; I have no authority, and no wish, to disturb your stay at Malory; and we are not particularly likely ever to meet again; and you'll forgive an old fellow his joke, young ladies?"

With these brusque and eccentric sentences, he raised his hat, and with the activity of a younger man, ran up the bank at the side of the road; and, on the summit, looked about him for a moment, as if he had forgotten us altogether; and then, at his leisure, he descended at the other side, and was quite lost to view.

Laura Grey and I were both staring in the direction in which he had just disappeared. Each, after a time, looked in her companion's face.

"I almost think he's mad!" said Miss Grey.

"What could have possessed Mr. Carmel to introduce such a person to us?" I exclaimed.

"Did you hear his name," I asked, after we had again looked in the direction in which he had gone, without discovering any sign of his return.

"Droquille, I think," she answered.

"Oh! Laura, I am so frightened! Do you think papa can really intend any such thing? He's too kind. I'm sure it is a falsehood."

"It is a joke, he says himself," she answered. "I can't help thinking a very odd joke, and very pointless; and one that did not seem to amuse even himself."

"Then do you think it is true?" I urged, my panic returning.

"Well, I can't think it is true, because, if it were, why should he say it was a joke? We shall soon know. Perhaps Mr. Carmel can enlighten us."

"I thought he seemed in awe of that man," I said.

"So did I," answered Miss Grey. "Perhaps he is his superior."

"I'll write to-day to papa, and tell him all about it; you shall help me; and I'll implore of him not to think of anything so horrible and cruel."

Laura Grey stopped short, and laid her hand on my wrist for a moment, thinking.

"Perhaps it would be as well if we were to turn about and walk a little further, so as to give him time to get quite away."

"But if he wants to take me away in that carriage, or whatever it is, he'll wait any time for my return."

"So he would, but the more I think over

it, the more persuaded I am that there is nothing in it."

"In any case, I'll go back," I said. "Let us go into the house and lock the doors; and if that odious Mr. Droquille attempts to force his way in, Thomas Jones will knock him down, and we'll send Anne Owen to Cardyllion for Williams, the policeman. I hate suspense. If there is to be anything unpleasant, it is better to have it decided, one way or other, as soon as possible."

Laura Grey smiled, and spoke merrily of our apprehensions; but I don't think she was quite so much at ease as she assumed to be.

Thus we turned about, I, at least, with a heart thumping very fast, and we walked back towards the old house of Malory, where, as you have this moment heard, we had made up our minds to stand a siege.

#### CHAPTER VII. TASSO.

I DARE say I was a great fool; but if you had seen the peculiar and unpleasant face of Monsieur Droquille, and heard his harsh nasal voice, in which there was something of habitual scorn, you would make excuses. I confess I was in a great fright by the time we had got well into the dark avenue that leads up to the house.

I hesitated a little as we reached that point in the carriage-road, not a long one, which commands a clear view of the hall-door steps. I had heard awful stories of foolish girls spirited away to convents, and never heard of more. I have doubts as to whether, had I seen Monsieur Droquille or his carriage there, I should not have turned about, and run through the trees. But the court-yard, in front of the house was, as usual, empty and still; on its gravel surface reposed the sharp shadows of the pointed gables above, and the tufts of grass on its surface had not been bruised by recent carriage wheels. Instead, therefore, of taking to flight, I hurried forward, accompanied by Laura Grey, to seize the fortress before it was actually threatened.

In we ran, lightly, and locked the hall-door, and drew chain and bolt against Monsieur Droquille; and up the great stairs to our room, each infected by the other's panic. Safely in the room, we locked and bolted our door, and stood listening, until we had recovered breath. Then I rang our bell furiously, and up came Anne Owen, or, as her countrymen pronounce it, Anne Wan. There had been, after all, no attack;

no human being had attempted to intrude upon our cloistered solitude.

"Where is Mrs. Torkill?" I asked, through the door.

"In the still-room, please miss."

"Well, you must lock and bolt the back door, and don't let any one in, either way."

We passed an hour in this state of preparation, and, finally, ventured down-stairs, and saw Rebecca Torkill.

From her we learned that the strange gentleman who had been with Mr. Carmel had driven away more than half an hour before; and Laura Grey and I, looking in one another's faces, could not help laughing a little.

Rebecca had overheard a portion of a conversation, which she related to me; but not for years after. At the time she had not an idea that it could refer to any one in whom she was interested, and even at this hour I am not myself absolutely certain, but only conjecture, that I was the subject of their talk.

I will tell it to you as nearly as I can recollect.

Rebecca Torkill, nearly an hour before, being in the still-room, heard voices near the window, and quietly peeped out.

You must know that immediately in the angle formed by the junction of the old house, known as the steward's house, which Mr. Carmel had been assigned for a residence, and the rear of the great house of Malory, stand two or three great trees, and a screen of yews, behind which, so embosomed in ivy, as to have the effect of a background of wood, stands the gable of the still-room. This strip of ground, lying immediately in the rear of the steward's house, was a flower-garden; but a part of it is now carpeted with grass, and lies under the shadow of the great trees, and walled round with the dark evergreens I have mentioned. The rear of the stable-yard of Malory, also mantled with ivy, runs parallel to the back of the steward's house, and forms the other boundary of this little enclosure, which simulates the seclusion of a cloister; and but for the one well-screened window I have mentioned, would really possess it.

Standing near this window, she saw Mr. Carmel, whom she always regarded with suspicion, and his visitor, that gentleman in black, whose looks nobody seemed to like.

"I told you, sir," said Mr. Carmel, "through my friend Ambrose, I had

arranged to have prayers twice a week at the church, in Paris, for that one soul."

"Yes, yes, yes; that is all very well, very good, of course," answered the hard voice; "but there are things we must do for ourselves—the saints won't shave us, you know."

"I am afraid, sir, I did not quite understand your letter," said Mr. Carmel.

"Yes, you did, pretty well. You see she may be, one day, a very important acquisition. It is time you put your shoulder to the wheel—d'ye see? Put your shoulder to the wheel. The man who said all that is able to do it. So, mind, you put your shoulder to the wheel forthwith."

The younger man bowed.

"You have been sleeping," said the harsh, peremptory voice. "You said there was enthusiasm and imagination. I take that for granted. I find there is spirit, courage, a strong will; obstinacy—impracticability—no milksop—a bit of a virago! Why did not you make out all that for yourself? To discover character you must apply tests. You ought in a single conversation to know everything."

The young man bowed again.

"You shall write to me, weekly, but don't post your letters at Cardyllion. I'll write to you through Hickman, in the old way."

She could hear no more, for they moved away. The elder man continued talking, and looked up at the back windows of Malory, which became visible as they moved away. It was one of his fierce, rapid glances; but he was satisfied, and continued his conversation for two or three minutes more. Then, he abruptly turned, and entered the steward's house quickly; and, in two or three minutes more, was driving away from Malory at a rapid pace.

A few days after this adventure—for in our life any occurrence that could be talked over for ten minutes was an adventure—I had a letter in mamma's pretty hand, and in it occurred this passage:

"The other day I wrote to Mr. Carmel, and I asked him to do me a kindness. If he would read a little Italian with you, and Miss Grey I am sure would join, I should be so very much pleased. He has passed so much of his life in Rome, and is so accomplished an Italian, simple as people think it, that language is more difficult to pronounce correctly even than French. I forget whether Miss Grey mentioned Italian among the languages she could teach. But however that may be, I think if Mr. Carmel

will take that trouble, it would be very desirable."

Mr. Carmel, however, made no sign.

If the injunction to "put his shoulder to the wheel" had been given for my behoof, the promise was but indifferently kept, for I did not see Mr. Carmel again for a fortnight.

During the greater part of that interval he was away from Malory, we could not learn where.

At the end of that time, one evening, just as unexpectedly as before, he presented himself at the window. Very much the same thing happened. He drank tea with us, and sat on the bench—his bench, he called it—outside the window, and remained, I am sure, two hours, chatting very agreeably. You may be sure we did not lose the opportunity of trying to learn something of the gentleman whom he had introduced to us.

Yes, his name was Droqville.

"We fancied," said Laura, "that he might be an ecclesiastic."

"His being a priest, or not, I am sure you think does not matter much, provided he is a good man, and he is that; and a very clever man, also," answered Mr. Carmel: "he is a great linguist: he has been in almost every country in the world. I don't think Miss Ethel has been a traveller yet, but you have, I dare say." And in that way he led us quietly away from Monsieur Droqville to Antwerp, and I know not where else.

One result, however, did come of this visit. He actually offered his services to read Italian with us. Not, of course, without opening the way for this by directing our talk upon kindred subjects, and thus deviously up to the point. Miss Grey and I, who knew what each expected, were afraid to look at each other; we should certainly have laughed, while he was leading us up so circuitously and adroitly to his "palpable ambushade."

We settled Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in each week for our little evening readings.

Mr. Carmel did not always now sit outside, upon his bench, as at first. He was often at our tea-table, like one of ourselves; and sometimes stayed later than he used to do. I thought him quite delightful. He certainly was clever, and, to me, appeared a miracle of learning; he was agreeable, fluent, and very peculiar.

I could not tell whether he was the oldest man on earth, or the most impassioned. His eyes seemed to me more

enthusiastic and extraordinary the oftener and the longer I beheld them. Their strange effect, instead of losing, seemed to gain by habit and observation. It seemed to me that the cold and melancholy serenity that held us aloof was artificial, and that underneath it could be detected the play and fire of a nature totally different.

I was always fluctuating in my judgment upon this issue; and the problem occupied me during many an hour of meditation.

How dull the alternate days had become; and how pleasant even the look-forward to our little meetings! Thus, very agreeably, for about a fortnight our readings proceeded, and, one evening, on our return, expecting the immediate arrival of our "master," as I called Mr. Carmel, we found, instead, a note addressed to Miss Grey. It began: "Dear Miss Eth," and across these three letters a line was drawn, and "Grey" was supplied. I liked even that evidence that his first thought had been of me. It went on:

"Duty, I regret, calls me for a time away from Malory, and our Italian readings. I have but a minute to write to tell you not to expect me this evening, and to say I regret that I am unable, at this moment, to name the day of my return.

"In great haste, and with many regrets,

"Yours very truly,

"E. CARMEL."

"So he's gone again!" I said, very much vexed. "What shall we do to-night?"

"Whatever you like best; I don't care—I'm sorry he's gone."

"How restless he is! I wonder why he could not stay quietly here; he can't have any real business away. It may be duty; but it looks very like idleness. I dare say he began to think it a bore coming to us so often to read Tasso, and listen to my nonsense; and I think it a very cool note, don't you?"

"Not cool; a little cold; but not colder than he is," said Laura Grey. "He'll come back, when he has done his business; I'm sure he has business; why should he tell an untruth about the matter?"

I was huffed at his going, and more at his note. That pale face, and those large eyes, I thought the handsomest in the world.

I took up one of Laura's manuals of *The Controversy*, which had fallen rather into disuse, after the first panic had subsided, and Mr. Carmel had failed to make any, even the slightest attack upon our

faith. I was fiddling with its leaves, and I said:

"If I were an inexperienced young priest, Laura, I should be horribly afraid of those little tea-parties. I dare say he is afraid—afraid of your eyes, and of falling in love with you."

"Certainly not with me," she answered. "Perhaps you mean he is afraid of people talking? I think you and I should be the persons to object to that, if there were a possibility of any such thing. But, we are talking folly. These men meet us, and talk to us, and we see them; but there is a medium between, that is simply impassable. Suppose a sheet of plate glass, through which you see as clearly as through air, but as thick as the floor of ice on which a Dutch fair is held. That is what their vow is."

"I wonder whether a girl ever fell in love with a priest. That would be a tragedy!" I said.

"A ridiculous one," answered Laura; "you remember the old spinster, who fell in love with the Apollo Belvedere? It could happen only to a mad woman."

I think this was a dull evening to Laura Grey; I know it was for me.

#### THE WHITE HAT AND ITS OWNER.

SYDNEY SMITH, in a letter to Francis Horner, tells him of the arrival of Jeffrey in London, and adds, that the editor of the Edinburgh Review "has brought his adjectives with him." Jeffrey's predilection for that particular part of speech, whether in writing or in conversation, was the subject of amiable joke among his friends. Similarly, Mr. Horace Greeley's white hat has become a sort of proverb among Americans. His individuality appears almost to have merged into this article of attire. We read in the New York papers that "The white hat and its owner (Mr. Greeley) arrived" at such and such a place. And second only in importance, in the eyes of his countrymen, to the Sage of Chappaqua's hat, are his boots and his trousers. At the present moment all three are playing a prominent part in the politics of the United States, and it is both curious and amusing to note how these personal belongings and peculiarities of the Democratic candidate for the presidency are regarded and discussed by his friends on the one hand, and his foes on the other. It would seem as if Mr. Greeley's eccentricity in dress were held by his enthusiastic supporters to be one of the many merits of their candidate.

They consider it a mark of his genius, a sign of his disinterestedness of self, which they like. The Republican canvass, if we are to believe the Democrats, consists of derision of Mr. Greeley's clothes; but say they jocularly, "a white hat and the White House go very well together." Per contra, the Republicans retort, that the editor of the Tribune is opposed as a candidate, not because of his hat and his boots, but because he is peculiarly unfit for the office. Even in this matter of costume, however, he is not, we are told, the "simple child of nature" his friends would have us believe. There is a method in his negligence; and his careful carelessness in dress, like his arrival at public meetings in the middle of the proceedings, when his appearance will be most remarked and cheered, is set down as merely a sign of a harmless vanity and restless desire for notoriety. Indeed, one candid friend boldly asserts that he saw Greeley, "in 1860, in Chicago, while in company with two other gentlemen, who also laughed at him, go behind the door of the barber's shop in the hotel, and carefully adjust his trousers in the inside of his boots." Whatever may be the motive power which prompts him to adopt this singular pantaloonic arrangement—and we do not profess to know it—certain it is, that Horace Greeley's old chapeau blanc and boots bid fair to become as historically celebrated, on the other side of the Atlantic, as Lord Brougham's plaid trousers or Beau Brummell's white cravats are on this.

No less amusing is it to read the political estimates of the man as drawn by rival politicians. Among his admirers Greeley is familiarly and affectionately known as Old Horace, Old Honesty, Old Honest Horace, the Honest Old Farmer, the Old Man, Old White Hat, Old Tree Chopper, Our Honest Old Uncle, the Sage of Chappaqua, the Doctor, Our Later Franklin, and Our Modern Cincinnati. His enemies have added any number of less endearing epithets to the list; as for example, Old Bailbonds, and Old Four Hundred Millions, suggestive of the offer to Mr. Lincoln to buy peace; Old Let 'em Go; Old Away with Lincoln, playfully significant of the Greeley proposition to set that president aside in 1864; Old Villain-you-lie, epitomising the journalist's direct and sinewy Saxon familiarly addressed to those with whom he differs. The wit here is not of a very brilliant order, it must be confessed, but it serves to show the manner in which electioneering contests and journalistic warfare are conducted in the United States.

where party feeling runs much higher than with us, and where personalities are heaped upon opponents with a liberality altogether foreign to English notions. Here, for instance, is a pen and ink portrait of the man whom his friends delight in designating as Old Honesty and Our Later Franklin. The sketch is by the present Mayor of New York.

"He (Greeley) is feeble of purpose, tremulous in judgment, unstable and inconsistent in thought and deed, doing motiveless things, telling motiveless falsehoods, friendly with a man one moment and unfriendly the next, eccentric in dress, eccentric in eating and drinking, devoured by the worm of self-consciousness, full of unaccountable idiosyncrasies and prejudices and awkward affectations; uncertain of religious opinions, he is one day prayerful, and the next day wildly blasphemous; one moment he is calm, the next furious. His craving for notoriety is a symptom of a madman. . . . He must periodically run for some office every autumn, and it don't much matter what it is. The last time he ran for Congress it was in a lower district. He once had some idea of going to Virginia to run for United States senator. All these erratic movements show insanity."

Verily there is license as well as liberty of speech among our American cousins. The great indictment against Greeley is that of being a turncoat politician; that, having nearly all his life written bitterly and uncompromisingly against the Democratic party, which he has compendiously described as "lovers of rum and haters of niggers," "shoulder-hitters," "cock-fighters," "dog-fanciers," "rowdies," "burglars," "thieves," and so forth, he is now the chosen candidate of that very party whose motto is "Anything to beat Grant." With the truth or untruth of this charge we are not concerned.

To quote the memorable saying of Mr. Jefferson Brick, Mr. Greeley is undoubtedly "one of the most remarkable men in the country," as he certainly is just now the best abused and caricatured man in it. He is, in every sense of the word, self-made. Born at Amherst, New Hampshire, on the 3rd of February, 1811, his father, a poor farmer, was only able to give him the advantages of a common education, and very little of that. But his energy, ambition, and capacity supplied all deficiencies, and enabled him to push his way from obscurity to the prominent position he now occupies. He lived with his parents until he was fifteen years of age, "going to school a

little, and working on the farm a great deal," when, in consequence of his father's failure, and the enforced sale of the farm, young Greeley became an apprentice in a newspaper office, the Northern Spectator, at East Poultney, Vermont, whither the family had migrated. After remaining here for four years, he went to New York, and obtained employment with a printer in Chatham-street. This was in 1831. Two years subsequently Greeley made his first business venture as a partner in a daily paper, the Morning Post, which, however, only lived for about a month. He next started the New Yorker, a weekly, and in a short time became widely known as a newspaper writer. But neither was this paper a success financially, and we find that on the 10th of April, 1841, Mr. Greeley, almost moneyless and unaided, issued the first number of the journal with which his name is so intimately associated. It is noteworthy that six years previously the New York Herald had been established by the late Mr. James Gordon Bennett, under even less encouraging circumstances.

In 1848 Greeley was elected to Congress, and served from December of that year till March, 1849. His congressional career was not a brilliant one. In 1857 he made a voyage to Europe, and during his visit to England acted as a juryman at the Great Exhibition. On his return to America he published a not very remarkable volume, giving his impressions of the Old World. During the political excitement which immediately preceded the outbreak of the Southern rebellion, Mr. Greeley, in common with many prominent members of the Democratic party, says one of his critics, "took the ground that the disaffected states should be permitted to depart in peace, if a majority of their inhabitants desired separation, and form a new government for themselves. On the actual occurrence of hostilities, however, he gave the national administration a warm support; though several times during the progress of the war, when disasters had overtaken the national forces in the field, and the issue of the campaign was wavering in the balance, he appeared to lose heart and to be ready to give up the contest on almost any terms that could be obtained. It is fortunate for the nation," adds this Republican journalist, "that his views were not shared by the dominant party at the North; and doubtless Mr. Greeley himself is now well satisfied that his counsels were disregarded." His History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension and Restriction



from 1787 to 1856, and his Hints toward Reform, are nevertheless considered important contributions to the political literature of his country. Greeley's latest work is called, *What I Know About Farming*, an unlucky title, as events have turned out, inasmuch as the author's political foes are never weary of parodying it in a humorously effective manner as a weapon of the campaign. Thus, not a number of *Harper's Weekly* has appeared for many months without a cartoon from the trenchant pencil of Thomas Nast, with some such title as, *What I Know About Stooping to Conquer*; *What I Know About Resisting Temptation*; *What I Know About Splitting*; *What I Know About Honesty*; *What I Know About Myself*; and, *What I Don't Know*. As a specimen of the banter indulged in, take the following, apropos of the agricultural experiences of the modern Cincinnati: "In an agricultural essay on tobacco, H. G. asserts that the fine-cut will not ripen well unless the tinfoil is stripped from the growing bud early in the spring, and that plug tobacco ought to be knocked off the trees with clubs, instead of being picked off with the hand." This is not a bad illustration of the truth of the remark that it is the essence of an American joke that it should be read like a dry solemn statement of fact.

Among Mr. Greeley's other accomplishments it seems that good penmanship cannot possibly be included. In fact his handwriting must be atrociously and irremediably bad, if half the stories told about it are true. He once, it is said, wrote an editorial headed "William H. Seward," and was highly enraged when the proof came to him under the title of "Richard the Third." Again he wrote about "freemen in buckram," and the prosaic typesetter converted the phrase into "three men in a back room." Yet it is stated as a fact that two compositors of sagacity and experience are employed in the office of the *Tribune* at an extra salary, because they can read his copy. His brother journalists have been for years cracking jokes at the expense of Old Honest Horace on this score. One says that the editor of the *Tribune* once tried to make a living as a writing-master, and failed. His copy was "Virtue is its own reward," and the scholars got it, "Washing with water is absurd." Another journalist describes a letter of his as looking "as if somebody had smashed a bottle of ink on the paper, and tried to wipe it off with a curry-comb." We must leave the reader to judge for himself whether the

subjoined correspondence from an American paper gives any countenance to the very original description just quoted.

FROM H. GREELEY TO M. B. CASTLE, SANDWICH, ILL.

DEAR SIR,—I am overworked and growing old. I shall be sixty next Feb. 3. On the whole, it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand—certainly not now.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

FROM M. B. CASTLE TO H. GREELEY, NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

DEAR SIR,—Your acceptance to lecture before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest, it took some time to translate it, but we succeeded, and would say your time, "3rd February," and terms "sixty dollars," are entirely satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements in this immediate vicinity; if so, we will advise you.

Yours respectfully,

M. B. CASTLE.

If the above be genuine, the clerks at the White House may, should Mr. Greeley be successful in the presidential contest, have some trouble in store to decipher their chief's despatches. Some time ago a cashier of the New York Post-office turned out a defaulter, and the United States Government came down on his securities—among whom was Horace Greeley—for about thirty thousand dollars. Greeley was very restive under this obligation, and he is so much in fear of debt that he wanted, it is said, to give a cheque for the whole sum, and get the matter off his mind. Finally, a meeting of the indorsers was held, and Greeley put on his spectacles, took up his bond, and dolefully read over the conditions. "They say I write an infernally\* bad hand," remarked the journalist, "but

\* "I find many of our orthodox Republicans have the notion that Greeley is an infidel. Now, I believe him to be a Christian. He is a communicant of Doctor Chapin's church, and believes in the ultimate restoration of all God's children, here or hereafter. I suppose he has used some profane language. But so has Grant, and so has Wilson [the Republican candidate for Vice-President] to a far greater extent than ever Mr. Greeley did; for he is not habitually profane; even Washington and Jackson were guilty of the same. I do not consider this an evidence of piety, but neither is it evidence that one is not right at heart, and many a Christian, witnessing great injustice, feels swear if he don't utter it."—*Letter of the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher.*

they can read it plain enough when it gets on one of these things." Our Later Franklin had the best of it on that occasion. Altogether this man is an interesting study, and we should like to hear Mr. Carlyle's opinion of him from a Von Teufelsdröckh point of view.

### AT LES HIRONDELLES.

I SAID, "If there's peace to be found in the world, the heart that is weary might hope for it here!"

The remark could not strictly lay claim to originality; but really it was justified by the appearance of the place. Perhaps it would have been more to the purpose to say, "the brain that is weary;" for that is more generally the weariness for which we nineteenth century men seek alleviation. Well, the brain that is weary could hardly seek repose and recreation in a more promising spot than that which I am about very briefly to introduce to the notice of the readers of *ALL THE YEAR ROUND*.

Take a ticket to Lausanne on the shores of Lake Lemán—a little more than twenty-four hours will carry you thither from Charing Cross—then take the rail from Lausanne to the little station and town of Aigle, some seventy minutes, and then "first turning to the left!" This sharp first turn, on leaving the rail at Aigle, takes you out of the great valley of the Rhone, along which the rail runs, into the narrow side valley known as Les Ormonts. The journey from Charing Cross thus far will cost, it may be mentioned, travelling, first class, by Dover and Calais, about six pounds.

Thus far the traveller will have seen much beautiful scenery; but he will have found nothing of rest, or peace, or repose. The whole of the lovely northern bank of Lake Lemán is, in the months of July, August, and September, one huge Vanity Fair. Luxurious and really admirably conducted hotels by the dozen invite the holiday maker to bed and board at about seven francs a day. Young men and maidens, alpenstock in hand, and got up with rigorous care according to the most approved Alpine Club prescriptions, are continually making ascents of the smooth little hills on the shores of the lake; and belles from Broadway are always on view, exhibiting three or four undeniable Parisian toilets per diem in the promenades. There is Clarens, the birthplace of deep love! And how should it be anything else, when you saunter

through its groves in company with a pair of bright eyes under a coquettish Swiss hat, and a trim little figure on boot-heels three inches high, steadied by a very necessary alpenstock? There is the Bosquet de Julie—Rousseau's Julie—turned into the sign of a cabaret, where you may sip parfait amour, while you gaze over the deep blue waters towards Meilleraie. All very admirable and charming. Observe, however, that lovely Lemán lies under a blazing sun; that in the holiday months all this beautiful south-looking coast is frightfully hot; and if you wish for freshness and cool bracing breezes, as well as for peace and rest, you will do well to treat all this dusty and crowded region with a Dantescan *guarda e passa*, rush on per rail, and take, as I have said, the first turn to the left at Aigle.

Here, if you are disposed for as delightful a walk of twelve miles as ever you saw in your life, consign your impedimenta to the post-master to be sent after you, and take your way up the valley on foot. If that don't suit you, hire a one-horse car for sixteen francs to make the journey, which will in either case occupy about four hours. For almost the whole of the twelve miles is up hill, some of the distance very steep, and the car will rarely go faster than a walk. No sooner have you turned your back on the valley of the Rhone than you find yourself amid scenery of a totally different character, and very shortly in a totally different climate. You very soon begin to ascend very rapidly, zig-zaging up the almost precipitous side of the narrow valley, amid extensive pine-woods, through which you constantly hear the roaring of the stream finding its troubled way into the Rhone, at a great distance below you. This stream is *La Grand' Eau*, so called, it must be supposed, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, from the smallness of its body of water in proportion to that of the great river towards which it is hurrying with such headlong haste. This *Grand' Eau* has its rise in the glaciers of the Diablerets at the head of the valley. For some six or seven miles from Aigle, the traveller continues his rapidly ascending route through almost continuous fir-woods, mingled, to the great increase of their beauty, with some patches of beech. The sides of the narrow gorge, for it is nothing more than that, are in this part of the valley almost precipitous; and the road has been carried up and along the left-hand side (going up) not without considerable engineering difficulties, and at a cost which

was a very heavy one for the resources of the canton. At every step the character of the scenery becomes more grandiose; and an increasing feeling of plunging into mountain fastnesses which shut him out from all the world behind him comes over the stranger.

At the end of six or seven miles the mountain village of Le Sepey is reached, most picturesquely niched into the angle of the valley formed by the embouchure of a gorge falling into the main valley on the left. Le Sepey is the capital of Ormont Dessous. It has two or three very fair little inns, and its position is tempting. Nevertheless the traveller would do well to resist the temptation of drawing rein (save for the slaking of his thirst with a bottle of the white wine of Yvorne, price one franc, or a draft of the beer of Lausanne, or a teetotalish pull at a flagon of limonade gazeuse), and push on into the upper valley of Ormont Dessus.

After Le Sepey the road mounts rapidly for about half an hour; then makes a sudden plunge downwards through the black shades of a thick pine-forest, till it comes upon a solitary saw-mill, turned by a torrent from the mountains on the left, and then proceeds to mount almost uninterruptedly, though less rapidly, all the way to the head of the valley. The traveller is now in Ormont Dessus, and the character of the landscape is again changed. The valley opens itself somewhat more; the sides are less absolutely precipitous; and the dark fir-woods are alternated by stretches of pasturage of the most brilliant green. Before long the magnificent peaks and glaciers of the Sexrouge, and the Diablerets, the glory of the valley, open on the view. And a little further on, the grand and very remarkable bare walls of the precipitous Tours d'Ay come into view above the hills enclosing the valley through which the traveller has been passing, and appear to complete the absolute shutting in of this high and remote region. The little upland valley of Ormont Dessus is thus a little world by itself; a land really flowing with milk and honey. The steep, but not for the most part precipitous, sides of the lower hills are studded with innumerable chalets, the homes of a numerous but widely-scattered population, engaged almost entirely in the rearing and care of their cattle. These mountain homes are sown broadcast, as it were, over all the green slopes with the utmost irregularity, and apparently motiveless caprice in the choice of each situation. Innumerable rills

of the purest water, in some cases rising to the dignity of torrents, rush down through the pastures and fir-woods, singing their eternal song in treble or in bass, according to the volume of water each is contributing to the Grand' Eau, which is so busily carrying their united contributions to the Rhone. Each of these water-courses, small or great, is fringed as it descends from the bare upper mountains by a border of wood, sometimes pines, and sometimes plane-trees, which diversify and divide the pastures in the most charming manner.

Such are the main features of the locality in which I discovered the haven of rest from city noise, and refuge from summer heat, which I wish to recommend to the notice of my readers.

There are several *pensions* in the valley—as in what valley throughout this playground of Europe, are there not! All of them are of modest pretensions save one, the great Hotel of the Diablerets. It is not this to which I wish to draw my readers' attention. "Mega biblion, mega kaken!" "A big book is a big evil!" said an ancient philosopher. And a tolerable large and long experience of hosteleries of all sorts has led the writer to the conclusion that the axiom is about equally true of inns. Most of these big Swiss hotels are owned by companies of shareholders—impalpable and invisible powers, against which it is impossible to do battle. Mine host is at least a being with human virtues and failings. But a company cannot hear reason. I have that affection for my own human individuality, that I like human beings to recognise me nominatim as one of themselves. It is an abominable offence to be known only as Number 119! Then the aggregation of large crowds necessitates discipline—Procrustian rules—laws which know neither turning nor change! You must go here; and you must not go there! You must do this at such an hour, and something else at another hour! Take your ease in your inn, quotha! Such a notion will soon become the dim tradition of a better time. It were as well to live in a penitentiary as in some of these overgrown caravanserais!

Therefore, when you come near to the head of the valley having all the peaks and glaciers of the Diablerets in full view in front of you, and when you can see the big hotel lying low beneath you among the flats at the very extremity of the valley, about a mile in advance of you, do not go on towards it, but turn short off from the

road to the left, and try Les Hirondelles. The steep zig-zag, which, in about four minutes' walk, leads to the chalet so called, from the road, may be ascended by one of the country cars; and if you have much or many impedimenta, they may be thus dragged up to the gateway of the little garden in front of the house. But you will do well to climb to the swallow's-nest on foot. You are sure not to miss the turning. It is a few yards after you have passed the bright whitewashed little tower of the church of Vers l'Eglise, the capital (!) of Ormont Dessus, lying to your right down in the bottom of the valley; and it is marked by a large green direction-board bearing the pompous inscription, Avenue de la Pension des Hirondelles.

Having accomplished the ascent you find yourself in front of a chalet, built of pine-wood exactly on the same architectural plan as all the other chalets in the valley; somewhat neater, cleaner, brighter, and in better order than those of the general inhabitants of the valley, but essentially the same in construction and idea. Two flights of exterior stairs lead to the first floor; the whole of the ground floor is devoted to a vast *salle-à-manger*, which serves also as a drawing-room to the inmates, so that when the latter pass from their chambers to the public room, they come out of the front of the building by a door on the first floor, and descend by the *al fresco* staircase, protected from any inclemency of the weather only by the huge far-projecting gabled roof of the chalet. As for the chambers which occupy the entire two floors above the ground floor—conceive a huge deal packing-case, as white as cleanliness can make it, containing a white deal bedstead, and other needful appurtenances, all of white deal, and all as clean as hands can make them. That is your own private domain, where you may do anything you like save jump. Should you attempt the latter exercise, however bad a jumper you may be, the contact of your head with the top of your packing-case will cause the gentleman who inhabits the packing-case above you to wonder what you are bumping the floor for! And if you never experienced an earthquake, you will know exactly what one feels like, if any stout gentleman in the house should move himself from one side of his box to the other. As to the sleeping accommodation, it is all that can be desired; and, strange as it may seem, the present writer can testify to the fact that repose as profound may be had on a white deal bedstead as on the most splendidly French-

polished one of mahogany. And how one sleeps in this delicious air after a day spent in rambling among the mountains! Sleep! Why even if the man overhead should turn in his bed, you only dream that you are on board ship, and that the vessel has made a tremendous lurch!

But exquisitely balmy as the air may be, and lovely as a dream though all the surroundings may be, you cannot altogether live on them. And it is necessary therefore to say something about the catering. The big inn at the Diablerets boasts, it is rumoured, a French cook, which assuredly our Marie at Les Hirondelles cannot pretend to be. But then the advantage of a French cook, though he may be a *cordon bleu*, depends very greatly upon what he has to cook. To be sure there is the honour of the thing, as the Irishman said, whose sedan-chair had no bottom to it! But as far as could be judged by the murmurs of certain of the inmates, this did not seem to suffice to make up for certain details of short-commons, which assuredly contrasted very unfavourably with the housekeeping of our host at Les Hirondelles. Monsieur Schneider his name is. And certainly that must be admitted to have been a day of triumph for his notable and liberal wife, when a party of ladies at the *gr-r-rand* hotel at the Diablerets sorrowfully confided to a lady friend located at Les Hirondelles the miserable fact, that they never had any cream, either with their tea, or with their fruit, and begged the happy Hirondellian to bring from the abundance of the unpretending chalet a supply of cream for a strawberry feast! Surely Madame Schneider may be excused if she was a proud woman, when in obedience to this request, she prepared a goodly bottle for the purpose, taking care to fill it to the cork, lest the journey to the Diablerets should churn it into butter? Ah! if only the cream-bowls, which daily leave our table unexhausted, could be dispensed to these unhappy victims of splendour at the grand hotel!

And then the butter! To think that such sad secrets of domestic sorrows should burst their prison-house in those lofty walls, and go, as it were, echoing down the valley in sorrowful reverberations! But there are murmuring voices, which speak of Vaux-hall-like pats of butter, mere superficialities without thickness, served out numerically according to the counting of noses, with reply made to any, who, Oliver-like, should rebelliously ask for more—in terms very similar to those used to him. Whereas we

at Les Hirondelles revel in butter ad libitum brought forth in a lordly dish! In short it is sufficient to observe that in the matter of provisions, the Hirondellian scheme of life is most irreproachably liberal; and it is but justice that intending pensionnaires should be told as much.

Of course no pension would suit the views of those whose purpose it is to see as much of Switzerland as they can within the limits of their holiday. But to those who are content to seek the repose of a life as contrasted, as it is possible to conceive, with that of the heat, turmoil, noise, and business of cities—a life which is especially adapted to recreate the overtaken brain and weary nerves—a purity of atmosphere, which is in itself a delight never-ending, and is half the battle as regards repairing the wear and tear of town life—it is doing a real service to bid them try Les Hirondelles.

And, by-the-bye, in these days of meat costing a shilling a pound, and coals worth, according to the last quotations, something near about their weight in gold, it may not be amiss to mention that all the advantages above promised may be enjoyed for the sum of three francs and a half per diem, which together with, say, another franc for your wine—very fair Macon—and your chamber-lights, and a modest tip to the neat-handed Phillis who waits on you, makes all expenses told just forty-five pence per diem.

#### MIGNONETTE.

THAT low white wicket! As the sun went down,  
I bent above it, drawn by such a waft  
Of sweet, soul-freshening fragrance, as is blown  
From yon small grave. A single golden shaft,  
Thridding the dusky cedars, touched a form  
Still, snowy-vestured, ghostly in the gloom.  
Peace, silence, fragrance! In the troubled storm  
Of such unrestful life as is my doom,  
Those hours at least were halcyon. Let me yet  
Steal solace from their memory, Mignonette!

That small soft hand, warm, white, the very dove  
Of peace to me, how shyly forth it stole  
With its sweet burden. Ah! my little love,  
How shouldst thou know the value of thy dole?  
A bunch of brown sweet blossoms; and they turned  
The current of a life that set to death,  
Thou didst not guess the bitter fire that burned  
Within my bosom, while thy peaceful breath  
Fanned the uplifted hand those sweet dew-wet  
Brown blossoms made to tremble, Mignonette!

Thou wert not lovely little one, thy face  
Was but a simple face with soft brown eyes.  
Thou wert but dowered with a bird-like grace,  
A silver voice low-set to pure replies.  
Yet sweet, yet stainless, yet serene and strong,  
The spirit that informed thee. Thou to me  
Art ever as thy flower; to thee belong  
Sweetness, and solace, and sure constancy.  
My little darling! Would these eyes, tear-wet,  
Might see thee through the shadows, Mignonette!

Thou wert no April girl, whose smiles and tears  
Were swift as sun and shadow on a plain  
Wind-blown in gusty spring. Nor soulless fears,  
Nor shallow joys were thine. So didst thou gain  
Sweet empire o'er a soul that passion's wars  
Had scarred and stained. Oh! darling, would that I  
Could lift my eyes to yonder stainless stars,  
And feel no sting in their calm purity.  
Say, dost thou know this anguish of regret  
That wrings the heart that loved thee, Mignonette?  
And thou didst love me! Doth the bruised flower  
Love the black storm that breaks and beats it low?  
What had I worthy of that priceless dower?  
What brought me near thee? Sweet thy blossoms blow  
And sweetly thou hadst grown, oh! flower of maids,  
But for my ill-starred coming. Were these arms  
A nest for thee? If those soft evening shades  
Had hid thee from me sweet, thy winsome charms  
Full flowering now, though bud-like modest yet,  
Had blessed a happier lover, Mignonette!

I loved thee, but the curse of early years  
Clung to me. May he hope for any grace,  
Who filled those tender eyes with patient tears,  
Who stole the bloom from that pathetic face?  
Loved thee and left thee! Not again to see  
Thee was brown blossom; let it fade and fall  
Though its the sweet soul-healing purity  
That might have won me from a cursed thrall.  
Nay my dead darling, that shall win me yet,  
For dying thou hast conquered, Mignonette!

And now I sit beside thy lonely grave,  
Wreath'd with the dun-hued flower that was thine own,  
Blest at the heart of grief once more to have  
The faint familiar fragrance round me blown.  
Sweet, pure, so constant! Oh my darling, bend  
From those blue heights and bless me ere I go;  
That dear dead hand shall hold me to the end,  
Lo! love, I pluck one fragrant spray. I know  
That when we twain shall meet, this fierce regret  
Shall pass at thy sweet welcome, Mignonette.

#### BENJAMIN'S DREAM.

"IN the Annals of the Thirty Years' War," said Laurence, "the ancient city of Magdeburg always maintains an unhappy pre-eminence, through the treatment it received at the hands of the Imperialists."

"Ay, it was there that old Tilly earned a bad notoriety, that has done more to render his name immortal than all his excellent qualities as a general," remarked Maximilian.

"Tilly is as naturally associated with Magdeburg as the Duke of Alva with the Netherlands, or Judge Jeffreys with the county of Somerset," observed Edgar.

"And no wonder," said Maximilian.

"When an ancient and magnificent city is so completely destroyed that nothing is left but the cathedral, one convent, and a few houses; when men, women, and children are slaughtered and tortured without distinction, by ruffians drawn from the most uncivilised parts of Europe; when the general is, after awhile, asked by his own officers when the scene of horror is to close, and he replies that his soldiers shall have another hour's amusement—when all

this takes place, I say, neither the general nor the town deserves to be forgotten."

"Nay, if I remember right," interposed Edgar, "care has been taken to prevent the memory of man from being guilty of any such injustice; and there is an inscription in the principal street of Magdeburg, bidding the passengers remember the 10th of May, 1631, the day on which the massacre occurred."

"There was not much occasion for the inscription," returned Maximilian, with a sigh; "the human memory is naturally more tenacious of evil than of good. I will venture to say that for a thousand persons who are tolerably familiar with the crime of Tilly and the misfortunes of Magdeburg, there are not ten who are aware that at the time of the massacre, Otto Guericke, the inventor of the air-pump, and, consequently, one of the fathers of modern science, was burgomaster of the city."

"Your opinion is the same as mine," said Laurence; "but with respect to the particular inscription to which Edgar refers, I think it is intended to denote that the traitor who betrayed his fellow-citizens to the enemy was a former proprietor of the house which it adorns. By-the-bye, I have lately read a legend relating to this very massacre, which, perhaps, you would like to hear."

Maximilian and Edgar having nodded assent, Laurence proceeded thus:

"Early in the morning of that terrible 10th of May, the children at one of the schools of Magdeburg were all on their knees praying that Heaven would avert the threatened calamity. Before the clock had struck eight the alarm-bell informed them that the besieging army had already forced an entrance into the town, and, dismissed by their master, they took up their books and endeavoured to reach their respective homes with all possible speed. One of them, a boy of about ten years of age, named Benjamin Kohl, found the streets so crowded that the prospect of reaching the house of his father, a fisherman, who resided on the banks of the Elbe, was altogether hopeless. To escape the throng of soldiers and fugitives, he left the main thoroughfare, and threaded the narrow lanes and alleys, until he came to the courtyard of a brewery, where he was about to hide himself in a vat, but found it already occupied by a young girl, who implored him to bring her a suit of man's clothes, as a protection against the possible outrages of the soldiery. He gallantly set out to

comply with her request, and presently encountered a number of Croats."

"Of all the peoples who composed the motley imperial army," interposed Maximilian, "the Croats had the reputation of being the most cruel."

"These particular Croats," said Laurence, "seem to have been less sanguinary than the rest. They merely compelled the boy to carry a heavy basket, laden with spoils, to their quarters, and he proceeded thence to his father's house, which was in the immediate vicinity. It was empty, and had evidently been pillaged. An old suit of male apparel had, however, been left behind by the marauders, and taking possession of this, he returned to the brewery, which was now in flames. Nevertheless, he succeeded in finding the girl, who put on the welcome disguise, and they both went to his father's house, one of the few that escaped the ravages of the fire. On the following morning they both fell into the hands of the Croats, who took them to their encampment, where they were compelled to do all sorts of hard work, and after the lapse of a few days suffered them to depart."

"Benjamin and his female friend were lucky in their Croats," exclaimed Edgar.

"They betook themselves to a town called Wanzleben," continued Laurence, "where one of Benjamin's cousins carried on the trade of a locksmith, and in the house of this worthy man they sojourned, the girl still retaining her male attire, till one fine day a Swedish officer chanced to arrive, who, discovering that she was his sister, took her away in a carriage, and allowed Benjamin to accompany her as a servant. The three persons thus strangely brought together, had not gone far, when they were attacked by some fugitives of the imperial army, who were retreating from the King of Sweden, and made prisoners. Benjamin, however, soon contrived to escape, and returned to the house of his cousin the locksmith. When he had remained there for about a week, he dreamed one night that an angel, robed in white and with golden wings, stood at the side of his bed and called him by name. When, as he thought, he awoke, he saw a small bedchamber, which was brilliantly lighted up, and from the open door of which proceeded the sound of a chorale commonly used on funeral occasions. Rising from his bed he approached the door, and looked into the room, where he saw a black bier, upon which stood a coffin containing an elaborately decorated corpse,

and surrounded by a number of male and female mourners, in whom he recognised his own parents and other acquaintances; but among them was a priest, who stood with an open Bible, and whose face was altogether strange. As for the corpse, it was evidently that of the young lady whom he had found in the brewery. In her hands, which were folded over her bosom, she held a wreath of myrtle intertwined with roses, which presently budded, and produced a large Christmas-tree, lit up according to the prescribed fashion with small candles, but adorned with warlike implements, instead of the customary toys and dainties, and surmounted by white and black flags. When the hymn was ended, the priest approached the corpse and seemed about to speak, when the angel with golden wings who had previously called him, reappeared, and in the bright light which he spread around him, could be easily recognised as the young Swedish officer. Placing himself between the corpse and the priest, the angel touched the lifeless forehead with his finger, declaring that the damsel was not dead, but only sleeping, and the truth of his words was proved when she arose from the coffin, took his arm, and left the assembly."

"This is very like the reproduction of a well-known miracle recorded in the New Testament."

"It is probable that from the New Testament the words of the angel's declaration are borrowed," replied Laurence, "but you will see that the two histories are essentially different, and that we are now treating, not of a real, but of an allegorical death. When the girl had departed with her celestial companion, the whole scene vanished, and Benjamin, still standing at the door, heard the footsteps of the mourners in the distance. He returned to his bed, and on the following morning described all that he had seen to the locksmith's wife, who, in spite of his earnestness, was convinced that he had been only dreaming."

"And her opinion was quite correct, no doubt," remarked Edgar.

"No doubt," echoed Laurence, "but hear how the dream was fulfilled. When Benjamin returned to Magdeburg, or, more properly speaking, to its scanty remains, he found in the possession of several of his friends a picture representing the open coffin, with the maiden's corpse therein, just as he had seen it at Wanzleben, and he heard that a monk had preached a funeral sermon over the city, in which he declared that the Virgin Magdeburg had

been removed from this valley of tears, and had been buried with fire, drums and fifes, in true military style."

"That monk, I suspect, had imperial proclivities," suggested Edgar.

"The sermon was answered by a pamphlet," proceeded Laurence, "which bore the title *Magdeburgum Redivivum* (Magdeburg Revived), and had an engraving of the curious picture for its frontispiece. In the following year the Swedish officer came to the city, and his sister was married to a Swedish councillor. Benjamin, of course, was munificently rewarded for his valuable services."

"Whencesoever he derived his reasons," observed Edgar, "the author of the pamphlet decidedly had the better of the monk. Magdeburg, as we all know, is now one of the most important cities of Northern Germany."

"But observe," said Maximilian, very seriously, "how remarkable is the structure of the whole story. Benjamin could not tell where his dream left off, and we are in much the same predicament as Benjamin, for a dreamy nature seems to be imparted to the obvious realities of the story. Why should the young lady, who marries a councillor in the most prosaic manner, be chosen as an allegorical representation of Magdeburg? Why should the Swedish officer, who does not appear to have achieved anything remarkable, take the form of an angel? And how did Benjamin's vision find its way into the brain of the artist who designed the picture?—if, indeed, there was an artist, and the picture did not paint itself."

"I thought I would tell you something you had never heard before," said Laurence. "By way of amends, I will give you a story with which you are familiar, dressed up in a strange costume, and for the purpose I have no occasion to stir an inch from Magdeburg."

"We are ready to accept the boon or endure the infliction," returned Edgar, whom Maximilian accompanied with a nod.

"You must know then," proceeded Laurence, "that in our beloved Magdeburg there are now three houses in the vicinity of each other, respectively named the Black Raven, the White Dove, and the Golden Sun."

"Names that would at once go to the heart of any licensed victualler," exclaimed Edgar.

"Towards the end of the sixteenth century," proceeded Laurence, "a wealthy brewer, who resided on the Stephen's

Bridge (Stephan's Brücke), married his daughter to a merchant, likewise wealthy, who lived in the house in Bone-hewer Bank (Knochenhauer-Ufer), which is now called the Black Raven. When the wedding feast was over, and the bride, leaving the house of her parents, had reached her own home with the bridegroom, she consigned her rings and a valuable necklace to the care of her waiting-maid, who carelessly left them on the dressing-table. On the following morning the precious articles were missed, and as no one had entered the apartment, suspicion naturally fell upon the servant. To the poor girl's protestations of innocence no attention was paid, but she was taken before the magistrates, who, finding that she persisted in denying the theft, put her to the torture. The first pressure of a thumbscrew gave her pain so exquisite that she at once pleaded guilty, a sufficient proof of guilt, as you well know, according to the old law of evidence. When she was asked what she had done with the jewels, she was unable to reply, till the threat of a repetition of the thumbscrew compelled her to say something, and she asserted that they were to be found in her mistress's house. She was accordingly conducted back to the merchant's residence, which was duly searched, but, as of course you expect, nothing was found. More exact information was required, and unless the girl was prepared to give it, she must be content to pay another visit to the magistrates.

"I think I can see what is coming," interposed Edgar.

"Looking round in despair," continued Laurence, "the girl, seeing through an open dormer window the bright sunny sky, raised her hands in supplication, and fervently prayed that Heaven would grant some sign to prove her innocence. Suddenly a white dove, which had been sitting in the chimney corner, flew through the dormer window, and settled on the roof of a neighbour's house. In the rapidity of its flight the bird had loosened a piece of wood in the chimney, which had fallen to the ground, and under this the lost necklace was discovered. While all were looking with amazement at the unexpectedly restored treasure, in hopped an old raven, who belonged to the house, and endeavoured to carry off the necklace in his beak. The real thief was now evidently found, and a search among the nooks in the chimney led to the discovery of the other articles. The girl was, of course, released."

"And I hope compensated for all that

she had undergone," added Maximilian. "Well; here clearly enough we have the story which we once called the Maid and the Magpie, and which we now call La Gazza Ladra, stripped of its domestic interest, and embellished with new scenic effects, the once popular melodrama having fallen into oblivion, while everybody knows more or less of Rossini's opera. But I was taught to believe that the French piece, from which the others were taken, was itself founded upon an incident that actually took place in the village of Palaiseau, not far from Paris, and not so very long ago."

"Good," said Maximilian. "You have started a point that well deserves investigation, though it is by no means impossible that the known thievish propensities of magpies and ravens have led to false accusations of robbery in more places than one."

"Not at all," rejoined Laurence; "I can only say that the Magdeburg tale is told with great apparent accuracy of date and circumstance. The wedding of the brewer's daughter is said to have taken place on the 6th of December, 1598, a day rendered memorable by the shock of an earthquake, which woke up all the citizens at six o'clock in the morning."

"Those excellent folks of Magdeburg," interposed Edgar, "seem to have had most severe teachers of chronology. I wonder whether they have any cause to remember the 5th of November?"

"Then," pursued Laurence, "there are the three houses, the names of which record the principal events in the poor girl's history."

"Stop a moment," objected Maximilian. "The house called the Black Raven is, of course, that which belonged to the newly-married merchant; and the house called the White Dove is that on which the real white dove settled."

"I should have added," interposed Laurence, "that the proprietor of that house, who does not appear in the story, was the owner of that dove."

"Very good," said Maximilian; "but we have not as yet heard why the third house is called the Golden Sun."

"True; there is one particular I had forgotten," returned Laurence. "The third house belonged to the brewer, the bride's father, who, on the night before the discovery, dreamed that he saw over his house two suns, one bright and golden, the other dull and red as blood. These suns approached each other till they at last merged into one glorious luminary, and the brewer



believed that the proof of the girl's innocence was thus refigured."

"Stop," shouted Edgar. "There is a limit to human forbearance. I am ready to admit that the story of the thievish raven and the helpful dove is founded on fact, and that two of the three houses derive their names from their association with these birds; and I will own that the triumph of truth over falsehood is prettily symbolised by the union of the two suns into one. But I am convinced that the brewer's dream is a spurious addition to the original record. So little has it to do with the tale that it almost escaped the memory of friend Laurence. The girl is acquitted because it is proved that the theft with which she is charged has been committed by a raven; and it did not matter to her one jot whether the brewer had dreamed his dream, or had sat up all night drinking his own beer."

"Then why should the house be called the Golden Sun?" asked Laurence, with a sulky expression of countenance.

"A truly innocent question," cried Edgar. "Can you conceive a more likely subject for a sign? Or are we to believe that the Green Dragon in Bishopsgate is so called because a former proprietor dreamed that a monster of the kind inhabited a cave in Great St. Helen's?"

### THE BEST MARKET.

Buy cheap, but sell dear! such is the golden rule, the keystone and root-principle of that important branch of political economy which has reference to a nation's commerce. No apothegm of Adam Smith, no maxim of Bentham or Ricardo, is more firmly adhered to by the faithful among their followers than is this pithy formula, the Open Sesame, if rightly used, wherewith to unlock the treasure-chamber of the world's wealth. The soundness of the principle, from a mercantile point of view, is beyond cavil. If we could all deal at enormous profits, and with solvent and constant customers, for what we had ourselves purchased at small cost, a commercial millennium would certainly have been realised. Unhappily, however, what is bought cheap is often not worth the buying, while, on the other hand, the auriferous harvest of high prices is apt to be terribly choked by the crop of bad debts that spring up, weed-like, amid the golden grain. Prejudice, ignorance, bad laws, and the tyranny of custom, combine to keep the

wheels of the chariot of commerce very much in the old ruts, and the choice of a market, like that of a profession or a wife, is not always to be justified on reasonable grounds.

It is to the Morningland that we must turn for the earliest conception of a market. The East was indeed the true cradle of trade, and to the Semitic race, above all, belongs the palm of early mercantile enterprise. In the days of Herodotus, as in ours, the hardy Arab traders were wont to push their way deep into Africa, and to plod across the limitless plains of Asia. The Moormen's flotillas swarmed among the Spice Islands, or flew down the Persian Gulf before the breath of the monsoon, long before a Venetian keel had traced its silvery furrow in the blue Adrian Sea. Every year saw their caravans crossing desert and mountain to exchange African ivory and Tyrian purple, the pearls of Ceylon, and the frankincense of Nejd, for the silver and the wool of Europe, Indian gold, and Chinese silk. Samarcand and Bassora, Yashkend, and Trebizond, and Bagdad, had their gigantic fairs, mighty gatherings of travelled merchants and valuable merchandise, at a time when European commerce was but in a humble, huckstering way of business.

The best markets, at the dawn of history, must certainly have been Assyria and Egypt. Both of these, but especially the latter, were importing countries, not exporting ones. No doubt they paid, in wheat, in the precious metals, and perhaps in cloth, for the raw materials and the simple manufactures of their ruder neighbours; but what drew venders to Memphis and Nineveh was the steadiness of the demand for commodities suited to the dense population of a wealthy and orderly empire. Persia, rising on the ruins of Egyptian and Babylonish supremacy, was next the emporium of the trading world. The Turkish pashas—those three-tailed bashaws of whose pomp and pride our forefathers used to talk so much—were but plagiarists of those magnificent bureaucrats, those glorified placemen, who, under Xerxes and Darius, exercised viceregal sway over Western Asia. Whatever could minister to the pleasures of these potent personages was welcome at their provincial seats of government, and still more so at Persepolis, where the several streams of tribute flowed from a hundred subject lands into the monarch's treasury.

Grecian wars and Macedonian conquests having been followed by the corruption and

the fall of Persic and Hellenic powers alike before the Roman eagles, Old Rome and New Rome, the haughty mother-city on her seven-hilled throne, and her more beauteous daughter, lulled to sleep by the murmur of the Bosphorus, could boast of such markets as till then the world had never seen. The immense accumulation of capital, which was a common feature of both Byzantium and the hoary city of Romulus, turned, to use a modern phrase, the exchange in favour of the seats of Roman sway, and long after Constantinople had been hemmed in by the tide of Turkish incursion, her mart competed advantageously with those of the commercial republics of Italy. The Middle Ages awoke to a conception of the real nature of a market, differing from any that had been known to the ancients of the classic world. Imperial Rome, for instance, had been a good customer alike to the sword-cutlers and clothiers of Spain, and to the goldsmiths and statuary of Greece, absorbing the wool and wine of one country, the ivory and ostrich-feathers of another, and the marble and jasper of a third; buying slaves and corn, purple and bullion, indiscriminately. But then Rome, the hive whence poured forth an endless swarm of harpy-officials, took with the right hand what she paid with the left, and her purchases were for her own consumption, and made with no view to re-exporting. The shrewd traders of Genoa and Venice, the long-headed chapmen of the Hanse Towns, were rather brokers and middlemen than caterers, as their pagan predecessors had been, for the supply of a privileged class, and through their industry the productions of East and West were for the first time freely bartered wherever merchants could safely congregate.

The meddling of mediæval kings and of mediæval parliaments with the due course of trade caused much of actual harm, and inconvenience to a still greater amount. These august persons and dignified assemblies had yet to be taught that commerce finds its level with the same certainty as water, and that it is almost as idle to make laws for the regulation of traffic, as to legislate against the ebb and flow of the tides. Yet every year or two saw a fresh crop of enactments, forbidding, under pains and penalties, the buying of commodities that were cheap or good, and enforcing the most stringent doctrines of protection on behalf of such native monopolists as were licensed to sell what was for the most part artificially dear, and

not infrequently bad. It is to be hoped that the London citizen of the Middle Ages, for example, was used to vexatious interference with his business, as eels are said to be familiar with the process of skinning, for in theory, at least, he was never out of leading-strings. Parliament kindly prescribed with whom he should deal, and on what terms, often fixing a maximum price, which it was punishable to exceed. Parliament considerably settled the wages of his journeymen, and the treatment of his prentice. The collective wisdom of the country regulated alike his bargains and the number of dishes at his dinner, just as it allowed his wife to wear certain furs and laces, and no others, and ordained what materials and trimming should be employed in his daughter's Sunday kirtle.

Had not trade been a patient, good-tempered beast of burden, and somewhat stiff-necked to boot, the poor thing would certainly have been worried and fretted to death during that long period which she passed in statutory harness, with privilege for ever cracking a legislative whip around her unoffending ears. The nation's rulers were always decreeing some fresh prohibition, and, so far as foreign commerce went, seemed to be animated by a strong desire to eat the cake of profit and to have it too. Wool, the great staple of English exports, was often subject to a writ of *ne exeat regno*. Then, on pain of fine, imprisonment, ear-cropping, and the pillory, nobody was to carry "the king's coin" forth of the realm, so that, had not blundering laws a wholesome tendency to lie fallow, all dealings beyond sea would have come to a dead-lock, on account of the impossibility of paying the foreigner for his goods.

Patriotism, or rather prejudice, masquerading under the garb of that noble quality, has often thinned the attendance at a good market, for the benefit of an inferior one. The Methuen Treaty, in which, by one stroke of a pen, whole generations of well-to-do Britons were doomed to port wine and the gout, is a salient instance of this. So was the Spartan severity with which our grandfathers flogged the Master Tommys and Master Jackys of a bygone generation until they consented to eat fat, for the good of their country, as they were told. The British grazier and the British butcher took a professional pride in the rearing and sale of extravagantly fat beasts—of tallow at the price of meat—and the British schoolboy was expected to adapt, under the gentle persuasion of cane or whipcord, his youthful palate to the adiposities of the

national roast beef. Long before this there had been a fierce fight to keep calico and muslin, fabrics woven by tawny heathens in outlandish parts, out of the country. And then came the long wars against France, the century or so of high charges, confirmed insularism, and warped taste, when we learned to be actually proud of the ill-assorted colours, the grotesque bonnets and queer gowns in which ladies figured, and were vain of our hideous ornaments and heavy furniture, our dock-tailed horses and quaint music, shut out as we then were from wholesome interchange of ideas with the world beyond.

Thanks to free trade and facilities for travel, we in England are now creditably free from prejudices that were dear to our fathers, and the counterparts of which exist among our neighbours. Our very millers admit that American flour is more nutritious, weight for weight, than the best wheat meal that Kent or Norfolk can produce. Much of our paper now comes from Angoulême, and some from Berlin, whereas our ancestors indited their close-written letters on no paper that did not bear the stamp of Bath: French ribbons and gloves, and all those pretty toys and trifles which Paris so well supplied before her cunning workers exchanged their tools for torch and rifle, we were always ready to buy, but the purchase of locomotives from a Gallic factory argued some originality on the part of the importer. The French, who believe in Manchester shirtings and glossy Melton cloth, and who prefer to lay down our cheap rails, and to warm themselves by our sea-borne coal, have been slow to recognise the merits of our Staffordshire china. That Sheffield eclipses St. Etienne in razors and penknives they admit, but the careful French housewife has not yet learned to keep her jams and preserves in earthenware from the potteries, and to abandon her own greasy jars, glazed with villainous lead. English lace adorns the most splendid of French brides, but then it is the real hand-made article from the bobbins of Honiton maidens, and the artistic web from the Nottingham looms is disregarded by economical buyers in favour of an inferior imitation from Roubaix.

It would be very hard to persuade any one belonging to a French speaking race, Gaul, Belgian, or South Swiss, that fairly good silks and velvets can be bought in England or in Italy. The belief in Lyons, and in Lyons alone, is one too deeply rooted to give Macclesfield, and Genoa, and Spitalfields a chance in most continental markets.

And beyond doubt the silken city on the banks of its two fair rivers is willing to furnish any client, who will pay like a prince, with a robe that a princess might be proud to wear. Let money be no object, and Lyons is the best mart for stiff brocades, gorgeous with flowers, for sheeny glacés at ever so much a yard, and for velvets as glossy as a bird's plumage. But each year beholds a larger admixture of thread, wool, and cotton in the inferior qualities that leave the gigantic manufactories, and their humble competitors on the wrong side of the frontier vainly base their claims on the fact that they are actually silk, as well as nominally. It is not only in Athens that an audience sometimes prefers the squeaking of the accustomed mimic to the unsophisticated squeal of the genuine pig.

That jewellery sells well in Russia and the United States is pretty well known by those who are chiefly concerned, although few diamonds reach St. Petersburg without being immediately reset, the preference being always given to the native taste of Muscovite jewellers. But it is perhaps more remarkable that the price of precious stones should rule higher in the East than in Europe. A Stamboul pasha pays more for the diamonds that encircle his pipes and coffee-cups than if he had bought them in Paris, while many soldiers who brought back their hoarded "loot" to England, after the Indian mutiny, were disgusted to find the large emeralds and rubies taken from slain enemies valued at perhaps a third less in London than in Calcutta. Birds'-nests and sea slugs, the most profitable cargo that can be shipped to a Chinese port, were dainties little regarded in their habitat of the Malayan Archipelago, and opium, on the Chinese consumption of which our Indian government, with some uneasy qualms of conscience, relies as a main prop of the exchequer, was once hardly worth cultivating. Cornish copper, once commanding a fancy price, has been cruelly undersold by South American and Australian metal, and kelp has withered in the imposing presence of barilla. Nobody dreams, now-a-days, of planting a vineyard in Britain, yet the old English monks contrived to press a sort of petit bleu from old English grapes.

Unpleasant newspaper statements have been current, now and again, as to the dirty and matted condition of the hair, itself intrinsically coarse, which North Germany and Russia send us to be wrought into chignons. But then London, with all its wealth, is by no means the best market for human

hair. Almost all that is dainty and delicate in the way of these capillary wares finds itself bespoken for Paris. The great French dealers are like so many commercial cuttle-fish, throwing out their prehensile arms into every land where fine hair is to be bought, and their agents hunt especially for exceptionally long tresses of the fashionable tints, such as saffron yellow, golden, red gold, and flaxen, in every nook and corner of Central Europe or the north of Italy, whence comes many a sunny look, such as the great masters of the brush loved to paint. John Bull has commonly to put up, for the wear of Mrs. and the Misses Bull, with an article of inferior quality, shorn from the heads of unwashed dwellers beside the Baltic, and shipped in the rough.

England has, however, a magnetic attraction for all eatable commodities, and we undoubtedly depend more on foreign sources of supply for the furnishing forth of our tables, than any country of modern times has done. It might be over-curious to inquire whether there is any mysterious connexion between the Celtic races and the rearing of poultry, but what eggs we do not buy from France we draw from Ireland. The British Dame Partlet does but little towards satisfying the Gargantuan appetite of the nation for eggs. Our consumption of butter is enormous, and although there is comparatively a far greater acreage of grass land in the British isles than in any part of Continental Europe, still does the produce of our dairies need to be supplemented by incessant importation. For us the hardy little Breton cows crop the sweet grass of the uplands of Armorica. For us the Flemish churns are busy throughout the sandy stretch of the Campine flats, and all along the low sky-line where the grey sea and the yellow dyke-mounds border the monotonous expanse of the green grazing grounds, the peasant knows that his milk-pails are filled for the behoof of his English customers. The red kine feeding in the rich meadows of Holland, the fairy cattle scrambling among the Kerry mountains, even the classical-looking herds of white or dappled cows that stand fetlock deep in the tall rye-grass of Lombardy, contribute to the supply of the British buttermilk. Sheep and cattle, turkeys by the drove, and geese by the flock, corn and cheese, Norman apples and Touraine wall-fruit, Flanders rabbits and Dutch wild-fowl, early potatoes from Portugal and garden stuff from Ghent, are all swept, like small fish in a net, into the omnivorous maw of wealthy London.

For some edibles, no doubt, Paris, the old, lavish, glittering Paris of the ancient days of piping peace and prosperity that now seem so far remote, afforded a better market than even London. Probably some three-fourths, at a moderate computation, of the truffle crop of Europe found its way to Paris kitchens. Almost all the ortolans were sent up from the vineyards, where they feasted, to gratify the palates of Parisian diners-out. Mushrooms and shell-fish, and sea-fish in general, and early vegetables and untimely fruits from Africa, were all sure to command the highest price in Paris. A lobster in Paris was worth a great deal more than a lobster in London. The living crustacea, in their black armour flecked with gold, sprawling and feebly closing their impotent pincers on the marble counter of a West-end fishmonger, might, unboiled, have blushed a glowing scarlet at the contrast between their price and the fancy value which such a restaurateur as Chevet set upon their brother lobsters. Lutetia bought our trout and salmon, too, in and out of season, with a noble contempt for fence months and fishery laws, and if there was danger of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, or, in other words, of improving the breed of salmon out of our waters altogether, so much the worse, doubtless, for the goose. It will need some breathing time, however, before the Paris market again becomes what it has been, the Mecca of every enterprising purveyor.

Trade with absolutely savage countries is necessarily gainful in the extreme, but with heavy drawbacks as to risk, fatigue, and contingent expenses. The immense profits so quietly made by the Hudson's Bay Company are a more creditable example of this than any which New Spain, with all its dazzling accounts of silver bars piled up, and gold dust measured forth in gourds, can point to. It is better to exchange blankets and gunpowder for bearskins and beaver fur, with tribes of orderly Indians, not discontented with the bad bargains they made, than to wring treasure from the enforced toil of myriads of gentle slaves, poor human gnomes driven at the sword's point to the fatal labours of the mine. Ivory and ostrich feathers are perhaps the most profitable articles of the legitimate trade with Africa, and the former is especially lucrative, but then it must be sought for by large armed parties, in malarious wildernesses, where provisions have to be painfully carried on men's backs, where the pestilence stalks in the noon-day, and where barbarous wars, probable

mutiny, certain desertion, sickness, and the caprice of negro Neros, mad with drink and uncontrolled power, and influenced for evil by the African nightmare of witchcraft, have to be set down on the debit side of the account.

No doubt the nearly extinct slave trade of the west coast, and the yet flourishing branch of that shameful traffic which has its seat on the east coast, of the African continent, had singular attractions for the greedy and unscrupulous dealers, Christian or Mahometan, who are engaged in it. The simple fact that a miserable gun of the cheapest make, some fifteen shilling musket from Birmingham, not proved at the Tower, and with great capabilities of bursting, would in Guinea purchase a powerful man in the prime of youth, and that the same man would fetch a hundred pounds, hard cash, in Cuba, was of itself a great temptation to those who were eager to grow rich speedily. Human flesh and blood that are unlucky enough to be covered by a black skin, are still only too saleable, and Arabia, Persia, and Egypt are now the best customers in this iniquitous traffic, as Brazil and Jamaica once were.

The strangest instance of an opportunity for sudden gain which the world has known since the discoveries of Columbus, was probably afforded by the re-opening of commercial intercourse between long-sealed Japan and busy, bustling Christendom, when it was discovered that the relative value of silver, as compared with gold, which had risen so greatly for hundreds of years in Europe, was still, with those peculiar islanders, at the old standard familiar to ourselves in the days of the early Plantagenets. Some fortunes, no doubt, were rapidly and silently made, but Japan is a strictly-governed land, and her people a quick-witted race, and the harvest of silver itzebucs at base price soon came to an untimely ending.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### BOOK III.

#### CHAPTER II. THINKING IT OUT.

MR. HENRICH WETTER did not remain long in Pollington-terrace on the day of his introduction to Mrs. Claxton. He saw at once that Mrs. Claxton was delicate and out of health, and he was far too clever a man of the world to let the occasion of his

first visit be remembered by her as one when she was bored or wearied. While he remained, he discussed pleasantly enough those agreeable nothings, which make up the conversation of society, in a soft mellifluous voice, and exhibited an amount of deference to both ladies.

On taking his leave, Mr. Wetter rather thought that he had created a favourable impression upon Alice, while Pauline thought just the contrary. But the fact was that Alice was not impressed much either one way or the other. The man was nothing to her, no man was anything to her now, or ever would be again, she thought, but she supposed he was gentlemanly, and she knew he was Madame Du Tertre's cousin, and she was grateful for the kindness which Madame Du Tertre had shown to her. So when Mr. Wetter rose to depart, Alice feebly put out her little hand to him, and expressed a hope that he would come again to see his cousin. And Mr. Wetter bowed over her hand, and much to Pauline's disgust declared he should have much pleasure in taking Mrs. Claxton at her word. His farewell to Pauline was not less ceremonious, though he could scarcely resist grinning at her when Mrs. Claxton's back was turned. And so he went his way.

It accorded well with Pauline's notions that immediately after Mr. Wetter's departure, Alice should complain of fatigue, and should intimate her intention of retiring into her own room, for the fact was that she herself was somewhat dazed and disturbed by the occurrences of the day, and was longing for an opportunity of being alone and thinking them out at her leisure.

So, as soon as she had the room to herself, Pauline reduced the light of the lamp and turned the key in the door—not that she expected any intrusion, it was merely done out of habit—and then pushing the chairs and the table aside, made a clear path for herself in front of the fire, and commenced walking up and down it steadily. Pauline Lunelle! She had not heard the name for years. What scornful emphasis that man laid on it as he pronounced it. How he had boasted of his money and position: with what dire vengeance had he threatened her if she refused to aid him in his schemes! Of what those schemes were he had given her no idea, but they were pretty nearly certain to be bad and vicious. She recollected the opinion she had had of Henrich Wetter in the old days at Marseilles, and it was not

a flattering one. People considered him an eligible match, and were greatly astonished when she had refused his hand, she, a poor dame du comptoir, to give up the opportunity of an alliance with such a rising man! But she had her feeling about it then, and she had it now.

It was, then, as she suspected during their interview at Rose Cottage. Wetter had seen Alice, had been attracted by her beauty, and had found, as he imagined, in Pauline an instrument ready made to his hand to aid him in his purpose. That acquaintance with her past life gave him a firm hold upon her, of which he would not hesitate to avail himself. Was it necessary that she should be thus submissive, thus bound to do what she was bid, however repulsive it might be to her? There was nothing of actual guilt or shame in that past life which Monsieur Wetter could bring against her; she had been merry, light, and frivolous, as was usual with people of her class—ah, of her class—the sting was there! Would Martin Gurwood have suffered her to hold the position in that household, would he have trusted or borne with her at all, had he known that in her early days she had been the dame du comptoir at a restaurant in a French provincial town?

How insultingly that man had spoken of her dead husband! Her dead husband? Yes, Tom Durham was dead! She had long since ceased to have any doubt on that point. There was no motive that she could divine for his keeping himself in concealment, and she had for some time been convinced that all he had said to her was true, and that his plan of action was genuine, but that he had been drowned in attempting to carry it out. Where was the anguish that six months ago she would have experienced in acknowledging the truth of this conviction? Why does the idea of Tom Durham's death now come to her with an actual sense of relief? Throughout her life Pauline, however false to others, had been inexorably true to herself, and that she now feels not merely relief but pleasure in believing Tom Durham to be dead, she frankly acknowledges.

Whence this change, this apparently inexplicable alteration in her ideas? She must have been fond of Tom Durham, for had she not toiled for him and suffered for his sake? How is it, then, that she could bring herself to think of his death with something more than calmness? Because she loved another man, whom to win would be life, redemption, rehabilitation,

to keep whom in ignorance of the contamination of her past she would do or suffer anything! There was but one way in which that past could be learned, and that was through Wetter. He alone held the key to that mystery, and to him, therefore, must the utmost court be paid—his will must be made her law. Stay, though! If Monsieur Wetter's projects are as base as she is half inclined to suspect them, by aiding them in ever so little, even by keeping silence about her suspicions, she betrays Martin's confidence and injures some of his best feelings!

What a terrible dilemma for her to be placed in! In that household she has accepted a position of trust, and is, as it were, accredited by Martin as Alice's guardian. In that position it was her duty to shield the young girl in every possible way, and not even to have permitted such a person as she believed Monsieur Wetter to be to have been introduced into the house. Being herself the actual means of introducing him, had she not virtually betrayed the trust reposed in her, and yet—and yet! Let her once set this man at defiance, and he would not scruple to utter words which would have the effect of exiling her from the house, and taking from her every chance of seeing the man for whom alone in the world she had a gentle feeling. A word from Wetter would be sufficient utterly to annihilate the fairy palace of hope upon which during the last few days she had been speculating, and to send her forth a greater outcast than ever upon the world.

No, that could not be expected of her, it would be too much! The glimpse of happiness which she had recently enjoyed, unsubstantial though it was, a mere figment of her own brain, a dream, a delusion, had yet so far impressed her, that she could not willingly bring herself to part with it; nor, as she felt after more mature reflection, was there any necessity for her so doing. She might safely temporise; the occasion when she would be called upon to act decisively was not imminent; the performers were only just placed en scène, and there could be no possible chance of a catastrophe for some time to come. There was very little chance that Alice Claxton, modest and retiring, filled with the memories of her "dear old John," to whom she was always referring, would be disposed to accept the proffered attention of such a man as Monsieur Wetter. Whether Monsieur Wetter succeeded or not with Alice would entirely

depend upon himself. He could not possibly know anything of her former life, and could therefore bring no undue influence to bear in his favour, and Pauline thought, even suppose, as was most likely, that Alice repulsed him, he could not turn round upon her. She had done her best, she had given him the introduction he required, and if he did not prosper in his suit no blame could be attached to her. Matters must remain so, she thought, and she would wait the result with patience.

And Martin Gurwood, the man for whom alone in the world she had a gentle feeling, the man whom she loved—yes, whom she loved! She was not ashamed, but rather proud to acknowledge it to herself; the man with the shy retiring manner, the delicate appearance, the soft voice, so different from all the other men with whom her lot in life had thrown her—the very atmosphere seemed to change as she thought of him. How well she recollected her first introduction to him in the grim house in Great Walpole-street, and the distrust, almost amounting to dislike, with which she then regarded him! She had intended pitting herself against him then; she would now be only too delighted for the opportunity of showing him how faithfully she could serve him. Distrust! Ay, she remembered the suspicion she had entertained, that there was some secret on his mind which he kept hidden from the world. She thought so still! It pleased her to think so, for in her, with all her realism and practical business purpose, there was a strong impression of superstition and imagination, and that unconscious link between them, the fact that they each had something to conceal, seemed to afford her ground for hope.

Yes, her position towards Martin, though not quite what she might have desired, was by no means a bad one. He had had to trust her, he had had to acknowledge her intellectual superiority; he, a lonely man gradually growing accustomed to women's society. He hated it at first, but now he liked it; missed it when he was forced to absent himself; she had heard him say as much. She seated herself where Alice had previously sat, and leaned her arm upon the table, supporting her chin with her hand. Might not he, she thought, might not he come to care for her, to love her—well enough? That would be all she could expect, all she could hope—well enough! A few years ago she would have scorned the idea; even up to within the last few weeks

she would not have accepted any half-hearted affection. A passionate domineering woman, with the hot southern blood running in her veins, unaccustomed, in that way, at all events, to be checked or stayed, she must have had all or none; but now what a difference! Her love was now tempered by discretion, her common sense was allowed its due influence; and she was too wise, and in her inmost heart too sad to expect a passionate attachment from the man whom she had set up as her idol. In the new-born humility which has come from this true love she will be satisfied to give that, and to take in return whatever he may have to offer her.

Married to Martin Gurwood, to the man whom she loved! Could such a lot possibly be in store for her? Could she dare to dream of such a haven of rest, after her life-long suffering with storms and trials? She was free now; of that there was no doubt; and he himself had acknowledged her energy and talent. The position which she then held was in the eyes of the world no doubt inferior to his—would be made more inferior if he accepted his share of the wealth which his mother had offered him. But he is not a man, unless she has read him wrongly, if he would otherwise marry her, to be deterred by social considerations; he is far beyond and above such mean and petty weaknesses. In her calm review of the position occupied by each of them, Pauline could see but one hopeless obstacle to her chance of inducing Martin Gurwood to marry her—that sole obstacle would be another affection. Another affection. Good Heaven!—Alice!

The suspicion went through her like a knife. Her brain seemed to reel, her arms dropped powerless on the table before her, and she sank back in the chair.

Alice! Let her send her thoughts back to the different occasions when she had seen Alice and Martin Gurwood together: let her dwell upon his tone and manner to the suffering girl, and the way in which she appeared to be affected by them. When did they first meet? Not until comparatively recently, their first interview being confessedly that which she, unseen by them, had watched from the narrow lane. In the room at Pollington-terrace, by the dull red light shed by the expiring embers, Pauline saw it as plainly as she had seen it in reality; the pitying expression in Martin's face on that occasion, the eyes full of sorrowful regard, the hands that sought to raise her prostrate body, but the motion of

which was checked, as they were folded across his breast. He was not in love with her then. Pauline recollected making the remark to herself at the time, but since then what opportunities had they not had of meeting, how constantly they had been thrown together, and how, as proved by the anxiety he had shown, and the trouble he has taken on her behalf, his sympathy and regard for the desolate girl had deepened and increased!

Why should she doubt Martin Gurwood's disinterestedness in this matter? Why should she ascribe to him certain feelings by which he may possibly never have been influenced? He was a man of large heart and kindly sympathies by nature, developed by his profession and by his constant intercourse with the weak and suffering. He would doubtless have befriended any woman in similar circumstances who might have been brought under his notice. Befriended? Yes, but not, as Pauline honestly allowed to herself, in the same way. His words would have been kind, and his purse would have been open; but in all his kindness to Alice there was a certain delicate consideration, which long before she even thought it would trouble her, Pauline had frequently remarked, and which she understood and appreciated all the better, perhaps, because she had had no experience of any such treatment in her life. That consideration spoke volumes as to the character of Martin's feelings towards Alice, and Pauline's heart sank within her as she thought of it.

Meanwhile she must suffer quietly, and hope for the best; that was all left for her to do. She was surprised at the calmness of her despair. In the old days her fiery jealousy of Tom Durham had leapt forward at the slightest provocation, rendering her oftentimes the laughing-stock of her husband and his ribald friends; now, when the first gathering of the suspicion crossed her mind that a man, far dearer to her than ever her first husband had been, was in love with another woman, she accepted the position, not without dire suffering, it is true, but with calmness and submission. It might not be the case after all. From what little she had seen of Alice, Pauline scarcely suspected her of being the right tamp of woman to understand or appreciate Martin Gurwood. She had been accustomed to be petted and spoiled by an old man, who was her slave; she was not tended by nature to be much more than spoilt child, a doll to be petted and played

with, and the finer traits in Martin's character would be lost upon her. She was grateful to him as her benefactor, of course, but she had never exhibited any other feeling towards him, and Pauline did not think that she would allow her gratitude to have much influence over her future. Moreover,—but, as Pauline knew perfectly well, little reliance was to be placed upon that—she professed herself inconsolable for her recent loss, and talked of perpetual widowhood as her only possible condition, so that Pauline thought that there were two chances, either of which would suit her—one that Alice would never marry again, the other that she might marry some one else in preference to Martin Gurwood.

It was growing late, and Pauline, wearied and exhausted, extinguished the lamp, and made the best of her way up the staircase in the dark. As she passed by the door of the room in which Alice slept, she thought she heard a stifled cry. She paused for an instant, and listened; the cry was repeated, followed by a low moan. Alarmed at this, Pauline tried the door; it was unfastened, and yielded to her touch. Hurrying in, she found Alice sitting upright in her bed, her hair streaming over her shoulders, and an expression of terror in her face.

"What on earth is the matter, poor child?" cried Pauline, putting her arm round the girl, and peering into the darkness. "What has disturbed you in your sleep?"

"Nothing," said Alice, placing her hand upon her heart to still its beating; "nothing—at least, only a foolish fancy of my own. Do not leave me," she cried, as Pauline moved away from her.

"I am not going to leave you, dear, be sure of that," said Pauline; "I am only going to get a light in order that I may be certain where I am and what I am about. There," she said, as, after striking a match and lighting the gas, she returned to the bed. "Now you shall tell me what frightened you and caused you to cry out so loudly."

"Nothing but a dream," said Alice. "Is it not ridiculous? But I could not help it, indeed I could not. I cried out involuntarily, and had no idea of what had happened until you entered the room."

"And what was the dream that caused so great an effect?" asked Pauline, seating herself on the bed and taking Alice's trembling hand in hers.

"A very foolish one," said Alice. "I thought I was in the garden at Hendon,



walking with dear old John and talking"—here her voice broke and the tears rolled down her face—"just as I used to talk to him, very stupidly no doubt, but he enjoyed it and so did I, and we liked it better, I think, because no one else understood it. We were crossing the lawn and going down towards the shrubbery, when a cold chilling wind seemed to blast across from the churchyard, and immediately afterwards a man rushed up—I could not see his face, for he kept it averted—and pulled John away from me and held him struggling in his arms. I could not tell now how it came about, but I found myself at the man's feet, imploring him to let John come to me. And the man told me to look up, and when I looked up John was gone, vanished, melted away! And when I called after him the man bade me hold my peace, for that John was not what I had fancied him to be, but, on the contrary, the worst enemy I had ever had. Then the scene changed, and I was in an hospital, or some place of the sort, and long rows of white beds and sick people lying in them. And in one of them was John, so altered, so shrunken, pale, and woe-begone; and when he saw me he bowed his head and lifted up his hands in supplication, and all he said was, "Forget! forget," in such a piteous tone, and I thought he did not know me, and in my anguish, I screamed out and woke. Was it not a strange dream?"

"It was indeed," said Pauline, meditatively, "but all dreams are——"

"Stay," cried Alice interrupting her. "I forgot to tell you that when I was struggling with the man who kept me away from John, I managed to look at his face, and it was the face of the gentleman who came here last night—your cousin, you know."

"Ay," said Pauline, looking at her quietly. "There is nothing very strange in that. You see so few people that a fresh face is apt to be photographed on your mind, and thus my unfortunate cousin was turned into a monster in your dream. Do you think you are sufficiently composed now for me to leave you?"

"I'd rather you would stay a little longer, if you don't mind," said Alice, laying her hand on her friend's. "I know I'm very foolish, but I scarcely think I could get to sleep if I were left just now."

"I am not at all sure," said Pauline, gently, "that we have been right in keeping you so much secluded as we have done hitherto, and in declining the civilities and hospitalities which have been offered to us by all the people here about. I am afraid you are getting into rather a morbid state, Alice, and that this dream of yours is a proof of it."

"I cannot bear the notion of seeing any one else," said Alice.

"That is another proof of the morbid state to which I was referring," said Pauline. "You would very soon get over that if the ice were once broken."

"But surely we see enough people! Whenever he is in town, Mr. Gurwood comes to see us."

Pauline's eyes were fixed full on Alice's face as she pronounced Martin's name, but they did not discover the slightest flush on the girl's cheeks, nor was there the least alteration in her tone.

"True," said Pauline; "and Mr. Statham comes to see us now and then."

"Oh yes," said Alice. "I suppose whenever he has nothing more important to do; but Mr. Statham's time is valuable, and very much filled up, I have heard Mr. Gurwood say."

"But even Mr. Statham and Mr. Gurwood," said Pauline, forcing herself to smile, "seen at long intervals, give us scarcely sufficient intercourse with the outer world to prevent our falling into what I call a perfectly morbid state, and on the next visit paid us by either of these gentlemen, I shall lay my ideas before them, and ask for authority to enlarge our circle. Now, dear, you are dropping with sleep, and all your terror seems thoroughly subsided. So, good-night. I will leave the light burning to drive away the evil dreams."

As Pauline bent over Alice, the girl threw her arms round her friend's neck, and kissing her, thanked her warmly for her attention.

"A strange dream, indeed," said Pauline, as she walked slowly up the staircase to her own room. "She was told that old John, as she calls him, instead of being what she always imagined, was really her worst enemy. And the man who told her so proved to be Henrich Wetter! A very strange dream, indeed!"

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 203. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## WILLING TO DIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BORN AND THE BORN."

### CHAPTER VIII. THUNDER.

WE SAW or heard nothing for a week or more of Mr. Carmel. It was possible that he would never return. I was in low spirits. Laura Grey had been shut up by a cold, and on the day of which I am now speaking she had not yet been out. I therefore took my walk alone towards Penruthyn Priory, and, as dejected people not unfrequently do, I was well enough disposed to indulge and even to nurse my melancholy.

A thunder-storm had been for hours moving upward from the south-east, among the grand ranges of distant mountain that lie, tier beyond tier, at the other side of the estuary, and now it rested in a wide and lurid canopy of cloud upon the summits of the hills and headlands that overlook the water.

It was evening, later than my usual return to tea. I knew that Laura Grey minded half an hour here or there as little as I did, and a thunder-storm seen and heard from the neighbourhood of Malory is one of the grandest spectacles in its way on earth. Attracted by the mighty hills on the other side, these awful elemental battles seldom visit our comparatively level shore, and we see the lightning no nearer than about half-way across the water. Vivid against blackening sky and purple mountain the lightning flies and shivers. From broad hill-side, through rocky gorges, reflected and returned from precipice to precipice, through the hollow windings of the mountains, the thunder rolls and rattles, dies away, explodes again, and at length subsides in the strangest and grandest

of all sounds, spreading through all that mountainous region for minutes after, like the roar and tremble of an enormous seething caldron.

Suppose these aerial sounds reverberating from cliff to cliff, from peak to peak, and crag to crag, from one hill-side to another, like the cannon in the battles of Milton's angels; suppose the light of the setting sun through a chink in the black curtain of cloud behind me, touching with misty fire the graves and headstones in the pretty churchyard, where, on the stone bench under the eastern window, I have taken my seat, near the grave of my darling sister; and suppose an uneasy tumult, not a breeze, in the air, sometimes still, and sometimes in moaning gusts tossing sullenly the boughs of the old trees that darken the churchyard.

For the first time since her death I had now visited this spot without tears. My thoughts of death had ceased to be pathetic, and were, at this moment, simply terrible. "My heart was disquieted within me, and the fear of death had fallen upon me." I sat with my hands clasped together, and my eyes fixed on the thunderous horizon before me, and the grave of my darling under my eyes, and she, in her coffin, but a few feet beneath. The grave, God's prison, as old Rebecca Torkill used to say, and then the judgment! This new sense of horror and despair was, I dare say, but an unconscious sympathy with the vengeful and melancholy aspect of nature.

I heard a step near me, and turned.

It was Mr. Carmel who approached. He was looking more than usually pale, I thought, and ill. I was surprised, and a little confused. I cannot recall our greeting. I said, after that was over, something, I believe, about the thunder-storm.

"And yet," he answered, "you under-

stand these awful phenomena—their causes. You remember our little talk about electricity—here it is! We know all that is but the restoration of an equilibrium. Think what it will be when God restores the moral balance, and settles the equities of eternity! There are moods, times, and situations in which we contemplate justly our tremendous Creator. Fear him who, after he has killed the body, has power to cast into hell. Yea, I say unto you, fear him. Here all suffering is transitory. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. This life is the season of time, and of mercy; but once in hell, mercy is no more, and eternity opens, and endures, and has no end."

Here he ceased for a time to speak, and looked across the estuary, listening, as it seemed, to the roll and tremble of the thunder.

After a little while, he said: "That you are to die is most certain; nothing more uncertain than the time and manner; by a slow or a sudden death; in a state of grace or of sin. Therefore, we are warned to be ready at all hours. Better twenty years too soon than one moment late; for to perish once is to be lost for ever. Your death depends upon your life. Such as your life is, such will be your death. How can we dare to live in a state that we dare not die in?"

I sat gazing at this young priest, who, sentence after sentence, was striking the very key-note of the awful thought that seemed to peal and glare in the storm. He stood with his head uncovered, his great earnest eyes sometimes raised, sometimes fixed on me, and the uncertain gusts at fitful intervals tossed his hair this way and that. The light of the sinking sun touched his thin hand, and his head, and glimmered on the long grass; the graves lay around us; and the voice of God himself seemed to speak in the air.

Mr. Carmel drew nearer, and in the same earnest vein talked on. There was no particle of what is termed the controversial in what he had said. He had not spoken a word that I could not subscribe. He had quoted, also, from our version of the Bible; but he presented the terrors of revelation with a prominence more tremendous than I was accustomed to, and the tone of his discourse was dismaying.

I will not attempt to recollect and to give you in detail the conversation that followed. He presented, with a savage homeliness of illustration, with the same

simplicity and increasing force, the same awful view of Christianity. Beyond the naked strength of the facts, and the terrible brevity with which he stated them in their different aspects, I don't know that there was any special eloquence in his discourse, but, in the language of scripture, his words made "both my ears tingle."

He did not attempt to combat my Protestant tenets directly; that might have alarmed me; he had too much tact for that. Anything he said with that tendency was in the way simply of a disclosure of the teaching and practice of his own Church.

"In the little volume of legends you were so good as to say you would like to look into," he said, "you will find the prayer of Saint Louis de Gonzaga; you will also find an anonymous prayer, very pathetic and beautiful. I have drawn a line in red ink down the margin at its side, so it is easily found. These will show you the spirit in which the faithful approach the blessed Virgin. They may interest you. They will, I am sure, interest your sympathies for those who have suffered like you, and have found peace and hope in these very prayers."

He then spoke very touchingly of my darling sister, and my tears at last began to flow.

It was the strangest half-hour I had ever passed. Religion during that time had appeared in a gigantic and terrible aspect. My grief for my sister was now tinged with terror. Do not we from our Lutheran pulpits too lightly appeal to that potent emotion—fear?

For awhile this tall thin priest in black, whose pale face and earnest eyes seemed to gleam on me with an intense and almost painful enthusiasm, looked like a spirit in the deepening twilight; the thunder rattled and rolled on among the echoing mountains, the gleam of the lightning grew colder and wilder as the darkness increased, and the winds rushed mournfully, and tossed the churchyard grass, and bowed the heads of the great trees about us; and as I walked home, with my head full of awful thoughts, and my heart agitated, I felt as if I had been talking with a messenger from that other world.

#### CHAPTER IX. AWAKENED.

'We do these proselytising priests great wrong when we fancy them cold-blooded practisers upon our credulity, who seek for merely selfish ends, to entangle us by sophistries, and inveigle us into those

mental and moral catacombs from which there is no escape. We underrate their danger when we deny their sincerity. Mr. Carmel sought to save my soul; nobler or purer motive, I am sure, never animated man. If he acted with caution, and even by stratagem, he believed it was in the direct service of Heaven, and for my eternal weal. I know him better, his strength and his weakness, now—his asceticism, his resolution, his tenderness. That young priest—long dead—stands before me, in the white robe of his purity, king-like. I see him, as I saw him last, his thin, handsome features, the light of patience on his face, the pale smile of suffering and of victory. His tumults and his sorrows are over. Cold and quiet he lies now. My thanks can never reach him; my unavailing blessings and gratitude follow my true and long-lost friend, and tears wrung from a yearning heart.

Laura Grey seemed to have lost her suspicions of this ecclesiastic. We had more of his society than before. Our readings went on, and sometimes he joined us in our walks. I used to see him from an upper window every morning early, busy with spade and trowel, in the tiny flower-garden which belonged to the steward's house. He used to work there for an hour punctually, from before seven to nearly eight. Then he vanished for many hours, and was not seen till nearly evening, and we had, perhaps, our *Gerusalemm Liberata*, or he would walk with us for a mile or more, and talk in his gentle but cold way, pleasantly, on any topic we happened to start. We three grew to be great friends. I liked to see him when he, and, I may add, Laura Grey also, little thought I was looking at his simple garden work under the shadow of the grey wall from which the old cherry and rose-trees drooped, in picturesque confusion, under overhanging masses of ivy.

He and I talked as opportunity occurred more and more freely upon religion. But these were like lovers' confidences, and, by a sort of tacit consent, never before Laura Grey. Not that I wished to deceive her; but I knew very well what she would think and say of my imprudence. It would have embarrassed me to tell her; but her remonstrances would not have prevailed; I would not have desisted; we should have quarrelled; and yet I was often on the point of telling her, for any reserve with her pained me.

In this quiet life we had glided from summer into autumn, and suddenly, as be-

fore, Mr. Carmel vanished, leaving just such a vague little note as before.

I was more wounded, and a great deal more sorry this time. The solitude I had once loved so well was irksome without him. "I could not confess to Laura, scarcely to myself, how much I missed him.

About a week after his disappearance, we had planned to drink tea in the house-keeper's room. I had been sitting at the window in the gable that commanded the view of the steward's garden, which had so often shown me my hermit at his morning's work. The roses were already shedding their honours on the mould, and the sear of autumn was mellowing the leaves of the old fruit-trees. The shadow of the ancient stone house fell across the garden, for by this time the sun was low in the west, and I knew that the next morning would come and go, and the next, and bring no sign of his return, and so on, and on, perhaps for ever.

Never was little garden so sad and silent! The fallen leaves lay undisturbed, and the weeds were already peeping here and there among the flowers.

"Is it part of your religion?" I murmured bitterly to myself, as, with folded hands, I stood a little way back, looking down through the open window, "to leave willing listeners thus half-instructed? Business! What is the business of a good priest? I should have thought the care and culture of human souls was, at least, part of a priest's business. I have no one to answer a question now—no one to talk to. I am, I suppose, forgotten."

I dare say there was some affectation in this. But my dejection was far from affected, and, hiding my sorrowful and bitter mood, I left the window and came down the back stairs to our place of meeting. Rebecca Torkill and Laura Grey were in high chat. Tea being just made, and everything looking so delightfully comfortable, I should have been, at another time, in high spirits.

"Ethel, what do you think? Rebecca has been just telling me that the mystery about Mr. Carmel is quite cleared up. Mr. Prichard, the grocer, in Cardyllion, was visiting his cousin, who has a farm near Plaswryd, and who should he see there but our missing friar, in a carriage driving with Mrs. Tredwynyd, of Plaswryd. She is a beautiful woman still, and one of the richest widows in Wales, Rebecca says; and he has been living there ever since he left this; and his last visit, when we thought

he was making a religious sojourn in a monastery, was to the same house and lady! What do you think of that? But it is not near ended yet. Tell the rest of the story, Mrs. Torkill, to Miss Ethel—please do."

"Well, miss, there's nothin' very particular, only they say all round Plasnwyd that she was in love with him, and that he's goin' to turn Protestant, and it's all settled they're to be married. Every one is singin' to the same tune all round Plasnwyd, and what every one says must be true, as I've often heard say."

I laughed, and asked whether our tea-cake was ready, and looked out of the window. The boughs of the old fruit-trees in the steward's garden hung so near it that the ends of the sprays would tap the glass, if the wind blew. As I leaned against the shutter, drumming a little tune on the window, and looking as careless as any girl could, I felt cold and faint, and my heart was bursting. I don't know what prevented my dropping on the floor in a swoon.

Laura, little dreaming of the effect of this story upon me, was chatting still with Rebecca, and neither perceived that I was moved by the news.

That night I cried for hours in my bed, after Laura Grey was fast asleep. It never occurred to me to canvass the probability of the story. We are so prone to believe what we either greatly desire or greatly fear. The violence of my own emotions startled me. My eyes were opened at last to a part of my danger.

As I whispered, through convulsive sobs, "He's gone, he's gone—I have lost him—he'll never be here any more! Oh! why did you pretend to take an interest in me? Why did I listen to you? Why did I like you?" All this, and as much more girlish lamentation and upbraiding as you please to fancy, dispelled my dream and startled my reason. I had an interval to recover in; happily for me, this wild fancy had not had time to grow into a more impracticable and dangerous feeling.

I felt like an awakened somnambulist at the brink of a precipice. Had I become attached to Mr. Carmel, my heart must have broken in silence, and my secret have perished with me.

Some weeks passed, and an event occurred, which, more than my girlish pride and resolutions, turned my thoughts into a new channel, and introduced a memorable actor upon the scene of my life.

#### CHAPTER X. A SIGHT FROM THE WINDOWS.

WE were now in stormy October; a fierce and melancholy month! August and September touch the greenwood leaves with gold and russet, and gently loosen the hold of every little stalk on forest bough; and then, when all is ready, October comes on, in storm, with sounds of tramp and rushing charge and fury not to be argued or dallied with, and thoroughly executes the sentence of mortality that was recorded in the first faint yellow of the leaf, in the still sun of declining July.

October is all the more melancholy for the still, golden days that intervene, and show the thinned branches in the sunlight, soft and clear as summer's, and the boughs cast their skeleton shadows across brown drifts of leaves.

On the evening I am going to speak of, there was a wild, threatening sunset, and the boatmen of Cardyllion foretold a coming storm. Their predictions were verified.

The breeze began to sigh and moan through the trees and chimney-stacks of Malory, shortly after sunset, and in another hour, it came on to blow a gale from the north west. From that point the wind sweeps right up the estuary from the open sea; and after it has blown for a time, and the waves have gathered their strength, the sea bursts grandly upon the rocks, a little in front of Malory.

We were sitting cosily in our accustomed tea-room. The rush and strain of the wind on the windows became momentarily more vehement, till the storm reached its highest and most tremendous pitch.

"Don't you think," said Laura, after a awful gust, "that the windows may burst in? The wind is frightful. Hadn't we better get to the back of the house?"

"Not the least danger," I answered; "these windows have small panes, and immensely strong sashes, and they have stood so many gales, that we may trust them for this."

"There, again!" she exclaimed. "How awful!"

"No danger to us, though. These walls are thick, and as firm as rock; not like your flimsy brick houses, and the chimneys are as strong as towers. You must come up with me to the window in the tawny-room; there is an open space in the trees opposite, and we can see pretty well. It is worth looking at; you never saw the sea here in a storm."

With very little persuasion, I induced her to run up-stairs with me. Along the

corridor, we reached the chamber in question, and placing our candle near the door, and running together to the window, we saw the grand spectacle we had come to witness.

Over sea and land, rock and wood, a dazzling moon was shining. Tattered bits of cloud, the "scud" I believe they call it, were whirling over us, more swiftly than the flight of a bird, as far as your eye could discern: till the sea was lost in the grey mist of the horizon it was streaked and ridged with white. Nearer to the stooping trees, that bowed and quivered in the sustained blast, and the little churchyard dormitory that nothing could disturb, the black peaked rock rose above the turmoil, and a dark causeway of the same jagged stone, sometimes defined enough, sometimes submerged, connected it almost with the mainland. A few hundred yards beyond it, I knew, stretched the awful reef on which the Intrinsic, years before I could remember, had been wrecked. Beyond that again, we could see the waves leaping into sheets of foam, that seemed to fall as slowly and softly as clouds of snow. Nearer, on the dark rock, the waves flew up high into the air, like cannon-smoke.

Within these rocks that make an awful breakwater, full of mortal peril to ships driving before the storm, the estuary, near the shores of Malory, was comparatively quiet.

At the window, looking on this wild scene, we stood, side by side, in the fascination which the sea in its tumultuous mood never fails to exercise. Thus, not once turning our eyes from the never-flagging variety of the spectacle, we gazed for a full half-hour, when, suddenly, there appeared—was it the hull of a vessel shorn of its masts? No, it was a steamer, a large one, with low chimneys. It seemed to be about a mile and a half away, but was driving on very rapidly. Sometimes the hull was quite lost to sight, and then again rose black and sharp on the crest of the sea.

We held our breaths. Perhaps the vessel was trying to make the shelter of the pier of Cardyllion; perhaps she was simply driving before the wind.

To me there seemed something uncertain and staggering in the progress of the ship. Before her lay the ominous reef, on which many a good ship and brave life had perished. There was quite room enough, I knew, with good steering, between the head of the reef and the sandbank at the other side, to make the pier of Cardyllion.

But was there any one on board who knew the intricate navigation of our dangerous estuary? Could any steering in such a tempest avail? And, above all, had the ship been crippled? In any case, I knew enough to be well aware that she was in danger.

Reader, if you have never witnessed such a spectacle, you cannot conceive the hysterical excitement of that suspense. All those on board are, for the time, your near friends; your heart is among them; their terrors are yours. A ship driving with just the hand and eye of one man for its only chance, under Heaven, against the fury of sea and wind, and a front of deadly rock, is an unequal battle; the strongest heart sickens as the crisis nears, and the moments pass in an unconscious agony of prayer.

Rebecca Torkill joined us at this moment.

"Oh, Rebecca!" I said; "there is a ship coming up the estuary; do you think they can escape?"

"The telescope should be on the shelf at the back-stair head," she answered, as soon as she had taken a long look at the steamer. "Lord ha' mercy on them, poor souls! that's the very way the Intrinsic drove up before the wind the night she was lost; and I think this will be the worse night of the two."

Mrs. Torkill returned with the long sea telescope, in its worn casing of canvas.

I took the first "look out." After wandering, hither and thither, over a raging sea, and sometimes catching the tossing head of some tree in the foreground, the glass lighted, at length, upon the vessel. It was a large steamer, pitching and yawing frightfully. Even to my inexperienced eye, it appeared nearly unmanageable. I handed the glass to Laura. I felt faint.

Some of the Cardyllion boatmen came running along the road that passes in front of Malory. I saw that two or three of them had already arrived on the rising ground beside the churchyard, and were watching events from that wind-swept point. I knew all the Cardyllion boatmen, for we often employed them; and I said:

"I can't stay here; I must hear what the boatmen say. Come, Laura, come with me."

Laura was willing enough.

"Nonsense! Miss Ethel," exclaimed the housekeeper. "Why, dear Miss Grey, you could not keep hat or bonnet on in a wind like that. You could not keep your feet in it!"

Remonstrance, however, was in vain. I tied a handkerchief tight over my head and under my chin. Laura did the same. And out we both sallied, notwithstanding Rebecca Torkill's protest and entreaty. We had to go by the back door; it would have been impossible to close the hall-door against such a gale.

Now we were out in the bright moonlight under the partial shelter of the trees, which bent and swayed with the roar of a cataract over our heads. Near us was the hillock we tried to gain; it was next to impossible to reach it against the storm. Often we were brought to a standstill, and often forced backward, notwithstanding all our efforts.

At length, in spite of all, we stood on the little platform, from which the view of the rocks and sea beyond was clear.

Williams, the boatman, was close to me at my right hand, holding his low-crowned hat down on his head with his broad hard hand. Laura was at my other side. Our dresses were slapping and rattling in the storm like the cracking of a thousand whips; and such a roaring was in my ears, although my handkerchief was tied close over them, that I could scarcely hear anything else.

### WONDERS.

A BOOKCASE, the great delight of my boyhood, was enriched with sundry volumes of the Wonderful Magazine, a work the more to be ever-regretted, because its revival and continuation would be difficult, if not impossible, now. Not but that we have wonders too, but they are wonders of a different character. We have true wonders; humbug wonders; scientific wonders; wonders of organic and inorganic matter, despised by an amiable First Commissioner of Works; speculative, moral, and social wonders, undreamt of when that magazine appeared. The marvellous periodical, true to its mission, gave the good, old, last-century wonders, besides whatever startling facts or things could be raked up to the surface from all past time.

This compilation of all that was extraordinary gave, of course, the seven wonders of the world in minute detail, including an accurate view of the Colossus of Rhodes. There was Fingall's Cave, and also the Derbyshire Peak Cavern; the latter under a coarser name, connecting it with satanic personality. There was the Cock Lane

Ghost; Mrs. Tabitha Tibbets's safe delivery of a large little family of rabbits; Old Parr and the Countess of Desmond, with portraits—of the latter frisky centenarian after her climbing the apple-tree and breaking her leg by the fall therefrom. For the magazine, you should know, was an "illustrated," with coarse engravings not devoid of vigour. There was Elwes the miser, Mrs. Brownrigg the apprentice-killer, and numerous other personages who distinguished themselves by departing widely from the common run of man and womankind.

The serial stories—no invention of the current century—were Gulliver's Travels; the Adventures of Moll Flanders, in spite of Defoe's genius much too realistic for modern ears polite; the life and death of Eugene Aram, a history which Lord Lytton has subjected to the Voltairean rule of taking what he wants where he happens to find it. Nor, in truth, is that novel the sole product of contemporary literature whose germ I remember to have noted in the Wonderful Magazine.

I cannot, if I would, turn it to the same account, for, alas, poor books! they are lost to me for ever, unless I could find them in the British Museum; and then they would be, not mine, but the nation's. At the distribution of the paternal chattels, the Wonderful Magazine fell not to me. Its much-loved volumes are now dispersed, unfortunately nobody can tell me where, pining, separately, on distant book-stalls, perhaps at the antipodes, or torn up into curl-papers for some dirty-faced child. Who will restore my Wonderful Magazines?

Didn't Sancho say, "It's no use crying over spilt milk"? The Wonderful being gone and out of print, and most assuredly past reprinting, all one can do is to wipe one's eyes. They are hereby wiped, and strongly recommended to look out for another series of wonders. In short, having resolved to make a New Wonderful Magazine for my own perusal, I have already commenced collecting the materials. No matter what they are, so they be but wonderful.

My first contribution to my own miscellany is a wonderfully affectionate fish. It comes from Jacques Arago's Voyage Round the World,\* and, pray you mind, is the account of an eye-witness. Be it recorded, by the way, that the distinguished traveller, after a fit of sea-sickness that lasted four

\* Voyage Autour du Monde, par M. Jacques Arago. Edition Illustrée. Bruxelles, 1840, p. 17.

years, became blind on his return to France, and consoled his hours of darkness by recalling what he had seen.

"A shark!" shouted one of the sailors, all of a sudden. "A shark at the stern!" And, in fact, there the monster was, watching with his glassy eye for anything that might fall overboard. It was a welcome episode to break the dead calm, at which the crew were beginning to swear with their usual flowers of rhetoric.

In no time, an iron hook of the largest size is stuck into an enormous bit of bacon, and lowered into the sea by tackle of sufficient strength. Before the bait has been two minutes in the water, the little pilot-fish, the shark's provider, has frisked and darted to and fro, to inform his master what an easy prey is there. The shark, without waiting to be invited twice, turns on his back, and bites so well that the point of the hook comes out, red with blood, through his upper jaw. His struggles are unavailing; he is fairly caught. In vain does he plunge and tug fiercely at the rope. His captors are too many for him; before long he is writhing on deck. But it is well to approach him cautiously; an oar stuck into his mouth is crunched like a straw. And the affectionate pilot-fish has not abandoned him. Faithful to the lord of his choice, he still clings to him when hauled out of the water, and refuses to quit him, even in death.

The said pilot-fish, a member of the mackerel family, is a pretty little creature about a foot long. The confiding familiarity which subsists, from whatever motive, between itself and the adult shark, is proved by evidence beyond a doubt. For want of a shark to attach itself to, it will accompany ships during their course at sea, and that for weeks and months together. It is met with occasionally in Mount's Bay, Cornwall; and so gets included in the list of British fishes; but, Mr. Couch informs us, its presence can always be traced to the arrival of some foreign vessel, around which it constantly continues.

Nor is the shark's tenacity of life less extraordinary than its power of attracting the pilot-fish, although one is a physical, while the other may be called a moral quality. Two hours after the operation of cutting it up, the heart of Arago's shark still beat so violently as to force open the hand that tried to grasp and hold it; while the mutilated remains of the carcass, plunged in water to keep them fresh for eating, showed signs of life the next day.

Still more wonderful are the performances of another little fish. If true, the same Jacques Arago may well tell us that the sea around Guham (one of the Marianne, or Ladrone Islands), is even more productive than the land. The inhabitants make war on the finny tribes with the help of an auxiliary taken from themselves, whose name our voyager unfortunately forgot. It is a small fish which is kept in a reservoir, and tended with the greatest care. When his education is supposed to be complete, the fisherman takes him out to sea, and turns him loose. Little fishy then mingles with a shoal of his brethren, the bigger the better, so long as they do not eat him. At a signal given by striking certain knocks on the boat, the intelligent pupil forthwith returns, bringing with him his new-made acquaintances into the net which is ready to receive them.

The nameless fish thus shows a capacity—and it is Arago (p. 251), not I, who is responsible for the statement—equal to that of the Norfolk decoy-ducks, which really do entice wild fowl to their destruction. The call-ducks of the Continent, canards de rappel, are not decoy-ducks at all. They merely, by continuous quacking, arrest the attention of passing wild-fowl, and induce them to come within range of the gunner's shot. The most clamorous are therefore the best, whatever their plumage. Colonel Hawker tells us that the call-ducks employed in France are partly of the wild breed; "and three French ducks, like three Frenchmen, will make about as much noise as a dozen English."

Is a fish, playing the part of a decoy-duck, more wonderful than a bird undertaking the duties of a shepherd's dog? A pair of the birds in question, the trumpeter agami, *Psophia crepitans*, were lately brought to Paris, from Pernambuco, to replace their predecessors in the Jardin des Plantes, who had died out, or disappeared during the siege. Their presence excited, for a day or two, more curiosity than the trials of Communist prisoners for life or death. We are not informed whether an opportunity was given them of exercising their undoubted talents, which are vouched for by M. Isidore Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire,\* and have been signalled for some time past. "This bird," say Daubenton and

\* *Acclimatation et Domestication des Animaux Utiles*, p. 57. Paris, 1861.



Bernardin de Saint Pierre, "has the instincts and the fidelity of a dog. It will keep a troop of poultry, and even a flock of sheep, by whom it makes itself obeyed, although it is not bigger than a hen" (but considerably taller). The wood-cut represents a stuck-up, long-legged creature, having a very good opinion of itself. M. Saint-Hilaire has seen it make itself as useful in the poultry-yard as it is said to be in the open fields. It maintains order there, protecting the feeble from the strong, and distributing to the chickens and the ducklings food of which it refrains from touching a morsel itself. No creature, perhaps, is easier to tame, or more naturally attached to man. But the propagation of this valuable species has never been obtained in the cool climate of Paris. Attempts in the south of France might be more successful. And not only has M. Saint-Hilaire had personal cognisance of these facts both with the common and the white-winged agamis, but he caused them to be witnessed by the persons who attended his lectures, during the visits to the menagerie which concluded every annual course at the museum.

One more word about fishy wonders. "Mute as a fish" must be dropped as obsolete and, what is worse, erroneous. In many parts of the world fishes are known to make peculiar noises, which are described in some cases as being musical. A South American fish called the "armado" (a *Silurus*), is remarkable from a harsh grating noise which it makes when caught by a hook and line, and which can be distinctly heard when the fish is beneath the water. Very little has been ascertained with respect to the means by which such sounds are produced, and even less about their purpose. The drumming of the *Umbrinas* in the European seas is said to be audible from a depth of twenty fathoms. The fishermen of La Rochelle assert that the males alone make the noise during the spawning time; and that it is possible, by imitating it, to take them without bait. Consequently, Mr. Darwin interprets those sounds as a love-call, thus attributing to the lowest class of the *Vertebrata* habits prevailing throughout the other vertebrate classes, and which we know to prevail even with insects and spiders.

There are fish (tunnies) which put their heads out of water, and cry like a child; which sing in chorus like a distant organ; which make noises like the creaking of a

wheel, the rolling of a drum, the humming of a top. One fish imitates the lowing of a cow, another the quacking of a duck. I have heard trapped cuttle-fish, when the tide was leaving them, make noises like pigs greedily eating their swill. In the Bay of Pailon, there are fishes called "musicos," from their vocal accomplishments. Their performances remind the hearer of hymns that might be chanted in a submarine church.

Fish, too, can be listeners as well as executants. *Ælian* says that the shads appear to take pleasure in the sounds of musical instruments; but if it happen to thunder when they are ascending rivers, they rapidly return to the sea. But more than that; the shad is fond, not only of music, but of dancing. Is this the remnant or the continuation of an ancient and deeply-rooted belief? According to *Aristotle*, as soon as the shad has heard the sound of music, and seen people dance, it is irresistibly impelled to imitate them; in doing which, it cuts capers on the surface of the water. *Rondelet* tested, at Vichy, the truth of *Aristotle's* assertion. One moonlight night, armed with his violin, he strolled along the banks of the *Allier*. On reaching a spot where he knew there were fish, he struck up a brilliant waltz. The effect was immediate and magical. The shads stood upright on their tails, and leaped out of the water, keeping time to the music. Not a fish invited to the fête left off dancing as long as the fiddle played.

The supernatural may fairly be taken to comprise the wonderful. I have supernatural marvels to dispose of by wholesale.

In the cemetery of the *Père Lachaise*, at Paris, there is a granite tomb, severe and simple, striking and original, being an imitation of a *Druidical* monument, inscribed with the name of *Allan Kardec*, and raised to his memory by his disciples. This personage (who claimed the privilege of interrogating and conversing with the dead of all ages past as well as with the world of spiritual beings) published a volume, *Le Livre des Esprits*, *The Book of Spirits*, which, in 1863, claimed to have reached its tenth edition, expounding what it called spiritism.

The essential point of spiritism is a belief in the existence of spirits—a belief which most minds will accept—and in the communications of spirits with the visible world; respecting which, cautious intellects

will refrain from coming to any rash conclusion. The spirit-doctrine is founded on the assumption that the material world can hold intercourse at will with spirits or beings belonging to the invisible world. Adepts in spiritism rejoice in the title of spiritists.

The Book of Spirits professes to contain nothing which is not the expression of the spirits' thoughts, and which has not undergone their supervision. The order and distribution of the contents, with some other editorial details, are all that is due to the favoured person who received the mission to give them to the world. The superior spirits (with the aid of divers mediums) deigned—we are seriously told—to teach the peculiar principles of the spirit doctrine. Amongst the numerous spirits who have co-operated in the work, several have lived on earth at sundry epochs, when they preached and practised virtue and wisdom. Others do not belong, by name, to any personage mentioned in history; but their rank is said to be attested by the purity of their doctrine, and their association with well-known venerated spirits.

One of their editorial directions is, "Thou shalt place at the head of the book the vine-branch which we have drawn for thee." A fac-simile of the spirits' drawing is accordingly given. In style it resembles the sketches made by young gentlemen on the whitewashed walls and doors of the establishment where they receive all the comforts of a home (whipping included) from seven to thirteen years of age. "It is the emblem of the work of the Creator. All the material principles which best represent the body and the spirit are found therein united. The branch is the body; the juice is the spirit; the stones are the soul, or the spirit united to matter.

"Allow not thyself to be discouraged by criticism. Thou wilt meet with furious contradictors, especially amongst people interested in maintaining abuses. Thou wilt even find some amongst the spirits; for those who are not completely dematerialised often seek to scatter doubts out of malice or ignorance. But pursue thy way and walk in confidence. The time is at hand when the truth shall burst forth in all directions."

The spirits' charge, of which the above is an extract, is attested by the signatures of Saint John the Evangelist, Saint Vincent de Paul, Saint Louis, the Spirit of Truth, Socrates, Plato, Fenelon, Franklin, Swedenbourg, and others; and then, the prologue concluded, the curtain draws up,

and the farce—I beg Allan Kardec's ghost's pardon—the Book of Spirits begins.

The body of the work is a catechism, strictly after the Pinnock pattern, in which Kardec acts the catechist. But however interesting may be their answers respecting Infinity, Pantheism, the Properties of Matter, and other grave and lofty topics, the general reader will be more curious to know what the spirits tell about themselves. For instance:

Have spirits a determinate, limited, and constant form?

"In your eyes, No; in ours, Yes. They are, if you will, a flame, a light, or an etherised spark."

Is this flame or spark of any colour?

"For you it varies from a dark hue to the brightness of the ruby, according as the spirit is more or less pure."

Do spirits employ any length of time in traversing space?

"Yes, but they travel as quick as thought."

Has the spirit who betakes himself from one spot to another any consciousness of the space traversed; or is he suddenly transported to the locality whither he wishes to go?

"Both one and the other. The spirit can take cognisance of the distance travelled; but that distance can also be completely effaced. It depends upon his will, and also on the greater or less purity of his nature."

Do there exist, as has been stated, worlds which serve wandering spirits for stations and resting-places?

"Yes, there are worlds specially allotted to wandering spirits; worlds in which they may temporarily dwell, a sort of bivouacs or camps in which they can take their repose after a too long spell of travel, which is always more or less fatiguing. Conceive flocks of birds of passage alighting upon an island, in order to gain strength to pursue their journey."

Peter Wilkins saw something of the kind long ago, and described it in more entertaining style. But we have here two wonders rolled into one: First, that any one should have the hardihood to print, as serious truths, such a tissue of absurdities; and, secondly, that, in 1863, people have been found to believe in and patronise the author of the said absurdities. What a relief to know that there are real wonders to which we can return after our disgust at those connected with spiritist philosophy!

It is not by doubling a thing that you

always increase its power or its intensity. You may overdo it, as often happens. Two negatives, in the English language, make, not a stronger negative, but a positive. And two transparencies may make an opacity. Not to be obscure myself, it will happen in this wise:

White sunlight, we know, is composed of coloured rays. Now there are transparent substances which will allow some only of those coloured rays to pass through them, while they stop the rest. Look through a piece of red glass, and everything you see through it will appear coloured red, because the glass stops all rays except the red ones, which only strike your eye.

Lay down the red glass, and take a piece of green glass. Look through it, and everything will appear green. But red and green are called complementary colours, because, mingled together, they produce white. Place, then, a piece of transparent green glass upon a piece of transparent red glass, and you will have obscurity more or less complete, according to the intensity with which the glass is tinted. The explanation is obvious. As the red glass refuses all rays except the red ones, and the green glass arrests all rays except the green ones, and as those two colours contain all the elements which constitute white light, darkness is the necessary consequence.

This also shows that the colour of objects is merely a relative, and not an absolutely inherent, quality. It depends entirely on the circumstances in which the light they receive is produced, and on their power of reflecting certain rays and their inability to reflect certain other rays. A body which reflects all the rays of sunlight, is white. The body which reflects only some of them, is red, blue, or yellow, as the case may be.

This is curious enough; but the wonder is that sound presents somewhat similar phenomena; which is taken as a confirmation of the belief that both sound and light are produced by waves or undulations. It is a fact that, by making more noise, you do not necessarily get louder sounds. Two sounds combined may make silence. Not only is the extinction of sound by sound possible, but Doctor Tyndall shows how it may be done, and gives the reasons for that extraordinary result. It is entirely an affair of waves.

In the case of water-waves; when the crests of one set of waves coincide and unite with the crests of another set of waves, higher waves will be the result of

the combination of those two sets of waves. But when the crests of one set of waves coincide or fall in with the hollows or furrows of the other set, the water will be smoothed or levelled; the two sets of waves will wholly or partly destroy each other. This mutual destruction of two sets of waves is called, by the scientific, Interference.

We can conceive the same thing happening with waves of sound. If, in two sets of sonorous waves, the moment of condensation (which corresponds to the crest of a water-wave) in the one coincides with the moment of condensation in the other, the sound produced by such coincidence will be louder than that produced by either set of sound-waves taken singly. But if the condensations of the one set of sound-waves coincide with the rarefactions (answering to the hollows or troughs between water-waves) of the other set of sound-waves, a destruction, total or partial, of both sets of sound-waves is the consequence. That is, little or no sound is audible. The case may be illustrated by two organ-pipes of the same pitch placed near each other on the same wind-chest, and thrown into vibration. They so influence each other that, as the air enters the embouchure of the one, it quits that of the other. At the moment, therefore, the one pipe produces a condensation, the other produces a rarefaction. The sounds of two such pipes mutually destroy each other.

From scientific shift we to commercial wonders. Stepping in to gossip with a friend who keeps a shop, where, besides "novelties," you can buy such everyday utilities as blouses, blankets, and ready-made clothes, known in that neighbourhood as "confections," I found a commercial traveller displaying his sample patterns. The counter was covered with what I took, at first, for jewellery, but which proved, on inspection, to be only buttons. Amazed at their variety, I tried to classify them into families, orders, genera, species; but, giving it up, I asked their proprietor kindly to point out those which he considered the most noteworthy.

"This modest-looking specimen," he said, "which we call an agate button, is perhaps as remarkable as any. It is neat, lustrous, you see, and of a pearly or opaline white throughout its whole surface. Now, sir, we are able to sell twelve times twelve dozen of these white agate buttons, each pierced with four holes, for twenty-

three sous—one franc, fifteen centimes (elevenpence halfpenny English); that is, twelve dozen buttons for less than one penny, with a profit for the manufacturer and the retail shop-keeper. Of course I, the commis voyageur, must also live. Is it not a remarkably cheap button?"

"It is a wonder of cheapness!" I exclaimed. "But—is it possible?"

"You have only to give me an order to be convinced."

From the above specimens, gentle reader, it will be allowed, I think, that my New Wonderful Magazine is in the way of progress.

#### "CONSULE PLANGO.

##### AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

BARE grow the trees, the yellowing showers come down,

And passing sunbeams fleck with Autumn's gold  
The quivering red leaves of the forest oak;  
And as adown the russet lane I stray,  
That skirts the boundary of the garden-wall—  
My sparse grey locks, slow lifted by the breeze—  
Come back in bright kaleidoscope to me  
The memories of forty years ago!

White-bloomed magnolias, grouped upon the lawn,  
With rose-acacias, and great cedar kings,  
Shading, with pennons black, the shaven turf,  
Whereon we played at bowls; whilst laughing girls,  
White-muslined, with blue ribbons in their wealth  
Of rippling golden locks, looked on, and smiled  
Upon our prowess. And some twain would steal—  
Of pastime weary—to the friendly shade  
Of screening laurels, and 'neath June's blue skies,  
Whisper the "nothings" sweet, of dawning love.

Ah, me! I know not, whether it be well  
To dwell too much upon the hawthorn days,  
And memories of youth's sweet blossom-time,  
Lest we repine, that winter's snows have chilled  
The fire of Spring. And yet, and yet 'tis sweet,  
For shrunken limbs, in fancy once again,  
To feel the warm glow of their April-tide;  
For age-dimmed eyes, to brighten with youth's light,  
At these fond pictures—as the war-horse neighs,  
When past his work, at stirring trumpet sound.  
Ah yes, ah yes! though but in fancy's dream,  
To tread again youth's flowery path, is well!

#### THE CUPBOARD PAPERS.

##### FIN-BEC EXPLAINS.

FIN-BEC begs to offer the reader a few preliminary words of explanation. These Cupboard Papers are a series of observations and reflections on the art of living, which he has gathered in many places; and which, it will be surely conceded, have the best hope of being considered attentively at now. He who has seen humble and gracious people living comfortably on materials that would represent something very close upon starvation to an English or family, and has made the dismal contrast his study, in the hope that he might

presently observe upon it with profit to many thousands in these dear times, now submits his labours to all who have a desire to know the thrift that secures the plenty, and knowing it, to impart it to their neighbours, who hunger through ignorance, rather than through poverty.

##### I. POOR DEVILS!

"I CANNOT bear the way they live on the Continent. Messes, I call them."

This observation was provoked by the broad stretches of colouring vine that broke upon us as we sped through the rocky way of the railroad, between Bern and Ouchy. The hater of messes had been moved by the grapes to observe that he was of opinion that a Kentish hop-ground was more picturesque than a vineyard. They were a good British couple.

We were travelling through the vineyards of La Côte, along the Jorat range between the Alps and the Jura, and the blue waters of the lake were lapping the roots of the vines, and casting diamond spray upon the ripening fruit. It was a rare day along the banks of the Leman. Not a film between us and the Alps, that stretched in white and purple glory into the deep blue of the sky. Lateen sails swept like snowy wings upon the water, and a gay packet was puffing out of Evian opposite, making for our side. In the vineyards, men and women, swarthy with the fierce heat, were at work, giving a last, loving attention to the grape, over which the leaves were reddening fast. Many a traveller remembers that all the beauty of Lake Leman, where the vines creep to its liquid fringe, almost from Geneva to the Castle of Chillon, bursts upon the sight on issuing from a tunnel.

"Nor I. They wouldn't do for us. I don't say I can't eat them for a week or two when I'm travelling, but live on them, ough!" The lady shivered expressively, as though some horrible proposition in the way of cannibalism or a train-oil régime had been submitted to her.

The gentleman, being hugely satisfied with the emphatic verdict in his favour, grasped a bunch of alpenstocks he had held, beefeater fashion, all the way from the Federal capital, and leaned forward to substantiate his position.

"Mary can't bear them either, nor Anne—I mean our Anne."

"Our Anne would be sure not to like them," the lady observed with quiet firmness; indicating hereby that none of her

race could possibly derogate from the dignity of the family by liking the messes of the Continent, or even tolerating them; while one of the Dothems, the butchers of Chalkstone, who had served generations of Anne's kindred, lived to cut a mutton-chop, or trim the Sunday leg of mutton.

"You deal with Cheatham now, don't you?"

"The idea!" the lady exclaimed. "Really, Reginald, you ought to know that nothing would ever induce us, nothing—after over forty years! Why the Dothems must have had thousands out of our family. But you know that as well as I do."

"Of course," Reginald said apologetically, glancing round the carriage to see whether his fellow-passengers were fully impressed with the dignity of a family that had dealt with the same butcher for over forty years.

"You like omelettes, though?" Reginald inquired, in the manner of a man who, in the generosity of his heart, was trying to insinuate an extenuating circumstance in mitigation of sentence upon an unfortunate culprit. "Yes, you like omelettes, of course."

The lady was not to be cajoled. She was a person of firm convictions, which had been instilled into her, just as they had been instilled into her mother and grandmother before her. They were as much part of her as her back hair—possibly, more so. They were part of the eminent gentility of Chalkstone, and no more to be rooted out of a member of one of the genteel families of that eye of the universe, than the corner-stone of the parish church was to be dislodged by a toothpick.

"Omelettes! I don't think there can be any very strong objection to them." The pale-blue grave eyes of the speaker wandered quietly over the vineyards, the lake, and the mountains, while she gave the subject her deepest consideration. "But John always says he doesn't see 'the pull' (as he calls it) they have over English fried eggs, after all. Omelette, too, is very difficult to digest."

"There you are right." Reginald caught at the objection, and, while he described an imaginary pattern upon the carpet with the point of an alpenstock, continued: "John sees straight through things. Still, they can do an omelette in a way that we can't touch."

"Perhaps it's as well we can't, for the waste of butter is positively wicked. Our next station is Lausanne, I think?"

Reginald sought his guide-book, and

compared it with the name of the little vine and flower-covered station at which we were drawing up. Satisfied with the correctness of his book, the punctuality of the train, and of the exact number of miles yet to be traversed, he turned his back on lake, mountains, and vineyards, and searched his mind for another diverting topic, appearing to have an idea that he would find it in the empty lamp-socket in the roof of the carriage.

"You don't see much good fruit on the Continent," was the bright result of his exploration. "Indeed, I call their fruit flavourless. And Bolt is quite of my opinion."

"John is a judge," said the lady, naturally, the gentlemen being, as it subsequently appeared, her husband. "He rather likes their melons."

"Bless me!" responded Reginald; "he never told me that. But, of course, you know. As to melons, they can't help their being fine; they grow in the fields like swedes, or mangold. You see them lying in heaps upon the pavements. I bought one for two sous at Lyons, and took it up to my room at the hotel, and we ate it all to ourselves."

"You greedy creatures!" was the playful rebuke to the beaming Reginald, who was quite of the opinion that he had said something uncommonly witty, and presented himself to the company in the light of a supremely knowing one.

"With a little brandy from my flask, and part of a roll which Anne—my Anne, I mean—had saved from the breakfast, we made quite a cosy lunch, for two sous—a penny!"

"I am afraid not a very wholesome one. At what time do you lunch now? Since we've moved into our new house (you know John has bought it outright?), and we are nearer John's office, we lunch every day at half-past twelve, as the clock strikes."

Reginald was intensely interested, and, by a series of questions, elicited from the lady the further information that John still liked Cheshire cheese as much as ever, and was very cross one day when North Wiltshire was put upon the table; that it was very difficult to get exactly the black crust John liked from the baker; that cheese remained at about the same price at Chalkstone; and that John's eldest boy—being a lad of extraordinary discernment—was as fond of Cheshire as his father, which made, altogether, a very diverting

and sprightly narrative for a company of strangers, who had travelled many hundred miles to gaze upon Lake Leman, and were now gliding along its shores, on the loveliest day of a brilliant summer.

A Spanish lady and gentleman who were in the carriage with us drew between them a trim square basket, daintily tied with black riband. The gentleman untied the basket, and then left the lady to operate.

The señora unfolded a white napkin, that sent a cool perfume as of sweet herbs through the carriage, and spread it upon her knees; then a second, which she spread upon the knees of the gentleman. Then some silver knives were unfolded. Then two bright goblets appeared. Intense excitement on the part of Reginald, who answered every movement of the señora by an exchange of glances with his relative. Then a delicious bunch of grapes; two or three kinds of breads—the croissant, the brioche, the pain-grau, &c.—a cake or two of Coloniale chocolate (*the chocolate, let me tell the fastidious reader*), and a little Bordeaux.

Reginald shrugged his shoulders, raised his eyebrows in pity, and muttered, "Dear me! dear me!"

That was a luncheon. What possible good could it do the benighted couple who were about to consume it? Bread and grapes! Why, they were actually munching chocolate and bread! Reginald's relative pulled her waterproof cloak about her, and drew down the ample folds of her blue veil. She seemed to fear that the ignorance was catching.

"Did you ever see such a lunch as that before?" Reginald presently whispered.

The lady pressed her lips together, and with intense conviction replied, "Never."

"They do make such extraordinary combinations. Just think of this—roast kid served with stewed greengages! I actually had it the other day at Cologne, or Mayence, I forget which. But chocolate and bread for luncheon beats me, I confess. And, look, they seem to be enjoying it. Quite their usual lunch, I've no doubt."

"Yes; but you must remember, Reginald"—the gentle lady's heart was filled with pity—"you must remember; you have been accustomed all your life to the very best English living. It strikes you as very dreadful, of course. But look, the French gentleman in the opposite corner doesn't seem to think it in the least degree strange."

Reginald observed the Frenchman, and recognised him as the passenger who at the buffet had taken a glass of ordinaire and water and a cake, and observed that thus fortified, he should last to the journey's end. "It wouldn't do for us," Reginald reflected. "I wonder what John would say to a cake of chocolate and a roll for his luncheon?"

John's wife put on her most scornful expression, and vowed that she was afraid to think what the consequences would be if she were to put such a luncheon before him, under any circumstances.

"They seem to enjoy it, and are as merry as troutlets," Reginald observed, after having given a few minutes to minute watching. "Actually, they seem to enjoy it."

"It's their ordinary way of living, you may be sure," the compassionate lady of the family that had enjoyed uninterrupted dealings with one butcher for over forty years, observed. "I dare say chocolate is meat to them."

"But think of putting water with that wine. It must be abominable; I find it difficult to manage, pure."

"I never touch it," said the lady.

The train drew up at the Ouchy station, and, while a trim girl offered the passengers who were continuing the journey to Geneva baskets of fruit, John appeared to help his wife out of the carriage.

"Reginald and I have had such fun, John," was her greeting; "seeing some Spanish people at lunch."

"What do you think of those for luncheon-hampers?" Reginald asked, pointing to the baskets of fruit. "Awfully heavy, n'est ce pas?"

"Poor devils!" was Mr. John Bolt's sole but significant rejoinder. "I hope they've got bottled beer at the Beau Rivage, that's all I can say. I could drink one of Mr. Bass's vats dry."

"If they haven't, as you say, Bolt, 'poor devils!'" chimed Reginald.

## II. AT TABLE-D'HÔTE.

In these days there are plenty of people who are ready to pronounce on the syllabub, the instant their lip breaks the nearest bubble of the froth. They are judges of all vintages; are familiar with every vine-slope from the Pyrenees to Fontainebleau, and would not yield in opinion to the oldest taster of the Halles aux Vins. No joyous wine-dealer by the banks of the Garonne has their familiarity with the many quali-

ties of incomparable Bordeaux. Institutions come as easily to them as eggs. They apply their learned spoon, crack the shell, and approach their infallible nose to the yolk. It is bad or it is good. I and you, diffident souls! have been endeavouring to work by study and experience to a just decision; but they jump over our backs, and beckon to us to follow. They approve or disapprove, after a morning's stroll, the fabric of a thousand years.

A constitution is as open to their instant understanding as a washing-bill. They look upon a range of Alps as familiarly as a market-woman handles a rope of onions. You speak with awe of the terrible vastness of a crevasse; to them it is a convenient place where they usually light their cigar. Mont Blanc is their Gipsy Hill, and statesmen and ambassadors and princes are, to them, just capital fellows to chum with.

There are people, again, who will not be taught. Their mind is made up and bolted at all points. Nothing on earth would induce them to receive the smallest additional parcel of knowledge. They are intellectual all-in-alls in their family, and among their acquaintance; and their familiars pity the benighted wretch who is foolish enough to differ from them. They knew it would rain; they were prepared to hear the down-mail had run into the five P.M. from Birmingham; they had given poor Brown, who died yesterday, exactly the span of life he ran, to half an hour; and barometers and thermometers are superfluities, wherever they take up their quarters. Not that they have ever studied, or travelled much. Unyielding dogmatism is their moral back-bone.

The two gentlemen are of British growth. The latter is, shall we say, a Lancashire man; the former, an unmitigated child of Cockayne, and they are both in the habit of appearing at table-d'hôtes on the tourist lines of the Continent. I came upon them, among other places, at that cross between a railway-station, a booking-office, and an hotel, the Metropole at Geneva.

One man, who knew everything, I recognised at once. It was John Bolt, fortunate possessor of the lady whose family had dealt with the Dothems of Chalkstone for over forty years. The table-d'hôte was just over, and he had settled into a conversation with a tourist opposite, who was quite familiar with the Kaiser Wilhelm, and could drop in on Bismarck, whenever he felt inclined, for half an hour's chat before dinner on the destinies of Europe.

Reginald was an enraptured listener; and Mrs. Bolt, like Pauline Deschappelles, hung upon the honey of the eloquent tongue of her beloved John. Hers was genuine admiration, poor, narrow little soul! but what were the two controversialists-in-chief thinking of each other, while they boasted and laid down the law, talking at the company who still lingered at the tables with their toothpicks? Mr. Bolt pronounced the dinner, in his elegant, gentlemanly way, to be a series of makeshifts; to which the friend of Kaiser Wilhelm and dropper-in on Bismarck replied, with equal taste, that when Bolt had had his experience of the tables of the world, he would be better able to adapt himself to the diets of the nations, the repasts of the races; to the substantial steak of the Teuton, and the light lark of the Latin. Mr. Bolt had not the smallest intention of adapting himself to anything. He observed that it was not likely his tastes would change, and hinted that he would take care they should not. Any change from perfection is deterioration. The cockney, who was, let me note, a traveller and an observing man, curled his lip, and glanced round, while he replied that argument was thrown away upon a disputant who avowed that he was not open to reason. He maintained that the dinner was—well, not a good one, judged by a London or Paris club standard, but a wonderful advance on any general dinner ever served in hotel or restaurant in the British metropolis.

"That I deny," was Mr. Bolt's rejoinder.

"That is, you refuse assent to my assertion. I don't know that your refusal annihilates it. I am not sure that it weakens the authority of it."

"I say that a cut from the joint, a bit of fish, and a tart, is a better dinner than all this gastronomic tomfoolery which lasts nearly two hours, and leaves a man of healthy appetite almost as hungry as when he began."

Mrs. Bolt and Reginald exchanged glances of admiration.

"The whole of it," Reginald timidly interposed, "doesn't come up to a good English joint."

"It is not so wholesome at any rate," Mrs. Bolt simpered, half afraid of the sound of her voice, in the presence of the oracle John.

Mr. Baker (I saw his name afterwards—Bloomsbury Baker—sign-board size, upon his portmanteau in the hall) smiled

and softened his voice, a lady having entered the lists. "As for the wholesomeness, the highest authorities are in favour of less eating, that is, less substantial and a greater variety, than in England. For instance, you can't get such a salad"—it was Romaine, and Baker was right—"as we had just now, in all London."

"I'll mix a salad—with—with anybody in the world; I don't care who he is," said Bolt. "I'll mix a salad—with—with anybody in the world; I don't care who he is," said Bolt.

"To your liking, possibly," Mr. Baker replied. "But does that dispose of my question? The salad you would make the Spaniard and the Frenchman would hold in abhorrence. Not a single Genevese, I take it, would put his lips to it."

"That's because they don't know what a good salad is, and we do."

Both Mrs. Bolt and Reginald took this to be a home thrust on the part of their oracle, and laughed outright.

"You have a good audience," Baker presently continued, quite unabashed, glancing with a quiet eye through his last glass of Burgundy; "but I hold to my opinion, and your remark confirms it very strongly in my mind. Here, or in Paris—nay, go almost where you will on the Continent—and you will find a good salad all the year round, for something like twopence, because, in the first place the French, the Swiss, the Germans, the Italians, and the Spaniards, have a score of wholesome, nay medicinally valuable, plants or growths, of which they make use in their soups or salads, and which we throw away, or leave to rot in the fields."

"Sorrel, you mean, I suppose," was Mr. Bolt's contemptuous observation, which was supported by a wry grimace, dutifully and lovingly drawn by his wife.

"Among other things, yes; and a very wholesome plant," Mr. Baker took no notice of the lady's shudder. "I was in the market this morning, on the Place de la Fusterie, having a talk with the country people, and looking after my morning peach, which I eat regularly as I watch the rushing of the Rhône under the bridge, when one of the women was good enough to point out to me the many varieties of her stall, down to what you would call her basket of toadstools. These, you know, our learned men have taught us, approach, like salmon, in nutritive qualities, to our English beefsteak. You are aware that they have inspectors of fungi in Rome?"

"Inspectors of fiddle-sticks!" was Mr. Bolt's superb rejoinder. "I suppose our

toadstools are part of the precious food we waste."

"Undoubtedly. Then again, we take no trouble about growing mushrooms. Why, under Paris, there are miles of mushroom-beds."

"In the catacombs, I suppose," quoth the wit Bolt, while Reginald rubbed his hands in his delight at the victory of his oracle.

"Bolt's a trifle too strong for him," he whispered to Mrs. Bolt.

"I have met the inspectors. I have eaten twenty varieties of fungi—toadstools as you are pleased to call them—and I was very sorry indeed to see that there were none for dinner to-day, for there were large quantities in the market this morning."

"I think I should have been obliged to leave the table," Mrs. Bolt observed.

"Ladies," Mr. Baker gallantly responded, "are permitted to have prejudices; but we men, it appears to me, are bound to examine for ourselves. It is a good many years ago now since Doctor Barham dedicated his book on Esculent Funguses to the Bishop of Norwich, because its chief object was to furnish the labouring classes with wholesome nourishment and profitable occupation, and his lordship was distinguished from all others, as the doctor said, by recognising the claims and furthering the interests of the poor."

"A queer way of feeding the poor!" Mr. Bolt said, a little more quietly than usual. Was Mr. Baker getting too strong for him?

"And yet," said Mr. Baker, "it is the clergy who have been foremost in what I presume you would call the toadstool movement. Perhaps you remember a very popular book that came out a few years ago called something like Contributions to Natural History, mainly in relation to the Food of the People."

"Never heard of it," was Mr. Bolt's answer, given as though he were for ever establishing the mediocrity and poorness of the volume.

"We have some thirty esculent fungi which our poor fellows who go home every night to dry bread or a mess of porridge, kick with their hobnails."

"They may be poorly off and underfed, sir"—here Reginald took courage to interpose—"but you'll never get them to feed on fungus."

"At least let us hope not," Mrs. Bolt said in support.

"A charming dinner—toadstools for



meat, and sorrel for vegetables!" Mr. Boltt threw in, setting the little audience in a roar.

"You couldn't have anything much better in this weather," the calm philosopher from Cockayne went on, "than a dish of the bright yellow fungi I saw a woman selling in garlands this morning at the corner of the Rue des Allemands. She was a perfect picture, and I wish some English artist—say Mr. Frith—would paint the fungus-seller for the next Royal Academy. She was hooded in the charming white cap, with a red kerchief and short blue skirt; and slung upon both arms were threaded fungi of a rich yellow brown, which she sold readily, I can tell you; for the people here know something more about eating than chops and steaks, and potatoes and cabbages."

"I wish them joy of their knowledge," was Mr. Boltt's benevolent remark.

"You have good reason to do so, sir. By their knowledge, they live handsomely on what our thriftless labourers would call a starvation wage. Don't we see in the papers every day that the ploughmen of this county and of that, can get only a bit of bacon by way of meat; that their children grow up, underfed; that the whole race is deteriorating! At the same time we know that in Kent, for instance, flourishes the very finest and most nutritious of the esculent fungi, which would give blood, and bone, and muscle to the cowherd and his brats, and is destroyed and thrown into the road by the ignorant farmers. Teach the farmers—they are to blame; their servants have never had any opportunity of knowing any better."

"How would you have them eat the delicacy? The more it was disguised, the better I should like it, for my own part." It need hardly be added that this was Mr. Boltt's sally.

Mr. Baker was a man not to be moved from his point or purpose; and he was fully equipped with authorities. "It will mince alone, capitally; it will double the nutritive value of a fricassée. A vol-au-vent of it is magnificent. But, as a dish, in its native majesty, with a little bacon, butter, and pepper and salt, it would not disgrace the stew-pan of the proudest cordon-bleu. We have a mushroom, too, of which you can make delicious fritters!"

"Beignets de toadstool," muttered Reginald in the lady's ear.

"The Romans have a prejudice as strong as yours," Mr. Baker said, turning with

cool severity upon Reginald. "They look upon our common mushroom—the only one we eat, with horror and detestation, and it is flung into the Tiber by the inspectors. The morell, again; we import it, and pay a high price for it; yet when we find it in our own fields we destroy it. But, as I told you, I saw this morning, in the Place de la Fusterie, and in the market-streets round about, a score of varieties of food which are never seen in an English market, which are wholesome and nutritious, and which grow abundantly in our fields—nay, occasionally in our hedges."

"Well, sir," Mr. Boltt said, rising, and determined to break up the sitting, before his fame as an oracle could be further weakened by Mr. Baker (whom he described afterwards in the smoking-room as "a well-informed person from London")—"well, sir, I hope the people of England will never be reduced to a diet of toadstools and weeds. They may be, as you say, underfed—though, on another occasion, I should like to go into that subject with you; they may be ignorant, though I have yet to learn that familiarity with fungi comes under the head of learning; they may be degenerating, though I never saw the foreigner who could stand up to a Northumberland farm-lad. But you will excuse me, if I decline to believe all your doctors, and professors, and inspectors, be they Roman or Parisian, who tell me Englishmen don't know what's good and what's bad, and cannot put upon the table any day, ay, and in any town in the three kingdoms, a more wholesome and satisfactory meal than this table d'hôte, with its menu, and dab of ice-pudding, and its mouthfuls à la this, that, and the other."

"I should like some tea, John," said Mrs. Boltt, as this triumphant Briton led her out of the salle-à-manger.

"A demi-tasse," said Mr. Baker, to the head-waiter, who had been listening pityingly to the conversation, "and let it be very hot. Yes, and a kirsch; you have it good here. At any rate your Evian eau de cerise has the real cherry flavour."

### A DASHING EXPLOIT.

WHEN the Revolution of 1830 set in, Alexandre Dumas, then a very young man, and seeing nothing in life but one series of tableaux, took his share in the more stirring scenes in the capacity of a skirmisher. He tells the whole story in his memoirs,

and his account seems an anticipation of the best portions of Rabagas. But his narrative of his expedition to Soissons to seize some powder will be found one of the most stirring bits of adventure in modern times.

He had heard Lafayette say that if the king were to advance on Paris there would be no powder to meet him with. Alexandre conceived a bold scheme, and proposed to the general to set off for Soissons—a town he well knew—and seize on the magazine there. Lafayette laughed at the idea, but consented to give him a pass to General Gérard, to which Dumas coolly added, “and we recommend his scheme to you.” From Gérard he, with some difficulty, obtained a requisition addressed to the authorities of the town for the powder. In this he ingeniously interpolated the words “minister of war”—a rank which no one but himself had conferred on the general. With this official document he returned to Lafayette, and persuaded the old patriot to write him a sort of letter of introduction to the citizens of Soissons, recommending them “Alexandre Dumas, one of our combatants,” as a fit and proper person to whom they should hand over the powder. Then our hero—for such he was on this occasion—prepared himself for as spirited and dramatic an adventure as can be found in the books of romance.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 30th of July, 1830. As he was hurrying away, he met a young painter named Bard, who was only nineteen. He asked him to join. The other agreed with alacrity, and Alexandre sending him back for his double-barrelled pistols and his horse, set off himself in a cabriolet for Le Bourget, then the first post on the road to Soissons, and which has since obtained such a disastrous notoriety. Arrived there, he exhibited his Lafayette and Gérard letters to the post-master, and demanded a chaise and horses for his mission. The post-master was friendly, and even empressé, and supplied him at once with what he asked. He went out to buy some pieces of calico—red, white, and blue—which were sewn into a tricolour flag fixed to a broomstick, which latter was tied on to the chaise. With this ensign they started, in hopes of getting to Soissons about midnight. The post-master shook his head, but, as he sagaciously remarked, “so many miracles had been performed during the last three days that it might be possible.” As they hurried through the various villages the

flag caused the greatest excitement. His fellow-traveller, delighted, declared that all was going splendidly, “but that they ought to have some sort of cry.”

“Shout away, then,” said Dumas, “and while you are shouting I’ll take some sleep.”

The only difficulty was what was to be the cry, and with some hesitation the now well-worn and tattered “Vive la République” was decided on. Accordingly, the young painter, his head out of the window, and his flag waving, roared on. On the high road they met a chaise going to Paris, and a traveller of some fifty years old asked for news.

“The Louvre is taken; the Bourbons fled; Provisional Government established—vive la République!” the excited painter poured out. The gentleman fifty years old scratched his ear, and continued his journey. For the next stage they had an old postilion, who persisted in going at a steady trot, and at every remonstrance, answered doggedly, “Leave it all to me. A man knows his own business best.” Dumas at last from the chaise window laid on the backs of the horses with a stick, and made them gallop. In a rage the man pulled up, swore he would unyoke his beasts, and actually proceeded to do so. Dumas fired at him with blank cartridge, and so scared him that he rolled on the ground in terror. Alexandre then put on the huge posting-boots, and, mounting, galloped on to the next post. They soon reached the old familiar Villers-Cotterets—the whole town, as may well be imagined, being thrown into intense excitement by the appearance of the chaise with the tricolour and the excited Alexandre Dumas. Late as it was, every house poured out its inhabitants, who rushed to the post-house. A thousand eager questions were put to him—what did it mean, this flag and the guns? He knew all the townspeople, and told the story of the last few days. It was insisted that he should stay a short time, and have something to eat, and he was carried off to the house of an old friend, where a hasty supper was got ready. A number of old companions, who had been boys when he was in the little town, gathered round, listening eagerly as their old friend declaimed and recounted between every mouthful. As he dashed in for them, which he could do admirably, vivid sketches of these thrilling scenes, the rustics listened with delight and wonder; but when he came to explain the object of his present expedition—“when I announced that I meant

to capture, single-handed, all the powder that was in a military town, containing eight thousand inhabitants, and a garrison of eight hundred men"—they looked at him doubtfully, and thought he was crazed. This was, of course, welcome to Alexandre, who always delighted to put himself in a theatrical attitude, and be the centre of a dramatic situation. He turned to his companion Bard:

"What were my words when proposing this expedition to you?"

"You asked," was the reply, "was I inclined to get myself shot with you."

"And what do you say now?"

"That I am ready still."

All were confounded at such gallantry. One of his friends now stepped forward, and offered to get him into Soissons, as he had a friend at the gates. Then Alexandre, always anticipating his D'Artagnan, raised his glass, and drank to his own return to them on the next evening. "Have dinner ready," he called to the host, "for twenty people, and it is to be eaten just the same, whether we are alive or dead—here are two hundred francs." The other answered he might pay on the morrow. "But if I should be shot?" "Then I shall pay." A shout arose, "Hurrah for Cartier!" Dumas drank off his wine, and, we might add, the act-drop fell.

It was now about eleven o'clock. The horses were put to, the chaise was waiting, and the bold trio, Dumas, Bard, and Hutin (who was to pass them through the gates), drove away on their daring expedition. By one o'clock they had reached the gates of Soissons, through which they were allowed to pass, "the door-keeper little dreaming," says Alexandre the great, "that he was admitting the Revolution."

They went straight to the house of Hutin's mother, where their first business was the manufacture of a huge tricolour flag. She contributed her blue and red curtains, with a tablecloth, and all the women of the household were set to work to sew the pieces together. By daybreak the task was completed. The pole, of course, gave no trouble, as the one from which the Bourbon white flag was floating would answer. "The flag-staff," as Dumas says, "had no political opinions."

The plan they had arranged was really Quixotic in its extravagance, and indeed seems almost incredible. Making all allowance for Dumas's bombast, it will be seen that at the most he has only been guilty of the novelist's exaggeration; and though at

the time the story of the adventure was all but scouted, it could not be disproved in its facts, which are given with the most minute details of dates, names, and places. It was settled that Bard and Hutin were to take the flag and contrive to get into the cathedral under pretence of seeing the sun rise from the tower. If the sacristan made any resistance he was to be flung over the parapet. Then having dragged down the white flag, and set the tricolour floating from the tower, Bard was to hurry on to lend his aid to Dumas, who would be engaged at the powder magazine. Such was the dashing plan of these three men.

They started at daybreak, and Dumas made his way to the Fort St. Jean, where a small pavilion, close to the gateway, was used as the magazine. He dared not attempt the gate, but stealing round, climbed up the wall cautiously, and took a peep into the fort. He saw two soldiers busy hoeing in a little garden at the corner. He let himself down again, looked over at the distant cathedral. He saw distinctly against the sky a dark outline of some figures; then the white flag, after being tossed about in an extraordinary fashion that could not have been owing to the wind, finally disappeared, and the tricolour took its place. Now was the moment: his companions had done their part. He slung his double-barrelled gun about him, and began to climb the wall. When he got to the top he saw the two soldiers staring with wonder at the strange flag on the cathedral, then, cocking both barrels of his gun, he leaped down and stood before them. One was named Captain Mollard: the other Sergeant Ragou. He advanced on them, presenting his piece, and made them a courteous but hurried speech, explaining who he was, and his errand. He was Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, son of General Dumas, &c. He came in the name of General Gérard to demand the surrender of the powder, and there was his order signed by the general, which he presented with one hand, and holding his cocked gun in the other. The pair were much taken back, and knew not what to do, when the colonel, D'Orcourt, who was in command, was seen approaching. The matter was explained to him, and after many courteous phrases, a treaty was arranged, by which the three officers promised their neutrality, and engaged to keep within doors. Thus the powder magazine would seem to have been captured by Dumas single-handed. It has the air of a very brilliant achievement.

and the picture of the hero alone in the fort, his finger on the triggers of his gun, courteously but firmly controlling his three opponents, is a most dramatic scene. When writing the account of his adventure, from which we take these particulars, however, Dumas forgets that in the official report, furnished to the *Moniteur* twenty-three years before, he had stated that three of his friends were waiting at the gate.

Thus successful, he opened the gate and found his friend Bard. To him he handed over the charge of the magazine, and went away to deal with the commandant of the fort, Liniers. He found this officer just risen, and discussing the news of the sudden appearance of the flag on the cathedral. Dumas laid down his gun at the door, introduced himself, and made his demand for an order to remove the powder. The other declined to acknowledge General Gérard's order, and said that there was scarcely any powder in the magazine. The commandant seemed, in fact, rather amused, and smiled scornfully when Dumas answered that the party at the magazine were his prisoners. Alexandre replying that he would go back at once and bring proof under their hand that the powder was there, made his bow, and retired. He flew back, found that he was right, and returned presently with satisfactory proof that a large quantity of powder was in the magazine. But when he reached the commandant's office he found that the party had been increased during his absence, and that Lenferna, an officer of gendarmes, and Bonvilliers, colonel of the Engineers, were there, in full uniform, and armed. The commandant addressed him in a sort of bantering tone, telling him that he had sent for these officers, who, with him, were in command of the town, in order that they might have the pleasure of hearing M. Dumas explain his mission. The young man saw that boldness was his only resource, and coolly told them that he had been engaged by Lafayette to bring the powder to Paris, or to lose his life, and that he insisted on the commandant handing over that powder to him. The officers passed on Gérard's order from one to the other with a sort of smiling contempt.

"And so," said the commandant, in the same tone—"so, single-handed, Monsieur Dumas—I think you said that was your name—you propose to force me to do this. You see that we are four."

The young man saw that matters were coming to a crisis, and took a prompt re-

solution. He stepped back, pulled his double-barrelled pistols from his pockets, and presented them at the startled party. "You are four," he said, "gentlemen. But we are five. If that order be not signed in five seconds, I give you my word of honour I will blow your brains out, beginning with the commandant's there!"

He owned he felt a little nervous, but he was determined.

"Take care," he went on; "I mean what I say. I am going to count. One—two—three——"

At this critical moment a side door was flung open, and a lady flung herself among them in a paroxysm of alarm.

"Agree! agree!" she cried. "Oh, this is another revolt of the negroes! Think of my poor father and mother, whom they murdered in St. Domingo!"

Alexandre owned that the lady's mistake was excusable, considering his own natural tint (deepened by violent browning from the sun), and the peculiar character of hair and voice. But we may wonder at the insensibility to ridicule which could prompt him to set down such a jest at his own expense.\* The truth was, he was so filled with vanity, that all the nicer senses became blunted, and he was even unconscious of the roars of laughter which these foolish confidences produced. The commandant could not resist the entreaties of his wife. Alexandre declared that he had infinite respect for the lady, but entreated her husband to send her away, and let the men finish the business. The poor commandant protested that his self-respect must be respected. He could not decently yield to a single man. Alexandre then offered to sign a paper, to the effect that the order had been extorted at "the mouth of the pistol-barrel." "Or would you prefer," he added, "that I should fetch two or three of my companions, so that you should seem to have yielded to a more respectable force?" The commandant accepted this proposal, and Alexandre left him, bluntly declaring that no advantage must be taken of the delay or he would return and "blow all their brains out," and that the whole party must give their parole of honour that they would remain exactly as they were.

"Yes, yes," cried the lady. Alexandre made her a low bow, but declared that it was not her parole that he wanted. The commandant gave what was required of

\* "O, mon ami, cède! c'est une seconde révolte des nègres."

him, and Alexandre hurrying away, speedily returned with two or three of his men, whom he placed in the court. Opening the window he called to them, and bade them inform the gentlemen inside that they were ready to fire on them at the first signal: an appeal answered by the significant sound of the cocking of guns. The commandant understood, and going to his desk, wrote out a formal order.

After this the rest was comparatively easy. The magazine was broken open, carts were procured and loaded, and at about five o'clock they were outside the town. Dumas was so exhausted that he sank down on the grass, under a hedge, and fell fast asleep. Roused up presently, he started on his journey, and by eight o'clock reached Villers-Cotterets, where they found the supper ready, which had been ordered the evening before. After a jovial meal they set out once more, and by three o'clock in the morning were close to Paris, at the post-house whence they had started. At nine he had presented himself, with his powder, at the Hôtel de Ville, having triumphantly accomplished the daring exploit he had undertaken.

When Alexandre told this adventure, there was many a shrug of the shoulders and loud-scoffing laugh; such a romance as this was not thought worth serious refutation, as coming from so amusing and notorious a gasconader—an uncomplimentary appreciation which he owed to the incurable vanity which always made him set his own figure in the most effective and dramatic positions. But the story is perfectly true, abating some harmless exaggeration. It is to be found set forth in a modest official report addressed to Lafayette, published by his direction in the *Moniteur* of August the 9th, 1830, and signed by Dumas and the friends who assisted him in the expedition. The names of the various officers whom he forced to submit to him are given at length. When the memoirs were published in 1853, the son of the commandant, Liniers, did, indeed, come forward with an indignant "reclamation," to clear the memory of his father, who was then dead, but his testimony, for he was actually present at the scene in the commandant's cabinet, only confirms Dumas's account. The purport of the son's letter is merely this: that the town was already ripe for revolt before Dumas's arrival, and that when the latter returned with his friends, these were assumed to be chiefs of the National Guard, already known to be disaffected. In short, that the officer yielded not to Dumas,

but to an overpowering force behind him. His son describes Dumas parading his pistols, and menacing the commandant, but declares that the presence of the four officers armed, and intimidated, was a fiction of the novelist. He admits, however, that he himself and the secretary—with Madame de Liniers—were present. On the whole, the adventure may be accepted in all faith, and reflects credit on the great raconteur.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### BOOK III.

#### CHAPTER III. HUMPHREY STATHAM GROWS UNEASY.

WHAT has come over the ruling spirit of the offices in Change-alley? The partners in the great mercantile houses, whose ship-broking is there carried on, cannot understand it, and the men in the tall fluffy hats, the frock-coats, and the shepherd's plaid trousers, whom no one would suspect to be the captains of merchant vessels fully certificated, long serviced, and ready to sail on any navigable water in the world, shrug their shoulders and mutter hoarsely to each other in the luncheon-room at Lloyd's, that "something must be up with Mr. Statham." The clerk who gives a maritime flavour to the office by wearing a pea-jacket, and who in default of any possible boating on the Thames or Serpentine is, during the winter, compelled to give vent to his nautical tendencies by vocal references at convivial supper parties to his Lovely Nan, his Polly of Portsmouth, and other of the late Mr. Dibdin's creations, opines that there is a young woman in the case, and that his governor has "got smote." Another of the clerks, an elderly man with a wooden leg and a melancholy mind, who had more than once failed in business on his own account, began to hint in a mysterious manner that he foresaw bankruptcy impending, and that they should all have to look out for new situations before the spring. Mr. Collins, to whom all the querists addressed themselves, and at whom all the indirect hints were levelled, said nothing; he even refused to admit to the general public that there was any perceptible difference in Mr. Statham's manner. Only in conjugal confidence, as he smoked his after-supper pipe in the neatly furnished parlour of his residence in Balaclava-buildings East,

Lower Clapham-road, he confessed to Mrs. C. that the chief had somehow lost his relish for business, and that he did not think Mr. S. was the man he had been.

If you had asked Humphrey Statham himself if there were any real foundation for these whispered hints and innuendoes, he would have laughed in your face. The forebodings of the melancholy man as to there being a decline in the business, he would have settled at once by a reference to Mr. Collins, who would have shown that never since he had been connected with the firm had its dealings been so large, and apparently so safe. As to Mr. Collins's connubial confidences, Humphrey Statham, if he had been made aware of them, would have said that they were equally ridiculous. Perhaps it was true that he did not care so much for business, was not so constantly at his desk, or such a dead hand at a bargain as he used to be, but it was natural enough that he should begin to slack off a little. He had been an idle dog in his early days, but ever since he settled down in the City, there were few men who had worked harder than he. The ten thousand pounds originally left him by his father he had more than trebled, and his personal disbursements certainly did not amount to more than six or seven hundred a year. Why should he slave away every moment of his life? Why should he be at the beck and call of every one who wanted his advice! They paid him for it, it was true! But he wanted something else besides payment now—amongst other things a certain amount of leisure for day-dreaming.

But what about the suggestion thrown out by the young gentleman of nautical tendency, the suggestion involving the idea that his principal's absence of mind was referable to his thoughts being occupied with a young woman? Day-dreaming was surely in favour of the nautical young gentleman's theory. When Humphrey Statham, after giving strict orders that he was not to be disturbed, no matter who might want him, threw himself back in his chair, and indulged in a long reverie, his thoughts reverted not to any business transactions in which he might have been engaged, but to the day when he first went to Rose Cottage in the assumed character of a charity agent, and to the person with whom he had the interview there. To Alice, as he saw her then for the first time, with the look of interest and anxiety in her pale, wistful face, with the ears standing in her large hazel eyes. How elegant and graceful were all her move-

ments; in how tender and woman-like a manner, regardless of her own trouble, which though not absolutely pronounced, she felt to be impending, she sympathised with him in the presumed object of his mission, and promised him aid! Then she would rise before his mind as he had seen her since, chilled, almost numbed with sorrow, caring for nothing, taking no interest in all that was proposed to her, though always grateful and recognisant. That look of hopeless, helpless sorrow haunted Humphrey Statham's life! Could it never be banished from her pale face? Would her eyes never brighten again with joy? The sorrowful look was a tribute to one who had cruelly deceived her, who had merited her bitterest hatred for the manner in which he had treated her. A word, probably, would disperse those clouds of grief, would turn her from a weeping mourner to an outraged woman, would show her how terrible was her present position, and would probably render her wildly anxious to escape from it. But to speak that word to Alice, to acquaint her with John Calverley's crime, would be to point out to her her own degradation, to inflict upon her the sharpest wounds that brutality could devise, to uproot her faith in honesty and goodness, and to send her forth cowering before the world. The man who could do this would prove himself Alice Claxton's direct enemy; it was Humphrey Statham's hope to take rank as one of her dearest friends, and in this hope he suffered and was silent.

One of her dearest friends! Nothing more than that! He had never dared to hope that he should be anything more to her. She was likely to remain constant to the memory of him whom she believed to have been her husband, and no one who had her welfare at heart would attempt to shake her in that constancy. With the exception of the doctors, indeed—who were not likely to trouble themselves—there was no one capable of giving her the information so fatal to her peace of mind, save the three tried friends who were occupying themselves in watching over her. Three tried friends? Yes, he thought he might say that, for this Frenchwoman, whom he had distrusted at first, seemed to be fulfilling her self-imposed duty with strictness and singleness of purpose. Humphrey Statham was not a man likely to be imposed upon by specious assurances unless they were carried out by corresponding acts. When Martin Gurwood had made him acquainted with Madame Du Tertre's pro-

posals, he had agreed to their acceptance, only as a temporary measure, and without any opinion of their lasting qualities. However, since Pauline's association with the Pollington-terrace household he had carefully watched her, and in spite as it were of himself, found himself compelled to give her credit for unselfish devotion to Alice's cause. What might be her motive, what the guiding-string of her conduct, so long as it involved no danger to Alice, was no concern of his. Humphrey Statham was too much a man of the world to ascribe it entirely to the sense of wishing to do her duty, or the gratification of an overweening affection which she had taken for the deserted girl. He argued rather that she herself had been the victim of some treachery or some disappointment similar to that unconsciously suffered by Alice, and that hence arose her sympathy for Mrs. Claxton, which, added to a dislike of the world, had induced her to seek for the position of Alice's companion. But this idea Humphrey Statham kept to himself, as being one rather likely to frighten a man of Martin Gurwood's simplicity, and to render him distrustful of the woman who was really of very great use and assistance to them.

Martin Gurwood had returned to Lullington, the affairs of his parish, as he stated, demanding his presence. Mrs. Calverley had demurred to his going, objecting to being left alone. Martin had employed a curate during his absence, she said, a man sufficiently qualified to attend to the spiritual wants of the farmers and persons of that kind, of whom the parish was composed. But Martin thought otherwise. He had been away quite long enough; too long, he argued, for a proper discharge of his duties. There might have been many occasions on which the parishioners who knew him well would have come to him for assistance, while they would have been diffident in appealing in the same way to a stranger. His mother retorted that, although he had not chosen to give her any explicit answer, she had made him an offer, the acceptance of which would remove him from Lullington, and then the farmers and labourers would be compelled to pocket their pride—if it could be called pride in such persons—and either seek aid from the stranger or go without. To which Martin had replied that if he were to yield up his living, his successor, from the mere fact of his position, would not be a stranger, but would be the proper person to apply to. So Martin Gurwood had gone back to

Lullington, leaving his mother highly incensed at his departure, and his friend, Humphrey Statham, had no one to talk to about Mrs. Claxton's beauty, patience, and forlorn condition.

It was on that account that Humphrey chiefly missed Martin. There was not much else in common between the two men; indeed, they had been acquainted for years without the acquaintance ripening into intimacy. From other persons and common friends Martin Gurwood had heard of Statham's cleverness and tact. On the occasion when he wanted a friend possessing such qualities he had sought out his old acquaintance, and found that rumour had not belied him. On his part Statham had to admire Martin Gurwood's simplicity and earnestness, and having the Hendon mystery to deal with, and a certain number of complications to steer through, the alliance between them was close and firm; but it had Alice Claxton and her welfare for its basis and its mainspring, and nothing more. Not that Humphrey Statham wanted anything more; he would have liked Martin Gurwood, however the connexion with him had been brought about; but associated as it was with Alice, this most recent friendship had a most appreciable value in his eyes.

Martin was gone, and there was no longer any one to whom Humphrey Statham could indulge in confidential converse, so he took to reveries and day-dreaming, and thus gave rise to all the odd talk and speculation about him which was rife in the City. He had settled with Martin before he left, however, that he should go up, for a time at least, twice or thrice a week perhaps, to Pollington-terrace, to see how Mrs. Claxton was getting on, and write fully and candidly to Martin his impressions of what he saw, and for a time nothing could be pleasanter reading to one interested in the success of the new establishment than these letters. Alice seemed gradually to be gaining health and strength, and if it could not be said that her spirits were much improved, certainly in that way she had suffered no relapse. Madame Du Tertre had come out infinitely more favourably than Humphrey had expected of her. She was unwearied in her devotion to her young friend, and her affectionate surveillance was just exactly what was wanted to a young woman in Alice's position. The matter of fending off neighbourly acquaintance, which they had so much dreaded, had been admirably managed by Madame Du Tertre, who had pleaded her young friend's

recent bereavement and ill health as an excuse for their not entering into society; while she had rendered herself most popular by the courteous way in which she had made the announcement, by her kindness to the children, and her *savoir faire* in general. Martin Gurwood read all this with as great a pleasure as Humphrey Statham wrote it. All things taken in consideration, nothing could be progressing more favourably than the establishment in Pollington-terrace, built though it was, as both men knew, upon a quicksand, and liable to be engulfed at any moment.

These visits to Pollington-terrace were the holidays in Humphrey Statham's life, the days to be marked with a white stone, to be dwelt upon both in anticipation and recollection—days to be made much of, too, and not to be carelessly enjoyed. Humphrey Statham, since his early youth a prudent man, was not inclined to be prodigal even of such delights. Immediately after Martin's departure for the country, he had been a pretty constant visitor at Pollington-terrace, for the purpose, of course, of keeping his friend properly posted up in all the movements of its denizens, but after a little he thought it better to put in an appearance less frequently, and he mortified himself accordingly. One night, after a ten days' interval, Humphrey thought he should be justified in paying his respects to the lady, and providing himself with subject-matter for another letter to-morrow. Being, as has been said, a man of worldly wisdom, it was his habit to dismiss his ab at the end of the terrace, and proceed on foot to his destination, hansom cabs being looked upon by the staid neighbourhood as skittish vehicles, generally subversive of morals. When Humphrey reached the house, he saw upon the window-blind the unmistakable shadow of a man's head. Had Martin Gurwood suddenly returned to town? No—as the thought rushed across his mind, the head turned, showing him the profile, with a hook nose, and a flowing beard, with neither of which could the vicar of Lullington be accredited. Humphrey Statham stopped short, scarcely daring to believe his senses. An instant's reflection convinced him of his folly. What was there forbidding these ladies to receive their acquaintances in their own use? Who was he to be startled at the familiar silhouette on a window-blind? Why should such a sight cause him to stop suddenly in his walk, and set his heartumping wildly beneath his waistcoat? Martha, the little maid-of-all-work, was at

all events not influenced by anything that had occurred. She grinned, when she saw Mr. Statham, in her usual friendly manner, and introduced him into the parlour with her accustomed briskness of bearing.

Mrs. Claxton was there, so was Madame Du Tertre, so was the original of the silhouette on the window-blind. A tall man this, with a hooked nose, and a blonde silky beard, and an easy, pleasant manner, introduced as Madame Du Tertre's cousin, Mr. Henrich Wetter. A deuced sight too easy a manner, thought Humphrey Statham to himself, as he quietly remarked the way in which the new-comer paid to Alice attentions, with which no fault could be found, but which were unmistakably annoying to the looker-on, and to that looker-on the behaviour of the strange visitor was so ineffably, so gallingly patronising! Mr. Statham, did he catch the name rightly? Was it Mr. Humphrey Statham, of Change-alley? Oh, of course, then, he was well known to everybody. They were neighbours in the City! He was very pleased to make Mr. Statham's personal acquaintance!

"Confound his patronising airs," thought Humphrey Statham to himself. "Who is this German Jew—he is a German, undoubtedly, and probably a Jew—that he should vaunt himself in this manner? And how, in the name of fortune, did he find himself in this house? Madame Du Tertre's cousin, eh! This Wetter, if he be, as he probably is, of the firm of Stutterheim and Wetter, ought to have had sufficient respect for his family to have prevented his cousin from taking the position occupied by Madame Du Tertre. Bah! what nonsense was he talking now? They had all reason to be grateful that Madame Du Tertre was in that position, and she was just the woman who would keep her family in ignorance of the circumstances under which she had achieved it."

Exactly as he thought? The subsequent conversation showed him how wrong he had been. It turned accidentally enough upon the number of foreigners domesticated in England, a country where, as Mr. Wetter remarked, one would have thought they would have experienced more difficulty in making themselves at home than in almost any other.

"Not that," he said, pleasantly, "not that I have any reason to complain; but I am now a naturalised Englishman, and all my hopes and wishes—mere business hopes and wishes; alas, Mrs. Claxton, I am a solitary man, and have no other matters of



interest—are centred in this country. It was here, though I confess with astonishment, that I found my cousin, Madame Du Tertre, a permanent resident."

"You were not aware, then, Monsieur Wetter," said Statham, finding himself addressed, "that your cousin was in England?"

"Family differences, common to all nations, had unfortunately separated us, and for some years I had not heard of Pau—Palmyre's movements."

"You can easily understand, Mr. Statham," said Pauline, speaking between her set teeth, "that as my cousin's social position was superior to mine, I was averse to bringing myself under his notice."

"We will say nothing about that," said Mr. Wetter, with his pleasant smile. "I think Mr. Statham will agree with me, that the social position which brings about a constant intercourse with Mrs. Claxton is one which any member of our sex would, to say the least of it, be proud of?"

Humphrey Statham glanced round the circle as these words were uttered. Alice looked uncomfortable; Madame Du Tertre savage and defiant; Mr. Wetter bland and self-possessed. There was silence for a few minutes. Then Pauline said: "You have been a stranger for some time, Mr. Statham; we had been wondering what had become of you."

"I am delighted to think that the void caused by my absence has been so agreeably filled," said Humphrey Statham, with a bow towards Mr. Wetter. The next minute he cursed his folly for having made the speech, seeing by Wetter's look that he had thoroughly appreciated its origin.

"The regret at your absence indicated by Madame Du Tertre I fully share," he said, with a polite smile. "It is my great loss that I have not met you before in this charming society. At this dull season of the year, when every one is out of town, I need scarcely say what a godsend it has been to me to have been permitted to pass an evening occasionally with two such ladies; and the knowledge that I might have had the chance of an introduction to Mr. Humphrey Statham would have been indeed an additional inducement to drag me from my dreary solitude."

That was an uncomfortable evening for all persons present. Even to Alice, dull, distraite, and occupied with her own sorrow, there was an evident incongruity in the

meeting of the two men. Pauline was furious, partly at Wetter's cool treatment of her, partly at the idea that Statham had cross-questioned her as to why she had permitted the intimacy with Wetter to arise. Wetter himself was annoyed at Statham's presence on the scene, while Humphrey Statham went away sorry and sick at heart at all he had seen and heard. The old stories concerning Wetter floating about society had reached his ears, and the recollection of them rushed full upon him as he sat in the cab on his homeward drive. "How had this man managed to get a footing in Alice's house? A footing he had evidently obtained, for he spoke of frequent visits there, and his manner was that of an habitué of the house. He was introduced as Madame Du Tertre's cousin; but if that were so, that fact, instead of inspiring confidence in him, was simply sufficient to create distrust of Madame Du Tertre. He was the last man with whom any woman, young and inexperienced, more especially any woman in Alice Claxton's position, should be brought in contact."

What was best to be done? For an answer to this question Humphrey Statham racked his brain that night. In any case he must write a full account of what he had seen, and of the inference he had drawn therefrom, to Martin Gurwood. Martin may not be able to give him any advice, but it was due to him to let him know what had occurred. He, in his simplicity, may see nothing in it; but at all events he must never be able to plead that he was unadvised and unwarned. So before retiring to his rest that night, Humphrey Statham sat down and wrote to his friend a full account of his visit, with a candid statement of the fears and reflections which the presence of such a man as Mr. Wetter in Alice Claxton's household had aroused in him.

"To you," he said, "to you who have nothing in your life to repair, all this may seem very strained; but I, who have passé par là, and have failed to save one whom I might have saved, know what a sting a failure may come to mean for all the days of a man's life."

"Nothing in my life to repair!" cried Martin Gurwood, after he had read the letter, clasping his hands above his head. "Great Heaven, if there were but any place for repentance, any possibility of reparation!"

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 204. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1872.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## WILLING TO DIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BORE AND THE KEY."

### CHAPTER XI. CATASTROPHE.

THE steamer looked very near now and large. It was plain it had no longer any chance of clearing the rocks. The boatmen were bawling to one another, but I could not understand what they said, nor hear more than a word or two at a time.

The steamer mounted very high, and then seemed to dive headlong into the sea, and was lost to sight.

Again, in less than a minute, the black mass was toppling at the summit of the sea, and again it seemed swallowed up.

"Her starboard paddle!" shouted a broad-shouldered sailor in a pilot-coat, with his palm to the side of his mouth.

Thomas Jones was among these men, without a hat, and on seeing me he fell back a little. I was only a step or two behind them.

"Thomas Jones," I screamed, and he inclined his ear to my shrill question, "is there no life-boat in Cardyllion?"

"Not one, miss," he roared; "and it could not make head against that if there was."

"Not an inch," bawled Williams.

"Is there any chance?" I cried.

"An anchor from the stern! A bad hold there—she's draggin' of it!" yelled Williams, whose voice, though little more than two feet away, sounded faint and half smothered in the storm.

Just then the steamer reared, or rather swooped, like the enchanted horse, into the air, and high above its black shape shot a huge canopy of foam; and then it staggered over and down, and nothing but aging sea was there.

"Oh, God! are they all lost?" I shrieked.

"Anchor's fast. All right now," roared the man in the pilot-coat.

In some seconds more the vessel emerged, pitching high into the brilliant moonlight, and nearly the same thing was repeated again and again.

The seafaring men who were looking on were shouting their opinions one to another, and from the little I was able to hear and understand, I gathered that she might ride it out if she did not drag her anchor, or "part," or "founder." But the sea was very heavy, and the rocks just under her bows now.

In this state of suspense a quarter of an hour or more must have passed. Suddenly the vessel seemed to rise nearer than before. The men crowded forward to the edge of the bank. It was plain something decisive had happened. Nearer it rose again, and then once more plunged forward and disappeared. I waited breathless. I waited longer than before, and longer. Nothing was there but rolling waves and springing foam beyond the rocks. The ship rose no more!

The first agony of suspense was over. Where she had been the waves were sporting in the ghastly moonlight. In my wild horror I screamed—I wrung my hands. I could not turn for a moment from the scene. I was praying all the time the same short prayer over and over again.

Minute after minute passed, and still my eyes were fixed on the point where the ship had vanished; my hands were clasped over my forehead, and tears welled down my cheeks.

What's that? Upon the summit of the bare rock, all on a sudden, the figure of a man appeared; behind this mass of black stone, as each wave burst in succession, the foam leaped in clouds. For a moment the

figure was seen sharp against the silvery distance; then he stooped, as if to climb down the near side of the rock, and we lost sight of him. The boatmen shouted, and held up each a hand (their others were holding their hats on) in token of succour near, and three or four of them, with Thomas Jones at their head, ran down the slope, at their utmost speed, to the jetty, under which, in shelter, lay the Malory boat. Soon it was moving under the bank, four men pulling might and main against the gale; though they rowed in shelter of the reef, on the pinnacle of which we had seen the figure for a moment, still it was a rough sea, and far from safe for an open boat, the spray driving like hail against them, and the boat pitching heavily in the short cross sea.

No other figure crossed the edge of the rock, or for a moment showed upon the bleak reef, all along which clouds of foam were springing high and wild into the air.

The men who had been watching the event from the bank seemed to have abandoned all further hope, and began to descend the hill to the jetty to await the return of the boat. It did return, bearing the one rescued man.

Laura Grey and I went homeward. We made our way into the back yard, often forced to run, by the storm, in spite of ourselves; we had hardly reached the house when we saw the boatmen coming up.

We were now in the yard, about to enter the house at the back door, which stood in shelter of the building. I saw Mrs. Torkill in the steward's house, with one of the maids, evidently in a fuss. I ran in.

"Oh, Miss Ethel, dear, did you see that? Lord a' mercy on us! A whole shipful gone like that! I thought the sight was leaving my eyes."

I answered very little. I felt ill, I was trembling still, and ready to burst again into tears.

"Here's bin Thomas Jones, miss, to ask leave for the drowned man to rest himself for the night, and, as Mr. Carmel's away, I knew your papa and mamma would not refuse; don't you think so, miss? So I said, ay, bring him here. Was I right, miss? And me and Anne Wan is tidyin' a bed for him."

"Quite right, I'm sure," I said, my interest again awakened, and almost at the same moment into the flagged passage came Thomas Jones, followed by several of the Cardyllion boatmen, their great shoes clattering over the flags.

In the front rank of these walked the one mortal who had escaped alive from the ship that was now a wreck on the fatal reef. You may imagine the interest with which I looked at him. I saw a graceful, but manly figure, a young man in a short sailor-like coat, his dress drenched and clinging, his hat gone, his forehead and features finely formed, very energetic, and, I thought, stern—browned by the sun; but, allowing for that tint, no drowned face in the sea that night was paler than his, his long black hair, lank with sea-water, thrown back from his face like a mane. There was blood oozing from under its folds near his temple; there was blood also on his hand, which rested on the breast of his coat; on his finger there was a thick gold ring. I had little more than a moment in which to observe all this. He walked in, holding his head high, very faint and fierce, with a slight stagger in his gait, and a sullen and defiant countenance, and eyes fixed and gazing straight before him, as I had heard somnambulists described. I saw him in the candle-light for only a moment, as he walked by, with boatmen in thick shoes, as I said, clattering beside him. I felt a strange longing to run and clasp him by the hand!

I got into our own back door, and found Laura Grey in the room in which we usually had our tea.

She was as much excited as I.

"Could you have imagined," she almost cried, "anything so frightful? I wish I had not seen it. It will always be before my eyes."

"That is what I feel also; but we could not help it, we could not have borne the suspense. That is the reason why people who are least able to bear it sometimes see the most dreadful sights."

As we were talking, and wondering where the steamer came from, and what was her name, and how many people were probably on board, in came Rebecca Torkill.

"I sent them boatmen home, miss, that rowed the boat out to the rock for that poor young man, with a pint o' strong ale, every one round, and no doubt he'll give them and Thomas Jones something in hand for taking him off the rock when he comes to himself a bit. He ought to be thanking the Almighty with a contrite heart."

"He did not look as if he was going to pray when I saw him," I said.

"Nor to thank God, nor no one, for anything," she chimed in. "And he sat down

sulky and black as you please, at the side o' the bed, and said never a word, but stuck out his foot to Thomas Jones to unbutton his boot. I had a pint o' mulled port ready, and I asked him if I should send for the doctor, and he only shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, as he might turn up his nose at an ugly physic. And he fell a-thinking while Jones was takin' off the other boot, and in place of prayin' or thanksgiving, I heard him muttering to himself and grumbling; and, Lord forgive me if I wrong him, I think I heard him cursing some one. There was a thing for a man just took alive out o' the jaws o' death by the mercy o' God to do! There's them on earth, miss, that no lesson will teach, nor goodness melt, nor judgment frighten, but the last one, and then all's too late."

It was late by this time, and so we all got to our beds. But I lay long awake in the dark, haunted by the ceaseless rocking of that dreadful sea, and the apparition of that one pale, bleeding messenger from the ship of death. How unlike my idea of the rapture of a mortal just rescued from shipwreck! His face was that of one to whom an atrocious secret has been revealed, who was full of resentment and horror; whose lips were sealed.

In my eyes he was the most striking figure that had ever appeared before me. And the situation and my own dreadful excitement had elevated him into a hero.

#### CHAPTER XII. OUR GUEST.

THE first thing I heard of the stranger in the morning was that he had sent off early to the proprietor of the Verney Arms a messenger with a note for two large boxes which he had left there, when the yacht Foam Bell was at Cardyllion about a fortnight before. The note was signed with the letters R. M.

The Foam Bell had lain at anchor off the pier of Cardyllion for only two hours, so no one in the town knew much about her. Two or three of her men, with Foam Bell cross the breasts of their blue shirts and in the ribbons of their flat glazed hats, had talked about the quaint town, and drunk their beer at the George and Garter. But there had not been time to make acquaintance with the townspeople. It was only now that the yacht belonged to Sir Dives Thorton, and that the gentleman who left the boxes in charge of the proprietor of the Verney Arms was not that baronet.

The handwriting was the same as that

in the memorandum he had left with the hotel-keeper, and which simply told him that the big black boxes were left to be called or written for by Edward Hathaway, and mentioned no person whose initials were R. M. So Mr. Hughes, of the Verney Arms, drove to Malory to see the gentleman at the steward's house, and having there recognised him as the very gentleman who left the boxes in his charge, he sent them to him as directed.

Shortly after, Doctor Mervyn, our old friend, walked up the avenue, and saw me and Laura at the window.

It was a calm, bright morning; the storm had done its awful work, and was at rest; and sea and sky looked glad and gentle in the brilliant sun. Already about fifty drowned persons had been carried up and laid upon the turf in the churchyard in rows, with their faces upward. I was glad it was upon the slope that was hid from us.

How murderous the dancing waves looked in the sunlight! And the black saw-edged reef I beheld with a start and a shudder. The churchyard, too, had a changed expression. What a spectacle lay behind that familiar grassy curve. I did not see the incongruous muster of death. Here a Liverpool dandy; there a white-whiskered City man; sharp bag-men; little children—strange companions in the churchyard—hard-handed sailors; women, too, in silk or serge—no distinction now.

I and Laura could not walk in that direction till all this direful seeking and finding were over.

The doctor, seeing us at the open window, raised his hat. The autumn sun through the thin leaves touched his bald head as he walked over to the window-stool, and placing his knee on the bench on which Mr. Carmel used sometimes to sit, he told us all he knew of the ship and the disaster. It was a Liverpool steamer called the Conway Castle, bound for Bristol. One of her paddles was disabled early in the gale, and thus she drove to leeward, and was wrecked.

"And now," said the doctor, "I'm going to look in upon the luckiest man in the kingdom, the one human being who escaped alive out of that ship. He must have been either the best or the worst man on board; either too good to be drowned or too bad, by Jove! He is the gentleman you were so kind as to afford shelter to, last night in the steward's house there, round the corner, and he sent for me an

hour ago. I dare say he feels queer this morning; and from what Thomas Jones says, I should not be surprised if he had broken a bone somewhere. Nothing of any great consequence of course; but he must have got a thund'ring fling on those rocks. When I've seen him—if I find you here—I'll tell you what I think of him."

After this promise, you may be sure we did wait where we were, and he kept his word.

We were in a fever of curiosity; my first question was, "Who is he?"

"I guessed you'd ask that, the first moment you could," said the doctor, a little pettishly.

"Why?" said I.

"Because it is the very question I can't answer," he replied. "But I'll tell you all I do know," he continued, taking up his old position at the window, and leaning forward with his head in the room.

Every word the oracle spoke we devoured.

I won't tell his story in his language, nor with our interruptions. I will give its substance, and in part its details, as I received them. The doctor was at least as curious as we were.

His patient was up, sitting by the fire, in dressing-gown and slippers, which he had taken with other articles of dress from the box which stood open on the floor.

The window-curtain was partly drawn, the room rather dark. He saw the young man with his feet on the fender, seated by the wood fire. His features, as they struck the doctor, were handsome and spirited; he looked ill, with pale cheek and lips, speaking low and smiling.

"I'm Doctor Mervyn," said the doctor, making his bow, and eyeing the stranger curiously.

"Oh! Thanks, Doctor Mervyn! I hope it is not a very long way from your house. I am here very ridiculously circumstanced. I should not have had any clothes, if it had not been for a very lucky accident, and for a day or two I shall be totally without money—a mere Robinson Crusoe."

"Oh, that don't matter; I shall be very happy to see after you in the mean time, if there should be anything in my way," answered the doctor, bluntly.

"You are very kind, thanks. This place, they tell me, is called Malory; what Mr. Ware is that to whom it belongs?"

"The Honourable Mr. Ware, brother of

Lord H. He is travelling on the Continent at present with his wife, a great beauty some fifteen years since; and his daughter, his only child, is at present here with her governess."

"Oh, I thought some one said he had two?"

The doctor reasserted the fact, and for some seconds the stranger looked on the floor abstractedly.

"You wished a word or two of advice, I understand?" interrupted the doctor at length. "You have had a narrow escape, sir, a tremendous escape! You must have been awfully shaken. I don't know how you escaped being smashed on those nasty rocks."

"I am pretty well smashed, I fancy," said the young man.

"That's just what I wanted to ascertain."

"From head to foot, I'm covered with bruises," continued the stranger; "I got off with very few cuts. I have one over my temple, and half a dozen here and there, and one here on my wrist; but you need not take any trouble about them—a cut, when I get one, heals almost of itself. A bit of court-plaster is all I require for them, and Mrs. Something, the housekeeper here, has given me some; but I'm rather seedy, I must have swallowed a lot of salt water, I fancy. I've got off very well, though, if it's true all the other people were drowned. It was a devil of a fluke; you'd say I was the luckiest fellow alive, ha, ha, ha! I wish I could think so."

He laughed a little bitterly.

"There are very few men glad to meet death when it comes," said Doctor Mervyn. "Some think they are fit to die, and some know they are not. You know best, sir, what reason you have to be thankful."

"I'm nothing but bruises and aches all over my body. I'm by no means well, and I've lost all my luggage, and papers, and money, since one o'clock yesterday, when I was flourishing. Two or three such reasons for thankfulness would inevitably finish me."

"All except you were drowned, sir," said the doctor, who was known in Cardyllion as a serious-minded man, a little severely.

"Like so many rats in a trap, poor devils," acquiesced the stranger. "They were hatched down. I was the only passenger on deck. I must have been drowned if I had been among them."

"All those poor fellow-passengers of

yours," said Doctor Mervyn, in disgust, "had souls, sir, to be saved."

"I suppose so; but I never saw such an assemblage of snobs in my life. I really think that, except poor Haworth—he insisted it would be ever so much pleasanter than the railway; I did not find it so; he's drowned of course—I assure you, except ourselves, there was not a gentleman among them. And Sparks, he's drowned too, and I've lost the best servant I ever had in my life. But I beg your pardon, I'm wasting your time. Do you think I'm ill?"

He extended his wrist, languidly, to enable the doctor to feel his pulse.

The physician suppressed his rising answer with an effort, and made his examination.

"Well, sir, you have had a shock."

"By Jove, I should not wonder," acquiesced the young man, with a sneer.

"And you are a good deal upset, and your contusions are more serious than you seem to fancy. I'll make up a liniment here, and I'll send you down something else that will prevent any tendency to fever; and I suppose you would like to be supplied from the Verney Arms. You must not take any wine stronger than claret for the present, and a light dinner, and if you give me a line, or tell me what name——"

"Oh, they know me there, thanks. I got these boxes from there this morning, and they are to send me everything I require."

The doctor wanted his name. The town of Cardyllion, which was in a ferment, wanted it. Of course, he must have the name; a medical practitioner who kept a ledger and sent out accounts, it was part of his business to know his patients' names. How could he stand before the wags of the news-room, if he did not know the name of his own patients—of this one, of all others.

"Oh! put me down as R. M. simply," said the young man.

"But wouldn't it be more—more usual, you had no objections—a little more at length?" insinuated the doctor.

"Well, yes; put it down a little more at length—say R. R. M. Three letters instead of two."

The doctor, with his head inclined, sighed patiently, and the stranger, seeing him about to return to the attack, said, little petulantly: "You see, doctor, I'm not going to give my very insignificant name here to any one. If your book-keeper had it, every one in the town would know it; and Cardyllion is a place at which

idle people turn up, and I have no wish to have my stray friends come up to this place to bother me for the two or three days I must stay here. You may suppose me an escaped convict, or anything else you please that will amuse the good people; but I'm hanged if I give my name, thank you."

After this little interruption, the strictly professional conversation was resumed, and the doctor ended by directing him to stay quiet that day, and not to attempt to walk out until he had seen him again next morning.

The doctor then began to mix the ingredients of his liniment. The young man in the silk dressing-gown limped to the window, and leaned his arm upon the sash, looking out, and the doctor observed him, in his ruminations, smiling darkly on the ivy that nodded from the opposite wall, as if he saw a confederate eyeing him from its shadow.

"He didn't think I was looking at him," said the doctor; "but I have great faith in a man's smile when he thinks he is all to himself; and that smile I did not like; it was, in my mind, enough to damn him."

All this, when his interview was over, the doctor came round and told us. He was by no means pleased with his patient, and being a religious man, of a quick temper, would very likely have declined the office of physician in this particular case, if he had not thought, judging by his "properties," which were in a certain style that impressed Doctor Mervyn, and his air, and his refined features, and a sort of indescribable superiority which both irritated and awed the doctor, that he might be a "swell."

He went the length, notwithstanding, of calling him, in his conversation with us, an "inhuman puppy," but he remarked that there were certain duties which no Christian could shirk, among which that of visiting the sick held, of course, in the doctor's mind, due rank.

## OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

### ON THE BRINK OF STARVATION.

ON the 17th of November, 1780 (during the American war), J. W. Prenties, an ensign in the Eighty-fourth Regiment, embarked from Quebec on board the St. Lawrence, brigantine, with despatches from General Haldimand to Sir Henry Clinton, at New York. The frosts were fast setting in, and it was necessary to get off quick before the sharp teeth of the

ice closed upon the Canadian rivers. A schooner, on board of which were duplicate despatches, started at the same time.

The brigantine was detained six days at Orleans Island by a contrary wind, during which time the ice began spreading so fast across the river that a few days more would have altogether prevented the vessel's departure. On the 24th of November, however, the brigantine, wafted by a fair wind, got down the St. Lawrence as far as the Brandy Pots, small islands about forty leagues from Quebec. The ship soon after made the island of Anticosti, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and beat about between there and Cape Roziere for four days, a fast-increasing leak keeping two pumps constantly at work, and the ice beginning to gather thick about the vessel. There were nineteen souls on board the brigantine, six of these being passengers, the remainder very indifferent seamen; and during all this emergency the master remained continually drunk in his cabin. On the 29th the wind, veering to the north-west, took them down the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but it soon increased to a gale, and the crew, worn out with cold and fatigue, and finding four feet of water in the hold, unanimously resolved to work no more at the pumps. They declared they were quite indifferent to their fate, and preferred going quietly to the bottom rather than suffer such severe and incessant labour. By Prenties's timely distribution, however, from his own private stock, of a pint of wine per man, the sailors were at last persuaded to resume work at the pumps, though they still declared that whether the vessel filled at once or not, was entirely indifferent to them. The sullen brute of a captain still sat drinking recklessly in his cabin.

On the 2nd and 3rd of December the gale blew fiercer than ever. The leak gained ground, and the ice was so thick on the ship's side that it had to be sawn and hewn off by the wearied and desponding men. The schooner in company of the brigantine could render no assistance, for, through the carelessness of the pilot, she had struck in a heavy snow-storm on the rocky island of Coudres. Shortly afterwards she foundered, and all the sixteen persons on board perished. On the 4th the gale grew fearful, and the snow fell so heavily that the look-out man could see only twenty yards ahead. The sailors were faint and tired, and the water in the well had risen to between four and five feet.

The mate, a clever, intelligent fellow, now judged, from the distance the cranky vessel had run, that they were not far from the dangerous Magdalen Islands, which lie about midway in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In fine weather, seamen try to make these half-sunken rocks, to take a new departure from them; but in fogs and storms they are as carefully avoided. The mate was right; in less than two hours the sea could be heard breaking on these rocks, and the brigantine, with great difficulty, avoided Deadman Island, the largest of the group. Escape still seemed impossible, for the snow fell fast, and they were in the midst of the small hidden islands, in a vessel that drove on where it chose. Miraculously, however, the vessel ran through them all without damage. This extraordinary escape aroused the despairing sailors, who had all but resolved a second time to abandon the pumps, and the momentary relief from an overwhelming anxiety cheered them. They attributed their escape to the immediate interposition of Providence, and gladly set to work, cheered by the wine which Prenties again distributed amongst them.

That night the sea ran very high, and, as the seamen had expected, the vessel was pooped. About five A.M. a tremendous sea stove in the dead-lights, filled the cabin, and washed the drunken master out of bed. The result was terrible; the leaks increased, and it was soon discovered that the stern-post had started. There was no other resource but the singular one of stopping the leaks abaft with small pieces of beef. This remedy soon proved ineffectual, and the crew again abandoning the pumps, refused to work any longer. Again Prenties and the passengers, men of cooler heads and more collected courage, persuaded them to make another effort to clear the vessel, but the pumps were found to be frozen so hard that it was impossible to move them. All hope of preventing the ship from filling was now abandoned, and Prenties and the rest resigned themselves, with as much fortitude as possible, to what seemed their inevitable fate. Nevertheless, though the vessel almost filled, she sank very little deeper in the water than before, and then every one remembered (what terror had at first driven from their minds) that the brigantine was laden with lumber, and that she could not well sink. Again hope returned; for if the vessel could only be prevented from upsetting, they might still make St. John's, or some other island in the gulf. Having no guns on deck, and no top-loading.

the sailors contrived to keep the ship directly before the wind, though the waves frequently washed over the decks. Great care also was taken to prevent the only boat being washed overboard. The cabin being raised above the level of the main deck, there was little water in it, and it furnished shelter from the weather. The one man who was on duty at the helm, and kept the ship before the wind, was lashed fast, as the sea made a free passage over the deck, for the gale still continued, and the snow was so thick as to hide the mast-head.

They were evidently not far from land, for the waves grew shorter, and broke higher, and gulls and ducks came in sight. But where were they? The captain, rousing himself, thought, from their course since they filled, that they were nearing St. John's, which lies between the Magdalen Islands and the Gut of Canso. If they could run ashore on some safe sand, there was yet hope; but the face of the sullen captain darkened as he told them that the side of the island where they were was one unbroken reef of rocks, and that the only harbour lay on the opposite side. So they were perpetually rising in hope, and sinking in despair. Prenties, like a brave, calm man on an important mission, at once thought of his despatches, and, taking them out of his trunk, put them into a handkerchief, and tied them about his waist. His servant, more thoughtful of the money, stored away safely on his person one hundred and eighty guineas.

Suddenly the weather cleared, and land showed three leagues off. Not St. John's, however, but a long dreary line of snowy mountains and ghastly precipices. The sea, too, broke high on a reef directly in their course, and the prospect seemed dismal enough even to the bravest and most hopeful. Luckily, however, the water was deep enough, and the light-laden vessel rode over the breakers safely. The land, also, on nearer approach, proved not so terrible after all. The sea did not run so high as on the reef, and there was a fine sandy beach on which to strike. The water still continued deep, and allowed the brigantine to float within fifty yards of the shore before she struck. Now came the awful moment. At the first shock the mainmast, and at the second the foremast, jumped out of the step, but neither went overboard, the deals in the hold giving them no room to play. At the same time the rudder was unshipped so violently as to nearly kill one of the sailors. Every

wave now lifted the vessel four or five feet nearer the shore. The stern was soon stove in, and the men were driven to the shrouds, till the vessel presently beat higher, and they could again venture on deck. The keel, too, was broken, which seemed to threaten the instant dissolution of the vessel, but the boards in the hold were frozen so fast together, that they still lent a certain solidity to the shattered ship.

The first thing to be done was to get out the boat, which was full of ice, and frozen to the ship. The men, many of them drunk, were unwilling at first to venture on shore, for the sea ran so high that no boat seemed likely to live in it. Prenties, having passed round some wine to those who had not yet had any, asked who were willing to venture with him. His servant, the mate, two sailors, and a boy passenger, were all who offered. The boat was somewhat sheltered by the vessel, which had broached to with her broadside to the wind, but the surf broke every moment over Prenties and his fellows, and covered their clothes with sheets of ice. Throwing in an axe and saw, Prenties, his servant, and the mate, jumped into the boat. The boy, in attempting to follow, fell into the water, but was dragged out. The two sailors joined Prenties, who now shoved off from the ship's side, as all the crew were crying to be admitted. Half-way to the shore, a huge wave almost filled the boat, but the next billow drove them safe on dry sand. The boat was beaten high upon the sand, the sea was raging cruelly, and it was not in the power of man to offer the wretched men who had been left on board any assistance, at least for the present.

The land proved inhospitable and repulsive enough. Stiff with cold, Prenties and his party had to wade up to the waist in snow to reach the shelter of a thick wood about two hundred and fifty yards from the beach. This was some relief, but they now wanted fire. They had brought a tinder-box, but it was wet and useless. Freezing as they stood, the men, urged by Prenties, kept their blood faintly in motion by exercise. Presently the boy, chilled to the bone by his immersion, threw himself down to sleep, nor could Prenties rouse him either by persuasion or force. After walking about for half an hour, resisting the deadly inclination to rest, Prenties went to the boy and touched his face. It was quite cold, and Prenties observed to the mate that he believed he was dead. The lad immediately answered in a low



voice that he was not yet dead, but would be so very shortly, and begged Prenties, if he survived, to write to his father at New York. In about ten minutes the poor lad expired, apparently without any violent pain. Even the death of the boy could not deter the sailors from sleeping, and three of them lay down in spite of Prenties's entreaties. He and the mate, finding it impossible to keep them on their legs, then broke off some fir-branches, and spent the remainder of the night in beating the men continually to keep them awake. The much-wished for daylight at length appeared. Prenties then looked at the men's legs—they were frozen half-way up, and the rubbing with snow did not, at first, seem to restore them.

Prenties and the mate, on going down to the beach, found, to their surprise and delight, that the ship had not yet gone to pieces. The vessel had driven in nearer the shore, and at low water the sailors contrived to throw on land a rope, which they had fastened to the jib-boom. With this rope they managed to swing themselves near the shore, and, when the waves receded, to scramble on land. The carpenter being drunk, refused to venture. There was great delight at the re-meeting, as the captain, having fortunately a dry tinder-box, soon lit a comfortable fire. The luxury, after the cruel cold, was great, but those who had been partly frozen suffered excruciating pain when their limbs began to thaw. Only one man besides the carpenter was missing, and that was Captain Green, a passenger, who had been frozen to death while sleeping in his berth. That night the men, hungry and without sufficient covering, suffered torture from frost-sores.

The next morning, at low water, Prenties and the mate persuaded the carpenter, who was weak and frozen, to also venture on shore. Between the 8th and 9th, the vessel went to pieces from the stern to the mainmast; and some salt beef, fresh meat, and onions washed on shore. The relief was very acceptable, for the crew had been now four days without any food whatever. They collected all the provisions scattered on the beach, and then set to work in earnest to build some form of shelter, however rude. The task was hard, for of the seventeen men left, many were frost-bitten, and unable to move, and only Prenties and the mate seemed capable of real active exertion. They dragged two hundred and fifty deals, that had floated on shore, into

the wood, and by night had completed a rough hut twenty feet long and ten feet wide. With great anxiety, examining their store of provisions, they found that they had about three hundred pounds of salt beef, and a good stock of onions; but the bread-casks had all been stove in with the vessel. They were in a frozen wilderness, far from all human help, in a deserted corner of the world, and it was necessary to carefully husband their small store. It was therefore determined that each man, sick or well, should be limited to a quarter of a pound of beef and four onions per day. This allowance, only just enough to prevent starvation, was cheerfully accepted by all.

On the 11th of December, the gale at length abating, three of the survivors contrived to clear the boat of sand and ice, and to reach the wreck. They had only one axe to force the hatches, and the cables being frozen over them in one solid rock of ice, it took a whole day to obtain an entrance. On the 12th, however, they managed to clear the cable, cut away part of the deck, and get out two small casks of onions, a small barrel with one hundred and twenty pounds of beef, and three barrels of apples. They likewise got up a quarter-cask of potatoes, and a bottle of oil, which proved very serviceable in dressing the frost-sores, another axe, a large iron pot, two camp-kettles, and twelve pounds of candles; this supply, with some difficulty rowed to shore, cheered the men on land. On the 13th, in stowing away the provisions in their extemporised hut, and opening the apple casks, they were found to contain not apples, but bottles of Canadian balsam, which set the men cursing the Jew merchant at Quebec whose consignment they were. On the 14th, Prenties, and the men he so bravely led, went on board and cut away some sails from the bowsprit, to cover the hut, and make it tolerably warm and comfortable. But now new miseries began; the sores of the frost-bitten men mortified, and the toes and fingers of many of them began to rot off, causing intolerable anguish to the sufferers. The carpenter, who had lost his sight, soon became delirious, and died. Having neither spade nor pickaxe to hew out the rocky ground, his comrades covered the body with snow and branches. On the 17th, the second mate expired in delirium. Very little concern was felt at their death, for it seemed a happiness to escape such miseries as all were suffering;

moreover, there was a secret terrible satisfaction felt that there were fewer mouths left to feed. The groans of the frost-bitten men were dreadful to hear, and vermin from their sores infested everything and every one. Several, however, of the slightly frozen began to recover about this time, with the loss of a few toes or fingers. Prenties alone entirely escaped the frost. On the 20th, another sailor died, reducing the number to fourteen persons.

On the 24th, Prenties and the mate ventured twelve miles up a river on the ice. They saw moose-deer, but had no guns to kill them; and, to their infinite delight, observed some trees which had been chipped by an axe, so that, as they conjectured, Indians must be at hand. They also found a wigwam of fresh bark, and the skin of a moose-deer hanging on a pole. As a signal to the Indians in case they should return, Prenties stuck a pole in the ice, and on the top fixed a piece of birch bark shaped like a hand, with the forefinger extended in the direction of the hut. They then took with them the moose-skin, and returned to the hut to communicate the glad news to their companions.

Twenty days had now elapsed, and the provisions seemed much more reduced than they ought to have been. Prenties, watching all night, soon discovered that the thieves were the captain and two sailors, who had already stolen no less than seventy pounds of beef besides onions. To prevent this for the future, the mate or Prenties always remained in the hut. No Indians appearing after several days, and only six weeks' provisions remaining, Prenties now resolved, as many of the men had recovered, to sally out in the boat, in search of succour. The great difficulty was how to repair the boat, every seam of which had been beaten open. Dry oakum was found useless, and, moreover, there was no pitch. Prenties at last struck out a new idea. They would try the Jew's Canadian balsam, first boiling it till it grew thick. The balsam perfectly answered, and stopped all crevices. They then rigged a small sail, and selected the crew. Only six were able to bear the fatigue, namely, Prenties and servant, the captain, the mate, and two sailors. Prenties, the indefatigable, made his companions twelve pairs of Indian shoes of canvas, using the handle of a pewter spoon as a needle. They then divided the food into fourteen equal parts, and started through the floating ice, which was now fast locking up the bays. They were almost

blown out to sea, but by hard rowing at last got into a deep bay, and after landing, cut some pine branches to form a wigwam. It was a sandy beach where they landed, chips of wood and poles were scattered on the land, and a mile along the beach they found a half-burnt Newfoundland fishing-boat. At last, from a high point of rock, they discovered some houses, and, full of inexpressible joy, made straight for them. How their hearts sank when they found they were only old store-houses that had been used for curing cod-fish, and seemed to have been deserted for many years! Two days the wind blew from the north-west, and prevented their second departure. Rising in the middle of the second night, Prenties saw, to his extreme astonishment, that though the wind was blowing harder than ever, the sea remained entirely calm. Rousing the mate, his faithful ally, and going down to the beach to observe the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon, he discovered the sea to be one vast sheet of ice for leagues around. This was alarming, as it was impossible to return by land without snow-shoes. Two days after, however, the wind suddenly changed to the south-west, and by the afternoon every piece of ice was blown out to sea. The return was difficult, as if the wind had changed they would have been driven on the rocks; but at last they contrived to land on a stony beach, which started several planks in the bottom of their boat. They were now in great straits; there were no woods for shelter, no firing but some pieces of drift timber, which just kept them from freezing. The storm lasted for eight days, with a prodigious fall of snow, which did not make things pleasanter. At length the weather grew more moderate, and they were able, amid three feet of snow, to cook some provisions. On the 22nd of January, they turned over the boat, and to their grief found the damage apparently beyond repair. But again the quick mind of Prenties thought of an expedient. If the oakum laid in the seams of the boat could be frozen, it would keep out the water as well as pitch. The men derided the idea, but reluctantly assisted in the undertaking, which, however, when tried, was found entirely successful; for the boat, seamed with frozen oakum, kept out every drop of water.

On the 27th they cautiously launched the boat, and kept the four oars continually at work. They rowed twelve miles only that day, for the boat was heavy with ice, and

the men were extremely weakened and reduced. At night they landed on a small sandy beach, and lit a fire, Prenties having to cut off half his shirt to make more tinder. The next day brought fresh misfortunes: all the ice melted from the boat, and they could proceed no further. To crown their misery, there were only two pounds and a half of beef left for each man. The next morning the mate, wandering from the fire, came back with the glad news that he had seen a partridge on a neighbouring tree, and he thought it might be caught, as it seemed tame. Prenties instantly started with a long pole, that had a running loop at the end. The amiable bird sat patiently fourteen feet from the ground, and, walking softly up, Prenties fixed the loop round the bird's neck, and with a sudden jerk secured his prey. For the first time since the shipwreck Prenties and the mate laughed, pleased at their success and the simplicity of the bird. They then boiled the partridge in melted snow, seasoned with salt water, to give the broth a relish, and dividing it into six equal parts, cast lots for each, and sat down to what seemed to those half-starved men a most delicious meal. On the 29th the frost again stopped the boat's leak, and they launched forth; but on the 1st of February, as they coasted slowly, the ice closed so fast upon them that one of the party had to incessantly break the ice with a pole to clear the bows. Then the boat began to leak again, and to require constant baling; nor till the 3rd could they resume their journey; the wind was fair, and they then ran under sail alone at the rate of about five miles an hour. At the end of sixteen miles they suddenly saw very high land, with mountains and bays; the coast became high and rocky, and presently an island showed about twenty miles from the main. The island they set down as St. Paul, the high land as the north point of Cape Breton. At dark they doubled the North Cape, and were all but blown out to sea. Just before daybreak, hearing the sea run on the shore very long and heavy, they concluded they must be off a sandy beach, and, in spite of the surf, effected a landing. They then hauled up the boat, and got into the friendly woods. There kindling a fire, they were so overcome with fatigue that they were under the necessity of keeping a continual watch lest the fire should go out, and they should be all frozen to death while sleeping.

And now came down, heavy upon the

suffering men, the worst misery of all. The provisions were all gone, and Despair stretched out her hands towards them. The island, however, they knew, was inhabited, and could they but subsist till they could reach some hut, there was yet hope. Weighing the necessity of the case, and the horrors of perishing by hunger, Prenties and the mate now agreed that it was advisable that one man should perish to preserve the rest, and that the unfortunate victim must be chosen by lot. But they all agreed to put off this dreadful expedient to the last possible moment. Two of the men were therefore set to work to stop the leaks in the boat and to clear her of sand, while the others wandered in search of provisions. The mate and Prenties plodded along the sandy beach till they were stopped by an inlet of water, which, to their surprise, ebbed and flowed every ten minutes. Not much in a mood to discuss these or any other natural phenomena, the two men searched diligently for oysters, as there were many oyster-shells on the shore; but all proved empty. Then they sat down and cursed their destiny in having been cast on so barren and miserable a country, and at a time of year when even the animals of sea and land had taken shelter in holes and hiding-places from the savage climate. Prenties, however, contrived, by scraping away the snow, to gather about two quarts of rose-hips, with which they partially allayed their gnawing hunger. They then pushed off again, till again forced on shore by the ice; but Prenties, letting his tinder-box fall in the water and get wet, they had to take boat and return to the first landing to see if any fire was still left. With great difficulty they broke a way through the ice, and finding some ashes still hot, Prenties cut up the rest of his shirt for tinder. The next day they pulled along the shore, and the day after had the misfortune to lose two of their oars in the surf. The following day, with oars double manned, they made six miles, but were so faint when they got on shore that they could scarcely walk thirty yards. On the 11th they found a few hips, and on the 12th they divided a dozen tallow candles, which they had used in stopping the leaks in the boat. On the 14th and 15th they coasted, searching for hips, but in vain. On the 17th they began the last candles, and, finding a flat sandy beach landed, resolving to perish there. They were too debilitated now to draw up the boat, so they left her to the mercy of the sea.

saving only an axe, a saw, and a sail. The poor wretches, by a last effort, cleared some snow from the entrance of a wood, and cut some pine-branches to lie on, and some to stick in the snow near them. All hands then went in search of hips, and finding about a pint, boiled them up with almost the last couple of tallow candles, thus obtaining what they, in their utter misery, thought a really tolerable meal. The next dismal day was spent without any food; they employed their remaining strength in cutting or piling wood to supply the fire; and that night the waves beat the boat so high upon the beach that they could put to sea no more, as they were too weak to move her down a single foot.

The 19th was again spent in searching for hips, but without success. They could not use the axe, but had to creep about by turns, breaking off small rotten branches for fuel, and the fire they kept up was so small as only just to preserve them from freezing to death. Having now only two candles left, and being too weak even to search for hips, the sufferers resolved to eat the kelp-weed from the shore. They soon boiled some, and melted a candle in the liquor. This brought on fits of vomiting, which, after lasting four hours, left them exceedingly exhausted. On the 21st they ate more kelp and the last tallow candle, and suffered less than before. On the 23rd, a severe frost setting in, they took heart, and tried to launch the boat, but were too weak to move it even an inch. The kelp-weed now began to have an alarming effect. They began to swell, and were almost deprived of their sight, so that it was with difficulty they could crawl in turn to gather wood.

The time had now arrived, Prenties thought, for the last resource, and he therefore proposed it, but some still remained averse, the desire of life prevailing over the pangs of hunger. On consulting with his friend the mate, however, he found that, though the men objected to casting lots, they concurred in the necessity of one being sacrificed to preserve the rest. They had agreed that the captain was that man; for he was so reduced that it was evident he would be the first to sink under the final complication of miseries; he was the universally recognised cause of their misfortunes; and, moreover, he had been the most remiss in his exertions for the general good; above all, from some of his papers washed on shore after the shipwreck, Prenties had discovered that the rascal was really bound

to the West Indies, which would have baffled General Haldimand's intentions about the important despatches.

The determination was kept secret from the captain, but it was fast ripening for execution, when, on the morning of the 28th of February, as they were all lying languidly round their starved fire, they at first thought they heard voices in the wood, and soon after two Indians approached with guns in their hands. Help had come at last. The Indians were dumb-founded at first at their ghastly appearance, as the sailors approached them, some weeping, some laughing from joy. Prenties shook them by the hand, and one of the Indians ran and cut wood for the fire. Then, after hearing the narrative, these stoics of the wood started away without a word. All the men except Prenties were alarmed at this; but the Indians had only gone for food, and they returned in three hours with some smoked venison and a bladder of seal-oil. This they cooked, and distributed in very small quantities; Prenties felt but little inclination to eat, but revelled in the good fire. The Indians then took the suffering men in their canoe to their huts in the woods about five miles distant. The sailors were then offered broth, but refused any more substantial food.

The next day Prenties, ever mindful of his fellow-sufferers, offered the Indians fifty guineas to go and rescue the other survivors of the brigantine. The Indians consented, and returned in about thirteen days with three men. They had also gone through terrible sufferings. At first they had lived on pieces of the moose-skin. When this was consumed three of them died in a few days of hunger, the others subsisted on the flesh of their dead comrades till relieved by the Indians. One of the five, when help came, ate so much meat as to die in agony in a few hours, and another shot himself accidentally with one of the Indian's guns.

For a fortnight Prenties remained resting among the Indians, till his health was re-established, and he could proceed with his despatches. On the 2nd of April he offered two Indians forty-five pounds to conduct him to Halifax, and he set forth, living in the woods on the moose-deer they shot. He eventually reached Halifax in safety, and two months later started for New York, where he delivered the now rather ragged despatches faithfully to Sir Henry Clinton.

Prenties's companions in these almost unprecedented sufferings also reached Halifax in due course. The captain, afraid to

meet his owners, sailed for London, and turned Thames pilot, while the mate, applauded by all for his fidelity and good conduct, was appointed by a Halifax gentleman commander of a stout ship bound to the West Indies.

### THREE ON THE PRAIRIE.

THREE on the prairie: Lilian Wynne,  
Bold Will Bray, and Geoffrey Lyle,  
Lovers both. Is it perilous sin,  
If she for each hath a glance and smile?  
Will is brawny and bearded black,  
Geoff has eyes of a quiet grey;  
Which of the two it were best to back,  
For touch of honour or test of fray,  
Cool Geoff Lyle, or bold black Will,  
Who could tell? Not light-heart Lil.

Will has the front of a swart-lock'd Jove,  
Geoff has a quiet Pythian face;  
Who in the dance like Will can move?  
Geoff has wit and a winsome grace.  
Will would charge like the wind-lashed sea,  
Geoff stand firm while an earthquake shook;  
Will's bold eyes have a conquering glee,  
There is steadfast siege in Geoff's still look.  
Which of them nearest her heart doth dwell,  
How should brown-eyed Lilian tell?

Meanwhile, pleasant it is to ride,  
Quietly over the rolling plain;  
Three on the prairie—side by side.  
Such a gallant at either rein,  
Who might boast of the township's girls?  
Lilian Wynne hath witch-brown eyes.  
Glancing under her tumbling curls,  
Now to the right, now left, there flies  
A smile-winged dartlet. What if it kill  
Cool Geoff Lyle, or bold black Will!

Noble quarries the twain in sooth,  
Worthy the lure of a town coquette;  
Softest creatures have least of ruth,  
Beauty's weapons are dart and net.  
Flattery bold from bold black Will,  
Wakes Lil's laugh in a musical rush;  
Yet quiet looks are the looks that kill.  
Is it Geoff's cool glance that brings the blush,  
When Lilian turneth her eyes away,  
And smiles her sweetest on bold Will Bray?

Doth Geoffrey chafe? Nay, never a whit.  
He smiles deep down in his still grey eyes;  
Steady and straight on the roan he'll sit,  
While Will, the dare-devil, stoops, and tries  
To trap the little white hand that plays  
With the snowy mane of the matchless mare.  
Quietly wanders his steadfast gaze.  
Hold! what is it he seeth there?  
His frame is fire, and his glance a knife,  
A couchant statue stirred to life!

Prattle and dalliance done with now,  
Stilled the laugh, and the blush gone white.  
Fire in their rear, like fire they go,  
With loosened reins, and teeth set tight.  
Not one tick of the clock to spare,  
Fire hath wings, and they can but ride;  
Geoffrey's roan and the milk-white mare,  
Pound o'er the prairie stride for stride.  
Stout, but no flyer is Bray's black nag,  
The spurs bite deep, but the hoof will lag.

Fire hath wings, and the black clouds roll,  
And the red flames chase them like tongues from hell.  
Now pest! for the mare sets foot in a hole,  
And is down and crippled. Ere tongue can tell

Black Will hath stooped to her saddle-bow,  
And lifted Lil unscathed to his own.  
Cool Geoff checks rein, for the black is slow,  
And grips Will's bridle and leaseth down.  
But black Will hisses: "Fool! loose your hand,  
Or by Heaven, I'll brain you where you stand."

There is masterful light in the cool grey eyes,  
"My horse for her, Will," is all he'll say,  
As he lifts her on to his roan, "Now fly!  
Two may be saved, not three—I stay!  
Off, Will, off!" But they pause—dumb, chill,  
Irresolute. Ah, but the flames pause not!  
The grey eyes glitter, "Good-bye dear Lil!"  
One burning kiss on her mouth. A shot!  
And prone on his face lies Geoffrey—dead,  
By the short sure means of an ounce of lead.

Saved? Oh! ay. Geoff's rattling roan  
Carried her safe, and the black made shift  
To beat the flames, by some lengths alone,  
For a prairie fire, sirs, followeth swift.  
Lil's brown eyes dropt many a tear,  
For the lover that's dead—for a time—looks best,  
And Geoff was dust on his prairie bier.  
They tell me a suicide never may rest;  
But I'd rather lie with Geoffrey low,  
Than stand in the shoes of many I know.

And Lil's brown eyes, well, they quickly dried,  
One can't weep on till the crack of doom.  
In sooth she made the bewitchingest bride,  
And bold Will Bray was a dashing groom.  
But whether she finds him in heart or brain,  
All that my cool-eyed Geoff could be,  
Who died for her on that blazing plain,  
Is a thing you must question of Lil, not me.  
Was she worthy of Geoff? Well, scarcely so!  
It's the way of this thing called love you know.

### PLAGUE-STRICKEN.

Two o'clock on a glorious summer afternoon; a cloudless blue sky, bright with all the short-lived glory of a Russian August; a belt of green waving woods, from which, every here and there, peep coyly, like shy children, the little white log-huts that form the village of Alexandrovsk; and outstretched on every side, for many a mile, the soft, dreamy, sunny uplands of Central Russia. A pleasant scene, altogether, as eye can look upon; but in the face of the old man beside me (the starosta, or bailiff of the hamlet) there is a depth of utter sadness which harmonises ill with the bright holiday landscape.

"Everything's sorely changed since you were here, Barin (master)," says he, shaking his grey head dejectedly; "God is angry with us, and we are wasting like snow in the sun."

Sadly changed, indeed, is the cheery little hamlet, since I saw it last, one short month ago, in all the glow, and bustle, and careless jollity of its harvest merry-making. Then, the air echoed all day long with songs, and jokes, and boisterous laughter; while every nook of the village swarmed with figures that would have gladdened

the eye of a painter. Bearded labourers in greasy red shirts, with baggy trousers stuffed into their high boots; shouting children, brown as hazel-nuts and shaggy as bears, with nothing on but a pancake-coloured night-gown, warmly lined with dirt; short-skirted women with scarlet handkerchiefs round their heads,\* and round, flat, wide-mouthed faces, that look like a penny with a hole through it; sallow students, with straggling black hair, and an earthy, unwashed look about them, ogling the brown-cheeked, barefooted lasses who came tripping by with their pails of spring-water; and spruce village policemen, covered with a rash of brass buttons, surveying the whole scene with an air of fatherly superiority. Yonder, where the rickety pump stands sentinel in front of the "shop of all sorts," the village parliament and fashionable lounge used to be held in the cool of the evening. There the elders of the hamlet discussed things in general, with their mouths full of black bread and salted cucumber; there matrons compared notes on family matters, or drove hard bargains among themselves; and there children of every age amused themselves with the national sports of rolling in the gutter, and throwing dirt in each other's eyes, with an occasional bout at knuckle-bones, by way of variety.

But this is all over now. Of these light-hearted merry-makers, fully a third are cold and stark, flung like carrion into a hastily dug pit, by men doomed themselves to follow a few days later; while the few survivors of the great carnage slink about like shadows, eyeing each other, when they meet, with a ghastly curiosity, as if watching for the fatal signs that mark the presence of the destroyer. No merry laughter now—no ringing choruses—no hearty greetings; all is grimly silent. Many of the huts are altogether without occupants, and their open windows (swinging loose in the wind since the hands of dying men, gasping for one breath of pure air, flung them outward) stare blankly at us as we go by. The cholera is abroad in his might, and levies his toll right royally.

And terrible it is to think that the same destruction which is so awfully present here, is at the same time doing its worst, for thousands of miles, through every province in Russia. Over the whole land, as

well as over the village in which we stand, looms weirdly the shadow of the great destruction which has smitten Russia from the White Sea to the Black. There have been years of dearth, of sickness, of ravage by flood and fire; but these, for the most part, devastated only a limited region, and vanished as suddenly as they came. It is not so now. North and south, east and west, feel the same stroke. For six months the long agony has torn its way through the life of the nation; and now that the cool autumn weather, long prayed for and hungrily desired, has come at last, the pest still rages as mercilessly as ever. From log-built hamlets in the far east, and stately cities in the far west—from bleak, northern moorlands untraversed by road or railway, and sunny hill-sides that look down upon the Black Sea, comes the same grim, funereal tale—death, death, and nothing but death. In the suburbs of Moscow, at this moment, private houses are being turned into hospitals, and the overworked doctors barely suffice to deal with one-half of their patients. In the Government of Penza, twelve hundred cases have declared themselves within the last week, fully one-fifth of which have already proved fatal. At Nijni-Novgorod the pest has done its worst for three weeks together, and the full extent of the havoc is still unknown. At Krasnoë Selo whole regiments have been disbanded in consequence of the growing mortality. At Kharkoff, where the epidemic was believed to be abating, one hundred and seventy-eight fresh cases have appeared during the last three days, forty-eight of which have ended in death. But it is useless to prolong the sickening catalogue of destruction. Any one may imagine for himself the spectacle of a deadly epidemic sweeping the length and breadth of a land, where poverty, ignorance, and superstition have already prepared the way for it. The Russian peasant has at best but a scanty and unwholesome diet; but even this is yet further diminished by the innumerable fasts of the Greek Church, occurring twice, and occasionally even three times a week.\* In this way the labourer is drained of all the strength which should protect him against disease; and when disease comes, it finds no lack of victims. They perish by thousands and tens of thousands, and the fashionables

\* The fondness of the Russian peasant for gay colouring is that of the negro; even his word for "beautiful" means, literally, "bright red."

\* No fewer than two hundred and ten days in the year (of course including the forty days of Lent) are marked as fasts in the calendar of the Greek Church, and scrupulously observed by the bulk of the population.

of St. Petersburg yawn over the printed statistics of destruction, and wonder languidly "how it is that the lower classes are so careless of their health."

The old stârosta, mindful, even amid these accumulated horrors, of the unfailing Russian hospitality, insists upon my coming home with him to take "bread and salt;" but our sitting is not a long one. It will always be found that men who are face to face with an overwhelming calamity, however fully assured that they can avail nothing to lighten it, find it literally impossible to remain passive spectators, and fling themselves into action—no matter of what nature—as a kind of desperate relief. So it is with us. We make a pretence—a wretched one enough—of eating and conversing: we ignore, as if by tacit consent, the one prevalent subject. But its haunting presence is not to be shaken off; and, before half an hour is over, we sally forth again, driven by that strange restlessness that impels men upon the very sights which revolt them the most. But look on which side we will, it is the same dismal panorama of despair, and agony, and death. All the dreadful minutiae of a great epidemic meet us at every step.

"Can nothing be done to stop this?" ask I, at length, finding it impossible to remain silent any longer. "I had heard in Moscow that the cholera was rather bad down here, but I never dreamed of anything like this!"

"Ah, Barin! you haven't seen the half of it yet, I can tell you" (and he sinks his voice to a whisper); "we've had to get help from the town yonder to bury our dead, because we had neither men nor coffins enough to do it ourselves!"

And then he proceeds to tell me how, during the first few days of the epidemic, the dead were decently interred; but, as the havoc deepened, they were at length flung, pell-mell, into one great pit, and hastily covered up; how all work came to an end weeks ago, the peasants counting themselves doomed to certain death, and losing all heart for labour; how clergy and doctors alike have failed to deal with the countless sick, and how the priests can only offer the poor consolation of carrying from village to village the sacred images revered by the peasantry, toward which the poor sufferers turn their dying eyes wistfully, just before closing them for ever.

At length the stârosta halts in front of rather a neat-looking hut, with a little palisade round it, and, pushing open the door,

enters without ceremony. The room within, though cleaner than I had expected, presents in every point the usual interior of a Russian cabin; the huge, white-tiled stove, with its sleeping-place on the top; the big cumbersome bed, covered in with a quilt of many-coloured patchwork; the rudely-daubed picture of some national saint hanging on the wall, with a candle burning in front of it, and a pious cockroach making a laborious pilgrimage round its frame; and, in the further corner, the enormous "soondook," or wooden chest (painted bright red, and clamped with iron), which is the Russian peasant's greatest pride. The only tenants of the hut are a man and woman, the latter spinning, the former smoking his pipe. Both are of the common, rough-hewn mujik type; but there lies upon the two faces a look which, once seen, is not easily forgotten—that look of dreary, hopeless apathy which marks the man to whom some shock of overwhelming ruin has left nothing to hope or fear—such a look, till now, I had seen but once—on the face of a man sentenced to die, and knowing that the sentence was unchangeable.

"Good morning, Pavel Ivânovitch" (Paul, the son of John), says the stârosta, striving to make his voice as cheery as possible. "God be with you, Marya Vasilievna!"

The man rises to greet him, and offers me a seat, with the heavy, mechanical action of a sleep-walker; while the woman, in the same automaton fashion, replenishes the charcoal in the little tea-urn, and prepares us a tumbler of tea apiece, always the first thing in a visit of this kind.

"And how goes it with you, Pavel Ivânovitch?" asks the stârosta, clapping him on the shoulder with an affected cheerfulness which his face signally belies.

"Everything's in order, Ivan Nickolaievitch," answers the poor fellow, in a flat, tuneless voice that harmonises terribly with his apathetic face. "We've got all ready for our guest, and now he may come as soon as he likes."

Following the direction of his outstretched hand, I catch sight of two coarse deal coffins standing against the wall, just behind the stove. The man nods his head at them significantly, and continues: "I got them when this first began, and they've been here ever since."

Thus, then, these doomed wretches, left alive among the dead, have sat awaiting for weeks together the coming of certain

death, with their own coffins staring them in the face night and day! Dante himself could have imagined no deeper horror.

"Bah, bah! Pavel Ivánovitch," says the stárosta, with a desperate attempt at encouragement, "there's time enough to talk of that yet."

"Who knows?" rejoins the other, wearily. "He may come any day; but when he does come, we're ready."

"And what have you been at with that spade on the floor there?" asks my companion, evidently wishing to turn the conversation.

"Trimming my poor Alexey's grave," replies the peasant, a momentary gleam of tenderness softening his gloomy face at the mention of his dead son. "So long as I'm left living, I mean to go and tidy it up every day, so that it may be green and beautiful when his spirit comes to look at it."

There is a moment's silence. Paul lays his hand on the stárosta's wrist, and looks earnestly in his face.

"Look ye, Iván Nikolaievitch, you're a good man, and know how things ought to be done. Promise me now, as God hears you, that, if my Masha (Mary) and I die one after the other, instead of both together, you'll have us buried in the same grave; for I shouldn't be happy yonder, if I were to wake up and not find her there!"

And again the momentary sunshine of unspeakable tenderness glorifies his hard features. Coarse, ignorant, drunken savage though he be, unable even to write his own name, or to comprehend the simplest fact which lies beyond his own narrow experience, there is yet in him, for this single moment, more true pathos and true poetry than in the most elaborate sorrow of Moore or Byron. The stárosta hastens to give the required promise—a pledge fated to be redeemed only too soon—and, that done, we both feel it time to rise and depart. The deep-drawn breath of relief with which my companion emerges into the outer air, speaks volumes in itself.

Silently and moodily we go onward through the village, but are suddenly arrested by the sight of a man seated on the threshold of a seemingly empty hut, with his head bowed upon his hands, rocking himself slowly to and fro. The lonely, silent, forsaken-looking hovel makes a dreary background for the solitary figure, the whole aspect of which—bent, nerveless, shrunken together—is suggestive of unutterable despair.

"What's the matter with you, brother?" asks the stárosta, kindly.

"They're all gone but me," replies the man, slowly raising his head, "and I'm waiting my turn to go too."

"But why wait here to be cut off?" ask I, hardly knowing what I am saying. "If you have a chance of life, why not take it?"

"Nobody can avoid his fate," answers the mujik, with that ingrained fatalism which is not a whit less strong in the Russian than in the Turk. "And, besides," he adds, dropping his voice to a dreary moan, "I don't care to live now; it's lonely now that they're all gone!"

Who can venture to parade stale phrases of consolation in the face of such a calamity as this? We wisely hold our peace, and pass on; but, a few minutes later, my companion suddenly slackens his pace, and begins to snuff the air with a look of disgust.

"There's something burning," said he, "and a horrid stench it makes. I'm half choked already."

We halt and look round. We are by this time at the very end of the village, and only one dwelling lies ahead of us—a dismal, ruinous cottage, standing all alone, as though its comrades had shrunk away from it. Through its half-open door a thin blue smoke is slowly oozing, tainting the air with a strange, horrible, stifling reek, altogether new to me.

"Something's wrong here," mutters my companion, shaking his head. "Let us go in and see."

The scene disclosed by our entrance I shall not easily forget. A bare, desolate room, wholly without furniture; a huge tiled stove, from the open mouth of which oozed the fetid smoke above mentioned, flecked ever and anon by a tongue of fire; a tall, gaunt, wild-looking man, in the last stage of raggedness and filth, dancing and shouting in furious intoxication. As the red light plays on his ghastly features, inflamed with drink and convulsed by delirium, he presents a picture which the foulest fiend ever imaged by superstition could hardly surpass.

The stárosta attempts to speak, but his voice fails him. The spectre steps forward, and greets us with a frightful grin.

"Come to see me, eh, good people? The folks in the village are all dead, but I've outlived them all! What do you think I've been doing? The last of my brats died this morning, and I've been making a fire



of the body to keep myself warm. I get my fuel cheap—ha, ha!”

The short sharp laugh echoes weirdly through the empty house, as though some unseen presence were repeating it in mockery.

I remain literally tongue-tied with horror, my stalwart comrade shivers from head to foot.

“I used to pray once,” pursues the madman, putting his hand to his forehead with a bewildered air, “but now that’s no use; there’s nothing but death and the devil now—death and the devil, death and the devil! God has forgotten us, but Satan has not!”

But it would be revolting to quote the dying wretch’s frantic blasphemies. When we passed the hut on the following morning, the door still stood open; the man lay coiled up before his extinguished fire, but he was cold and stiff. What agonies he endured in his lonely death-struggle none but God can tell, but his distorted features showed that the poor creatures over whom he had exulted had little cause to envy him his brief respite.

On my return to Moscow two days later, the first newspaper that I light upon (after dismissing the cholera in two lines and a half) fills two columns with the glorification of a projected canal from the Sea of Azoff to the Caspian, which is to cost only sixty million roubles—“a trifle compared with the consequent increase of our trade, the doubling of our naval strength, and the opening, for the first time in history, of our great inland sea.” All this is very brilliant and gratifying, but somehow it jars a little upon my recent experiences, and moreover, on glancing a little further down the broadsheet which proclaims these glorious tidings, I light upon sundry things which do not quite harmonise therewith. For instance, I read that “the ravages of drunkenness and profligacy among the lower classes have more than doubled the number of their victims within the last eight years;” that “the want of district hospitals and schools is being felt more and more severely in the interior;” that “the number of accidents caused among those employed in the great factories by the want of railings round the machinery transcends all calculation.” It seems, then, that there are other objects beside monster canals and eleven-inch cannon upon which the wealth of the state might be advantageously spent. The gun that burst at Cronstadt the other day cost

forty thousand roubles, or upwards of five thousand pounds—a high price, surely, for a plaything broken as soon as used. Might not a small part of this sum have been used to build a village school or hospital, which would cost barely one-tenth of the amount expended on the very gun-carriage of the shivered cannon? Might not another fraction have been used in endeavouring to keep men from dying at the rate of “one hundred and twenty a day” in one of the most considerable towns of Southern Russia? And, perhaps, might not a few stray hundreds have gone toward the relief of the “ninety thousand persons” yearly left homeless by flood or fire? It would, however, be unfair to Russia to regard her as habitually lavish; there are times when she can be prudent enough. A recent report of the Board of Public Instruction speaks with honest exultation of having effected an “economy” of three hundred and ten thousand and thirty-five roubles sixty and three-quarter kopecks upon the amount allotted to their department during the last four years. One knows not which to admire most, the tender benevolence or the scrupulous accuracy of these worthy people, who thus note to the fraction of a kopeck the amount which they have contrived to scrape from the duty of ministering to the bodies and souls of their countrymen. It is doubtless in such niceties as these that the genius of the true financier shows itself, for there is no thought of economy when Russia is projecting monster canals from sea to sea, or sending her helmeted missionaries to preach the gospel of annexation throughout Central Asia from the mouths of twenty-thousand breech-loaders. Standing armies and cuirassed flotillas may be good, but public health and intelligence are better. Russia has abolished the penalty of death only to substitute the penalty of life. Stories enough are abroad of the cruelties once inflicted upon political offenders, but the worst state criminal is happy compared with the poor workmen who are condemned to penal servitude for life in gasworks and sugar factories, or the starving mechanics who are weekly drawn and quartered by ill-guarded machinery. We hear great things of the progress of Russian civilisation; has it progressed far enough to rescue the labouring class from the worst forms of immorality and disease? We hear constant boasts of “the thriving condition of native manufactures;” have any of these thriving manufacturers thought

it worth their while to purify the air of their factories, or to put railings round the machinery that weekly—sometimes almost daily—shears away its pound of flesh, killing, or maiming, or crippling some poor fellow whose only resource is the work of his own hands? We hear of costly armaments and fortified camps; will these save Russia from the heavier conscription levied by a ruler whose recruiting officers are fever, and cholera, and famine? As Jerusalem stood before the legions of Titus, so does Russia stand now. There is no sign of breach or crumbling in the great rampart which looks down so defiantly upon the encircling enemy; but within are famine, and pestilence, and vice, and misery, and despair, sucking the life-blood of the garrison. There was a time when these terrible social problems could be conveniently forgotten; but this is no longer possible. Russia needs men—men who can work and who can fight; she finds only poor, enfeebled, dying beasts of burden, too brainless to do the one, and too strengthless to have a hope of success in the other.

#### ODD PLANTS: WINDOW PETS.

THERE are odd men, often very useful, in many an important establishment; and there are odd plants which are not, though they ought to be, found in every large or pretentious garden, while they are not seldom cheerfully harboured in small and unpretending ones. And as the odd man is sure to be called for at any serious emergency or press of business, so the odd plant is sought for at critical moments of accident or disease, when life itself may depend, if not on its healing powers, at least on the faith the sufferer places in it.

Odd plants are required for other purposes: to embellish a balcony, to complete a window-garden, to finish a pickle, to heighten a perfume, to fill a gap in a herbarium, to give the last touch to a rockery, to illustrate a lecture, to exhibit their tricks, to astonish by their costliness, and even to display their ugliness and emit their stench.

Who has not known occasions when houseleek, pot-marigold, white lily, buck-bean, feverfew, balm, have been sought for as eagerly as if they were panaceas that would resuscitate the dead? The possessor and provider of the odd plant re-

quired becomes, then, a real benefactor. Odd plants wanted may be the commonest things, and yet you may not be able to lay your hand upon them at once. If you had only the canary-bird nasturtium, the painted lady runner bean, or the crimson major convolvulus, to run up the strings stretched round your window, how charming the effect would be! Odd plants, discovered during pleasant excursions, are doubly, trebly valuable. They are healthy food for memory, they stock your window with specimens neither common nor vulgar, and they give lessons in domestic horticulture.

The true maiden-hair fern, for instance, *Adiantum capillus-veneris*, is a choice pot-plant, evergreen and extremely elegant, rare in Great Britain (and, consequently, much sought after), because it cannot resist frost. It grows wild, at the sea-level, in Cornwall, Devonshire, and a few other mild localities; in shore-side caves, in gullies between cliffs parted in twain, and in the crevices of shady, dripping rocks. Could such a denizen of darkness and dampness as this be made to thrive in my south-aspected window? Not having to offer it a "Stygian cave forlorn," pretty as the plant is, I gave it up, believing the attempt to grow it there hopeless.

One sultry autumn, while walking from Genoa to Mentone, along the Riviera di Ponente, commonly called the Corniche, from the fancied resemblance of the road to a cornice on a wall, I saw a dark-brown rock, exposed to the full glare of a Mediterranean sun, down the face of which ran a stripe of bright green. The green proved a plant; the plant, maiden-hair fern. There it was, with its delicate fronds, heedless of stewing, baking, and broiling—because, like Paris during the siege, it was stewing in its own gravy. Along the face of the rock trickled a threadlet of water. The maiden-hair strictly followed the thread, by whose aid it had defied, uninjured, the burning rays of an Italian August.

The secret of maiden-hair culture was mine. I coaxed a little bit of the fern out of its fissure, wrapped it in moistened rag, and kept it damp till its journey's end. When it reached home it looked like a tuft of black bristles extracted from a worn-out clothes-brush. Planted in a pot of common mould, set in a saucer half full of water, covered with a footless wineglass, and exposed to all the sunshine at command, it soon showed signs of life, then grew beau-

tiful, and then allowed of increase by divisions, enabling me to make perennially green the interior sills of other window-gardeners.

Not a few ferns will prosper under similar in-door culture. Most of the maiden-hair's relations are too fond of the hot-house to succeed in living-rooms, but one of them, *Adiantum affine*, from New Zealand, is still more elegant and admirable as a window plant. With increasing years it increases in beauty, till it becomes a specimen plant of considerable value. And it is so easily propagated; such a little bit will grow! With one pot of maiden-hair you may soon have twenty. Not only may it be parted with great facility, but, after a time, on the surface of other pots in your window you will see little seedling maiden-hairs come up, sprung from the invisible spores dispersed in the air by the mother plant.

If you have no chance of finding *A. capillus-veneris* wild, and wish either to possess it or to give it away, you can obtain of professional fern-growers nice little plants at a moderate price. But carefully note that with ferns in general the water supply must be unfailing. When the leaves of a thirsty geranium flag, water it, and they will soon come right again. Flagging, thirsty fern-fronds are mostly lost for ever. All you can do is to cut them off, and entreat new ones to take their places.

For flowers and fashions we often return to the old love, as well as invent and discover the new. One of my old flowers, in the course of its adventures, has literally seen the ups and downs of life. The *Epiphyllum truncatum*, formerly *Cactus truncata*, a peculiar-looking, flat-stemmed, jointed plant, of drooping habit, produces its pendent, cherry-red blossoms in the dead time of the year, enlivening the gloom of the winter solstice. Why it should have fallen into neglect I know not, except that, pushed aside by novelties, all succulents, including the whole cactus family, have been, not laid on the shelf (where, if an upper one, they would thrive very well) but tossed on the compost heap to rot, in company with worn-out cinerarias and exhausted Chinese primroses. New floral stars on the exhibition stage make men look coldly on its former ornaments. "*Sic transit gloria mundi*" is a motto for pot-plants as well as for popes. Horticulturists, like Athenians, are always craving for something new. The most astounding in-

stance of which is that the dahlia, for a while, eclipsed the rose.

Poor *Epiphyllum* could plead a special reason why it should not be pushed out into the cold. Unlike so many of its brethren, it has none of those ugly prickles which a magnifying-glass shows to be jagged pot-hangers, or narrow saws with a recurved set of teeth, and which, when once they enter your flesh, are not easy to get out again. *Epiphyllum* has no such mischievous fangs, but is as innocent as it is pretty. All that can be said against it is that greenhouses (often choked up with unpruned vines) are hardly hot and dry enough to make it flower freely. But even there it will do its utmost to please, if mounted high and fully exposed to light. The same on a bracket in a sunny window. And a few extra degrees of heat are well worth bestowing, to be repaid by bright blooms in dark December.

*Epiphyllum*, thus neglected, betook itself to a refuge with a few kind friends who vouchsafed it a shelter for the sake of old times, as well as for the services it still could render. Somebody discovered that, by grafting it on the stiff stem of some other cactus, it became a little tree, not very unlike a miniature weeping ash, which tree flowered freely in winter time, that is, during the rise and climax of the Paris season. So Parisian salons and boudoirs took it up, paying ten and twelve francs each for well-grown specimens. A species of *Pereskia* (*aculeata*) afforded a slenderer stem for grafting it on than another cactus, and was adopted as more sightly, although less congenial (by natural affinity) as well as less robust in supporting less temperatures and undue moisture.

I had possessed an *epiphyllum* growing on its own proper roots, but I must needs have it also perched up aloft. Ladies were wearing high heels, why shouldn't cactuses? Mounted, therefore, it was, on a *pereskia* stock. For a little while all went well: soon, symptoms of failing health appeared. The roots of the *pereskia* decayed, in consequence of a too severe course of hydro-pathy. The defunct root was amputated, and the stem, fresh planted, struck a new one, with the help of a little extra heat. All went well again; but again the parasitic head showed signs of distress by shrivelling fast, and by the emission, as a last resource, of roots at the junction of the scion and the stock. On examination, the stem was dead, doubtless from chilblain caught last December. Poor stilted plant! The earth

was far below its reach. We had to let it down again. With the useless pereskia stem removed, planted in earth and left to its own resources, cured of all ambition to ape arborescent stature, my humbled epiphyllum, returned to its natural sphere of life, promises to prove its contentment by blooming by-and-bye.

With ordinary attention to its health, especially avoiding cold moisture at the root, you may keep the epiphyllum for years and years, and enjoy its annual tribute of flowers. Indeed, its term of life seems indefinite. And that is saying not a little when we remember that there are cactuses, its family relations, existing, whose age is known to be certainly not less than five or six hundred years. I shall be satisfied if mine gets half as far as that, and will try if we can't manage it.

A more ephemeral new old plant that delighted my childhood, is still pleasant to behold in—well, my maturer years. An egg-plant is basking in the sunshine of my window. Hatched in a hotbed, reared in a crystal palace of a smaller size than that at Sydenham, it now proudly displays its produce, a full-sized egg and a smaller one; and that is all I may expect from it, although the French call it poule pondeuse, or laying hen. The longer and hotter summers of its native south would render it a little more prolific. But as it is only an annual, the circle of its existence is soon run through in the north. Indeed, it ought to think itself lucky if it can complete it by ripening its seeds.

Gardeners sometimes label the egg-plant *Melongena ovifera*, assigning to it the dignity not only of a species but of a genus. But, being simply a white or albino variety of the striped aubergine of Guadaloupe, itself a variety of the common purple aubergine, we may prefer the name of *Solanum melongena*—seeing that it is evidently a branch, or rather a twig, of the potato's grandly ramified genealogical tree. Save in colour, size, and number, the flower and the berry are the potato's own. Tubers only are wanting to complete the affinity. The egg-plant's slightly thorny leaves are much more robustly represented by several other species of *solanum*. Like the aubergine, the egg-plant's eggs are both eatable and eaten; but they are so pretty and so few that they are more frequently suffered to hang on the mother-plant as long as they can. I have heard of the feat of decorating a table with egg-plants in pots, the eggs on which were ready cooked.

Most people know and have admired the naked-flowered, or winter jessamine, *Jasminum nudiflorum*, which displays such a profusion of yellow flowers some time between December and February, according to the quality of the season. There are ugly, dull, displeasing yellows, and there are bright, clear, attractive yellows. The winter jessamine's yellow is the right sort of hue. The flower is also scentless—a great merit in a pot-plant admitted to the honour of growing inside our windows, or decorating our rooms. And as flowers exhibit good and bad shades of colour, so do they emit noxious and unbearable, as well as wholesome and agreeable, odours; noxious and unbearable, that is, in closed apartments; for many flowers that are insupportable by many persons in-doors—such as heliotrope, lilies of the valley, several Japan and other lilies, carnations even, and not a few besides—are delightful out of doors, when we catch a wave of perfume floating on a passing breeze.

Apropos to which, hear what Francis Bacon, erst Lord High Chancellor of England, saith while discoursing of gardens. He never smelt Japan lilies or heliotrope, but he had already fixed their proper places.

“And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of musio), than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smells; so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning's dew. Bays, likewise, yield no smell as they grow, rosemary little, nor sweet marjoram; that which, above all others, yields the sweetest smell in the air, is the violet; especially the white double violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide. Next to that is the musk-rose; then the flower of the vines; then sweet-brier, then wall-flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber window; then pinks and gilliflowers, especially the matted pink and clove gilliflower; then the flowers of the lime-tree; then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off.”

Somewhat afar off, therefore, let all oppressive-scented flowering plants be kept, amongst which I am obliged reluctantly to include narcissuses and hyacinths. They

are not suited for window-pets. But there are also flowers which, without any decided odour perceptible by the dull nose of the careless smeller, yet give out an inodorous gas or emanation, which very perceptibly affects the nerves and the head. Such floral emanations are analogous, amongst smells, to the invisible rays radiated by the sun; which latter we cannot see, but of whose existence we have undoubted proof.

The list of sweet-smelling flowers which we may admit to our domestic intimacy without fear of headache, giddiness, and fainting—of danger even in a sleeping-room—is less numerous than those we may not. Amongst the former I may mention roses and mignonette as especially worthy to take the gold medal. But if a flower has not a scent which can be borne without uneasy feelings, it deserves honourable mention when it is scentless.

Hence my recommendation of winter jessamine as a window-pet. There are several plants possessed of the specific name "*radicans*," or freely rooting. It might have been appropriately bestowed on our jessamine, which takes root whenever it touches ground, or comes into a much less promising contact. My mother-plant, growing against a wall, thrust a branch into a chink between the bricks, which branch, rooting, has established itself there, become independent, and will doubtless flower when its hour arrives.

Is not this a hint for decorators of ruins and rocks, natural or artificial? The winter jessamine is perfectly hardy, having resisted without injury the winter of 1860-1, and that terrible night about the middle of December last. It promises to become a first-rate wall-plant, rivalling even the caper-bush in beauty, and robust instead of tender in constitution.

The begonias are old-established window favourites. More species than are popularly known are well adapted to this line of life, with scentless, wax-like flowers, sometimes quite pretty, with singular, highly ornamental, and strangely-coloured stalks and foliage. Their promulgation and distribution would be a benefit conferred on window-gardeners. The very handsome king begonia, *B. rex*, likes an atmosphere moister than that of living rooms; nevertheless, there are amateurs who succeed in growing it well. The fuschia-like begonia, *B. fuschoides*, very bright and elegant, wants, to bring it forward, a hothouse or bed, which it well deserves, as it blooms dur-

ing the winter months. When on show, it may be removed thence to the window, and cosseted there as long as it deserves.

A newer arrival is the Bolivian begonia, *B. boliviensis*, with bright-green translucent stems and leaves, and brilliant scarlet flowers, which are produced in pairs in a singular fashion. Like the couples in a quadrille, each gentleman has his lady-flower beside him, who may be known at once by being suspended from an embryo seed-vessel, while her male companion has nothing of the kind. Their form, too, is unusual in the genus—pointed petals forming a drooping bell, a little flattened, as if some very light fairy had sat on it for awhile. Its lofty mountain origin makes it comparatively hardy; and if it dies down to its tuberous stump in autumn, it will shoot up in spring with pristine vigour.

But window-gardeners, who love graceful form and verdure, putting gaudy hues on the second rank, will find resources they little expect, by experimenting largely with native and foreign ferns.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### BOOK III.

#### CHAPTER IV. MARTIN GURWOOD'S RECKONING WITH HIMSELF.

It was full time that Martin Gurwood returned to Lullington, for his parishioners had begun to grow impatient at his absence. Although, as we have already shown, the vicar could not be called popular amongst them, having no tastes in common with theirs, and rather awing them with his dignified reserve, the good people of Lullington had become accustomed to their parson's ways, and were disposed to overlook what they thought the oddity of his manners in consideration of his bountiful kindness and the strict fidelity with which he discharged the duties of his office. He was not one of their own sort; he was not a "good fellow;" there was nothing at all free and easy about him; no jokes were cracked before him; no harvest-home suppers, no Christmas merry-makings found him among the assembled company. But the farmers, if they did not like their vicar, respected him most thoroughly, and thought it something to have amongst them a man on whose advice on all spiritual matters (and in all worldly matters, few in-

deed though they be, in which honour and honesty are alone concerned) they could fully and firmly rely. So that when Martin Gurwood, on his mother's invitation, went up to London in the autumn of the year, intending to stop there but a very few weeks, the churchwardens and such others of his parishioners as he deigned to take so far into his confidence, were sincere in expressing their wishes for his speedy return.

But if the inhabitants of Lullington were sorry for their pastor's departure at the time of his leaving them, much more bitterly did they regret it after they had had a little experience of his *locum tenens*. The gentleman who had temporarily undertaken the spiritual care of the Lullingtonians was a man of birth and ability, an old college friend of Martin Gurwood, and emphatically a scholar and a gentleman. He had married when very young, and had a large family; he was miserably poor, and it was principally with the view of helping him that Martin had requested him to fill his place during his absence. Mr. Dill was only too glad to find some place which he could occupy rent free, and where he had a better chance of being able to work, undisturbed by the racket of his children, than in the noisy lodging in town. So he moved all his family by the third-class train, and in less than an hour after their arrival the boys were playing hockey on the lawn, the girls were swinging in the orchard, Mrs. Dill was in her usual state of uncertainty as to where she had packed away any of the "things," and Mr. Dill, inked up to his eyebrows, and attired in a ragged grey duffel dressing-gown, was seated in Martin Gurwood's arm-chair, hard at work at his Greek play.

Although not much given to cultivating politeness, the Lullington farmers, out of respect for Martin Gurwood, thought it advisable to tender a welcome to their vicar's representative, and appointed two of their number to carry out the determination. The deputation did not succeed in obtaining admittance, Mr. Dill's old servant, a kind of female Caleb Balderstone, meeting them in the hall and declaring her master to be "at work"—a condition in which he was never to be interrupted. The deputation retired in dudgeon, and that evening at the *Dun Cow* described their reception amidst the sympathising groans of their assembled friends. It was unanimously decided that when Mr. Dill called upon any of them, he should be accommodated with that species

of outspoken candour, which was known in those parts as "a piece of their mind." It is impossible to say what effect this intended frankness would have had upon the temporary occupant of the Lullington pulpit, inasmuch as, during his whole time of residence, Mr. Dill never called on one of the parishioners. Many of them never saw him except on Sundays; others caught glimpses of him, a small homely-looking man, striding about the garden dressed in the before-mentioned ragged morning-gown, very short pepper-and-salt trousers, white socks, not too clean, and low shoes, gazing now on to the ground, now into the skies, muttering to himself, and apparently enforcing his arguments with extended forefinger, but so entranced and enrapt in his cogitation as to be conscious of nothing passing around him, or to gaze placidly into the broad countenances of Hodge or Giles staring at him over the hedge, without the least notion that they were there. On Sundays, however, it was a very different matter. Then Mr. Dill was anything but preoccupied. He gave himself up entirely and earnestly to the duty of addressing his congregation; but he addressed them with such ferocity, and the doctrine which he preached was so stern and uncompromising—so different from anything that they had been accustomed to hear from the gentle lips of Martin Gurwood—that the congregation, for the time struck rigid with awe and dismay, no sooner found themselves outside the porch than they gathered into a knot in the churchyard, and determined on writing off at once to their vicar to request him to remove his substitute.

The letter, in the form of a round-robin, was duly signed and despatched, and produced a reply from Martin, counselling moderation, and promising the exertion of his influence with Mr. Dill. That influence had a somewhat salutary effect, and, on the next Sunday, the discourse was incomprehensible instead of denunciatory in its tone. But there was no sympathy between Mr. Dill and those with whom his lot was cast, and spiritual matters in Lullington had come to a very low ebb indeed when Martin Gurwood returned to his parishioners. Then they revived at once. The vicar's arrival was hailed with the greatest delight; he was greeted with a cordiality which he had never before experienced, and, after the celebration of service on the ensuing Sunday, there was quite a demonstration of affection towards him on the part of the warm-hearted, if somewhat

narrow-minded, people, amongst whom he had not laboured in vain.

But, when the gloss of renewed confidence and regard began to wear off, it was noticed among the farmers that the vicar's reserve, which had been the original stumbling-block to his popularity with his parishioners, had, if anything, rather grown than decreased since his visit to London. Martin Gurwood did his duty regular as heretofore; attended schools, visited the sick, was always accessible when wanted, but he seemed more than ever anxious to escape to his solitude; the services of the Irish mare were brought into constant requisition, and she was ridden harder than ever. All this was not lost upon the observant eye of Farmer Barford.

"It's pride, that's what it is, my boy," said the old man to his son; "it was so when parson first came down here, and though he got the better of it, it is so again now. It's after having been up to London, and seeing the ways, and wickedness, and goings-on of the grand folks, that leaves the sting of envy behind, mebbe; and he knows it's not right, and flies from the temptation back to these quiet parts; and then the thought of what he has seen, and what he has to give up, rankles and galls him sorely."

Farmer Barford was by no means strictly correct in his impression. There was a temptation in London for Martin Gurwood, indeed, but it was not of the kind which the worthy old churchwarden imagined; and though the vicar devoted the greater portion of his thoughts to it, it had not, at first, at least, the effect of goading or harassing him in any way. Indeed, instead of attempting to expel the subject from his mind, he loved to brood and ponder over it, turning it hither and thither, dwelling upon it in its every phase, and parting from it to enter once more upon the work-a-day duties of the world with the greatest reluctance.

Yes, however much he had attempted to deceive himself when in her presence, to tell himself that the interest he felt in her merely arose from pity for the position in which, by a sad combination of circumstances, she had been placed, Martin Gurwood no sooner found himself in the peaceful retreat of his own home, no longer surrounded by the feverish excitement of London, no longer compelled to be constantly on his guard lest he should betray the Claxton mystery to his mother, lest even he should betray to his friend Statham

the secret of his heart, than he acknowledged to himself that he loved Alice. Loved her with a depth and intensity such as no one would have accredited him with; loved her with a power of love such as he had never dreamed of possessing, and which astonished him by its force and earnestness. He, the man of saintly reputation, loved with his whole heart this woman, whose name and fame—innocent, and even ignorant, of it as she was—were tarnished in the eyes of the world, and quite humbly put to himself the question if he could win her. In the silent watches of the night, or when riding far away from home, he would bring his horse to a standstill on wind-swept common or barren moorland, and ask himself if he dared—having reference to his own past life—to hope for such happiness. Surely, there could be little to cause trouble or anxiety to such a man? He, if any one, could afford to stand the scrutiny of the world, could ignore or laugh at what the world might say respecting his choice of a wife! And what could the world say? The secret which had been maintained about the whole matter, had been perfect, so perfect as to make him easy about the fact that the dead man whom Alice had believed to be her husband, was his step-father. No one will ever know that but Statham, who is to be trusted, and—*and Madame Du Tertre*. He had forgotten her, and somehow, at the thought of her, his heart turned chill within him. She could be relied upon, however, and Alice would never be troubled by any one or anything more when once he had the right to protect her.

To protect her, to watch over and tend her! To listen to the outpourings of her mind, simple and innocent as those of any village girl; to mould her soft nature and note the growth and development, under his tuition, of the common sense and right feeling which were her undoubted natural gifts. To solace the dead dull level of his daily life with her sweet companionship: to listen, as he had never hoped to listen, to words of love addressed to him, to him whose celibate life had been so long uncheered by fond look or word of affection! Could it be possible that this girl—of whom, as he recollected with something like dismay, he had at first conceived so distorted an idea, of whom he had spoken with so much harshness, and to whom he had so grudgingly extended the common Christian charity due from him in his position to any fellow-creature, however erring—could she

by the mysterious dispensation of Providence, be the one woman reserved as his haven of rest from the buffets of the world, as the hope and comfort of his declining days? Could such a blessing come to him? The whisper of his fate within him seemed to answer, "No!"

And yet why should such happiness be denied him? However lonely had been his own life, there were few men who had greater opportunities of studying the pleasures of domesticity; fewer still more calculated to enjoy the calm blessings of the married state, all sufficient, all engrossing in themselves. And Alice, what response could she make to this affection? She was surely heart-whole so far as the present was concerned; she loved no other man; her affection, such as it was, was buried in the grave. Such as it was! Yes, the phrase was harsh-sounding, but true. Communing with himself, Martin Gurwood came to the conclusion that Alice, during her life long, had never known what it was really to love. There could be no doubt, from all he had heard, from all he had seen, that she had been devoted to John Calverley, but it was the devotion of a young girl to a man many years her senior—to a man with whom their disparity of years prevented her having much in common. The feeling which she had entertained for John Calverley was respect, gratitude, affection if you will, but it was not love. Even if it had been, even if those philosophers, according to whose dicta the first impression made upon a woman's heart by a man, no matter of what age or position, remains for ever branded and ineffaceable, were right—if Alice had been devoted to John Calverley in a sense other than that which he felt inclined to believe—Martin Gurwood acknowledged that he would be only too glad to take her as she was. He would accept with infinite thankfulness such a love as she could give him, and perhaps it would be better so. The dangerous passion which might have been he would not ask for; he would not dream of. A quiet, trusting love, such as her gentle nature could feel so truly, could give so freely, would amply satisfy him; and notwithstanding the never-ceasing whisper of his fate, he inclined to hope that he eventually might obtain it.

This hope, not arrived at until after many days anxious self-communing, brought with it a different train of thought—a better train of mind. He was no longer inclined to be solitary now; he took a pleasure in

going among his parishioners; in chatting with the old dames and young lasses; in listening to the farmers and discussing future plans with them. That was to be the scene of his future labours; that was to be the place where his life with Alice would be passed. He pictured her to himself dispensing her charities, aiding him in his work, proving herself, as she was certain to do, kind, patient, active, exactly fitted for a parson's wife. Far removed from London and its temptations; out of the reach of any who might chance to know her previous history; worshipped and protected by him; the benefactress of the poor and sick; the kindly friend of all; her life at Lullington would be as it ought to have been from the first. And his life? It was almost too much happiness to speculate upon it. With the new hope came renewed health, fresh brightness, unaccustomed geniality. His village friends had never before seen their vicar so radiantly happy, and farmer Barford bade his son Bill remark that all the direful effects of the visit to London had passed away, and that the Lullington air and the return to his congregation had made their parson a man again.

This happy frame of mind was, however, not destined to last long. One bright winter's morning, when Martin Gurwood was walking briskly up and down the long gravel path leading to the garden gate, now and then diverging for a moment to speak to the old gardener, who was pottering away in the conservatory, and who had as yet scarcely got over his grief for the damage done to his favourite shrubs by Mr. Dill's mischievous children, the heavily laden village postman saluted the vicar, and handed him two letters and his weekly copy of the Guardian. There was a time when Martin, in his eagerness to plunge into his journal, would have laid the letters aside for a more favourable opportunity, but now the postman had become a person of the greatest interest to him. On several occasions he had received a letter from Alice, quietly, simply, and naturally written, describing the domestic events of her daily life, and always speaking gratefully of his kindness towards her. This morning, however, there was nothing from Alice; one of the letters was written in his mother's narrow, cramped characters; the other in the bold flowing hand of Humphrey Statham.

Martin now never recognised his mother's writing without a certain amount of



nervous apprehension. However cleverly their precautions had been taken, there was always the chance of Mrs. Calverley's discovering the story of the Claxton mystery, and her son never opened one of her letters without the dread of learning that that discovery had been made. The perusal of the first lines, however, reassured him on that point, though the letter on the whole was not especially gratifying.

Thus it ran :

Great Walpole-street, Wednesday.

MY DEAR MARTIN,—Although I have been gifted with a singularly patient disposition, and with the power of enduring a large amount of weariness and suffering without complaint, yet, as a worm will turn, so do I at length lift up my voice to protest against my son's treatment of me. There are not, I imagine, many mothers in this world who have made such sacrifices for their offspring as I have for you, Martin; there are certainly very few sons who have received such an offer from their parents as that made by me to you when last you were in London, and yet the treatment which I receive at your hands is in exact conformity with what has been my lot during my ill-fated life. My long suffering has been overlooked, my kindness unappreciated, my actions misunderstood.

Martin, are you or are you not going to take advantage of the offer which I made you to take your position in my establishment, give up your country parish, and become a shining light in the metropolis? One would have thought such an opportunity, combining as it would an admirable position in society, not vain and frivolous, but solid and respectable, and eminently fitted for a clergyman, with the command of wealth, which would have placed you entirely at your ease, would have been such a one as you would not have hesitated to avail yourself of, and yet weeks, I may say months, have passed since I first broached the subject to you, and I have as yet received no definite reply. I must ask you to let me hear from you at once, Martin, upon this point. I always thought the late Mr. Calverley the most dilatory of men, and I do not wish to see his bad

example imitated by my own flesh and blood.

I suppose that, independently of other considerations, the son of any other woman would have thought of his mother's loneliness, and done his best to console her even under much less agreeable circumstances; but I am fated, I know, and I do not repine. One thing, however, I am determined on, and that is, I will not bear this solitude any longer; I must have a companion of some kind, and upon your answer will depend what steps I shall take. By the way, talking of companions, Madame Du Tertre has called here once or twice lately. She seems very comfortable in her new place, and talked a great deal about you. But I have no fear but that my son will always know his proper position in society. Write to me at once, Martin, and,

Believe me,  
Your affectionate mother,  
JANE CALVERLEY.

A faint smile played over Martin's lips as he perused two or three portions of this letter, and when he came to its conclusion he laid it aside with a shrug of the shoulder. "Poor mother," he muttered, "she is right so far. I certainly ought to have given her an answer upon that matter long since. I will write to her to-night. Now let's see what Statham has to say."

The letter from Statham was that described in the previous chapter. Martin's exclamation on reading it has been already recorded. After a little time he placed both letters in his pocket, clasped his hands behind him, and walked up and down the gravel path.

"I must go to London at once," he said. "I will answer this letter in person. Statham would not have written in this way if he had not imagined that there were some danger. This man must be paying Alice no ordinary attention, if Humphrey's suspicions are excited; I will go to London at once, and take the opportunity of seeing my mother at the same time."

The next day Martin Gurwood presented himself in Change-alley, and was told by Mr. Collins that Mr. Statham was in and would see him.

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

“THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR”

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
“HOUSEHOLD WORDS”

No. 205. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### WILLING TO DIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE ROSE AND THE KEY.”

#### CHAPTER XIII. MEETING IN THE GARDEN.

I WAS a little shy, as country misses are; and, curious as I was, rather relieved when I heard that the shipwrecked stranger had been ordered to keep his quarters strictly, for that day, at least. So, by-and-bye, as Laura Grey had a letter to write, I put on my hat, and not caring to walk toward the town, and not daring to take the Penruthyn road, I ran out to the garden.

The garden of Malory is one of those monastic enclosures whose fruit-trees have long grown into venerable timber, whose walls are stained by time, and mantled in some places with ivy; where everything has been allowed, time out of mind, to have its own way; where walks are grass-grown, and weeds choke the intervals between old standard pear, and cherry, and apple-trees, and only a little plot of ground is kept in cultivation by a dawdling, desultory man, who carries in his daily basket of vegetables to the cook.

There was a really good ribston-pippin or two in this untidy, but not unpicturesque garden; and these trees were, I need scarcely tell you, a favourite resort of ours.

The gale had nearly stripped the trees of their ruddy honours, and thrifty Thomas ones had, no doubt, carried the spoil away to store them in the apple-closet. One pippin only dangled still within reach, and I was hacking at this particularly good-looking apple with a long stick, but as yet in vain, when I suddenly perceived that a young man, whom I recognised as the very hero of the shipwreck, was approaching. He walked slowly and a little lame, and was leaning on a stick. He was smiling, and,

detected in my undignified and rather greedy exercise—I had been jumping from the ground—I was ready to sink into the earth with shame. Perhaps, if I had been endowed with presence of mind, I should have walked away. But I was not, on that occasion, at least; and I stood my ground, stick in hand, affecting not to see his slow advance.

It was a soft sunny day. He had come out without a hat; he had sent to Cardylion to procure one, and had not yet got it, as he afterwards told me, with an apology for seeming to make himself so very much at home.

How he introduced himself I forget; I was embarrassed and disconcerted; I know that he thanked me very much for my “hospitality,” called me his “hostess,” smiling, and told me that although he did not know my father, he yet saw him everywhere during the season. Then he talked of the wreck; he described his own adventures very interestingly, and spoke of the whole thing in terms very different from those reported by Doctor Mervyn, and with a great deal of feeling.

He asked me if I had seen anything of it from our house; and then it became my turn to speak. I very soon got over my shyness; he was so perfectly well-bred, that it was impossible even for a rustic, such as I was, not to feel very soon quite at her ease in his company.

So I talked away, becoming more animated, and he smiled, looking at me, I thought, with a great deal of sympathy, and very much pleased.

I thought him very handsome. He had one point of resemblance to Mr. Carmel. His face was pale, but, unlike his, as dark as a gipsy’s. Its tint showed the white of his eyes and his teeth with fierce effect.

What was the character of the face I saw now? Very different from the death-like phantom that had crossed my sight the night before. It was a face of passion and daring. A broad, low forehead, and resolute mouth, with that pronounced under-jaw which indicates sternness and decision. I contrasted him secretly with Mr. Carmel. But in his finely-cut features, and dark, fierce eyes, the ascetic and noble interest of the sadder face was wanting; but there was, for so young a person as I, a different and a more powerful fascination in the beauty of this young man of the world.

Before we parted I allowed him to knock down the apple I had been trying at, and this rustic service improved our acquaintance.

I began to think, however, that our interview had lasted quite long enough; so I took my leave, and I am certain he would have accompanied me to the house, had I not taken advantage of his lameness, and walked away very quickly.

As I let myself out at the garden door, in turning I was able, unsuspected, to steal a parting look, and I saw him watching me intently as he leaned against the stem of a gigantic old pear-tree. It was rather pleasant to my vanity to think that I had made a favourable impression upon the interesting stranger.

Next day our guest met me again, near the gate of the avenue, as I was returning to the house.

"I had a call this morning from your clergyman," he said. "He seems a very kind old gentleman, the rector of Cardyllien; and the day is so beautiful, he proposed a sail upon the estuary, and if you were satisfied with him, by way of escort; and my steering—I'm an old sailor—I'm sure you'd find it just the day to enjoy a little boating."

He looked at me, smiling eagerly.

Laura Grey and I had agreed that nothing would tempt us to go upon the water, until all risk of lighting upon one of those horrible discoveries from the wreck, that were now beginning to come to the surface from hour to hour, was quite over.

So I made our excuses as best I could, and told him that since the storm we had a horror of sailing.

He looked vexed and gloomy. He walked beside me.

"Oh, I understand, Miss Grey? I was not aware—I ought, of course, to have included her: Perhaps your friend would change her mind and induce you to reconsider your decision. It is such a charming day."

I thanked him again, but our going was quite out of the question.

He smiled and bowed a little, but looked very much chagrined.

I fancied that he thought I meant to snub him, for proposing any such thing on so very slight an acquaintance. I dare say if I had I should have been quite right; but you must remember how young I was, and how unlearned in the world's ways. Nothing, in fact, was further from my intention. To soften matters a little, I said:

"I am very sorry we can't go. We should have liked it, I am sure, so much; but it is quite impossible."

He walked all the way to the hall-door with me; and then he asked if I did not intend continuing my walk a little. I bid him good-bye, however, and went in, very full of the agreeable idea that I had made a conquest.

Laura Grey and I, walking to Cardyllien later, met Doctor Mervyn, who stopped to tell us that he had just seen his Madoc patient, "R. B. M.," steering Williams's boat, with the old vicar on board.

"By Jove! one would have fancied he had got enough of the water for some time to come," remarked the doctor, in conclusion. "That is the most restless creature I ever encountered in all my professional experience! If he had kept himself quiet yesterday and to-day he'd have been pretty nearly right by to-morrow; but if he goes on like this I should not wonder if he worked himself into a fever."

#### CHAPTER XIV. THE INTRUDER.

NEXT morning, at about nine o'clock, when do I see but the restless stranger, to my surprise, again upon the avenue as I return toward the house. I had run down to the gate before breakfast to meet our messenger, and learn whether any letters had come by the post. He, like myself, has come out before his breakfast. He turns on meeting me, and walks towards the house at my side. Never was man more persistent. He had got Williams's boat again, and not only the vicar, but the vicar's wife was coming for a sail; surely I would venture with her? I was to remember, beside, that they were to sail to the side of the estuary furthest from the wreck; there could be no possible danger there of what I feared—and thus he continued to argue and entreat.

I really wished to go. I said, however, that I must ask Miss Grey, whom, upon some excuse which I now forget, he re-

gretted very much he could not invite to come also.

I had given him a conditional promise by the time we parted at the hall-door, and Laura saw no objection to my keeping it, provided old Mrs. Jermyn, the vicar's wife, were there to chaperon me.

We were to embark from the Malory jetty, and she was to call for me at about three o'clock.

The shipwrecked stranger left me, evidently very well pleased.

When he got into his quarters in the steward's house and found himself alone, I dare say his dark face gleamed with the smile of which Doctor Mervyn had formed so ill an opinion. I had not yet seen that smile. Heaven help me! I have had reason to remember it.

Laura and I were sitting together, when he should enter the room but Mr. Carmel.

I stood up and shook hands. I felt very strangely. I was glad the room was a dark one. I was less observed, and therefore less embarrassed.

It was not till he had been in the room some time that I observed how agitated he looked. He seemed also very much dejected, and from time to time sighed heavily.

I saw that something had gone strangely wrong. It was a vague suspense. I was secretly very much frightened.

He would not sit down. He said he had not a moment to stay; and yet he lingered on, I fancied, debating something within himself. He was distraught, and, I thought, irresolute.

After a little talk, he said, "I came just to look in on my old quarters and see my old friends for a few minutes, and then I must disappear again for more than a month, and find a gentleman in possession."

We hastened to assure him that we had not expected him home for some time, and that the stranger was admitted but for a few days. We told him, each contributing something to the narrative, all about the shipwreck, and the reception of the forlorn survivor in the steward's house.

He listened without a word of comment, almost without breathing, and with his eyes fixed in deep attention on the floor.

"Has he made your acquaintance?" he asked, raising them to me.

"He introduced himself to me," I answered, "but Miss Grey has not seen him." Something seemed to weigh heavily upon his mind.

"What is your father's present address?" he asked.

I told him, and he made a note of it in his pocket-book. He stood up now, and did at length take his leave.

"I am going to ask you to do a very kind thing. You have heard of sealed orders, not to be opened till a certain point has been reached in a voyage or a march? Will you promise, until I shall have left you fully five minutes, not to open this letter?"

I almost thought he was jesting, but I perceived very quickly that he was perfectly serious. Laura Grey looked at him curiously and gave him the desired promise as she received the note. His carriage was at the door, and in another minute he was driving rapidly down the avenue.

What had led to these odd precautions, and what had they to do with the shipwrecked stranger?

At about eleven o'clock, that is to say, about ten minutes before Mr. Carmel's visit to us, the stranger had been lying on a sofa in his quarters, with two ancient and battered novels from Austin's library in Cardyllion, when the door opened unceremoniously, and Mr. Carmel, in travelling costume, stepped into the room. The hall-door was standing open, and Mr. Carmel, on alighting from his conveyance, had walked straight in without encountering any one in the hall.

On seeing an intruder in possession he stopped short; the gentleman on the sofa, interrupted, turned towards the door. Thus confronted, each stared at the other.

"Ha, Marston!" exclaimed the ecclesiastic, with a startled frown, and an almost incredulous stare.

"Edwyn! by Jove!" responded the stranger, with a rather anxious smile, which faded, however, in a moment.

"What on earth brings you here?" said Mr. Carmel, sternly, after a silence of some seconds.

"What the devil brings you here?" inquired the stranger, almost at the same moment. "Who sent you? What is the meaning of it?"

Mr. Carmel did not approach him. He stood where he had first seen him, and his looks darkened.

"You are the last man living I should have looked for here," said he.

"I suppose we shall find out what we mean by-and-bye," said Marston, cynically; "at present I can only tell you that when I saw you I honestly thought a certain old gentleman, I don't mean the devil had sent you in search of me."

Carmel looked hard at him. "I've grown a very dull man since I last saw you, and I don't understand a joke as well as I once did," said he; "but if you are serious you cannot have learned that this house has been lent to me by Mr. Ware, its owner, for some months at least; and these, I suppose, are your things? There is not room to put you up here."

"I didn't want to come; I am the famous man you may have read of in the papers—quite unique—the man who escaped alive from the Conway Castle; no Christian refuses shelter to the shipwrecked; and you are a Christian, though an odd one."

Edwyn Carmel looked at him for some seconds in silence.

"I am still puzzled," he said; "I don't know whether you are serious; but, in any case, there's a good hotel in the town; you can go there."

"Thank you—without a shilling," laughed the young man, a little wickedly.

"A word from me will secure you credit there."

"But I'm in the doctor's hands, don't you see?"

"It is nothing very bad," answered Mr. Carmel; "and you will be nearer the doctor there."

The stranger, sitting up straight, replied:

"I suppose I should; but the doctor likes a walk, and I don't wish him a bit nearer."

"But this is, for the time being, my house, and you must go," replied Edwyn Carmel, coldly and firmly.

"It is also my house, for the time being; for Miss Ware has given me leave to stay here."

The ecclesiastic's lips trembled, and his pale face grew paler, as he stared on the young man for a second or two in silence.

"Marston," he said, "I don't know, of all men, why you should specially desire to pain me."

"Why, hang it! Why should I wish to pain you, Edwyn? I don't. But I have no notion of this sort of hectoring. The idea of your turning me out of the—my house—the house they have lent me! I told you, I didn't want to come here; and now I don't want to go away, and I won't."

The churchman looked at him, as if he strove to read his inmost thoughts.

"You know that your going to the hotel could involve no imaginable trouble," urged Edwyn Carmel.

"Go to the hotel yourself, if you think it so desirable a place. I am satisfied with this, and I shall stay here."

"What can be the motive of your obstinacy?"

"Ask that question of yourself, Mr. Carmel, and you may possibly obtain an answer," replied the stranger.

The priest looked again at him, in stern doubt.

"I don't understand your meaning," he said, at last.

"I thought my meaning pretty plain. I mean that I rather think our motives are identical."

"Honestly, Marston, I don't understand you," said Mr. Carmel, after another pause.

"Well, it is simply this; that I think Miss Ware a very interesting young lady, and I like being near her—don't you?"

The ecclesiastic flushed crimson; Marston laughed contemptuously.

"I have been away for more than a month," said the priest, a little paler, looking up angrily: "and I leave this to-day for as long a time again."

"Conscious weakness! weakness of that sentimental kind sometimes runs in families," said the stranger, with a sneer. It was plain that the stranger was very angry: the taunt was wicked, and, whatever it meant, stung Mr. Carmel visibly. He trembled, with a momentary quiver, as if a nerve had been pierced.

There was a silence, during which Mr. Carmel's little French clock over the chimney-piece, punctually wound every week by old Rebecca, might be heard sharply tick, tick, ticking.

"I shall not be deterred by your cruel tongue," said he, very quietly, at length, with something like a sob, "from doing my duty."

"Your duty! Of course, it is always duty: jealousy is quite unknown to a man in holy orders. But there is a difference. You can't tell the least what I'm thinking of; you always suppose the worst of every one. Your duty! And what, pray, is your duty?"

"To warn Miss Ware, and her governess," he answered promptly.

"Warn her of what?" said the stranger, sternly.

"Warn her that a villain has got into this house."

The interesting guest sprang to his feet with his fist clenched. But he did not strike. He hesitated, and then he said:

"Look here; I'll not treat you as I would a man. You wish me to strike you, you Jesuit, and to get myself into hot water. But I shan't make a fool of

myself. I tell you what I'll do with you. If you dare to injure me in the opinion of any living creature, by one word of spoken or hinted slander, I'll make it a police-office affair; and I'll bring out the whole story you found it on; and we'll see which suffers most, you or I, when the world hears it. And now, Mr. Carmel, you're warned. And you know I'm a fellow that means what he says."

Mr. Carmel turned with a pale face, and left the room.

I wonder what the stranger thought. I have often pondered over that scene; and, I believe, he really thought that Mr. Carmel would not, on reflection, venture to carry out his threat.

#### CHAPTER XV. A WARNING.

WE had heard nothing of Mr. Carmel's arrival. He had not passed our windows, but drove up instead by the back avenue; and now he was gone, and there remained no record of his visit but the letter which Laura held in her fingers, while we both examined it at all sides, and turned it over. It was directed: "To Miss Ware and Miss Grey. Malory." And when we opened it we read these words:

DEAR YOUNG LADIES,—I know a great deal of the gentleman who has been permitted to take up his residence in the house adjoining Malory. It is enough for me to assure you that no acquaintance could be much more objectionable and unsafe, especially for young ladies living alone as you do. You cannot, therefore, exercise too much caution in repelling any advances he may make.

Your true friend,  
E. CARMEL.

The shock of reading these few words, prevented my speaking for some seconds. I had perfect confidence in Mr. Carmel's warning. I was very much frightened. And the vagueness of his language made it the more alarming. The same thoughts struck us both. What fools we were! How is he to be got out of the house? Whom have we to advise with? What is to be done?

In our first panic we fancied that we had got a burglar or an assassin under our roof. Mr. Carmel's letter, however, on consideration, did not bear out quite so violent a conclusion. We resolved, of course, to act upon that letter; and I blamed myself too late for having permitted

the stranger to make, even in so slight a way, my acquaintance.

In great trepidation, I despatched a note to Mrs. Jermyn, to say I could not join her boating party. To the stranger I could send neither note nor message. It did not matter. He would, of course, meet that lady at the jetty, and there learn my resolve.

Two o'clock arrived. Old Rebecca came in, and told us that the gentleman in the steward's house had asked her whether Mr. Carmel was gone; and on learning that he had actually driven away, hardly waited till she was out of the room "to burst out a-laughing," and talking to himself, and laughing like mad.

"And I don't think, with his laughing and cursing, he's like a man should be that fears God, and is only a day or two out of the jaws of death!"

This description increased our nervousness. Possibly this person was a lunatic, whose keeper had been drowned in the Conway Castle! There was no solution of the riddle which Mr. Carmel had left us to read, however preposterous, that we did not try; none possible, that was not alarming.

About an hour after, passing through the hall, I saw some one, I thought, standing outside, near the window that commands the steps beside the door. This window has a wire-blind through which, from outside, it is impossible to see. From within, however, looking towards the light, you can see perfectly. I scarcely thought our now distrusted guest would presume to approach our door so nearly; but there he was. He had mounted the steps, I suppose, with the intention of knocking, but he was, instead, looking stealthily from behind the great elm that grows close beside; his hand was leaning upon its trunk, and his whole attention absorbed in watching some object which, judging from the direction of his gaze, must have been moving upon the avenue. I could not take my eyes off him. He was frowning, with compressed lips, and eyes dilated; his attitude betokened caution, and as I looked, he smiled darkly.

I recovered my self-possession. I took, directly, Doctor Mervyn's view of that very peculiar smile. I was suddenly frightened. There was nothing to prevent the formidable stranger from turning the handle of the door and letting himself into the hall.

Two or three light steps brought me to the door, and I instantly bolted it. Then drawing back a little into the hall, I looked

again through the window, but the intending visitor was gone.

Who had occupied his gaze the moment before? And what had determined his retreat?

It flashed upon me suddenly again, that he might be one of those persons who are described as "being known to the police," and that Mr. Carmel had possibly sent constables to arrest him.

I waited breathlessly at the window, to see what would come of it. In a minute more, from the direction in which I had been looking for a party of burly policemen, there arrived only my fragile friend, Laura Grey, who had walked down the road to see whether Mr. and Mrs. Jermyn were coming.

Encouraged by this reinforcement, I instantly opened the hall-door, and looked boldly out. The enemy had completely disappeared.

"Did you see him?" I exclaimed.

"See whom?" she asked.

"Come in quickly," I answered. And when I had shut the hall-door, and again bolted it, I continued, "The man in the steward's house. He was on the steps this moment."

"No, I did not see him; but I was not looking toward the hall-door. I was looking up at the trees, counting the broken boughs—there are thirteen trees injured on the right side, as you come up."

"Well, I vote we keep the door bolted; he shan't come in here," said I. "This is the second siege you and I have stood together in this house. I do wish Mr. Carmel had been a little more communicative, but I scarcely think he would have been so unfriendly as to leave us quite to ourselves if he had thought him a highwayman, and certainly, if he is one, he is a very gentleman-like robber."

"I think he can merely have meant, as he says, to warn us against making his acquaintance," said Miss Grey; "his letter says only that."

"I wish Mr. Carmel would stay at home," I said, "or else that the steward's house were locked up."

I suppose all went right about the boat-party, and that Mrs. Jermyn got my note in good time.

No one called at Malory; the dubious stranger did not invade our steps again. We had constant intelligence of his movements from Rebecca Torkill; and there was nothing eccentric or suspicious about them, so far as we could learn.

Another evening passed, and another morning came; no letter by the post, Rebecca hastened to tell us, for our involuntary guest; a certain sign, she conjectured, that we were to have him for another day. Till money arrived he could not, it was plain, resume his journey.

Doctor Mervyn told us, with his customary accuracy and plenitude of information respecting other people's affairs, when he looked in upon us, after his visit to his patient, that he had posted a letter the morning after his arrival, addressed to Lemuel Blount, Esquire, 5, Brunton-street, Regent's Park, and that on reference to the London Directory, in the news-room, it was duly ascertained by the subscribers, that "Blount, Lemuel" was simply entered, as "Esquire," without any further clue whatsoever to guide an active-minded and inquiring community to a conclusion. So there, for the present, Doctor Mervyn's story ended.

Our panic by this time was very much allayed. The unobtrusive conduct of the unknown ever since his momentary approach to our side of the house, had greatly contributed to this. I could not submit to a blockade of any duration; so we took heart of grace, and ventured to drive in the little carriage to Cardyllion, where we had some shopping to do.

## THE CUPBOARD PAPERS.

### III. A FLEMISH MARKET.

ROUND about the famous Antwerp blacksmith's masterpiece in iron, wrought without the help of a file, some four hundred years ago, there is chattering and chaffing under the square-cut Flemish hats and the prodigious lappels, very much as there was when Quentin Matsys set it up in the great market-place over the well, crowning it with Antigon's hand, cast by Salvius Brabon.

Marketing is everywhere. It stretches away from St. Anthony's Hotel through the Place Verte, round the cathedral, and up all the dark and tortuous streets that lie handy; by the Canal au Fromage, the Pont aux Tourbes, the Rue de la Musette Bleue, the old Bourse and the English Bourse, the Rue du Fagot; and it broadens all over the vast old Place of the Town Hall, flanked by the quaint, elaborately ornamented corporation houses, the drapers', the coopers', the masons', the joiners', the grandest of them all; and with the highest cathedral tower in Europe for background. Over the extraordinary area of hucksterers, the sweet

bells ring out lively passages from Martha on the summer morning. It is seven o'clock, and the bargaining is at its height all over the Places, and the length of the winding streets. The market-carts are drawn up in rows; the dogs, who have brought the milk to town, are lying panting in their heavy harness, while their mistresses dispose of the cream and butter; the heavy country yokels, with their whips slung by the thong round their necks, are hugging the beer-shops; and the country women, in their becoming lappels, or crowned with the old Flemish hats, are doing a little humble marketing on their own account, with the venders of combs and mirrors and pomatum, at a few sous.

The Place Verte presents the prettiest picture. It is surrounded by groves of trees, to begin with. By these groves are two lines of white-headed country carts, the horses in the shafts, and before each animal a mound of fresh-cut clover. They are ranged as regularly as troops on parade. While contemplating the trimness of the arrangement and the dazzling brightness of the scene, I perceive a mountain of flowers moving out of a side street towards me. Presently I catch sight of two feet paddling under the mountain, and discover that this is the startling way in which cut-flowers are carried to market at Antwerp. It is simple, and thoroughly sensible. An immense perforated frame, light as a bubble, is spread before the bouquet-builder; and, as she binds her flowers, she drops them in the rows of holes, the mountainous nose-gays taking the central places, and forming the pyramid. The floral mountain complete, a lad can carry it easily to the Place Verte, upon his head.

The groves of the Place Verte serve as a market-place for the flower-sellers of Antwerp; and there is no prettier sight within the boundaries of this town of abounding pictures, and happy surprises of Flemish and Spanish tricks of light and shade and colour, than the stalls under the trees, massed with rough branches, ponderous nose-gays (a yard and a half in circumference, I measured) and dainty bouquets, with a butterfly fastened in the centre of the sweetness. The flowers in pots are of all sizes, and the variety is extraordinary. Fuchsias nearly six feet high; the dearly-beloved oleander laughing with bud and bloom, and scattering its fragrance far and wide; the golden shafts of the sword lily; the sentimental myosotis (which we English never grow in pots); pink and carnation;

gigantic marguerites, with eyes large and full as Juno's; superb shafts and plumes of variegated grasses, which the market-women hold in a stately way. With green leaves and boughs for roof to such a market, the buyers and sellers vying with each other in picturesqueness of costume, and Rubens's stately figure towering in bronze in the background; the observer who has ordered an anchovy, an omelette aux rognons (and hopes it may approach the perfection of that dish at the Moulin Rouge in Paris), a peach, and a little Deidesheimer Riesling, to reward him for his ramble, may say that he has opened the day on a pleasant picture.

The importance of the opening of the day well is not considered in my country. I am not sure that it is in Switzerland, or Germany, or France, or Belgium; but then in these countries the opening is good, as a rule. People are out into the open at once. The streets are alive directly people are awake. Everybody gets a taste of fresh air betimes. The Frenchwoman trots out at six for her milk, for the coffee, and for the roll. Indeed, this is the rule everywhere. The continental milk purveyor stations herself under a gateway, or at a street corner, and her customers flock to her. They are active and merry, in the fresh morning air. And their masters, too, are abroad hours before the British man of business has put aside his morning paper and slippers, and got clear of the breakfast-parlour. Observe the difference between the man who has stolen half an hour on the breakfast-time, and has been sniffing and weeding about his garden, and the members of the household who have come direct from their dressing-rooms to table. The latter are flabby and gloomy; the blood has not yet got beyond a crawl through their veins; whereas he who has been hustling the roses and picking the snails from the wall, is full of brisk life.

The scene on the Place Verte before eight o'clock in the morning, is delightfully inspiring. Even the old cronies and the worn-out men who beg, are not down-hearted. The market-folk chatter so cheerily, they appear to be doing business for the pleasure of the thing, under the vivifying influence of the sparkling air. Not that they are to be moved by any consideration to a sentimental bargain. They are born soldiers of the centime; and every day fight the gallant battle of the rouge hard toughly. A transaction in a pot of forget-me-not is conducted with surprising spirit.



The purchaser is an old gentleman of military aspect. What can he want with myosotis, you wonder; but he does want it, and this badly, to judge by the vehemence of his manner in bargaining. You see there is a difference between the buyer and seller, of two sous—an entire penny! You would; as a stranger observing the contention, imagine that the buyer had shamefully closed a mortgage of the seller's estate, and turned the seller's bedridden mother into the streets. The storm rises and falls; the Spartan seller closes his arms and shows his back; the martinet buyer shrugs his shoulders to express his contempt, deposits the flower-pot in its place between a pink and a marguerite, and is moving off; when the seller, with the air of a man suddenly yielding to a soft impulse—as a holy feeling of pity for instance—tells his enemy to take the flower. The bargain ended, and the forget-me-not nodding under the old man's arm, the enemies laugh together.

The business is much more serious in the Canal au Fromage, behind the cathedral, albeit the flower buying is as much part of the marketing in Antwerp as selecting the salad, or obtaining a pan plentifully endowed with cream-cheese. Stacks of birch-brooms (they are wonderfully in request here) and brushes, piles of hen, pigeon, duck, and rabbit coops, enormous baskets of fresh eggs, and stands of creamy butter in wet leaves that were picked this sunrise, line the narrow streets. You can hear the Babel of buyers and sellers in the cathedral, while you stand before the green cloths that cover Rubens's awful canvas. People come through the cathedral from the Place Verte to the real business of the market-day. The faces of the town-folk are beaming, their tongues are wagging merrily, and everybody is deeply interested in his neighbour's bargain. I ventured, with some timidity, to open a little transaction in greengages, having made up my mind to have just a half quarteron of them in a shady spot I had noticed in the Square of Flowers. While I applied my fingers to the bloom on the soft cheeks of the fruit that had tempted me, I perceived that a country girl had fixed her eyes upon me. In another moment an idle lad peeped over her shoulders, a *bonne* leading a bouncing Flemish boy came upon the other side, a workman smoking a prodigious black pipe paused behind the fruit-woman, a soldier shaded his eyes from the sun, and stood at ease to observe how the

little matter would end. Of course I gave the woman the sum she asked, amid the contemptuous smiles of the audience: because I was anxious to cease being the observed of twenty observers in so trifling a bargain. But I had no reason for my embarrassment or ill-temper. My position as purchaser of fourteen greengages was solitary when compared with that of a lady who presently opened negotiations near me for the purchase of a barn-door cock, whose rich plumage had seen better days, and whose air of gallant misery, while he was being passed round that a general opinion might be offered as to his weight and consequent worth in sous, marked him for the Don Quixote of some wild poultry-run on the banks of the Scheldt. The gaunt, hard-featured, hungry-looking lady who held him by the wings, then by the legs, then thrust her bony fingers round his gorgeous throat, and peered into his proud eyes; who screamed her price at the countryman who had drawn the bird out of the coop for her inspection; and then, while he was going through the byplay of scorn and anger at the lowness of the offer, took counsel of the excited bystanders, and passed Chanticleer round again to have his breast pinched and his spurs examined anew; this leading lady was an old performer in the Canal au Fromage, and able to hold her own with the most turbulent old butterwoman on the Grand' Place. After an exciting contest, the noble bird went for two francs and twenty-five centimes; and the purchaser received the congratulations of the bystanders, while she was hanging the prize on her arm by a string tied about his ancient shanks, and the countryman was carefully depositing the money in his leather pouch.

I remark that the cooks who are on the Grand' Place, vigorously treating for vegetables with the morning dew upon them, carry metal market-baskets, or pails, tapering to the bottom. When I add that these are often painted green without, and a warm or very fair tint within, I shall be excused, by the English reader at least, for observing that they cut an odd figure to English eyes in a market-place. But they are very sensible pails. They keep the produce which is deposited in them cool, they are always clean and sweet, and they are not as heavy as that wicker fortress in which the Anglo-Saxon housewife will often carry a bunch of turnips. The bearers of these market-pails are exquisitely clean, their faces shine and

beam, their caps dazzle. Sturdy and brisk withal, they collect the day's dinner, the materials for the soup, the carrots, turnips, herbs, leeks; the salad, of which there are a dozen varieties; the fruit, still warm with the sun's kisses; the butter straight from the dairy; the eggs direct from the hen-house; a black radish for *hors-d'œuvre* (delightful with mustard, oil, or cream, and vinegar); a dish of new curds sweetened in cream for the children; and are trotting, gossiping, and laughing on the way home before *monsieur* leaves for his bureau, and that is at eight o'clock at the very latest.

Bread also is sold in the market, from tilted carts, and this country baking is stout wheaten food of the wholesomest description. While I stand watching the weighing of it, and enjoying the cool, mealy odour that comes from the handling of it, a soldier steps over from the smoky little guard-house of the *Hôtel de Ville*, and buys a lump, with which to enjoy a feed of the popular *fromage à la crème*, which he carries in a cabbage-leaf. I shall have a great deal to say on bread presently.

The best proof of the thrifty way in which this bright and busy crowd on the *Grand' Place* lives, lies in the economical soup, a soup composed of meat and vegetables, which is distributed to the indigent at the rate of eight centimes a litre—say, two farthings a quart. He who desires to know how domestic economy may be practised, and the kind of lessons which our wasteful people want just now, more than any of the School Boards are likely to give them, should explore the God's houses here, where the aged and infirm are cared for; or take a round with one of the little Sisters of the Poor, kindred of those heroic women who travel about London in their little green carts, collecting the scraps from comfortable tables to feed the old men and women they have drawn from bare garret or cellar under their holy roof. But the demand for the economical soup, which gives all the necessary elements of food to the human being, is prodigious, this I know.

I had earned my omelette.

In the court-yard of St. Anthony's Hotel a Scotch family were assembling, one by one, to breakfast at a round table in the open air. Thus far they had conformed to continental prejudices, but not an inch farther would they go. They were in solemn committee on the bacon which had been served to them. Could it be called bacon at all? Was it bacon like that Mac-

pherson sold at Aberdeen, was it even as good as MacSawney's? The feminine chief of the party, with a toss of her head, bade her *gudeman* to take his seat, and just be content for the moment with what Heaven had sent him, and return thanks it was no worse. The worst was—my omelette aux rognons, cooked to a turn!

I was ready to make a spring upon the party, but it was too late; the *gudeman*, with a sweep of the spoon, had taken two-thirds of it upon his plate, and in an instant I heard him burring over it that it was *nae sae bad*; but honest eggs and bacon were better.

That family will clamour for cock-a-leekie somewhere about Bingen.

#### IV. DINING WITH AMELIE.

At Janodet's. A flet of sole with *mussels*, a *cutlet Italienne*, half a *partridge aux choux*, and a *parfait*—with some of the cheery host's excellent *Bordeaux*. The addition, nine francs five centimes. Change out of a twenty-franc note: five-franc piece, a two-franc piece, two pieces of one franc, two pieces of fifty centimes, and one sou. Now why is this change brought to me? It is the result of perfect order, in the minds of *master*, *dame du comptoir*, and waiter.

I hope the reader has observed by this time that these Cupboard Papers of mine are a random series of observations I have made on eating and drinking, and cognate subjects—in many places, and sometimes under extraordinary circumstances. To-day I am at Stockholm (where, by the way, I once ate a delectable fish-pie, at the end of a dinner to which one of the ministers did me the honour of inviting me), next week I am in Brussels, or London, or before a dish of *ferraz* by Lake Lemán; or assisting at the crowning of the pumpkin of the year, among the jovial ladies—a trifle, it may be, too muscular in the elbow, of the *Halles Centrales*; or conducting the dissection of a Yorkshire pie in my *Fin-Becquerie* at home. But wherever and whenever I have made notes, be sure I have had some fair object in view. It has generally been the instruction of my poor fellow-countrymen in the art of living both reasonably and with refinement. Why have I taken notes, for instance, of my dinners enjoyed under the intelligent auspices of Amelie; and why did I take the trouble to make a memorandum at Janodet's, when most people would have given themselves up wholly to the task of diges-

tion, and looked idly out of the window, at the fallen fortunes of the Rotonde, where so many of us have enjoyed the admirable coffee that was brewed there before Baron Hausmann took Paris in hand? Now I hear the clinking of the trowels where they are cobbling the empty shell of Prince Napoleon's palace (Chevet's window hard by, let me interpose, has allowed none of its glories to pale, though who buys that prize fruit, and those quails and plovers, as you and I dined one day on the Boulevards—at the Diner de Paris, for instance; and at the same price? The materials are as cheap—the fish and flesh cheaper—in this country. We have some places where you may dine at so much a head; but, ugh! Think of the pasty entrées, the leathery fritters, that greasy mess they call an omelette! What salads! Bless me, a French concierge wouldn't pat his lips to the best of them a second time. Why can't it be done?"

Well, I see in the change lying before me the solution of a problem that has been puzzling the heads of writers and talkers, and travellers generally, for many years past.

"Why, sir," Mr. Bloomsbury Baker observes, over an execrable caricature of a vol-au-vent, which with landable enterprise he has insisted upon having out of his kitchen at Merton in Surrey; "why, sir, is it not possible to dine in London, as you and I dined one day on the Boulevards—at the Diner de Paris, for instance; and at the same price? The materials are as cheap—the fish and flesh cheaper—in this country. We have some places where you may dine at so much a head; but, ugh! Think of the pasty entrées, the leathery fritters, that greasy mess they call an omelette! What salads! Bless me, a French concierge wouldn't pat his lips to the best of them a second time. Why can't it be done?"

Let me entreat Mr. Baker to remark the change for twenty francs that lies before me. It is the result of orderly minds, all acting together. Observe that Felix, the waiter, who has just brought it to me upon a shining plate, does not wait and leer about in the mean fashion of his British confrère, but is briskly off to serve the other guests. He has carried through his plan of change, and he leaves it confidently to be worked out. You see I have a sou, ten sous, twenty sous, forty sous, a hundred sous before me. I cannot leave one sou as the indication of my approval of the manner in which Felix has served me, nor can I get off with the excuse that I have no small change. I must give him ten sous. Then, again, I may be in a generous mood; I may fulfil his idea of a milord, or, better still, I may be an American; or, best of all, a Wallachian, or a Moldavian. Giving himself full advantage of every probability, he has

made the change handy to every mood of the foreign diner. An Englishman, if a milord, might give a franc, a spendthrift American two francs, a Wallachian or a Moldavian five francs.

Now all Monsieur Janodet's arrangements are of this methodical kind. Each detail has been profoundly pondered. The morning's marketing has been transacted with that system—become second nature—which underlies all French commercial operations. All classes fall in with it, understand the complex "correspondence" arrangements of the omnibuses (which failed utterly in London, because the conductors could not keep accounts on the steps of the vehicle as the French conducteur will, gossiping the while), are patient members of a queue to see the last hit at a theatre, or to subscribe to the new loan, and sit content in the horrible salles d'attente of the railways.

The charm of French order is that its rules don't jump to your eyes. You see the swan upon the water, easy, majestic, white as a summer cloud, but you are never permitted to catch sight of the dingy shanks that are paddling underneath. The service of a French dinner, like the Queen of Spain, has no legs. This ease, upon profoundly meditated order, is a delightful quality, to be enjoyed seldom save in Paris. At the great Swiss hotels, where three or four hungry tourists sit down to dinner in the season, at the Bernerhof, or Bea Rivage, for instance, there is order, but you see the springs, you mark the drill, you hear the word of command: A man of military aspect stands at the end of the room, and watches his army of waiters march along the tables with the soup. Then he retires to a side room, to which his troops follow him at the tinkling of a bell. They are ranged in files, and at a signal each takes up the dish of fish placed for him; another signal, and they pass out in line, each to his exact spot, at a table where he is to begin serving. In the rear the commandant returns, and watches keenly the evolutions of his troops. And so on to the end of the dinner, to the crude pears and peaches, and the Huntley and Palmer biscuits, which are served for dessert even in the best hotels, in cities that display in the market-places the most luscious fruits. The drill is too evident, the march of the men is too formal; in short, the machinery shows. It is excellent, it might be copied with advantage even from the coarser models of Switzerland, but it is not that ease with

perfect order of which Felix is a type, nor of deftly-regulated insouciance which prevails in the establishment of which Amelie is the favourite attendant.

Let me premise that Amelie is a fairly educated young lady, of Norman descent, I fancy, who has agreed to put aside, while in business, the fripperies of fashion, and to wear a pretty white-spotted net cap, white linen sleeves and apron over a dark grey alpaca dress. Neat as ninepence! She is full as neat as tenpence. But she has no touch or air of the coquette. She is bent on business, with a pencil tied to her girdle, and the section of tables to which she is told off, freshly laid out before her. Her customers are economists, who know what is good—a very difficult company to cater for. She has a vast amount of responsibility on hand, what with her accounts with her guests and her settlements with the comptoir. She knows the price of everything, can recommend the best fish and plat of the day, has a happy suggestion for the flagging appetite, and can pick out everybody's stick, umbrella, parasol, or hat. Her movements are swift, but noiseless. I never saw her drop a plate, or spill gravy, or get the least bit in the world out of temper, with all the head and hand work she has to perform by the hour together.

As you enter Amelie's, a person, dressed severely, like a valet, presents you with a slip of paper upon which the plat, the hors-d'œuvre, the fish, the wine, the dessert, vegetables, serviettes, ice, bread—all the separate elements of a dinner—are printed, with prices attached. Against each item is a ruled space. This paper is placed upon the table beside you.

Amelie brings you the *carte du jour* in a little frame, and observes that you look well after your country jaunt, and that it is too bad of you to have gone away for a fortnight without telling her. This, not said in the least coquettishly, but as a pleasant introduction to your little conversation as to dinner.

"Some good melon to-day," says Amelie. "Yes, and the veau Marengo is good—you shall have a bon morceau; well, with tomatoes au gratin, and some grapes, you will have eaten well, if you have no great appetite."

As Amelie brings the dishes, she makes a mark upon the slip of paper—on the plat, or fish, or vegetable line, as the case may be. In this way she will wait upon twenty guests at separate little tables, without the

least hurry, or the most distant approach to a mistake. The diners are all, or nearly all, Parisians, and mostly of the middle class. They all know what a good dinner means; and there is a peremptory return of any item served to them that is not up to their standard of fair cookery. Old gentlemen are very fond of dining under Amelie's auspices; and they are grateful when she pets the caniche that huddles under their chair. Amelie is a favourite with her own sex; for she will be at great pains to coax the appetite of any lady who cannot decide upon a dish. The dyspeptic are her peculiar care.

The establishment is comfortably fitted up; the tables are white marble. I repeat, the cooking is decidedly superior to that of an average table d'hôte, and good men feast to the right and left of you. Now let us look at my account on two occasions when I was accompanied by Petit-Bec, a young gentleman who gives promise of becoming—well, never mind. I intend to leave him my blessing, and something else into the bargain, when I die. Here is our first account:

Serviettes . . . . .	10 centimes.
Glace à rafraîchir . . . . .	10 "
Bread . . . . .	20 "
2 melons (superb slices) . . . . .	1 franc.
Veau Marengo (2) . . . . .	1 "
Tomatoes au gratin (1) . . . . .	80 centimes.
Glace, vanille (1) . . . . .	30 "
Grapes . . . . .	40 "
Peach (a noble one, with sugar) . . . . .	40 "
1 bottle of Bordeaux (a sound wine) . . . . .	1 franc.
Total . . . . .	4.80 centimes.

I handed the paper, with Amelie's marks upon it, to the severe person at a desk by the door; four sous to Amelie (if I gave her six that has nothing to do with my contention, since none of her customers, except milords, exceed two sous a head as her gratuity), and stood on the boulevards, not a stone's throw from Brebant's, with Petit-Bec, the pair of us having dined for five francs.

"That experiment, sir, must be tried again," quoth Petit-Bec to me some days after our first trial, or rather after his first introduction to Amelie.

"A la bonne heure!" Amelie chirruped, bringing our bread and serviettes. "You are going to eat," she said authoritatively to me, "some fresh sardines."

Grilled they are very good—as they have them at Biarritz and thereabouts. Well what was the bill Amelie made up for us that day?

2 Soup—pâte d'Italie . . .	40 centimes.
1 Sardines, grilled . . .	30 "
1 Lobster, Remoulade (Petit-Bec can never pass it) . . .	75 "
1 Tête de veau, vinaigrette . . .	50 "
1 Roast veal, potatoes . . .	50 "
2 Macaroni au gratin (excellent) . . .	60 "
1 Confiture of apricots . . .	20 "
1 Grapes . . .	30 "
2 Serviettes (some of the old gentle- men tie up theirs, and save the daily roll) . . .	10 "
2 Breads . . .	20 "
Bordeaux, one bottle and a half . . .	1.50 "
Total . . .	5.35 "

Amelie received thirty-five centimes in token of our content; and so we made our dinner five francs fourteen sous, whereat Petit-Bec was led to observe that we must draw in.

"Now, why can't this be done in London, I confess I should like to know?" Mr. Bloomsbury Baker observes. "It does seem to me to be preposterous that with all the appliances and means about us—"

"Pardon me, dear friend," I interpose. "But we haven't all the ways and means. Don't you see that we haven't got Amelie, and we haven't got Felix. We are deficient in what a renowned waiter once described as chalk-heads. The deficiency is everywhere—in our homes, in our want of markets (two more have just been ordered in Paris as I write), in our slatterns of housewives. Only think of a public dinner in London! All the waiters wrangling and getting tipsy with the drainage of the bottles; tumbling over each other, swearing in whispers behind your back; obliging you with an aperçu of the dinner in a succession of spillings upon your coat; serving the caper-sauce—caper-paste is nearer the mark—with the haunch of mutton. Only think of these things, my dear Mr. Baker, and then ask yourself why, to dine with Amelie, I or or you must go to Paris; or to enjoy a table d'hôte we must travel to the banks of Lake Lemman. We want chalk-heads among us, as the famous waiter observed. Instead of flaunting, impertinent barmaids, we want Amelie's sisters, who will buckle to their business in aprons and caps, and not make eyes at us while we are considering whether to-day we will eat kidneys à la brochette."

"We waste most, and we want most. I have travelled very much; I stick to that," said Mr. Baker.

"Yes. But think what would happen at Janodet's, if some afternoon you took off Felix, and the rest of his servants, and

obliged him with half a score of British waiters."

"He would go mad!" Mr. Bloomsbury Baker said, dolefully.

And I think he would go mad, I confess.

#### THE BRIMHAM CRAGS,

AWAY, away unto Heaven's own bound,  
Swept dale, and hill, and moorland.  
The winds rushed over the mighty rocks  
That crowned the grassy fore-land;  
The winds sang over the wild moor-fruit,  
Pale bud and glossy berry;  
And shook the blue-bell's fairy stem  
Till its chime woke, light and merry.  
The sunshine slept on the lavish bloom,  
Where warmth and scent together,  
Blent in a strange, sweet, subtle charm,  
Above the purple heather.

What wild convulsion of elder times,  
Had piled those grim, grey maces,  
Where Dacre Banks lie rich and fair,  
Amid the Craven passes?  
Gaily the Yorkshire autumn gilds  
The lovely valleys hiding,  
Mid beck, and broom, and waving ferns,  
All in the great West Riding.  
And never a nobler country brought  
Grandeur and rest together,  
Than that which planted Brimham Crag  
Amid the purple heather.

She loved their solemn glory well,  
She felt her heart-strings thrilling,  
As the hand of her own brave father-land,  
The beauty-bowl was filling.  
Yet, ay, as the sunshine flooded all,  
And the lark sang, sweet and shrilly,  
And the bee hummed over his bounteous fare,  
And the soft wind murmured stilly,  
She sighed, "Alas, that joy and hope,  
From love and life must sever,  
While the sun is gleaming on high-piled crag,  
And flushing the purple heather."

#### CHEVY CHASE.

THIS famous old ballad stands nearly in the same predicament as Robin Hood.\* No one knows when, or by whom, it was written; nor, among many versions, which was the earliest; nor, with strictness, the circumstances or events which it was meant to illustrate.

Was Chevy Chase a battle or a hunting party; or did two incidents become mixed up in the same ballad, so as to confuse our ideas of both?

In 1388 was fought the Battle of Otterbourne, on or near the border-land between England and Scotland. The Borderers were generally fighting in those days, sometimes for honour and glory, sometimes for cattle and pelf; and it was not always that the permission of the sovereigns of the two countries was asked for these en-

\* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. vii. p. 88.

counters. The Percy and Douglas families were the great leaders in that battle. Henry Percy, of the house of Northumberland, was then a chivalrous young man of twenty-two; and the Scottish Douglas had also his blood hot within him. Froissart, the French chronicler, obtained a narrative of the facts from three knights and two esquires who took part in the battle; and there is no reason to doubt that the substance of the current story was correct. We are told that James, Earl of Douglas, with his brother, the Earl of Murray, invaded Northumberland at the head of three thousand men; while at the same time the Earls of Fife and of Strathearn ravaged the Border further west, near the Cumberland coast. Douglas penetrated as far south as Newcastle-on-Tyne, where Henry Percy, Shakespeare's Harry Hotspur, commanded the garrison. Douglas captured Hotspur's pennon, shook it aloft, and boasted that he would carry it back to Dalkeith Castle. Hotspur, enraged at this, collected his men around him, and made a night attack on the Scottish camp at Otterbourne, about thirty miles from Newcastle. There was a desperate fight by moonlight. Douglas rushed to the front with an iron mace, accompanied by his chaplain and two squires; but all four were killed. There are still castle ruins at Otterbourne; near the spot is Fawdon Hill, now called Battle Cross, supposed to be the site of Douglas's camp. All admit that Douglas was killed; but the Scotch narrators of the story say that their side was victorious, losing only three hundred killed and prisoners, and killing and wounding nearly three thousand English; whereas other versions are silent about a defeat of the English. As to numbers, Percy seems evidently to have been stronger than Douglas, especially in bowmen. Of the four leaders, Douglas was killed on the spot, Murray was mortally wounded, while the two Percys (Harry and Ralph) were taken prisoners by the Scotch. Froissart affirms that "Of all the battayles and encounterings that I have made mencion of here before in all this hystery, great or smalle, this battayle that I treat of now was one of the sorest and best foughten, without cowardes or faynte hartes; for there was nyther knyghte nor squyer but that dyde his devoyee, and foughte hande to hande. This battayle was like the battayle of Becherell, the which was valiauntly fought und endured." Douglas was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar. "His

obsequye was done reverently, and on his bodye layde a tombe of stone, and his dagger hanging over hym."

Thus far, then, we tread on ground tolerably historical. Sir Walter Scott, when (in *Marmion*) he describes De Wilton as being knighted by Douglas, speaks of the new knight being dubbed by the veritable sword once worn by the Douglas of old. It was the sword

That once did turn  
The tide of fight at Otterburne,  
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,  
When the dead Douglas won the field.

Otterbourne, Otterburne, Otterburn—spell it how we may—there was clearly a battle fought there nearly five centuries ago, between the Douglas and the Percy. On this history has been founded the ballad of the Battle of Otterbourne, of which at least four versions are known—one in the Harleian Manuscripts, one in the Cotton Manuscripts, one in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and one in Hurd's *Scottish Songs*. It is observable that national vanity has been at work here; the two Scottish versions are more favourable to Douglas than to Percy; whereas in the English versions the leaning is in the other direction. There is also reason to believe that in one of them an English minstrel doctored up a Scottish version, and gave a little southern twist to the end of the narrative. In the Cotton Manuscript, the Battle of Otterbourne is a ballad of seventy stanzas of four lines each. The language shows plainly that it must have been written many centuries back, though the date is not known, nor the name of the writer. It begins:

Yt felle abowght the Lamasse tyde,  
When husbands wynn thar haye.  
The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd hym to ryde  
In Ingland to take a praye.

And then all the incidents of the encounter are given, including the deaths, the mortal woundings, and the captures. The concluding verse of the seventy looks very much as if it proceeded from an English pen:

Now let us all for the Percys praye  
To Jesu man of myght,  
To bryng hys sowle to the blysse of heven,  
For he was a gentyll knyght.

And now we turn to Chevy Chase, a much more celebrated ballad than the Battle of Otterbourne. Chevy Chase means Cheviot Chase, a hunt upon the Cheviot hills; and that there was really one special hunt which gave rise to the ballad, seems

probable enough. In those lawless days, compacts were with difficulty enforced. It was one of the usages or agreements of the Marches, or Border districts between England and Scotland, that the Scots should not hunt on the English side of the dividing line, nor the English on the Scottish side, without the consent of the respective nobles or clan leaders. The Borderers were always prone to break this compact; and it was one of these instances of daring that gave rise to the ballad. A Douglas encountered a Percy, as at Otterbourne; but the battle was about thirty miles from Newcastle, whereas the hunt was in Teviotdale; Douglas was the offender in one case, and Percy in the other; moreover, there was a period of something like half a century between the two events; lastly, the second Douglas was the son of the first, and the same relationship existed between the two Percys. Nevertheless, we have every reason to believe that the old balladists, or minstrels, mixed up the two events together, putting some of the incidents of the battle into a ballad which professed to describe only the chase; or, perhaps, using some stanzas from the still older ballad of the Battle of Otterbourne.

When Addison wrote his celebrated criticism on Chevy Chase in the Spectator, he made use of the only version known to him, which he supposed to be the original. The story tells us that Percy, Earl of Northumberland, vowed to have three days' hunting over the Border, and kill Scottish deer, despite all opposition from the Douglas. Addison admires the opening stanzas:

God prosper long our noble king  
Our lives and safetyes all;  
A wofull hunting once there did  
In Chevy Chase befall.

The stout Earl of Northumberland,  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer's days to take.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well, in time of need,  
To aim their shafts aright.

Douglas, hearing of this, sent to forbid the hunt; but Percy disregarded the message, and set forth:

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deer to take;  
And with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.

They killed a hundred deer by noon, then dined, and then hunted again. News came that Douglas was approaching with twenty

hundred Scottish spearmen; and Percy rallied his hunters for a fight:

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of the company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.

And when he confronted his antagonist, he addressed him:

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,  
One of us two shall die:  
I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
Lord Percy, so am I."

Douglas had something of the nobility of chivalry in him:

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were,  
And great offence to kill  
Any of these our harmless men,  
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battle try,  
And set our men aside;"  
"Accout be he," Lord Percy said,  
"By whom it is deny'd."

They fought, as two such men were wont to fight; but daring a temporary parley, something like treachery took place among Percy's followers, for—

With that there came an arrow keen,  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart  
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spoke more words than these,  
"Fight on my merry men all;  
For why, my life is at an end,  
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Percy, though willing to have fought to the death with his antagonist in a gallant way, grieved that he should have fallen in this fashion by another hand:

Then leaving life Earl Percy took  
The dead man by the hand,  
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy sake  
Would I had lost my land.

"Oh, Christ! my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake;  
For sure a more renowned knight  
Mischance did never take."

The Scotch, seeing their leader fall, advanced with fury to the attack, and the English met them with full determination:

They clow'd full fast on ev'ry side,  
No slackness there they found;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

Sir Hugh Montgomery, a Scottish knight, resolved on revenging the loss of Douglas, galloped up to Percy, and ran him through the body. An English bowman, seeing this, singled out the assailant:

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree;  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
Unto the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery  
So right his shaft he set,  
The grey goose wing that was thereon  
In his heart's blood was wet.

And so, one by one, they fell—Douglas,  
Montgomery, Sir Charles Carrel, Sir Charles  
Murrell, Sir David Lamb; and on the  
other side Egerton, Ratoliff, Russell, and a  
host of others. Barons, knights, esquires,  
all joined in the sanguinary encounter.

Then stept a gallant 'squire forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said "I would not have it told  
To Henry our king for shame,  
"That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on."

And then comes a stanza which has been  
much discussed.

For Witherington needs must I wyle,  
As one in doleful dumps;  
For when his legs were smitten off,  
He fought upon his stumps.

These "doleful dumps" were considered  
to be beneath the dignity of the subject;  
and Addison avoided quoting the stanza  
because Butler had made fun of it. We  
shall see presently, however, that the  
original stanzas had no such words as  
"doleful dumps." Down they sank, leaders  
and retainers alike:

This fight did last from break of day  
Till setting of the sun;  
For when they rang the ev'ning bell  
The battle scarce was done.

Of the fifteen hundred whom Percy  
brought to the fray, all fell but fifty-three.  
Of the two thousand followers of Douglas,  
only fifty-five left the field alive. And  
then the sorrow of the women:

Next day did many widows come  
Their husbands to bewail;  
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,  
But all would not prevail.  
Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,  
They bore with them away;  
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times  
When they were clad in clay.

The King of Scotland mourned the day:

This news was brought to Edinburgh,  
Where Scotland's king did reign,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain.

"Oh, heavy news!" King James did say,  
"Scotland can witness be,  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he!"

The English monarch breathed ven-  
geance:

Like tidings to King Henry came  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

"Now God be with him!" said our king,  
"Sith 'twill no better be,  
I trust I have within my realm  
Five hundred good as he.

"Yet shall not Soot nor Scotland say,  
But I will vengeance take,  
And be revenged on them all  
For brave Lord Percy's sake."

And so the balladist winds up with:

God save the king, and bless the land,  
In plenty, joy, and peace;  
And grant henceforth that foul debate  
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

Addison did not know (and no one seems  
to have known in his time) that the real  
ballad of Chevy Chase was much older,  
much more quaint and rugged in structure,  
than the version which he so admiringly  
criticised. He adduced Ben Jonson's de-  
claration, that he would rather have been  
the author of Chevy Chase than of all his  
works; and Sir Philip Sidney's words, "I  
never heard the old song of Percie and  
Douglas, that I found not my heart more  
moved than with a trumpet; and yet if  
sung by some blind crowder with no  
rougher voice than rude style, which being  
so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb  
of that uncivil age, what would it work  
trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of  
Pindar?" Addison believed that Ben Jon-  
son and Sir Philip Sidney were speaking  
of the ballad which he had under notice;  
but it is now considered almost certain  
that they treated of an earlier version.  
Bishop Percy, rather more than a century  
ago, brought to light a copy of the ballad  
at least as old as the reign of Henry the  
Seventh, with the name of Richard Shaele  
as the author, or rather transcriber. The  
bishop expressed a belief that the version  
which Addison eulogised could not have  
been earlier than the time of Queen Eliza-  
beth; and that it was written after (per-  
haps consequent upon) Sir Philip Sidney's  
praise of the original.

Look at the difference between the two  
versions. The later has more snavity of  
diction, but the earlier has more fire and  
rough vigour. The old version starts off  
thus:

The Percè out of Northumberlande,  
And a vowe to God mayde he,  
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns,  
Off Chyviatt within dayes thre,  
In the manner of doughte Dogges,  
And all that ever with him be.

Percy's acceptance of the challenge of  
Douglas runs thus:

Thus Syr Hary toke the fynde,  
For soth, as I you saye;  
Jesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght  
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

The killing of Percy by Montgomery is  
stern indeed:



Through Erle Percy's body then  
He thrust his hateful spere;  
With such vehement force and might  
His bodye he did gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
A large cloth yard and more.

The achievement of the gallant Witherington reads better, though more rugged, than in the new version:

For Wetharyngton my harte was wo,  
That ever he slayne shulde be;  
For when both hys legges were hewyne in to,  
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne.

Percy's lament over the death of Douglas is fine:

The Persé leanyde on his brande,  
And sawe the Duglès de;  
He tooke the dede man be the hande,  
And sayd "Wo ys for the,  
To have sayed thy lyffe I wudd have partyd with  
My landes for years thre;  
For a better man of hart, more of hande,  
Was not in the north cowntre,"

The news to the two kings is tersely put:

Wordeys commyn to Raden-burrowe,  
To Jamy the Skottishe kyng.  
That dougheti Duglès, lyff-tenaunte of the Merchis,  
He lay slayn Chevyat within.  
Wordeys commyn to lovly Loodon,  
Till the fourth Harry our kyng.  
That Lord Persé, lyff-tenaunte of the Merchis,  
He lay slayn Chevyat within.

The scene of the mourning widows is touchingly told:

Their bodyes bath'd in purple blode,  
They bore with them away;  
They kist them dead a thousand times,  
Ere they were cladd in clay.

Researches since the days of Bishop Percy have brought to light other versions of Chevy Chase, and evidence that some of the ballads mix up incidents of the hunt with incidents of the Battle of Otterbourne, despite the interval of half a century between them. The earliest known ballad has the title, *The Hunting o' the Cheviot*, which name by degrees became altered to *Chevy Chase*; it has forty-five stanzas, mostly of four lines each, but some of six, and is divided into two fyttes or sections. A second version is in the Cotton Library, and a third in the Harleian Collection, differing in length from each other, and from the older ballad, and mixing up in a more confused manner the battle with the hunt. The ballad known to Addison was probably a modernisation of all three, with such changes of incident as the balladists chose to make. A Latin translation of the modern, or best known *Chevy Chase*, was written by Wold of Oxford about two centuries ago; but the *Chevius*, is a poor substitute for our good old *Chevy*.

Sir Walter Scott was of opinion that the

changes made in *Chevy Chase* were many and frequent; and that Bishop Percy did not hit the truth when he supposed the modern ballad to be a new copy of the original, expressly modernised by some later bard. The current version, he thinks, was "produced by the gradual alterations of numerous reciters, during two centuries, in the course of which the ballad has been gradually moulded into a composition having only a general resemblance to the original, expressing the same events and sentiments in much smoother language, and more flowing and easy versification, but losing in poetical fire and energy, and in the vigour and pithiness of expression, a great deal more than it has gained in suavity of diction."

Mr. W. Chappell, notwithstanding much search, has failed to discover any tune associated with this lengthy ballad; but he nevertheless believes that it was at one period sung as well as recited. He points to a passage in a play of the seventeenth century, in which a husband includes among the good qualities of his wife, "the curious voice which she used to sing *Chevy Chase*." The days of long ballads are so completely past, that we can hardly imagine a singer wending his way through sixty or seventy verses.

A theory has recently been started that there was no chase or hunt concerned in the matter at all, the only real incident being the Battle of Otterbourne. The process of reasoning adopted is a curious one among the oddities of etymology. There was an old word, *chevaohie* or *chevachee*, applied to a cavalry skirmish, troopers' raid, or expedition of horse. Chaucer mentions it, in relation to the Young Squire:

He hadde be sometime in chevachie,  
In Flandries, in Artois, and in Picardie,  
And bore him wel.

The French *chevaucher* and *chevauchée*, riding on horseback, may have given origin to *chevachie* and *chevachee*, as a name for a raid or foray. There is among English boys a game of *chevy* or *chivy*, a kind of imitative raid against an enemy. The propounder of the new theory suggests that, in the course of time, the first half of the word *chevachie* gradually changed from *cheva* to *chevy*, *chevet*, *cheviat*, *cheviot*, without the real *Cheviot* hills having anything to do with the matter; while the second half gradually changed from *chie* to *chees*, *chays*, *chase*, without any real hunt or chase being involved. And thus *chevachie*, or troopers' forays, became

Chevy Chase. It may be so; but we are not well content to lose our old Chevy Chase in this way.

### PRIMITIVE BUILDERS.

It is not often or sufficiently considered how closely allied, in their first principles, are the arts as practised by even the most barbarous races inhabiting this earth, with those which are the pride of the most civilised nations. It may be explained that this is due to the obvious truth that all arts, to whatsoever perfection they may have been developed, must have had their origin in the rude ideas of uncultivated times, and this is probably true; but the explanation, though a good one so far as it goes, does not go far enough. We have to seek the complete elucidation of so remarkable a fact in human instinct adapting itself not merely to human wants, but also to the available materials at hand. Thus, in stony countries, timber structures are rare, while in forest regions, naturally, wood is employed in building. In hot latitudes, roofs are flat; in rainy climates, they are sloping; in cold, as thick as they can be made. We perceive these characteristics in nearly every part of the world. Again with respect to floors. The savage who lives in a swamp, or within reach of a river or an overflow, elevates his dwelling on posts; he who inhabits a dry place is content with beating the earth hard; while he whose home is exposed to the attacks of wild beasts, perches his cabin amid the branches of a tree. These rules, of course, are not universal; yet they are sufficiently general for the purpose. And it is curious to observe that, in the construction of their abodes, the simplest people upon this globe are governed by a common-sense reference to circumstances; the fisherman planting his house as near as possible to his boat; the tiller of the soil in spots most favoured by the sun; the hunter on the edge of the wood or prairie. Instinct taught the warlike New Zealander to erect his village in the most inaccessible position, as it did the Red Indian in the most remote. The same innate sagacity told the Bedouins of Arabia and the Tartars of the Great Desert that it was in vain for them to dream of founding a permanent settlement; they must follow the seasons with their flocks and herds, and stay in one neighbourhood only while its pastures are unexhausted. The necessity of frequent journeys dictated, moreover,

the choice of materials. They could not be heavy, solid, or unelastic, but light, pliable, and in a portable form; hence the tent and wigwam, the use of skins and woven tissues, of slender bamboo, palm, and withy frames. In some of the less-known islands of the East, a man spends all the summer in his canoe, on the sea, or the waters of streams, and in the winter, hauling his craft up a little creek, covers it in and converts it into a floating cottage, wherein, for a few months, he and his family enjoy a sleepy leisure. Where earthquakes are frequent, the savage is careful not to construct his habitation in too ponderous a style; firstly, in order that its sudden overthrow may not crush him; secondly, that it may be worth little, and be easily replaced. Thus, we perceive a subtle meaning in these apparently spontaneous and accidental varieties of edifice in which these tribes of mankind, self-taught in the strictest sense of the term, or rather taught by nature, shelter themselves. Numerous definitions have been given of man; one of them might be that he is essentially a house-building creature, though not alone in that respect, as the animal kingdom testifies by a thousand illustrations, from that of the beaver to that of the bee. Scarcely any tribe has ever been found, in the worst of wildernesses, entirely homeless. Even that most miserable of beings, the aboriginal of Australia, sleeps beneath a canopy of woven branches; and the very Doko of Northern Africa, though he has not wit enough to fasten two boughs together, scoops for himself a cavern in the side of the hill. The open sky, by the common consent of humanity, was never intended to suffice as a roof, nor would it, except for a time, no matter how healthy the climate, or how genial. Consequently, the inventive faculties of our species have, from ages immemorial, been engaged in devising methods for the creation of more or less comfortable homes. Of course, among savages, there are not fewer distinctions as to aptitude and resources than among civilised communities. This one simply understands how to raise a wall of clay, rammed hard, and roofed over with rough wood; while the other comprehends the value of regular door and window-frames. Mr. Muster, whose recently published work on Patagonia describes a vast interior territory never before trodden by the European foot, gives some most interesting, and even surprising, particulars upon this subject. He was astonished to find, not only extensive structures, capable

of accommodating several hundreds of persons, but excellent carpentry, the work of rude tools, planned and finished as if by the European hand. The doors were not hinged, it is true, nor were the windows glazed; but both might have been adapted to those purposes without the slightest difficulty: more than this, so accurate was the fitting of parts that nails were unnecessary, and the whole edifice, in the course of an hour or two, might be made portable. A similar, though less remarkable, account has just come to us, also, from the hitherto unexplored islands of the North Pacific, where, in the course of a hundred years since their discovery, only one Englishman has ever taken up his abode.

A curious circumstance is that *savage* races, though they frequently bake clay for the manufacture of household utensils, have never put it through this process in order to make bricks. If they want an earthen wall, they raise it in a mass upon a wooden or wattled frame, and rely upon compression, as well as the heat of the sun, to insure durability. But this depends very much upon the characteristics of the region they inhabit. The fixed tribes inhabiting the oases, or scattered expanses of wood and verdure in the Great Sahara, have little else to do than to bend a circle of palm branches to a head, tie the tops together, plaster over the skeleton with a mixture of sand and mud, and the house is complete, since chimneys are not necessary, and the earthen floor is always dry. Far otherwise with the people of countries in which periodical rains occur, as in the hill districts of India, where, and, indeed, on the plains also, long as we have been established in that region, as its masters and civilisers, there are thousands upon thousands of villages which no Englishman has ever seen. They do not allow the season of deluges to take them by surprise. On the contrary, selecting the gentlest slopes, and those least exposed to the concentrated rush of a torrent, they drive their foundations of piles deep into the earth, so that no sudden gathering of the waters, unless it be of extraordinary violence, shall shake them. These piles, or posts, rise high enough to support the roof. But, twin with each, so to speak, is another solid post, only two or three feet high, and from one of these to another are laid rough plankings, covered over with a species of basket-work, to form the flooring. Before this is placed, however, the ground below is carefully smoothed, hardened, and furrowed

with little channels, so that, when the inundation comes, instead of being obstructed, it is actually aided on its way, and all danger to the structure above is prevented. This is a remarkable example of ingenuity taught by experience. On the other hand, there are countries which, rarely visited by an excess of water, are exposed to tremendous periodical winds. Without any but the rude science which has been acquired by observation, or which has been transmitted to him from his forefathers, the *savage* builder looks for a sheltered spot, and, if he be the denizen of a wood, is careful to avoid that side on which the great trees, torn up by tropical gusts, may be expected to fall, for, except in the region of whirlwinds, they invariably, season after season, fall in one direction, a circumstance noticed by numerous travellers. This is especially true of what are called the forest gales of South America, where the native dwellings, though picturesque, are exceedingly primitive. The inhabitants of those immense solitudes, living far apart, entirely dependent for their subsistence upon the woodland and the river, and rarely brought into contact with strangers, exhibit a deep appreciation of comfort in the construction and arrangement of their houses, the fashions of which have not changed, we may presume, for uncounted centuries. But, of all *savage* tribes—to use the word *savage* in its conventional sense, as meaning primeval, and uninfluenced by association with Europeans—the South Sea Islanders have excelled as domestic builders. We do not speak of them as they have been since the missionaries became their teachers, and altered their costumes; we refer to the time when they led their own free island life, and when their only occupations were the gathering—not the cultivation, for it was not needed—of food, the fabrication of ornaments—not clothing—for their bodies, and the construction of their simple dwellings. Anything more elegant, light, and artistic, better adapted to its purpose and the climate, or more in union with the nature surrounding it, than the *Otaheitian* cottage, as it stood among the palms, before civilisation had sailed that way, it would be impossible to conceive. Lattice-work with mat-blinds, floored and roofed for coolness, always exquisitely situated, perfect in outline, fragile as a hut of rushes, yet its interior fresh as marble, it was precisely what the *luxurious* islander, among those happy forests, wanted—and this is a consideration not always attended to

even in countries which have been steeped to the lips in civilisation for the last thousand years or more. It is a misfortune, perhaps, that in studying arts we are so apt to forget our instincts, and in this respect there are savages enough left, perhaps, still more or less unsophisticated, to revivify your memories. For that is the essential of nearly all savage architecture, if architecture it may be called—the adaptation of their work to their necessities. Of this we have already suggested illustrations. But the Europeans introduced formality—chapel-shapes and other abominations, cast-iron school-houses, model cottages, huddled together in ill-placed hamlets for the sake of holding congregations, and gaining a leverage for authority, and the prettiest pictures of Pacific life are rapidly fading from view. Directly in contrast with the manners of these gentle people, who loved each to build his roof where the position pleased him, are those of the far more barbarous islanders of the Malayan archipelago. They, like the Patagonians, to whom we have alluded, rejoice in enormous buildings, capable of containing great numbers. A house, in certain parts of Borneo, means a village. It is one long structure, raised on posts, approached by ladders, and divided by partitions, with one common open platform running the entire length in front. There is frequently much solidity and good workmanship in these edifices, notwithstanding the inferiority of the materials. But here, again, we notice an object to be attained, and therefore kept sedulously, though in all likelihood unconsciously, in sight. The region is one of incessant warfare between the several tribes. Every “village-house” is, therefore, in some sort, a fortress, and the fighting men are thus rarely far dispersed—precautions never required in those islands of peace in the Southern Pacific, until strangers visited and vexed their shores. The same principle, though under a different form, appears in the Andamans, in the interior of Formosa, in the minor groups off the Australian coasts, and among the Kaffir tribes of Southern Africa. But turn to other latitudes, utterly in contrast with these, and what shall we see? The Lap, or the Samoyede, erects no fortifications. He constructs his abode solely for the sake of warmth; his weapons are made for warfare against the fish of the sea, and the amphibious creatures that in summer-time supply his wants for the year. Hence those heavy, rude, mole-hill buildings,

whence the grand necessity is to exclude all the air, and retain all the heat that is possible.

One fact of interest should be noticed in connexion with this subject. The savage, though he may possess iron, seldom, if ever, employs it in the construction of his dwelling-house. He deems iron too valuable for such an application. It is supremely useful to him in the manufacture of arms, axes, knives, harpoons, fish-hooks, and other articles, which enter into the very essence of barbarian existence. Consequently, he thinks it wasteful to lock up a material so precious, by burying it in posts, planks, and beams. In the most elaborate of his structures, therefore, such as those of Patagonia, he employs pegs of wood, which, again, are more easily removed. But a rude method of dove-tailing is exceedingly common, and still more so are lashings of flexible bamboo, or strong grass, or interweavings of rushes, to hold the slight framework together. Often, he depends upon the mere weight of his materials to keep them in their places; and, when this is insufficient, he steadies his roof by heaping it with stones. Again, as we have seen, he binds the parts together with strongly adhesive clay, occasionally mixed with sand, since, though the savage has no notion of a brick, he now and then exhibits his idea of mortar. By every one of these signs the traveller can tell, upon entering into a territory new to him, what manner of people inhabit it, even without seeing the people at all. Supposing the country to have been swept clean of its population, leaving its human habitations intact, an intelligent and practised eye, without the slightest previous information, could determine whether the climate was hot, cold, or temperate, dry or damp, apt to engender reptiles or insects, liable to storms, or balmy in all seasons, overrun by periodical floods, or for ever tropically arid; whether the inhabitants had been peaceful or warlike, simple-minded or suspicious, innocent or bloodthirsty—for there are many indications on this point scarcely less emphatic than the scalps in the red man's wigwam; whether they were fishermen, hunters, or husbandmen; whether they had been poor or prosperous, since the difference between misery and comfort is never more distinctly marked than upon the house in which a family lives; and whether they were completely primitive, or had been tampered with by the little finger of civilisation—which is about the only finger usually

stretched out to them. And is this peculiar to the savage? So far from it that it is true of every community in the world. We may judge of the population anywhere, in London as in Abyssinia, by the nature and condition of its abodes. There is not less to be judged from a hovel in Bethnal Green than from a mud-hut in the valley of the Upper Nile. So that there is some affinity, after all, between the laws of life in every land. Another point deserving notice is that, though we have, for the sake of generalisation, and of convenience, employed the term architecture in relation to this topic, we have been compelled to restrict our observations, for the most part, to wooden and clay structures; for the savage rarely piles one stone upon another. Indeed, your true savage is never found inhabiting a rocky region. He is a creature of the woods and prairies. There are barbarians, of the most brutal character, it is true, who swarm where the earth is stony and barren; but they do not avail themselves of the material lying at their feet; they are the dwellers in tents, who change the place of their location with every fluctuation of the season. A stone village, tenanted by pure savages, is a thing unheard of. In fact, a tribe of Bechuanas, or Charlotte Islanders, or even New Zealanders, set down in Arabia Petrea, and bidden to build themselves homes there, would, even if food were forthcoming, infallibly perish, to the last man, within the course of a single year. No; they must have trees, and water, and a soft soil, and game, and fish, and vegetable substances, to supply the apparatus of their home, or they wither away like grass during a drought. All the marbles of Greece, ready quarried, would be worthless to the builder of basket-work cottages in the valley of the Upper Amazon. The New Zealander fights among rocks, but he never uses them except as a cover against the enemy's fire; his house and his fortifications are invariably constructed of timber. Even where stone has been used by the savage, it has never been in the construction of his home; but always in the rearing of his altar or his temple. Had he the disposition to build in this material, he has not the tools; he could not afford the time; he has, generally, to earn, each day, sustenance for himself and his family; or, still worse, to do that and lay by for the barren season. Moreover, house-building, in the primitive regions we speak of, is as much an affair of women's and children's industry, as of men's, or even

more. The foundations once driven into the earth—where there are such foundations, as often there are not—the running up of the superstructures, especially in a warm and dry climate, is a comparatively light task, involving only the putting together of slender frames, the weaving of mats, the sewing together of leaves—equivalent to tiles or slates, over many a broad space of this earth—the finding of palm poles, and the fabrication of wattled screens. It has struck some travellers as singular that these fragile habitations, thus composed, are not continually destroyed by fire; but a conflagration in a true savage village is the rarest event in the world, because, whatsoever fires are necessary, are kindled in the open air, away from the house—a practice which it is impossible to recommend for imitation among ourselves, much as we may admire the simple safety of the plan. Upon the whole, however, there can be little doubt but that these first-born children of the earth, if so we may believe them to be, did intuitively discover, or, to use a familiar expression, hit upon, exactly the architecture which was suited to their several needs, whether they roamed the Arctic snows or the Tartar pastures, drove the elk through the American forest or idled upon yam and banana feasts in the rich isles of the Pacific. And a race which can do this, no matter whether through mere instinct, or otherwise, may not be so utterly savage after all.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### BOOK III.

#### CHAPTER V. AN EXPLOSION.

IN what he called his dreary solitude in South Audley-street (the landlord was of a different opinion, and was accustomed to mention it as elegant quarters for a nobleman or private gentleman, and to charge three hundred a year for the accommodation), Mr. Henrich Wetter was walking to and fro, just as Martin Greenwood, tired out by his night's journey, was beginning to open his eyes and to realise the fact that he was in the Great Northern Hotel. Now sipping his coffee, now nibbling at his dry toast, while all the time achieving his toilet, Mr. Wetter communed with himself. His thoughts were of a pleasant character, no doubt, for there was a smile upon his face, and he occasionally suspended his operations, both of breakfasting

and dressing, in order to rub his hands softly together in the enjoyment of some exquisite sly joke.

"I think so," he said, as, pausing in his walk, he leaned his elbows on the velvet mantelpiece of the sitting-room, and regarded himself approvingly in the looking-glass; "I think the time has come for me to bring this little affair to a crisis; dalliance is very delightful for boys; the bashful glances, the sidelong looks, the tremulous hand-clasps, and all that sort of thing, are very charming in one's youthful days, but as one advances in life one finds that procrastination in such affairs is a grand mistake; either it is to be or it is not to be, and it is advisable to know one's fate, to 'put it to the touch, and win or lose it all,' as the poet says, as speedily as possible. I rather think it is to be in this instance. The young lady, who chooses to pass herself off as Mrs. Claxton, is remarkably quiet and demure; I should almost be inclined to characterise her as one of those English bread-and-butter misses, if I had not been acquainted with her antecedents. 'Yes' and 'No,' 'Thank you,' and 'Oh, indeed!' That is about the average style of her conversation; no apparent appreciation of anything spiritual; no smart reply; nothing piquant or provocative about her; compared to a French-woman, or a New York belle, she is positively insipid, and yet she has fascinated me in a way that is quite inexplicable to myself. It is not her beauty, for though she is undoubtedly pretty in her simple English style, I have known hundreds of more beautiful women. I think the charm must lie in that very want of manner of which I have just been complaining; in her modesty and quiet grace, and in her utter unconsciousness of her own powers of attraction; but, whatever it may be, it has had an enormous effect upon me, and I believe myself to be more in love with her than I have been for many years with any woman.

"She likes me too, I think, if one can judge by the manner of any one so thoroughly undemonstrative. She always makes me welcome when I call at the house, and accepts, passively indeed, but still accepts, such small courtesies as I have thought it right to offer her. A woman like that, accustomed to affection and attention—for I have no doubt old Calverley was very fond of her in his way—must necessarily want something to cling to, and Alice has nothing; for though she is very fond of little Bell, the child is not her

own flesh and blood, and here I have the whole field clear to myself, without any fear of rivalry; for I do not count Humphrey Statham as a rival," continued Mr. Wetter, as a contemptuous smile passed across his face, "though he is evidently deeply smitten. I can judge that by the manner in which he scowled at me the other evening when he found me comfortably seated there, and by the awkward, uncouth manners, mainly consisting of silent glaring, which an Englishman always adopts whenever he wants to ingratiate himself with a woman. No, no, Mr. Humphrey Statham, yours is not the plan to win little Alice's heart! Besides, if I find you making too much play I could command the services of my dear cousin; I could insist that Madame Du Tertre, my old friend Mademoiselle Pauline Lunelle, should interest herself on my side, and she has evidently immense influence over the little woman.

"I think," said Mr. Wetter, softly stroking his long fair beard as he surveyed himself in the glass, "I think I will go up to Pollington-terrace about mid-day to-day; I am looking very well, and feeling bright and in excellent spirits; and as my plan is well conceived and well matured, there is no reason why I should any longer delay putting it into execution. It would be advisable, however," said he, reflecting, "that my dear cousin should not be in the house at the moment of my visit; I will send down a note to her begging her to come and see me in the City—a hint which I think she will not dare to disobey, and while she is making her way eastward, I will go over to Pollington-terrace."

Mr. Wetter came to this determination, and to the conclusion of his dressing and his breakfast simultaneously. He then called a cab and proceeded to the City, having, on his way thither, the satisfaction of passing another cab proceeding in the same direction, in the occupant of which he recognised Humphrey Statham. The two gentlemen exchanged salutations—Mr. Wetter's being bland and courteous, Mr. Statham's short and reserved; but Mr. Wetter was very much tickled at the thought of their having met on that particular day, and the smile of satisfaction never left his face until he arrived at his office. Once there, he threw himself into his business with his accustomed energy; for no thought of pleasure past, or gratification in store, ever caused him to be the least inattentive to the main chance. Foreign capitalists and English merchants,

flashy promoters of fraudulent companies, and steady-going, sober bank directors, men from the West-end, who, filled with stories of the fabulous fortunes made by City speculations, believed in Henrich Wetter's widespread renown, came to him for advice and assistance; members of parliament and peers of the realm—all of these had interviews with Mr. Wetter during the two hours which he chose to devote to business that day, and all found him clear-headed, and apparently without thought for any other matter than that which each submitted to him. But when the clock on his mantelpiece pointed to the hour of one, there was scarcely any occasion for him to look to it, for the great rush of pattering feet down the court, which his window overlooked, and in which a celebrated chop-house was situate, informed him that the clerks' dinner hour had arrived; and Mr. Wetter rang his bell, summoned his private secretary, and intimated his intention of striking work for the day. The confidential young gentleman, too well trained to say anything at this unwonted proceeding on his employer's part, found it impossible to avoid expressing his surprise by an elevation of his eyebrows—a movement which Mr. Wetter did not fail to observe, though he made no comment on it, but he closed his desk, and washed his hands leisurely, chatting to his companion meanwhile, and then effected his retreat by the private staircase; for it was not advisable that the clerks should witness their chief's departure. He stepped into the street, and, hailing a cab, was driven away to Polington-terrace.

Mr. Wetter's self-communings while riding in the cab were much of the same kind as those which had occupied him during his morning's toilet. He had directed his driver to take a back route, so as to avoid the main thoroughfare, lest he should be seen by Pauline on her journey down to the City; and there was comparatively so little traffic along the gaunt streets and in the grim old squares through which he passed, that his attention was not distracted, and the current of his thoughts was little disturbed. He would make his formal declaration that day! he had determined upon that; he should tell Alice that he loved her, that he had in vain struggled against the passion which she had inspired in his breast the first time he accidentally saw her, now some time ago, in the garden at Rose Cottage! She would listen, blush, and

talk about marriage of course, that was always the way with women in her position, and he should fence lightly with the subject, giving her no positive assurance either way. Not that the idea of marrying Alice had ever entered into his mind, but that he thought it would be better to avoid the discussion, certainly to avoid the trouble of having to prove to her how impossible it would be for him to take such a step, until he had established himself more firmly in her favour. There would be little difficulty in the matter he thought, though more than if she were a woman of expensive tastes and luxurious habits. That her manner of life, simple and modest as it was, seemed to satisfy her, Mr. Wetter regarded as the most adverse element to the success of his campaign; but she would naturally desire to be once more the mistress of a pretty house, such as she had inhabited when he first saw her, and to be freed from the companionship and supervision of Madame Du Tertre. To suggest that by accepting his offer she could be released from the enforced company of that lady was, Mr. Wetter thought, a great stroke of generalship.

He alighted from the cab at the corner of the terrace, according to his custom, for his tact told him that the frequent arrival of gentlemen visitors in hansom cabs was likely to scandalise Mrs. Claxton in her neighbours' eyes, and walked quietly up the street. To Mr. Wetter such expeditions were by no means rare, and if any one had told him he would have been nervous, he would have laughed in his informant's face; but, to do him justice, he felt a certain inward trepidation, and, though a cool wintry breeze was blowing, he raised his hat and wiped the perspiration from his brow as he stood upon the door-step after ringing at the bell. He asked for Madame Du Tertre at first, and his surprise and slight annoyance at learning that she was from home were admirably feigned. Then he asked for Mrs. Claxton. The servant recognised him as one of the few regular visitors to the house, as the only one, moreover, who had been in the habit of placing largess in her sooty palm, and as a nice, well-dressed, good-looking gentleman at all times. "Mrs. Claxton was at home," she said. "Would he walk in?"

Mr. Wetter's nervous trepidation increased as he heard the street-door close behind him, and he was glad when he found himself alone in the room to which he was ushered, the servant retiring and promising to let her mistress know of his advent. Examining himself in the glass he saw that

he was paler than usual, and that his nether lip trembled.

"It's a deuced odd thing," he muttered, "I never felt like this before. I wish there was a glass of brandy handy. What can there be in this woman to upset a man like myself, so perfectly accustomed to such matters?"

The next moment Alice entered the room. Mr. Wetter had admired her from the first time he set eyes upon her, but thought he had never seen her looking so lovely as now, with her healthy red and white complexion set off by her black dress; her shining head with its crisp ripples of dark brown hair and her hazel eyes, in which a deep, settled, somewhat mournful look had succeeded to the ever-flashing bright glances of yore. There was something of an air of constraint about her as she bowed to Mr. Wetter, and timidly held out her hand.

"You are surprised to see me, Mrs. Claxton, are you not?" said Wetter, doing his best to conquer the nervousness which still beset him. "To see me at such a time of the day, I mean. I have hitherto availed myself of the privilege of calling upon you in the evening, which, on account of my being a busy man, you were good enough to extend to me; but, having occasion to be in this neighbourhood, I took advantage of the opportunity to inquire after your health."

Alice murmured something to the effect that she was much obliged to him, but Mr. Wetter's quick eye detected that she too was nervous and uncomfortable. And Mr. Wetter thought this was not a bad chance.

"I am sorry," said Alice, after a slight pause, "that Madame Du Tertre is not within."

"I am also sorry to miss my cousin," said Mr. Wetter, "she is always so spirituelle, so amiable. But, to tell the truth, my visit of to-day was not to her, and even had she been at home I should have asked to see you."

"To see me, Mr. Wetter! And why?"

"Because, Mrs. Claxton, I have something to say to you, and to you alone. A woman even of your small experience," he continued with the faintest sneer playing round his mouth, "cannot fail to have observed that you have made upon me more than an ordinary impression; that even during our brief acquaintance you have inspired me with feelings such as we are not often permitted in our lives to experience."

Alice was silent. As she listened to his first words, as the tone in which he spoke fell upon her ear, the scene then passing seemed to fade away, and there arose before her mind a vision of the river-walk along the banks of the Ouse just abreast of Bishopthorpe, where in the calm summer evening Arthur Preston had insulted her with his base proposal. Mr. Wetter augured well from this silence, and proceeded more volubly.

"I have known you longer than you imagine," he said, "and have admired you from the first instant I set eyes upon you. I was so captivated that I determined at all hazards to make your acquaintance, and when I had done so, I discovered that you were more charming than ever, that I was more hopelessly enslaved. And then came the fierce desire to win you, to take you all to myself, to hold you as my own, my only love."

She was silent still, her eyes fixed on vacancy, though her lips trembled. Henrich Wetter bent forward and laid his hand upon her fingers as they twitched nervously in her lap. "Alice," he whispered, "do you hear me?"

The touch roused her at once. "Yes," she said, quickly withdrawing her hand from his as though she had been stung, and rising from her chair, "I do hear what pains and grieves me in the highest degree."

"Pains and grieves you, Alice——"

"My name is Mrs. Claxton, and I desire you will call me by it. Yes, pains and grieves me, Mr. Wetter," she continued, in a breaking voice, and with a sudden abnegation of her dignity; "it is cruel of you; it is not like a gentleman to speak to me in this way without the slightest encouragement, and within six months of my husband's death."

Not like a gentleman! That phrase, quietly spoken as it was, and without any attempt at dramatic emphasis, cut Henrich Wetter to the soul. He was not a gentleman by birth or breeding, by nature, or even by education—and he knew it. His life was one long struggle to deceive on this point those with whom he was brought into contact. He was always suspecting that his position as gentleman was being called in question, and often he would sit with lowering brow and flaming cheek construing the most innocent observations into personal reflections on himself. Not a gentleman! For an instant he winced under the phrase, and then with his blood boiling he determined to be revenged.



He had his voice perfectly under his command as he leant lazily back in his chair, and looked up at her.

"Your husband's death!" he echoed. "Don't you think, Mrs.—Mrs. Claxton, you had better drop all that nonsense with me?"

Alice scarcely understood his words, but there was no mistaking the marked insolence of his tone. "I—I don't understand you," she said, in amazement.

"Oh, yes you do!" said Mr. Wetter, with the same lazy air. "I am not Mr. Statham, you know, nor one of your neighbours in the terrace here. I am a man of the world, and understand these matters. Don't talk about dead husbands to me!"

For an instant Alice stood petrified. For an instant a vague idea flashed across her that John might not be dead after all. She had never seen him after death. Could there by any possibility have been a mistake in his identity?

"I don't understand you, Mr. Wetter," she said, in a low, hurried voice. "Do you mean to say that my husband, Mr. Claxton, is not dead?"

"I mean to say," said Wetter, "what you know very well, that the man with whom you lived in the cottage at Hendon—I saw you there—was not your husband at all!"

Alice bent forward, leaning her hands upon the table, and looking at him for an instant with parted lips and heaving breast. Then she said, "Not my husband! John Claxton not my husband!"

"John Claxton, indeed!" cried Wetter. "Now, how perfectly ridiculous it is in you to attempt to keep up this nonsense with me. Call the man by his right name—acknowledge him in his proper position!"

She bent nearer to him, with her eyes fixed upon his, and said in a low voice, "Are you mad, or am I?"

In an instant Wetter's intelligence showed him the real state of the case. This woman was not what he had supposed. She believed herself what she professed to be, the widow of a man named Claxton, not the mistress of dead John Calverley. What should he do? His rage was over, his reason had returned, and he was prepared to act in the way which would best serve his purpose. Should he withdraw from the position he had advanced, getting out of it as best he might, or should he

point out to her how matters really stood, the fraud of which she had been the victim, involving her degradation and her shame. That would be the better plan, he thought, for the end he had in view. To destroy her worship of John Calverley's memory, to point out to her how low she had fallen, and then to offer himself as her consoler. That was the best game in his power, and he determined to play it.

His manner had lost all its insolence, all its familiarity, as he courteously motioned her to a seat, and said, "Sit down, madam, and hear me. Either you are wishing to deceive me, or, as I rather believe, you have yourself been made the victim of a gross deception. If the latter be the case, you will require all your nerve to bear what I am going to tell you. The man whom you knew under the name of Claxton, and whom you believed to be your husband, was in reality John Calverley, a married man, married long since to a woman of double your age."

She did not start, she did not cry. She looked hard at him, and said in a voice that seemed to force itself with difficulty through her compressed lips, "It is not true! It is a lie!"

"It is true—I swear it!" cried Henrich Wetter. "I knew Mr. Calverley in business years ago. Some months before his death I saw him walking with you in the garden at Hendon, and recognised him at once. I determined to see you again, but Mr. Calverley's death intervened, and——" He paused as he saw Alice pointing towards the door.

"Go," she said, "if you please—leave me at once, I must be left alone."

Mr. Wetter rose. He had made his coup, and he knew that then at least there was nothing further to be done. So he took up his hat, made a quiet and respectful bow, and left the room without uttering a word.

Then Alice flung her arms upon the table, and burying her head between them, gave way to the violence of her grief. What wild exclamations of rage and despair are those which she utters amidst her bursts and sobbings? What reproaches, what maledictions against him now discovered to be the author of her misery?

The only distinguishable words are, "Oh, my poor dear John! Oh, my dear old John!"

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

## CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED  
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 206. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1872. PRICE TWOPENCE.

### WILLING TO DIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BORN AND THE KEY."

#### CHAPTER XVI. DOUBTS.

I HAVE been searching all this morning in vain for a sheet of written note-paper: almost grown yellow by time, when I last saw it.

It contains three stanzas of very pretty poetry. At least I once thought so. I was curious to try, after so many years, what I should think of them now. Possibly they were not even original, though there certainly was no lack in the writer of that sort of cleverness which produces pretty verses.

I must tell you how I came by them. I found that afternoon a little note, on the window-stool in our tea-room, addressed "Miss Ethel."

Laura Grey did not happen to be in the room at the moment. There might have been some debate on the propriety of opening the note if she had been present. I could have no doubt that it came from our guest, and I opened and read it instantly.

In our few interviews I had discovered, once or twice, a scarcely disguised tenderness in the stranger's tones and looks. A very young girl is always pleased, though ever so secretly, with this sort of incense. I know I was. It is a thing hard to give up; and after all, what was Mr. Carmel likely to know about this young man; and if he did know him, what were the canons of criticism he was likely to apply? And whatever the stranger might be, he talked and looked like a gentleman; he was unfortunate, and for the present dependent, I romantically thought, on our kindness. To have received a copy of verses was very pleasant to my girlish self-importance; and

the flattery of the lines themselves was charming.

The first shock of Mr. Carmel's warning had evaporated by this time; and I was already beginning to explain away his note. I hid the paper carefully. I loved Laura Grey; but I had, in my inmost soul, a secret awe of her; I knew how peremptory would be her advice, and I said not a word about the verses to her. At the first distant approach of an affair of the heart, how cautious and reserved we grow, and in most girls how suddenly the change from kittens to cats sets in.

It was plain he had no notion of shifting his quarters to the hotel. But a little before our early tea-hour, Rebecca Torkill came in and told us what might well account for his not having yet gone to Cardyllion.

"That poor young man," she said, "he's very bad. He's lying on his back, with a handkercher full of eau-de-cologne on his forehead, and he's sent down to the town for chloroform, and a blister for the back of his neck. He called me in, and indeed, though his talk and his behaviour might well be improved, considering how near he has just bin to death, yet I could not but pity him. Says he, 'Mrs. Torkill, for Heaven's sake don't shake the floor, step as light as you can, and close the shutter next the sun,' which I did; and says he, 'I'm in a bad way; I may die before morning. My doctor, in town, tells me these headaches are very dangerous. They come from the spine.' 'Won't you see Doctor Mervyn, please, sir?' says I. 'Not I,' says he. I know all about it better than he—they were his words—and if the things that's coming don't set me to rights, I'm a gone man.' And indeed he groaned as he might at parting of soul and body—and

here's a nice kettle o' fish, if he should die here, poor, foolish young man, and we not knowing so much as where his people lives, nor even his name. 'Tis a mysterious thing o' Providence to do. I can't see how 'twas worth while saving him from drowning, only to bring him here to die of that headache. But all works together, we know. Thomas Jones is away down at the ferry; a nice thing, among a parcel o' women, a strange gentleman dying on a sofa, and not a man in the house! What do you think is best to be done, Miss Grey?"

"If he grows worse, I think you should send for the doctor, without asking his leave," she answered. "If it is dangerous, it would not do to have no advice. It is very unlucky."

"Well, it is what I was thinking myself," said the housekeeper; "folks would be talking, as if we let him die without help. I'll keep the boiler full in case he should want a bath. He said his skull was fractured once, where that mark is, near his temple, and that the wound has something to do with it, and by evil chance, it was just there he got the knock in the wreck of the Conway Castle; the Lord be good to us all."

So Mrs. Torkill fussed out of the room, leaving us rather uncomfortable; but Laura Grey, at least, was not sorry, although she did not like the cause, that there was no reason to apprehend his venturing out that evening.

Our early tea-things came in. A glowing autumn sunset was declining; the birds were singing their farewell choruses from thick ivy over branch and wall, and Laura and I, each with her own secret, were discussing the chances of the stranger's illness, with exaggerated despondency and alarm.

Our talk was interrupted. Through the window, which, the evening being warm, and we, secure from intrusion, had left open, we heard a clear, manly voice address us as "Miss Ethel and Miss Grey."

Could it be Mr. Carmel come back again?

Good Heavens! no; it was the stranger in Mr. Carmel's place, as we had grown to call it. The same window, his hands, it seemed, resting on the very same spot on the window-stone, and his knee, just as Mr. Carmel used to place his, on the stone bench. I had no idea before how stern the stranger's face was; the contrast between the features I had for a moment expected, and

those of our guest revealed the character of his with a force assisted by the misty red beam that glanced on it, with a fierce melancholy, through the trees.

His appearance was as unexpected as if he had been a ghost. It came in the midst of a discussion as to what should be done if, by ill chance, he should die in the steward's house. I can't say how Laura Grey felt; I only know that I stared at his smiling face for some seconds, scarcely knowing whether the apparition was a reality or no.

"I hope you will forgive me; I hope I am not very importunate; but I have just got up from an astounding headache all right again; and, in consequence, in such spirits, that I never thought how audacious I was in venturing this little visit until it was too late."

Miss Grey and I were both too much confounded to say a word. But he rattled on:

"I have had a visitor since you were so good as to give me shelter in my shipwrecked state—one quite unexpected. I don't mean my doctor, of course. I had a call to-day much more curious, and wholly unlooked for; an old acquaintance, a fellow named Carmel. I know him at Oxford, and I certainly never expected to see him again."

"Oh! You know Mr. Carmel?" I said, my curiosity overcoming a kind of reluctance to talk.

"Know him? I rather think I do," he laughed. "Do you know him?"

"Yes," I answered; "that is, not very well; there is, of course, a little formality in our acquaintance—more, I mean, than if he were not a clergyman."

"But do you really know him? I fancied he was boasting when he said so." The gentleman appeared extremely amused.

"Yes; we know him pretty well. But why should it be so unlikely a thing, our knowing him?"

"Oh, I did not say that." He still seemed as much amused as a man can quietly be. "But I certainly had not the least idea I should ever see him again, for he owes me a little money. He owes me money, and a grudge beside. There are some men you cannot know anything about without their hating you, that is, without their being afraid of you, which is the same thing. I unluckily heard something about him—quite accidentally, I give you my honour, for I certainly never had the pleasure of knowing him intimately. I don't

think he would exactly come to me for a character. I had not an idea that he could be the Mr. Carmel who, they told me, had been permitted by Mr. Ware to reside in his house. I was a good deal surprised when I made the discovery. There can't have been, of course, any inquiry. I should not, I assure you, have spoken to Mr. Carmel had I met him anywhere else; but I could not help telling him how astonished I was at finding him established here. He begged very hard that I would not make a fuss about it, and said that he was going away, and that he would not wait even to take off his hat. So, if that is true, I shan't trouble any one about him. Mr. Ware would naturally think me very impertinent if I were to interfere."

He now went on to less uncomfortable subjects, and talked very pleasantly. I could see Laura Grey looking at him as opportunity occurred; she was a good deal further in the shade than I and he. I fancied I saw him smile to himself, amused at baffling her curiosity, and he sat back a little further.

"I am quite sorry, Miss Ware," he said, "that I am about to be in funds again. My friends by this time must be weaving my wings—those wings of tissue-paper that come by the post, and take us anywhere. I'm awfully sorry, for I've fallen in love with this place. I shall never forget it." He said these latter words in a tone so low as to reach me only. I was sitting, as I mentioned, very much nearer the window than Laura Grey.

There was in this stranger for me—a country miss, quite inexperienced in the subtle flatteries of voice, manner, looks, which town-bred young ladies accept at their true value—a fascination before which suspicions and alarms melted away. His voice was low and sweet; he was animated, good-humoured, and playful; and his features, though singular, and capable of very grim expression, were handsome.

He talked to me in the same low tone for a few minutes. Happening to look at Laura Grey, I was struck by the anger expressed in her usually serene and gentle face. I fancied that she was vexed at his directing his attentions exclusively to me, and I was rather pleased at my triumph.

"Ethel, dear," she said, "don't you think the air a little cold?"

"Oh, I so very much hope not," he almost whispered to me.

"Cold?" said I. "I think it is so very sultry, on the contrary."

"If you find it too cold, Miss Grey, perhaps you would do wisely, I think, to sit a little further from the window," said Mr. Marston, considerably.

"I am not at all afraid for myself," she answered, a little pointedly, "but I am uneasy about Miss Ware. I do think, Ethel, you would do wisely to get a little further from that window."

"But I do assure you I am quite comfortable," I said, in perfect good faith.

I saw Mr. Marston glance for a moment with a malicious smile at Laura Grey. To me the significance of that smile was a little puzzling.

"I see you have got a piano there," he said to me, in his low tones, not meant for her ear. "Miss Grey plays, of course?"

"Yes; very well indeed."

"Well, then, would you mind asking her to play something?"

I had no idea at the time that he wanted simply to find occupation for her, and to fill her ears with her own music, while he talked on with me.

"Laura, will you play that pretty thing of Beethoven's that you tried last night?" I asked.

"Don't ask me, Ethel, dear, to-night; I don't think I could," she answered, I thought, a little oddly.

"Perhaps, if Miss Grey knew," he said, smiling, "that she would oblige a poor shipwrecked stranger extremely, and bind him to do her any service she pleases to impose in return, she might be induced to comply."

"The more you expect from my playing, the less courage I have to play," she said, in reply to his appeal, which was made, I fancied, in a tone of faint irony, that seemed to suggest an oblique meaning; and her answer, I also fancied, was spoken as if answering that hidden meaning. It was very quietly done, but I felt the singularity of those tones.

"And why so? Do, I entreat—do play."

"Shouldn't I interrupt your conversation?" she answered.

"I'll not allow you even that excuse," he said; "I'll promise (and won't you, Miss Ware?) to talk whenever we feel inclined. There, now, it's all settled, isn't it? Pray begin."

"No, I am not going to play to-night," she said.

"Who would suppose Miss Grey so resolute; so little a friend to harmony? Well, I suppose we can do nothing; we can't prevail; we can only regret."

I looked curiously at Laura, who had risen, and was approaching the window, close to which she took a chair and sat down.

Mr. Marston was silent. I never saw man look angrier, although he smiled. To his white teeth and vivid eyes his dark skin gave marked effect; and to me, who knew nothing of the situation, the whole affair was most disagreeably perplexing. I was curious to see whether there would be any sign of recognition; but I was sitting at the side that commanded a full view of our guest, and the table so near me, that Laura could not have introduced her chair without a very pointed disclosure of her purpose. If Mr. Marston was disposed to snarl and snap at Miss Grey, he very quickly subdued that desire. It would have made a scene, and frightened me, and that would never do.

In his most good-humoured manner, therefore, which speedily succeeded this silent paroxysm, he chatted on, now and then almost whispering a sentence or two to me. What a contrast this gay, reckless, and, in a disguised way, almost tender talk, presented to the cold, peculiar, but agreeable conversation of the ascetic enthusiast, in whom this dark-faced, animated man of the world had uncomfortably disturbed my faith!

Laura Grey was restless all this time, angry, frightened. I fancied she was jealous and wounded; and although I was so fond of her, it did not altogether displease me.

The sunlight failed. The reflected glow from the western sky paled into grey, and twilight found our guest still in his place at the window, with his knee on the bench, and his elbows resting on the window-stone, our candles being lighted, chatting, as I thought, quite delightfully, talking sense and nonsense very pleasantly mixed, and hinting a great many very agreeable flatteries.

Laura Grey at length took courage, or panic, which often leads in the same direction, and rising, said quietly, but a little peremptorily:

"I am going now, Ethel."

There was, of course, nothing for it but to submit. I confess I was angry. But it would certainly not have been dignified to show my resentment in Mr. Marston's presence. I therefore acquiesced with careless good humour. The stranger bid us a reluctant good-night, and Laura shut down the window, and drew the little bolt across the window-sash, with, as it seemed to me, a rather inconsistent parade of

suspicion. With this ungracious dismissal he went away in high good humour, notwithstanding.

"Why need we leave the drawing-room so very early," said I, in a pet.

"We need not go now, as that man is gone," she said, and quickly closed the window-shutters, and drew the curtains.

Laura, when she had made these arrangements, laid her hand on my shoulder, and looked with great affection and anxiety in my face.

"You are vexed, darling, because I got rid of that person."

"No," said I; "but I'm vexed, because you got rid of him rudely."

"I should have prevented his staying at that window for a single minute, if I had been quite sure that he is the person I suppose. If he is—oh! how I wish he were a thousand miles away."

"I don't think you would be quite so hard upon him, if he had divided his conversation a little more equally," I said with the bluntness of vexation.

Laura hardly smiled. There was a pained, disappointed look in her face, but the kindest you can imagine.

"No, Ethel, I did not envy your good fortune. There is no one on earth to whom I should not prefer talking."

"But who is he?" I urged.

"I can't tell you."

"Surely, you can say the name of the person you take him for?" I insisted.

"I am not certain; if he be the person he resembles, he took care to place himself so that I could not, or, at least, did not, see him well; there are two or three people mixed up in a great misfortune, whom I hate to name, or think of; I thought at one time I recognised him; but afterwards I grew doubtful. I never saw the person I mean more than twice in my life; but I know very well what he is capable of; his name is Marston; but I am not at all certain that this is he."

"You run away with things," I said. "How do you know that Mr. Carmel's account may not be a very unfair one?"

"I don't rely on Mr. Carmel's account of Mr. Marston, if this is he. I knew a great deal about him. You must not ask me how that was, or anything more. He is said to be, and I believe it, a bad, selfish, false man. I am terrified when I think of your having made his acquaintance. If he continues here, we must go up to town. I am half-distracted. He dare not give us any trouble there."

"How did he quarrel with Mr. Carmel?" I asked, full of curiosity.

"I never heard; I did not know that he was even acquainted with him; but I think you may be perfectly certain that everything he said about Mr. Carmel is untrue. He knows that Mr. Carmel warned us against making his acquaintance; and his reason for talking as he does, is simply to discredit him. I dare say he'll take an opportunity of injuring him also. There is not time to hear from Mr. Ware. The only course, if he stays here for more than a day or two, is, as I said, to run up to your papa's house in town, and stay there till he is gone."

Again my belief in Mr. Marston was shaken; and I reviewed my hard thoughts of Mr. Carmel with something like compunction. The gloom and pallor of Laura's face haunted me.

#### OVERWORK ? OR OVERWORRY ?

A GREAT amount of very pernicious twaddle has lately been published on the subject of the alleged overwork in which many of the greatest, and possibly some of the least, men of the present generation indulge in the pursuit either of wealth and fame, or of high social position. The tendency of these publications has been to unpopularise and discourage labour, and to exalt the doctrine that the true duty of a man to himself in these days, is to do as little as he can for the largest possible reward. Such teaching is highly mischievous, and if generally practised would speedily send the world back again into the barbarism from which it is not too rapidly emerging. Work is divine. Without work, human life would be intolerable, and a man would be little better than a sponge, an oyster, or a limpet upon the rock, which only exist to imbibe the nourishment that they are too imbecile or too powerless to seek. But like all the abundant blessings spread around mankind, work is only beautiful and good in its degree. It must be used, and not abused. Too much of anything is not good for us. Vice itself is but virtue degenerated and dissipated by being forced into extremes. Ferocity is nothing but excess of courage. Extravagance is but excess of liberality. Penuriousness is but excess of prudence. Anarchy is but over much liberty. Cowardice is but excess of caution and the inordinate desire of self-preservation. Jealousy springs from the excess of love. Rashness is but another name for excess of bravery, and

stagnation is but rest, when carried to the ne plus ultra of its possibility. In like manner, work, if not carried beyond the point at which all the functions of mind and body are exercised without undue strain upon either, is one of the greatest, if not the very greatest of all the blessings that are showered upon the human race. Carried beyond this point, it degenerates into toil, and takes more out of nature than it puts in. But—if we are to believe some of our modern teachers who moralise upon the melancholy death of the late estimable Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, whose overwrought nervous system was the propelling cause which induced him to lay violent hands upon himself—work is a thing which in our age brings the best and wisest of us prematurely to death, and is alike the symbol and the punishment of the overstrained mental activity of our day. *Vox et preterea nihil!* Windy blethers, uttered by men who have given no proper thought to that of which they write, and who are at the best blind leaders of the blind, or parrots who repeat words without knowledge!

There is far too great a predisposition in all countries to look upon labour as something inflicted upon man as a curse for his disobedience, to interpret literally, and not according to the spirit, the penalty laid upon Adam, and to take advantage of the misinterpretation to shirk labour altogether, or to impose it unduly upon the weaker. This doctrine requires not only discouragement, but disproof; for the inevitable result of its adoption would be either to reduce men to the state of savages, when the only labour undertaken would be that of the chase of wild animals, or the capture of birds and fish to provide food for the sustenance of life; or the establishment of slavery, when none but slaves would work upon the compulsion of their lords and masters. But work looked upon with the eye of reason, is the choicest advantage of our mortal state, the only motive power that keeps not only men, but the solar system, and all the countless orbs of the boundless universe which God has made, in a condition of healthy and progressive perpetuity. And the greatest men in all ages and countries have always been the greatest workers. It is only the poor, weak physical natures that break down amid their work—creatures whose loss to the world is no loss, but a gain. The average duration of human life is scarcely fifty years, and its almost extreme natural limit

has been declared, on the highest authority, to be three score years and ten; but if we search the history and biography of the most illustrious men of all ages, who have done most for the benefit and improvement of their kind, we shall find that nine of ten out of them have exceeded sometimes by a decade or more of happy long life their less industrious and less gifted fellow-strugglers.

If we would know the length of days attained by the great thinkers and workers of Greece and Rome, we have only to turn to the ever-attractive pages of Plutarch's *Lives* for the gratification of our curiosity, where we find that Solon, Lycurgus, Plato, Socrates, Sophocles, and other lights of the ancient world, all obtained a green old age. Among the moderns, men who lived in the comparatively recent time since the invention of the benignant art of printing, or who have but recently passed away from among us, it will be found that those who have done the most and the hardest intellectual work have lived long: whether their work was that of the statesman, the soldier, the lawyer, the historian, the philosopher, or the poet. Shakespeare died comparatively young; but so little is known of his life, that we cannot say what his physical constitution was, or what were the causes that led to his removal from the world, at an age when he ought to have been in the full use of all his intellectual and bodily faculties. Burns and Byron died at an age still earlier, and in the very flower and bloom of their manhood, from causes with which hard intellectual labour had nothing whatever to do, and which the world knows too well to render a reminder necessary. Sir Walter Scott, at the age of sixty-one, died, not from overwork—though few men ever worked so hard—but from mental distress caused by his pecuniary misfortunes. Voltaire, a very giant for labour, and whose works in almost every department of literature fill a considerable library, died an octogenarian. Goethe long exceeded the three score years and ten. Sir Isaac Newton, to whom the hardest work was amusement, Immanuel Kant, who had the same healthy stamina of mind, William Wordsworth, and Walter Savage Landor, who all exercised their intellects without stint or weariness, and with the serene regularity which we may imagine in a planet rolling and rolling, unceasing and unceasing in its appointed course, either reached or exceeded four score. Doctor James Copland, the author of that most laborious and comprehensive

work, the *Cyclopedia of Medicine*, attained the age of seventy-nine, retaining his mental faculties clear and unclouded to the last. Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, and the great Duke of Wellington, who, as labourers in their several departments of activity, performed tasks that may be truly called herculean, were all nonagenarians; and never seemed as if time, circumstance, or duty could find them work enough to do. Wellington's despatches alone are a marvel, and a magnificent monument to his fame. And it was a characteristic of all these great men, that they did their work as if they loved it; that they never got into flurries or worries, but took the world and its business calmly. They knew their strength and never exceeded it. They knew that the body was the workmanship of God, and must be fairly treated, as became the habitation of the mind, and the only means by which mind could work, and declare itself. Healthy and clean body, healthy and clean mind, was their rule of life; and to keep the body fit for the mental work required of it, they practised all the bodily virtues comprised under the names of exercise, moderation, purity, and sufficiency of sleep and relaxation. The thinker's brain, like the blacksmith's arm or the pedestrian's foot, becomes strong in proportion to its work. The whole secret is told in the ancient fable of Iarchus, the wise physician, and his three gold rings. He taught his disciples that if they wore these rings with trusting faith, and religiously followed the precept attached to each, they would preserve the freshness and the flower of bodily and mental youth to the latest limit of man's allotted time upon the earth. Their virtues are thus set forth by a modern poet in *Studies from the Antique*; and the aptness as well as beauty of the quotation will render unnecessary any apology for its length:

Who wears the first, must keep his body pure,  
From toe to crown, by daily dalliance  
With cleansing waters, Heaven's most precious gift,  
A duty and a luxury both in one.  
Who wears the second must avoid excess  
In every appetite: in food and drink,  
In passion, in desire, in toil, in sleep.  
Who wears the third must train himself to use  
All faculties the bounteous gods bestow:  
Must teach his eyes to see, his ears to hear,  
His hands to toil, his feet to run and leap,  
His lungs to breathe the invigorating air;  
Must train his head to think, his heart to feel,  
And exercise each power of life and limb  
To full efficiency, nor overstretch  
Even by a hair the tension of the string.  
Lest it should jar and snap. Who wears the three  
Shall be a perfect man, except in soul;  
A physical noble—safe from all but time,  
And accident, and chastening of the gods.

To this comprehensive formula need only be added the suggestive warning that nervous irritation, produced either by alcoholic intemperance, or by the deprivation of the proper and natural amount of sleep, are the main causes of the physical breakdown, too often wrongfully attributed to excessive brain work. The late Mr. Justice Willes, whose untimely end has produced so many querulous and misplaced homilies on over-mental exertion as one of the characteristics of the age, never did half as much work as Lord Brougham or Lord Lyndhurst, or as Lord Palmerston, who lived to upwards of eighty, and looked upon work as recreation. The labours so cheerfully borne by M. Thiers, at the age of seventy-five, might break down a much younger man, if the younger man was unwise enough not to take to the task easily, and deprive himself of his peaceful sleep by fretfulness and worry. Worry, not work, is the thing to be avoided by all who value health and strength, and length of happy days.

#### AMBER AND AMBERGRIS.

WHICH is which? Are they both alike? Is one named from the other? Does gris mean grey, and ambergris grey amber? Is the one substance, as well as the other, used for articles of ornament and personal decoration? Multitudes of persons who have never seen ambergris ask these questions, or would do so, if it were not for the foolish pride which revolts from showing one's ignorance. Again: is amber a stone, or is ambergris? Do they both grow, or does either of them; and if they grow, is it in the water or on dry land; and how do insects and bits of bone get into them?

Ambergris, to look at and handle, is a light, inflammable, greyish, variegated substance, fusible and fragrant when gently heated. It is lighter than water; its grey colour varies from yellowish to brown; it is tasteless and odourless when cold, and is something like wax in consistency; it is soluble in many acid and alkaline liquids; and it imparts, by distillation, many of its properties to tinctures, balsams, and other medicinal preparations. The substance itself was known long before its history. People found it, but they did not know how it got to the spots where it was formed. On the northern and eastern coasts of Africa, on some parts of the Mediterranean shore, in the East Indies and the West

Indies, occasionally on the west coast of Ireland, ambergris is met with—floating on the surface of the sea, adhering to rocks, or thrown upon the beach. One celebrated piece was bought by the Dutch East India Company, in 1693, from the King of Tidore, to whom they gave eleven thousand thalers for it; it was almost spherical, measured two feet in diameter, and weighed a hundred and eighty-two pounds. The Grand Duke of Tuscany offered fifty thousand crowns for it—with what result we know not. Another famous piece, found off the Cape of Good Hope, is said to have weighed no less than three hundred pounds.

Renaudot, in a translation of an Arab book of travels, notices the occurrence of ambergris on the African coast, and then says: "The inhabitants of this country have camels trained up to the business, which they mount, and go in search of ambergris by moonlight, riding for that purpose along the shore. The camels are broken in to this, and as they perceive a piece of ambergris, they bend their knees and their rider picks it up." But then comes a strange story—very like a whale! "There is another sort, which swims in great lumps upon the surface of the sea, like the body of an ox, or a little less, and weigh a great deal. When a certain fish of the whale kind, called tal, sees these floating lumps, he swallows the same, and is killed thereby. Then the whale is seen floating on the surface; and instantly the men, who are accustomed to this kind of fish, and know when these whales have swallowed ambergris, go out to him in their boats, and darting him with iron harpoons, they tow him to shore, where they split him down the back, and take out the ambergris."

Now this account, suggesting a connexion between ambergris and the whale, was corroborated to some extent by the testimony of Kämpfer, who, in his voyage to Japan, said that a good deal of ambergris was found on that coast, chiefly within the bodies of whales. Hence arose many theories to account for the origin of this singular substance. The theories were in answer to such questions as the following: Is ambergris formed on the shore, melted by the heat of the sun, floated out into the sea, swallowed by whales, and again returned by them? Does it spring from the bottom of the sea in the form of a bitumen, which gradually rises to the surface, and hardens in the sunshine? Is it a kind of sea mushroom, torn up from



the bottom by the violence of tempests? Is it a vegetable production, issuing out of the root of some tree whose roots always shoot towards the sea? Is it a species of wax or gum which distils from trees, drops into the sea, and congeals into a solid form? Is it a spongy kind of earth, washed off the rocks by the action of sea waves, and left floating on the surface? Is it mainly composed of honeycomb which falls into the sea from overhanging rocks where bees have taken up their abode? Is it a bituminous substance, which flows to the sea from the shore in a liquid form, and is there hardened and solidified? There was thus, it will be seen, no lack of ingenuity in the speculations concerning the origin of ambergris, or the theories based upon them. The bituminous hypothesis was believed to receive some support from the fact that at Madagascar, where much ambergris is found, the soil under the sea coast, and under the adjacent bed of the sea, is believed to be more or less impregnated with bitumen. Any true theory of ambergris, it was admitted, must account for the fact that the pieces are frequently composed of many strata, with pebbles and other bodies enclosed between them, and the strata sometimes full of little shells. A safe conclusion, under any hypothesis, was, that ambergris is originally in a fluid state, or at any rate sufficiently soft to envelope such small substances as fall in its way.

One by one numerous ingenious theories fell to the ground; it was seen that they would not suffice to account for the appearances presented. The whale, it was evident, must be associated with ambergris very intimately, in any explanation suited for the phenomena. When a whaling captain came from the South Seas, and brought home three hundred and sixty ounces of ambergris, which had been taken out of the body of a whale, this fact led to further inquiry, from which it appeared that the substance was contained in a little bag in the interior of the huge leviathan; lending probability to a supposition that ambergris is, in some way or other, produced within the whale. About a century and a half ago, Doctor Boylston, of Boston, wrote thus: "Our whale-fishers of Nantucket, in New England, give me the following account. On cutting up a spermaceti whale, they found in him about twenty pounds weight, more or less, of ambergris; after which, they and other such fishermen became very curious in searching all such whales as they killed; and it has since been

found in lesser quantities in several whales of that kind, and in no other. They add further, that it is contained in a cyst or bag, without any inlet or outlet to it, and that they have sometimes found the bag empty and yet entire."

These American fishermen were on the right track. The experiments and observations of naturalists have led to a pretty general opinion that ambergris, although it has its origin within the body of the whale, is not produced by the animal from any foreign source. One circumstance seems to show that it is probably the result of disease.\* The number of whales which contain ambergris bears but a small proportion to the whole number caught; and moreover, the whales which contain this peculiar secretion appear more weak and sickly than the generality of those captured. There are several species of whale; but it is the spermaceti kind which, so far as is known, alone yields ambergris. Nearly always small remains of whale food, hard and undigested, are found in the concretion; and no doubt is now entertained that ambergris is connected with the digestive apparatus of the sperm whale—perhaps a penalty for eating his dinner too heedlessly.

As to the designation, some languages give the name amber, or a word very similar to it, to ambergris; applying to the necklace and pipe-mouth material a very different designation. Thus, in German, our ambergris is amber, and our amber *bernstein*; and the word amber itself, in the form *ambar*, is the Arabic for ambergris. Therefore, it may be, ambergris is the real original, and amber only the owner of the name by a kind of stealth. In some dictionaries the definitions are so managed as to rest upon the distinction between yellow amber and grey amber, the latter being ambergris. There may perchance be many readers who surmise that, as amber is a material for personal ornament, ambergris in like manner occupies a place in the list. But such is not the case. Ambergris, although not exactly sticky, is squeezable, and unfitted to be wrought into definite forms. It is used in the East as an article of food, or, more correctly, as a flavonning ingredient, and an aid in cookery. A similar use of it formerly prevailed in England. There are old books in which the substance is called *ambergrease*, and in which it is mentioned in connexion with the rich brown gravy of roast meat, as contradistinguished from fat gravy. Milton, in his *Tempter's Feast*, speaks of—

Beasts of chase, or fowl of game  
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,  
Gris-amber steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,  
Freshet, or purling brook.

Macaulay says that, on the death of Charles the Second, rumours spread abroad to the effect that "Something had been put into his broth, something added to his favourite dish of eggs and ambergris." The substance is more generally used, however, as a pastile, or an ingredient in perfumery. Much ambergris is taken to Mecca by the Hajjis on their annual pilgrimage, probably for use in fumigating the holy places, much as frankincense is used in Catholic countries. In Europe, it is employed by perfumers in scenting pastiles, candles, wash-balls, bottles, hair-powder, &c.; while its essence, with or without the addition of musk, is mixed with powders, pastes, skin-softeners, and other of those toilet mysteries which men-folk are not permitted to inquire about too minutely.

And now for amber. The late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, a statesman whose mind was stored with a singular medley of erudite notions, ransacked ancient writers with a view of ascertaining how far amber was known in remote days. We cannot follow him in his search, but must be content with stating that, like ambergris, this substance was used long before its origin was known. The jewellers and trinket-makers of the East tempted their customers with elegant ornaments—for the person, the dress, and the table—made of a substance unlike any other in use; presenting all shades of yellow, from nearly white to almost brown, for the most part transparent when polished, though occasionally opaque or clouded; inflammable, and exhaling a white pungent aromatic smoke when burning; slightly resinous in taste and smell when cold; found in nodules or lumps from the size of a pea to that of a child's head. The well-to-do Orientals purchased their necklaces, bracelets, amulets, pipe-stems, &c., without inquiring very minutely from what source the material had been derived. Those who took interest in the matter were divided in opinion. Some supposed amber to be an animal substance resembling bees-wax, secreted by a peculiar kind of ant inhabiting pine forests. Some, thinking the vegetable kingdom to be a more probable source than the animal, regarded it as a gum which oozed out of pine-trees, and gradually solidified. A third party, looking to the mineral rather than to either of the other two kingdoms of nature, pronounced amber to be a fossil

mineral, of antediluvian origin. All, however, admitted that the theory, whichever was adopted, must be such as would explain the presence of insects, flies, bits of leaves, &c., in many of the specimens; such extraneous matters must have entered when the amber was in a viscid, if not fluid state, for the insects are, in numerous instances, preserved with all their delicate details uninjured.

Inquiry gradually led to a knowledge of the fact that amber is found in the sand and clay near sea-shores, as also exposed on the shore and near the mouths of a few large rivers. It has been found in Sicily, Poland, Saxony, Siberia, Greenland, on the coast of Yorkshire, and once in a gravel pit near Hyde Park Corner. But the great storehouse is the Baltic shore of East Prussia, in the neighbourhood of Memel, Pillau, Königsberg, and Dantzic. The usual mode of searching for it is to explore the sea-coasts after storms, when the amber is found in rounded nodules near the shore. Another mode is to wade into the sea, and scrape the sea-bed with a ring-mouthed net attached to a pole. A more hazardous method is to go out in a boat, scrape the precipitous cliffs of the coast with hooked scrapers, and examine the fragments thus brought down; pieces of amber often reward the search. There are occasions, after a storm, when much lignite is found floating on the sea, containing amber entangled among it.

Amber has quite a fancy value. Large pieces will fetch a price bearing no sort of regulated relation to that obtained for smaller specimens. A piece one pound in weight is sought after by dealers as a treasure; and when it comes to ten pounds weight (which is in rare instances the case) its price rises to thousands of pounds sterling. The largest mass at present known weighs eighteen pounds; it was found in Lithuania, and is preserved in the Royal Museum at Berlin. Some connoisseurs prefer the specimens which present a beautiful transparency of colours; others look out for those in which insects are most perfectly preserved. It is all a matter of taste. Wise men tell us, however, that we must not always rely on the genuineness of particular specimens. Artificers, whose ingenuity is in advance of their honesty, take small pieces of amber, smooth the surfaces, moisten them with linseed oil, and press them together over a charcoal fire. And the same folks know how to insinuate a tiny insect, or a fly's wing, for a possible

purchaser who is known to have a penchant for pieces of amber thus adorned. The great museum of jewels and minerals at Dresden contains many such built-up specimens. Our own British Museum contains many curious pieces of amber, enclosing insects of numerous species; while at the South Kensington Museum, and at the International Exhibition of the present year, there are numerous works of art cunningly wrought out of this substance. We will believe that these consist of real amber, and not of the gum copal which occasionally does duty as such. Veritable or factitious, the pieces of gum preserved in museums disclose plentiful bits of bees, wasps, gnats, spiders, and beetles, more or less perfect—suggesting the couplet:

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare;  
The wonder's how on earth they enter'd there.

It is no longer a wonder. All now agree that this amber is an indurated resin which oozes from old pine and fir-trees, and accumulates into nodules large or small as the case may be. The Baltic provinces are rich in the kind of trees which produce it—just as Canada is rich in the species which yield turpentine.

Amber requires to be handled with care in fabricating it into articles of ornament. In making necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets, snuff-boxes, mouth-pieces for pipes, &c., the nodules are split on a turning-lathe, smoothed into shape by whetstones, polished with chalk and water, then with vegetable oil, and completed by rubbing with flannel. Amber is one of the most electrical substances known; indeed, electricity derived its name from *elektron*, the Greek name for amber. The pieces become so hot and excited while being operated upon, that the workmen find it necessary to give them intervals of rest, or they would fly into fragments. Nay, the workmen themselves are subject to tremors; they are, in fact, electrified, without exactly knowing it. By cautious treatment, the substance can be bent into various forms while warm.

The commodity known in the trade as artificial musk is nothing more than amber dissolved into a viscid wax with nitric acid. The coarser kinds of amber, which would not be much valued in the solid state, are used in making several sorts of varnish, some of which are highly useful to coach-painters. Pharmacutists procure from it, by distillation, a volatile oil useful as an antispasmodic.

We might be tempted, by the title of this

paper, to say something about Weinhold's extraordinary story of the Amber Witch; but let it pass—amber had not so much to do with that matter as skilful writing: the attempt of a clever man to deceive clever critics into a belief that a merely invented story was really a matter of fact.

#### PARVA DOMUS—MAGNA QUIES.

A narrow home, but very still it seemeth;  
A silent home, no stir or tumult here.  
Who wins that pillow of no sorrow dreameth,  
No whirling echoes jar his sealed ear;  
The tired hand lies very calm and quiet,  
The weary foot no more hard paths will tread,  
The great world may revolve in clash and riot,  
To its loud summons leaps nor heart nor head.

The violets bloom above the tranquil sleeper,  
The morning dews fall gently on the grass,  
Amid the daisies kneels the lonely weeper;  
He knows not when her lingering footsteps pass  
The autumn winds sigh softly o'er his slumber,  
The winter piles the snow-drifts o'er his rest;  
He does not care the flying years to number,  
The narrow home contents its silent guest.

No baffled hope can haunt, no doubt perplex,  
No parted love the deep repose can chafe,  
No petty care can irk, no trouble vex.  
From misconception his hushed heart is safe,  
Freed from the weariness of worldly fretting,  
From pain and failure, bootless toil and strife,  
From the dull wretchedness of vain regretting  
He lies, whose course has passed away from life.

A narrow home, and far beyond it lieth  
The land whereof no mortal lips can tell.  
We strain our sad eyes as the spirit flieth,  
Our fancy loves on heaven's bright hills to dwell  
God shuts the door, no angel lip uncloses;  
They whom Christ raised no word of guidance mail  
Only the Cross speaks where our dust reposes,  
"Trust Him who calls unto his rest our dead."

#### THE MAN IN ARMOUR.

THAT the Age of Chivalry is gone for ever the world learnt, a good many years ago, upon the authority of Mr. Edmund Burke. The knightly pageantry, however, which was the decorative product or outward show of chivalry, survived its departure for a considerable period: just as ivy is seen to flourish, although the oak it clings to may be dead, or as a dress of rich brocade will for awhile stand erect after its wearer has ceased to animate it, and has withdrawn from its folds. Its primal worth and significance lost, chivalry yet existed upon its merits as a spectacle. It was esteemed as a valid excuse for splendour of costume, for the exhibition of gold and silver embroideries, for chain mail and burnished steel, for silken banners and heraldic insignia, for pompous music and superb processions. But this is a prosaic age, a utilitarian and a busy. Shows and

pageants are now for the most part relegated to the playhouse. They are felt to be shams, and in such wise assigned to that licensed mart and emporium of the unreal. In these times royal state appears shorn of its beams, pruned, dimmed, a shadow of its former self. The divinity that hedges a sovereign is no longer symbolised by groups of attendants gorgeously clad in mediæval raiment. Pomp, even of a modest kind, is held to be inconvenient, obstructive, and somehow ludicrous. Even our King of Cockaigne—the Lord Mayor—great conservator and representative of old customs and traditions though he be, now performs his annual pilgrimage to Westminster with reduced retinue and diminished solemnity. Once he ventured so far as to discard his state coach, shrewdly suspicious, perhaps, that ridicule rather than respect attached to that magnificent but cambrous vehicle. On this head, however, he was judged to be, for a Lord Mayor, too much in advance of the current of public opinion. His reform was accounted suicidal. It was perceived that if the state coach were to be driven to limbo, there was real danger lest the civic potentate himself should be constrained to be its inside passenger on that lethal journey. The fates of the man and the conveyance were bound up together, and conterminate. If the laws of strict reason and common sense were to be invoked, then the mayor could as easily be dispensed with as his state coach. So the gilded carriage still travels westward every year, jolting and rolling uneasily on its way like a clumsy or even a tipsy monarch, whose progress is much incommoded by the excess of his trappings, or the surplussage of his train. But for many Novembers the Lord Mayor has eliminated from his procession that spectacular joy of past years, that last remnant of the departed age of chivalry, the Man in Armour. Never more, it would seem, is that warrior in complete steel or polished brass to illumine the fog of Cheapside, or amaze the approaches to Westminster. He was a strange apparition even in that, pageant of curious figures, that gathering of mystic beadles, marshals, watermen, longshoremen, and other ambiguous functionaries which deck a Lord Mayor's triumph; he was out of place, somehow, jostled by the modern hussar on the one hand, and the still more modern police constable on the other; and he was the subject of some derision, which yet boasted an affectionate and admiring leaven on the part of the populace. When

his place knew him no more he was certainly missed. It was felt by many that a better institution could better have been spared. His abolition was the severest blow yet dealt to civic authority. He was, in his way, a grand creature.

The City had but followed, after a considerable interval, the example of the Crown. The royal man in armour was seen in public for the last time on the 19th of July, 1821, at the coronation of King George the Fourth. In the ceremonies attending later enthronements the champion was permitted no part. The public banquet of the sovereign in Westminster Hall was dispensed with, and the presence of the champion, mounted on a white horse, and clothed in complete armour, to deliver his challenge shortly before the serving of the second course, was held to be unnecessary. The holder of the office was rewarded by Lord Melbourne, in 1841, with a baronetcy: in consideration, it was understood, of his having waived his lawful claim to figure as a knight in armour at the coronation of Queen Victoria. The championship, it may be noted, is an hereditary post of great antiquity, annexed to the feudal manor of Scrivelsby, near Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, and has descended in the house of Dymoke for many generations. The estate was anciently vested in the Marmion family, said to have been hereditary champions to the Dukes of Normandy long prior to the Norman conquest. Upon the death of Philip de Marmion, without male issue, in the reign of Edward the First, the manor of Scrivelsby became the property of his younger daughter. By marriage with her heiress Margaret, Sir John Dymoke acquired the estate and the hereditary office, and duly performed the duties of champion at the coronation of Richard the Second. Since then, and to the date of his last appearance in public, the royal man in armour has always been a Dymoke. George the Fourth's champion was allowed to act by deputy, however. The Reverend John Dymoke, owner and rector of Scrivelsby, and prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral, pleaded his clerical character when called upon to deliver the customary challenge. Upon his petition to the Court of Claims, a tribunal constituted on the eve of every coronation to dispose of such matters, his son was permitted to act on his behalf.

Haydon chronicles in his diary the last ride of the royal champion in Westminster Hall. Court dress was indispensable on

the august occasion, and the painter, with a view to his becoming appearance, had to levy contributions upon his friends, a proceeding far from unusual with him. "Sir George Beaumont," he writes, "lent me ruffles and a frill; another friend a blue velvet coat; a third a sword—the rest I had." He was at the door of Westminster Hall at half-past one in the morning, obtained admission about four, and promptly secured a front place in the chamberlain's box. "Many of the door-keepers were tipsy; quarrels took place. The sun began to light up the old Gothic windows, the peers to stroll in, and other company of all descriptions to crowd to their places." He describes admirably the whole gorgeous ceremonial, the imposing procession, the blare of the trumpets, the distant shouts of the crowd without, and the entrance of the king. "Something rustles, and a being, buried in satin, feathers, and diamonds, rolls gracefully into his seat. The room rises with a sort of feathered, silken thunder." The king withdraws to the Abbey, and after two or three hours returns to the hall, "crowned, and under a golden canopy. The banquet over, came the most imposing scene of all—the championship. . . . Wellington, in his coronet, walked down the hall, cheered by the officers of the Guards. He returned shortly, mounted, with Lords Howard and Anglesea. They rode gracefully to the foot of the throne, and then backed out. Lord Anglesea's horse was restive. Wellington became impatient, and, I am convinced, thought it a trick of Lord Anglesea's to attract attention. He never paused, but backed on, and the rest were obliged to follow him. This was a touch of character. The hall-doors opened again, and outside, in twilight, a man in dark shadowed armour appeared against the shining sky. He then moved, passed into darkness under the arch, and suddenly Wellington, Howard, and the champion stood in full view, with the doors closed behind them. This was certainly the finest sight of the day. The herald read the challenge; the glove was thrown down. They all then proceeded to the throne. My imagination got so intoxicated that I came out with a great contempt for the plebs, and as I walked by with my sword I indulged myself in an *odi profanum*!" He had forgotten by this time that his sword and other finery had been merely borrowed. He concludes characteristically, "How soon should I be ruined in luxurious society!"

The coronation of George the Fourth was a copy, with perhaps increased magnificence, of the forms and ceremonies observed upon the enthronement of his father, George the Third, in 1761. This followed hard upon the royal wedding, and the two events appear to have had a very intoxicating effect upon all concerned. Walpole wrote to his friend George Montagu: "All the wines of Bordeaux, and all the fumes of Irish brains, cannot make a town so drunk as a royal wedding and coronation. I am going to let London cool, and will not venture into it again this fortnight. Oh, the buzz, the prattle, the crowds, the noise, the hurry! . . . For the coronation, if a puppet-show could be worth a million, that is. The multitudes, balconies, guards, and processions, made Palace-yard the liveliest spectacle in the world; the hall was the most glorious. The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the benches of the peers and peeresses, frequent and full, was as awful as a pageant can be; and yet for the king's sake, and mine own, I never wish to see another. . . . The champion acted his part admirably, and dashed down his gauntlet with proud defiance. His associates, Lord Effingham, Lord Talbot, and the Duke of Bedford, were woeful; Lord Talbot (the Lord High Steward) piqued himself on backing his horse down the hall, and not turning its tail towards the king; but he had taken such pains to drill it to that duty that it entered backwards; and at his retreat the spectators clapped. A terrible indecorum, but suitable to such Bartholomew Fair doings."

This backing of their horses, in a literal, not a sporting sense, by the champion and his companions, seems to have been a matter anxiously considered at the time. What may be called a dressed rehearsal of this part of the ceremony took place in Westminster Hall some few days previous to the coronation, to insure complete performance on the part of both men and horses. In the *Public Advertiser* of September 19th, 1761, appeared this curious paragraph: "Last night Westminster Hall was illuminated, and John Dymoke, Esq., put on his armour and tried a grey horse, which his late majesty rode at the battle of Dettingen, before His Royal Highness the Duke of York, Prince Henry Frederick, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Talbot, and many other persons of distinction. There were also another grey and four other horses, which were walked and rode several

times up and down the hall. Earl Talbot rode one of them, a very fine brown bay horse, which his lordship proposes to ride on the side of the champion on the coronation day." This must have been the steed of which Walpole makes mention, which learnt its duties too well, or like an actor over-anxious to arrive at the most important scenes of his performance, missed its cues and "entered backwards." It is to be observed that if the champion really bestrode the charger which bore King George the Second at Dettingen, his "mount" had certainly arrived at years of discretion; for Dettingen was fought in 1743. The horse was then probably a youthful creature, for it ran away with its august rider, and with difficulty was stayed from carrying him into the enemy's lines. It is well known that the king was forced to descend from the impetuous animal, and that crying bravely, "Now I know I shall not run away," he drew his sword, placed himself at the head of his foot-guards, and in imperfect English, but with abundant spirit, urged them to follow his lead and attack the foe. Eighteen years had probably tamed the fire of this charger of King George's; at any rate there is no record that at his grandson's coronation there was any misconduct on the part of the horse ridden by the royal man in armour.

Was it, as a measure of economy, that so old a steed was allotted to Mr. Dymoke upon this solemn occasion? Possibly. The Dettingen charger could have been but of small value in 1761. The champion had his fees or perquisites due upon the performance of his functions. By prescriptive right he was entitled to "one of the king's great coursers, with the saddle, harness, and trappings of cloth of gold; one of the king's best suits of armour with cases of cloth of gold; and all other things belonging to the king's body when he goes into mortal battle; and the gold cup in which the king drinks to him, with its cover." The arms provided for the royal champion at the coronation of King James the Second in 1685, are very particularly enumerated. "A complete suit of white armour, a pair of gauntlets, a sword and hanger, a case of rich pistols, an oval shield with the champion's arms painted on it, and a gilded lance fringed about the handles. Also a field saddle of crimson velvet with breast-plate and other caparisons for the horse, richly laden with gold and silver, a plume of red, white, and blue feathers, consisting of eighteen falls and a heron's top, another

plume for the horse's head, and trumpet banners with the champion's own arms depicted on them." All this magnificence was the lawful fee of the champion, upon the understanding, however, that certain compensation money would be allowed upon re-delivery of the property to the Master of the Royal Armoury for the time being.

The champion's cup receives particular mention from Mr. Pepys in his account of the coronation of Charles the Second, and the banquet in Westminster Hall. "I went out a little while before the king had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rayles and ten thousand people, with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another, full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one on the right hand. . . . And the king came in with his crown on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time he got up to the further end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight; and the king's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the heralds leading up people before him and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the king's table. But above all was these three lords, Northumberland, and Suffolke, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner time, and at last bringing up the king's champion, all in armour, on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a herald proclaims, 'That if any dare deny Charles Stuart to be lawful King of England, here was a champion that would fight with him;' and with these words the champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the king's table. To which when he is come, the king drinks to him, and then sends him the cup, which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the bishops and all other at their dinners, and was infinitely pleased with it," &c. It seems that the champion's cup was not of gold, however, the Court of Claims having decided, "the word in the record being d'orie," that the

cup could not be otherwise than gilt. At the coronation of William and Mary, the champion claimed as his fee two cups, "because his service was now double, for he was to maintain by battle the titles of the king and queen." The court, however, by its judgment bade him be content with one cup. A curious claim for "twenty yards of crimson satin" was disallowed by the Court of Claims appointed at the coronation of James the Second. The claim, it seems, had not been made by the champion's ancestor at the last coronation, and he now "showed nothing to make good his pretensions thereto." What could the man in armour want with these yards of satin?

The champion long continued to be an esteemed figure in the coronation pageant, not merely because of his individual splendour, but by reason of a popular belief that claimants to the crown, in person or by their adherents, would surely avail themselves of the opportunity offered to assert what they held to be their rights, lest judgment should go against them, as it were, by default. Possibly many spectators were in hopes that a mortal combat would really ensue upon the delivery of the champion's challenge. At least it was expected that his gauntlet would be lifted up, or another glove flung down beside it. But coronations have always furnished food to the credulous and imaginative; signs and portents have invariably been looked for on such occasions. A heavy storm on the evening of Charles the Second's coronation brought distress of mind to many. "Strange it is to think," writes Pepys, "that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the king gone out of the hall, and then it fell a raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for some years; which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things." Aubrey observes: "King Charles was crowned at the very conjunction of the sun and Mercury; Mercury being then in corde solis. As the king was at dinner in Westminster Hall, it thundered and lightened extremely. The cannons and the thunder played together." And Baxter, in his Life, makes mention of the storm on Charles the Second's coronation day with reference to a portent of earlier date: "There was very terrible thunders when none expected it, which made me remember his father's coronation, on which, being a boy at school, and having leave to play for

the solemnity, an earthquake, about two o'clock in the afternoon, did affright the boys and all the neighbourhood. I intend no commentary on these, but only to relate the matter of fact."

Supply is ruled by demand, and credulity generates fables. There is no lack of stories setting forth the acceptance of the champion's challenge. Miss Strickland, in her Life of Queen Mary the Second, refers to a "gossip's tale" of this matter as associated with every coronation of the last century, which took place while an heir of James the Second existed. A woman is usually described as pushing her way through the crowd, taking up the champion's gauntlet, and leaving her own glove in its place. Sometimes the woman is said to be old and infirm, supported by crutches: then she is declared to be young and beautiful; while one version of the story has it that the Pretender himself, disguised in female attire, accomplished the daring feat. It may be remembered that in his novel of Redgauntlet, Sir Walter Scott has availed himself of this curious legend, applying it to the coronation of George the Third, and apparently unaware that it had been referred to previous coronations. Obedient to the command of her uncle, Redgauntlet, Lillias, the heroine of the novel, upon the third sounding of the champion's challenge, rushes through the crowd, a lane being opened for her as though by word of command, picks up "the parader's gage," and leaves another in lieu of it. "I have often heard," says Darsie Latimer, to whom she relates her adventure, "that a female, supposed to be a man in disguise—and yet, Lillias, you do not look very masculine—had lifted up the champion's gauntlet at the present king's coronation, and left in its place a gage of battle with a paper, offering to accept the combat, provided a fair field should be allowed for it. I have hitherto considered it as an idle tale. I have little thought how nearly I was interested in the actors of a scene so daring." In a note Sir Walter apologises for what might be considered a violent infraction of probability in this exploit of his heroine's, and upes tradition "which many people may recollect having heard" as his excuse. He is disposed to regard the story, however, as one of the numerous fictions which were circulated from time to time to keep up the spirits of a sinking faction.

The presence of the Young Pretender in disguise at the coronation of George the

Third may perhaps also be accounted a fable of similar nature and object. But the legend long enjoyed credence, and was even supported by some show of evidence. David Hume, writing to Sir John Pringle upon the subject, says, "You see this story is so nearly traced from the fountain-head as to wear a good deal of probability." Further he inquires, "What if the Pretender had taken up Dymoke's gauntlet?" And Horace Walpole, in a letter to Miss Berry in 1791, writes: "Madame d'Albany. . . chose to go to see the king in the House of Lords, with the crown on his head, prostrating the parliament. What an odd encounter. Was it philosophy or insensibility? I believe it is certain that her husband was in Westminster Hall at the coronation."

To the Lord Mayor's man in armour no historical value or interest attaches. He was not required to deliver a challenge on behalf of his civic superior, or to fulfil other knightly duties than were comprised in wearing his mail suit with such ease and grace as might be, in keeping his seat on horseback, and in lending to the annual procession the lustre of his presence. Compared with the royal champion he was but as a street performer by the side of a leading actor at a patent theatre. His exhibition was presented in the open air, and had to be accomplished let the November weather be what it would. His office was not hereditary; he had probably no pedigree to boast of, and no golden cup or other splendid perquisites rewarded his labours. Some few shillings, perhaps, were deemed sufficient recompense for his share in the show. And then the royal champion was prized by reason of the rarity of his appearance; he was to be seen only at coronations, spectacles that a man could reasonably expect to witness but once or twice in his lifetime. Whereas the City man in armour bloomed not at long intervals, like an aloe, but annually with the chrysanthemum, and in such wise came to be popularly classed among other street shows, such as the May-day sweeps, the charity children upon Ascension Day, and the effigies of Guy Fawkes. And, resplendent and gorgeous as he was, a certain histrionic suspicion clove to his aspect. He seemed to have recently escaped from the footlights. The glow of rouge was oftentimes discernible upon his cheeks, and his moustaches were frequently mere streakings of burnt cork. He might fairly have been taken for a theatrical supernumerary temporarily en-

listed in the service of the Lord Mayor. Even his suit of burnished mail, though generally understood to be kindly lent for the occasion by the custodian of the Tower armoury, seems now and then to have been borrowed from the playhouse. Possibly for the reason that the imitation accoutrements were more showy and superb than the real.

This was at any rate the case in 1811, when Sir Claudius Hunter was Lord Mayor, and Mr. Elliston was manager of the Surrey Theatre. A melodramatic play was in preparation, and for this the manager had provided, at considerable outlay, two magnificent suits of brass and steel armour of the fourteenth century, expressly manufactured by Mr. Marriott, of Fleet-street. No expense had been spared in rendering this harness as complete and splendid as could be. Forthwith Sir Claudius applied to Elliston for the loan of the new armour to enhance the glories of the civic pageant. The request was acceded to with a proviso that the suit of steel could only be lent in the event of the ensuing 9th of November proving free from damp and fog. No such condition, however, was annexed to the loan of the brass armour; and it was understood that Mr. John Kemble had kindly undertaken to furnish the helmets of the knights with costly plumes, and personally to superintend the arrangement of these decorations. Altogether it would seem that the mayor stood much indebted to the managers, who, willing to oblige, yet felt that their courtesy was deserving of some sort of public recognition. At least this was Elliston's view of the matter, who read with chagrin sundry newspaper paragraphs, announcing that at the approaching inauguration of Sir Claudius, some of the royal armour from the Tower would be exhibited, but ignoring altogether the loan of the matchless suits of steel and brass from the Surrey Theatre. The manager was mortified; he could be generous, but he knew the worth of an advertisement. He expostulated with the future mayor. Sir Claudius replied that he did not desire to conceal the transaction, but rather than it should go forth to the world that so high a functionary as an alderman of London had made a request to a theatrical manager, he thought it advisable to inform the public that Mr. Elliston had offered the use of his property for the procession of the ninth. This was hardly a fair way of stating the case, but at length the following paragraph, drawn up by Elliston, was agreed upon for publication in the newspapers:



"We understand that Mr. Elliston has lent to the Lord Mayor elect the two magnificent suits of armour, one of steel and the other of brass, manufactured by Marriott of Fleet-street, and which cost not less than six hundred pounds. These very curious specimens of the revival of an art supposed to have been lost will be displayed in the Lord Mayor's procession, and afterwards in Guildhall, with some of the royal armour in the Tower." It would seem also that the wearers of the armour were members of the Surrey company.

On the ninth, Elliston was absent from London, but he received from one left in charge of his interests a particular account of the proceedings of the day.

"The unhandsome conduct of the Lord Mayor has occasioned me much trouble, and will give you equal displeasure. In the first place your paragraph never would have appeared at all had I not interfered in the matter; secondly, cropped-tailed hacks had been procured without housings, so that I was compelled to obtain two trumpeters' horses, from the Horse Guards, long-tailed animals, and richly caparisoned; thirdly, the helmets which had been delivered at Mr. Kemble's house, were not returned until twelve o'clock on the day of action, with three miserable feathers in each, which appeared to have been plucked from the drabble tail of a hunted cock; this I also remedied by sending off at the last moment to the first plumasier, for the hire of proper feathers, and the helmets were ultimately decorated with fourteen superb plumes; fourthly, the Lord Mayor's officer, who rode in Henry the Fifth armour, jealous of our stately aspect, attempted to seize one of our horses, on which your rider made as gallant a retort as ever knight in armour could have done, and the assailer was completely foiled."

The narrator makes further revelation of the behind-the-scenes secrets of a civic pageant sixty years ago. On the arrival of the procession it was found that no accommodation had been arranged for "Mr. Elliston's men," nor were any refreshments proffered them. "For seven hours they were kept within Guildhall, where they seem to have been considered as much removed from the necessities of the flesh as Gog and Magog above their heads." At length the compassion, or perhaps the sense of humour of certain of the diners, was moved by the forlorn situation of the knights in armour, and bumpers of wine were tendered them. The man in steel

discreetly declined this hospitable offer, alleging that after so long a fast he feared the wine would affect him injuriously. It was whispered that his harness prisoned him so completely that eating and drinking were alike impracticable to him. His comrade in brass made light of these objections, gladly took the proffered cup into his gauntleted hands, and "drank the red wine through the helmet barred," as though he had been one of the famous knights of Branksome Tower. It was soon apparent that the man in brass was intoxicated. He became obstreperous; he began to reel and stumble, accoutred as he was, to the hazard of his own bones and to the great dismay of bystanders. It was felt that his fall might entail disaster upon many. Attempts were made to remove him, when he assumed a pugilistic attitude, and resolutely declined to quit the hall. The man in steel sided with the man in brass. They were only overcome at last by the onset of numbers. The scene altogether was of a most scandalous, if comical, description. It was past midnight when Mr. Marriott, the armourer, arrived at Guildhall, and succeeded in releasing the two half-dead warriors from their coats of mail.

After all, these famous suits of armour never returned to the wardrobe of the Surrey Theatre, or gleamed upon its stage; from Guildhall they were taken to Mr. Marriott's workshop. This, with all its contents, was accidentally consumed by fire. But the armourer's trade had taught him chivalry. At his own expense, although he had lost some three thousands pounds by the fire, he provided Elliston with new suits of armour in lieu of those that had been destroyed. To his outlay the Lord Mayor and the city authorities contributed—nothing; although but for the procession of the 9th of November the armour had never been in peril.

## THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c.

### BOOK III.

#### CHAPTER VI. THOU ART THE MAN.

HUMPHREY STATHAM looked up from his writing in astonishment at the sight of his friend.

"Why Martin," he cried rising and attending his hand, "this is an unexpected pleasure. I thought I might have a letter from you some time during the day, but I

never anticipated that the letter which I sent you would have the effect of drawing you from your peaceful retreat, more especially, as in your last you spoke so strongly in praise of your tranquil existence, as contrasted with the excitement and worry here."

Martin Gurwood recollected that letter. It was written but a few days previously, when his hopes of winning Alice were at their highest, before this element of discord, this stranger of whose presence Statham had warned him, had come into the field. In his friend's remark, however, Martin found something which instinctively set him on his guard. It would not do, he thought, to let it be seen how acute was his interest in the subject on which Statham had written to him; mere friendship, mere regard for Alice's welfare would have contented itself with some far less active demonstration, and, though there was no reason that he knew of for concealing the state of his feelings from his friend, as he had hitherto kept them to himself, he thought it was better not to parade them until some more fitting opportunity.

So with something like a blush, for the smallest prevarication was strange to him, Martin said: "You must not look upon your spells as so potent, my dear friend; the same post which brought me your letter brought me one from my mother, requesting an immediate decision on a matter which has been for some time in abeyance, and as this rendered it necessary for me to come to town, I took advantage of the opportunity to drop in upon you."

"I am too well pleased to see you to ask what has brought you here," said Humphrey, with a smile, "and am grateful to Mrs. Calverley for her maternal despotism. And now tell me, what did you think of the news I sent you?"

In spite of the strong effort to the contrary, the flush rose in Martin's cheeks, contrasting ill with the assumed calmness of manner with which he said, "I hear it with great regret."

"By Jove, Martin, regret is a mild term to express the feeling with which I am inspired in this matter," said Humphrey Statham, vigorously. "You have seen nothing of what has been going on, nor do I think it likely that with your ignorance of the world and its ways you would have been able to understand it if you had; but I think it desirable that you, whom we have all tacitly placed in the position of Alice's—of Mrs. Claxton's—guardian, should take some immediate action."

Martin coloured afresh. "This—this gentleman," he said.

"Do not misuse a good word," said Statham, interrupting him. "Henrich Wetter, the person of whom we are speaking, is by no means a gentleman in any sense of the term. He is a sharp, shrewd, clever knave, always keeping within the limits of the law, but within those limits thoroughly unscrupulous. He is good-looking, too, and wonderfully plausible; a more undesirable visitor for our friend in Pollington-terrace could scarcely be imagined!"

"And yet he is a cousin of Madame Du Tertre's, and came there through her introduction, I thought you said," remarked Martin.

"Yes," said Humphrey, with some hesitation; "that is a part of the business which I don't quite clearly understand, and on which I have my doubts. There is one thing, however, certain; that is, that he is there very frequently, and that it is advisable he should have a hint to discontinue his visits."

"And by whom is that hint to be given to him?"

"Of course by Mrs. Claxton. But if her ignorance of the ways of the world prevents her from seeing the necessity of taking such a step, that necessity should be made clear by some one who has the right of advising her. In point of fact—by you!"

"It is my ignorance of the ways of the world upon which you were speaking just now," said Martin, with a half-smile.

"And no one could have a finer theme on which to discourse; but in certain matters you are good enough to be guided by me."

"And you say that——"

"I say," interrupted Humphrey Statham with vehemence, "that Mr. Henrich Wetter is the last man who should be on intimate visiting terms at Mrs. Claxton's house. He is known not merely to have, but to boast of a certain unenviable reputation, which, notwithstanding his undoubted leading position in the business world, causes him to be shunned socially by those who value the fair fame of their womankind."

"This is bad hearing, indeed," said Martin Gurwood, nervously.

"Bad hearing," interrupted Statham, emphasising his remark with outstretched hand, "for any one to whom Alice is—I mean to say for any one who has Mrs. Clax-

ton's interest at heart, it is, indeed, bad hearing."

Something in the tone of Humphrey Statham's voice, something in the unusually earnest expression of his face, caused Martin to keep his eyes fixed upon his friend with peculiar intensity. What was the reason of the thrill which passed through him as Humphrey had stumbled at the mention of Alice's name? What revelation to sting and overwhelm him was about to be made by the man whose placid and unruffled nature he had often envied, whose heart he had always regarded as a part of his anatomy which did its work well, beating, indeed, warmly for his friends, but otherwise giving him little or no trouble.

Humphrey Statham did not keep him very long in suspense. "Look here, Martin," said he, "if you were to tell the people at Lloyd's, that I, Humphrey Statham, of Change-alley, was in some respects a fatalist, they would surely laugh at you, and tell you that fatalism and marine insurance did not go very well together. And yet it is to a certain extent the fact. Your arrival here this morning was no chance work, the spirit which prompted you to answer my appeal in person instead of by letter was—There, don't laugh at me—I felt it when I saw you enter the room, and determined on my course of action, determined on making a clean breast of it, and telling my old friend what I have for some time now been wearing in my heart of hearts."

He paused as though expecting his companion to make some remark. But Martin Gurwood sat silent, merely inclining his head, with his hands nervously clutching at the table before him.

"I hardly know how to tell you, after all," said Humphrey, with something like a blush on such portions of his cheeks as his beard left uncovered, "and you do not give a fellow the slightest help. You will think it strange in me, queer, odd sort of fish that I am, having lived for so many years—for all my life as far as you know—a solitary, self-contained, oyster-like existence, to acknowledge that I am as vulnerable as other men. But it is so; and on the principle of there being no fool like an old fool, I imagine that my hurt is deeper and more deadly than in ninety-nine other cases. No need to beat about the bush any longer, Martin; I tell you, as my old friend, that I am in love with Alice Claxton!"

Martin Gurwood started. From the time that Humphrey commenced to hesitate, a

strange expression had crept over the face of his friend listening to him, but he was so enwrapped in the exposition of his own feelings that he scarcely noticed it.

"You—Humphrey Statham—in love with Alice Claxton?"

"Yes, I! I, whom every one had supposed to be so absorbed in business as to have no time, no care for what my City friends would doubtless look upon as sentimental nonsense! I knew better than that myself; I knew that my heart had by nature been created capable of feeling love—I knew that from experience, Martin—but I thought that the power of loving had died out, never to come again. I was wrong. It has come again, thank Heaven! Never in my life have I been under the influence of a feeling so deep, so true and tender, as that which I have for Alice Claxton."

As Humphrey ceased speaking, Mr. Collins put his head into the room and told his chief that Mr. Brevoort was in his carriage at the end of the court, and desired to see him. In an instant Humphrey resumed his business-like manner.

"Excuse me an instant, Martin; Mr. Brevoort is half paralysed and cannot leave his carriage, so I must go to him. I shall be back in five minutes. Wait here and think over what I have just said to you! Now, Collins!" And he was gone.

Think over what had just been said to him! Martin Gurwood could do that without a second bidding. The words were ringing in his ears, the sense they conveyed seemed clogging and deadening his brain. Humphrey Statham in love with Alice Claxton—with his Alice—with the woman whom he had come to look upon as his own, and in whose sweet companionship he had fondly hoped to pass the remainder of his life. Her attraction must be great indeed if she could win the affections of such a man as Statham, calm, shrewd, and practical, not likely to be influenced merely by a pretty face or an interesting manner. The news came upon Martin like a thunderbolt! In all the long hours which he had devoted to the consideration of his love for Alice, to self-probing and examination, the idea of any rivalry had never entered into his mind. It was not that he had imagined himself secure, owing to Alice's secluded life or peculiar position; the idea had never crossed his mind. She was there, and he loved her, that was all he knew. Something like a pang of jealousy, indeed, he experienced on reading Humphrey's letter, telling of Mr. Heinrich Wet-

ter's visits to Pollington-terrace; but that, though it had the effect of inducing him to start for London, was but a temporary trouble. He had guessed from what Humphrey wrote, he was sure from what Humphrey said, that this Wetter was not the style of man to captivate a woman of Alice's refinement; and he felt that the principal reason for putting a stop to his visits would be to prevent any chance of Alice's exposure to annoyance or insult.

But what he had just heard placed matters in a very different light. Here was Humphrey Statham avowing his love for Alice; Humphrey, his own familiar friend, whom he had consulted in his trouble when the story of the Claxton mystery was first revealed to him by Doctor Haughton. Humphrey, who had been the first to see Alice with a view of opening negotiations with her at the time when they so misjudged her real character and position, and who, as Martin well recollected, was even then impressed with her beauty and her modesty, and returned to fight her battles with him. Yes, Humphrey Statham had been her first champion, but that was no reason he should be her last. That gave him no monopoly of right to love and tend her. Was there any baseness, any treachery, Martin wondered, in his still cherishing his own feelings towards Alice after having heard his friend's confession? Let him think it out then and there, for that was the crowning moment of his life.

He sat there for some minutes, his head bowed, his hands clasped together on his knees. All that he had gone through since he first heard in the drawing-room at Great Walpole-street the true story of John Calverley's death, his first feelings of repulsion and aversion to the woman whom he believed to have been the bane of his mother's life, his colloquies with Statham, his first visit to Hendon, his meeting with Pauline, and their plot for keeping Alice in ignorance of the fact that the funeral had taken place, all this passed through Martin Gurwood's mind during his reverie. Passed through his mind also a recollection of the gradual manner in which he softened to the heart-broken, friendless girl, recognising her as the victim instead of the betrayer, and finding in her qualities which were rare amongst those of her sex who stood foremost and fearless in the approbation of the world. Was the day-dream in which he had of late permitted himself to indulge to vanish in this way? Was he to give up the one great hope of gladdening his life, the mere anti-

cipation of which seemed to have changed the current of his being? No! That was his determination! Humphrey Statham was the best, the truest, the dearest fellow in the world, but this was almost a matter of life and death, in which no question of sentimental friendship should have weight. He would tell Humphrey frankly and squarely what were his own feelings for Alice Claxton, and they would go in then, in rancourless rivalry, each to do his best to win her. And as he arrived at this decision, the door opened and Humphrey Statham returned.

"Well," he cried, running up in his boisterous way with outstretched hands, "you have been lost in reflection, I suppose, chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy! Not bitter though, I hope; there is no bitterness to you, Martin, in my avowal, nor to any one else, I fancy, for the matter of that, unless it be that precious article, Mr. Wetter!"

"I have been thinking over what you told me, Humphrey, and I was going to——"

"No, no, not yet. I haven't told you half I have to say," interrupted Statham, pushing his friend back into his chair, and seating himself. "Of course you're astonished, living the life you do—'celibate as a fly in the heart of an apple,' as Jeremy Taylor has it—at any one's falling in love, and at me more than any one else. You think I am not formed for that sort of thing, that I am hard, and cold, and practical, and that I have been so all my life. You little dream, Martin, for I have never said a word about it even to you, that some years ago I was so devoted to a woman as to be nearly heart-broken when she abandoned me."

"Abandoned you!"

"Yes." He shuddered, and passed his hand across his face. "I don't like to think about it even now, and should not recur to it if the circumstances had not a connexion with Alice Claxton."

"With Alice," exclaimed Martin, and bending forward eagerly.

"Yes. I must tell you the whole story, or you will not understand it, but I will tell it shortly. Some years ago, down in the North, I fell in love with a pretty girl below my own station in life. I pursued the acquaintance, and speedily let her know the state of my feelings towards her. Not, as you will readily understand, with any base motives, for I never, thank Heaven, had any desire to play the Don Juan——"

What's the matter, Martin? How white you look! Are you faint?"

"A little faint—thank you, it's quite over now! You were saying——"

"I was going to say that I meant fairly and honourably by this girl. I was not able to marry her immediately, however. I was poor then, and her friends insisted, rightly enough, that I should show I was able to maintain her. I worked hard to that end," said Humphrey, after a short pause, "but when I went down in triumph to claim her, I found she had fled from Headingly."

"From where?" cried Martin, starting forward.

"Headingly, near Leeds; that was where she lived. She had fled away from there no one knew whither. A week before I reached the place she was missed, had vanished, leaving no letter of explanation, no trace of the route she had taken. And I never saw her more."

He paused again, but Martin Gurwood spoke not, bending forward still with his eyes fixed upon his friend.

"Poor girl, poor darling girl!" muttered Humphrey, as though communing with himself. "What an awful fate for one so young and pretty."

"What fate?" cried Martin Gurwood. "Where is she now?"

"Dead!" said Humphrey Statham, solemnly. "Found killed by cold and hunger, with her baby on her breast! It seems that my poor Emily, deserted by the scoundrel who had taken her away—may the eternal——"

"Stay!" interrupted Martin Gurwood, wildly throwing up his arms. "Stay! For mercy's sake do not add your curses to the torture which I have been suffering under for years, and which culminates in this moment!"

"You!" said Humphrey, starting back. "You! Are you mad?"

"I would to Heaven I were, I would to Heaven I had been, for I should have had some excuse! The girl you speak of was called Emily Mitchell. I was the man who entrapped her from Headingly; I was the man who ruined her, body and soul!"

Humphrey Statham fell back in his chair. His lips parted, but no sound came from them.

"It is right that you should hear all now," said Martin, in a dull, low tone, "though until this instant I never knew who was the man whom I had wronged so deeply; never, of course, suspected it was you. She told me that there was a gentleman far above her station in life who intended to marry her, but she never mentioned his name. I was on a visit to a college friend when I first saw Emily, and fell in love with her. I had no evil intentions then, but the thing went on from bad to worse, until I persuaded her to elope with me. Ah, my God," he cried wildly, "bear witness to the one long protracted torture which my subsequent life has been, to the struggles which I have made to shake off the hypocrisy and deceit under whose dominion I have lived, and to stand confessed as the meanest of Thy creatures! Bear witness to these, and let them plead for me!"

Then he flung himself forward on the desk, and buried his face in his hands. There came a knock at the door. Humphrey Statham, all horror-stricken as he was, rushed forward to prevent any intrusion. But he was too late, the door opened quickly, and Pauline entered the room.

Early in December will be published

THE EXTRA

**CHRISTMAS NUMBER,**

PRICE FOURPENCE.

To be obtained of all Booksellers and at the Railway Bookstalls.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*

# DOOM'S DAY CAMP.

THE EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CONTAINING THE AMOUNT OF TWO ORDINARY NUMBERS.

CHRISTMAS, 1872.

PRICE  
4d.

## INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
DOOM'S DAY CAMP . . . . .	1	SISTER JOHANNA'S STORY . . . . .	21
THE FATE OF MADAME CABANEL . . . . .	6	THE QUEEN CLOCK . . . . .	27
JINGLING GEORDIE . . . . .	13	A WILL O' THE WISP . . . . .	32
URSULA'S MATE . . . . .	41		

### DOOM'S DAY CAMP.

"WAL, sir, and so you have concluded to fix yourself in our city! I guess you couldn't do better! This is the place for a live man, this Chicago, just beginning to feel its feet, not half played out like your old Manchester and Yorkshire on the other side. No, sir, and not like St. Louis, a one-horse place, which we could put into one of our grain elevators, but which is never tired of blowin' and crackin' itself up. Yes, sir, Chicago is the Queen of the West, you bet."

"Then you think I have done right in making up my mind to settle here?"

"Yes, sir, that is so! I am acquainted with this continent. I was down to Bosting when I was a lad, and was located in New York at the Grand Central Hotel for two weeks when James T. Heffernan run for mayor. Likewise Philadelphia and Washington, but they don't amount to much. Don't you believe what the real estate brokers tell you about them cities; it won't wash, it's quite too thin; but plank down your pile in Chicago, and you'll have no need to move stakes never agen."

The speaker was a man standing two or three inches over six feet in height, lean-ribbed and wiry in frame, and giving one the idea of great strength. His clear grey eyes, looking even lighter than nature had originally intended them to be, in the deep bronzed complexion in which they were set, had a frank, earnest, and withal somewhat humorous expression; his nose was large and aquiline; his lips thin and compressed; and his square chin was covered with a long hay-coloured beard.

A slight stain at the corner of his mouth, an occasional abstraction of manner under the influence of extra enjoyment, and an unremitting attention to the china jar which, placed on the floor of the car, served for a spittoon, showed that Rufus P. Croffut followed the practice still common among his western countrymen, and regularly invested a certain portion of his dollar in Bagley's Mayflower, which he held to be the best chewing tobacco made in the States. His companion was a good specimen of the average middle-class Englishman, young, good-looking, and intelligent, and the place where the conversation just recorded was carried on was a drawing-room car—a large saloon on wheels, elegantly fitted with easy-chairs, tables, mirrors, &c., running over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and now nearing Chicago, the time being about eleven on the night of Sunday, the 8th of October, 1871.

"Blows, don't it?" said Rufus P. Croffut, pulling his coat tightly round him; "wind seems to snake in at every crack, and that nigger"—looking at the negro who was trimming one of the suspended lamps—"that nigger is powerful weak at keeping the door shut. Say, Peter, pretty tall wind outside, ain't there?"

"Reg'lar storm, colonel," replied the negro; "'nuff to blow de smokestack out of de locomotive."

"Fall weather is all gone, I guess, and we're going in for winter right away. Well, Mr. Middleton, since you're decided to squat in Chicago, I can recommend you to a boarding-house where you will be comfortably located."

"I'm not such a stranger in Chicago as you seem to think," said Harry Middleton, with a laugh. "I've been there once before, though only for a few days, and I have some friends there, one friend especially, who—in point of fact," he added, with cheeks flushing under his companion's searching gaze, "I am going to Chicago to be married."

"Why, thunder!" cried Croffut, with a broad grin. "Why, then, in course you won't want no boarding, but will go right away to housekeep! Say, mister, who is this gal of yours?"

Middleton started at the abruptness of the question, but immediately recollecting that his companion had no intention to offend, said, "She is Miss Otis, daughter of Judge Otis, and——"

"What Myra?" interrupted the Western. "Guess I've known her since she was born! Guess I know'd the jedge when he was sent to lobby a new appropriation for our post-office through Congress. She's the right sort is Myra. You're in luck's way, mister, and I give you joy! Ha, what's that!"

His exclamation was caused by a tremendous gust of wind, which came sweeping over the open plain, and seemed to shake the train of cars as it passed along.

"Dat's de wind dat I told you of," said the negro, pausing by them, and looking out of the window. "Bress my soul, it's a reg'lar wild night."

"That's suthin more than wind, Peter," said Croffut, following his look. "Keep your eyes skinned and see straight over there. I've done too much camping out not to know the streak of fire, and by G— it's there."

He pointed as he spoke to a light on the horizon, now dull red, now flaring bright at each successive gust of wind.

"Dey're got anoder fire in Chicago, I guess," said the negro, grinning and showing all his white teeth; "dey had one last night, so Adams's express-man in Pittsburg was telling me just now. Burns bright, don't it, Mr. Croffut?" he added, shading his eyes with his hand; "dey do everything in Chicago better than anywhere else—even to fires."

"Tell you what it is," said Croffut, still looking straight before him, "this ain't going to be just one of your match-box blazes, this ain't. It means going, this does, and everything is in its favour. There has been no rain all summer, and the sun has scorched all the sap out of the trees, and baked the airth and the houses till they're

as dry as tinder, and as ready to fire. And there's this here drivin' gale of wind, surging up from the south-west. Look at the lake under it. It's whipping the waters until Old Nick is growing reg'lar mad."

He pointed as he spoke to the lake, alongside of which the train was running, and on whose troubled surface the waves were rising high and white-crested, like the breakers on an ocean beach.

"Guess de fire department will be pretty tired with last night's work, and won't care about turning out again in a hurry," said Peter. "Flames seem to walk along strong, don't they, Mr. Croffut?"

"They du, that same," said Croffut; "the way it flares is a caution!"

"Have you any idea," asked Harry Middleton, who, while eagerly scanning the distant horizon, had listened to this conversation with blanched cheeks, "have you any idea whereabouts the fire is?"

"Looks somewhar round by the depot. I should say," said Peter, straining his eyes under the shade of his hand. "Don't you think so, Mr. Croffut?"

"More than that, I guess," said Croffut. "It would take all ten or twelve blocks to make that light. It's making tracks through them wooden buildings and shanties in the West Division, that's what's the matter. What makes you take such an interest in it, young man?" he asked, turning to Middleton.

"I—I was anxious for Myra."

"Lord, I forgot about the gal," said Croffut. "Whar is she stayin'?"

"At the Sherman House, or at the Pacific—I don't know which," said Harry.

"Don't you be skeared, my lad. I guess the jedge ain't easily taken by a deadfall. You can't come any gum-games over him: and if he saw the fire creeping up to his diggings, and thought he was going to be crowded out, he'd move stakes at once. He ain't one to bark up the wrong tree, ain't the jedge."

As he spoke the engine, uttering its deep intermittent groans, and with the huge bell suspended midway over its boiler loudly clanging, was already running through the outskirts of the town, and nearing the scene of devastation. Already the narrow streets and alleys, right through the centre of which the railroad ran, were beginning to overflow, and to be choked with people driven from their houses, whose terror-stricken faces were silent witnesses of the anguish through which they had passed; women, frantic with terror, and only half dressed, who had

been roused from their threatened homes, and dragged into the streets; children, only half awake, and dazed and deafened by the roar and tumult; men, laden with such hasty waifs and strays of their deserted hearths as they had been enabled to snatch up in the moment of flight—all drifting about, in hopeless uncertainty, in search of any place of refuge. Already the train was forcing its way through an atmosphere alive with showers of sparks and swirling flakes of fire, which went hurtling through the air, borne upon the wings of the tornado then raging: an atmosphere so rarefied by the intense heat as to cause the cooler air from beyond to rush in with eddying whirlwinds. Already the engine, with its iron-tongued bell booming out the knell of doom, was coming to a standstill far in advance of its usual halting-place, and the affrighted passengers, leaping forth, saw before them a deep, dull, red glow fringed by two lively tongues of brilliant flame, which leaped forth, and lit up and swallowed all with which they came in contact.

Harry Middleton was one of the first to alight, and hurried on for a few steps, but he soon found anything like swift progress impossible, and stood, more than half dazed, gazing on the scene around him. Far into the broad channel of the main road, fed on either side by innumerable intersecting streets and courts and alleys, each contributing its quota of terror-stricken people to the general mass, came pouring a shrieking, yelling, gesticulating crowd, only to be numbered by thousands, and making its way it scarcely knew whither, in a mad frenzied stampede. Away from the fire they were rushing—away from the burnt-up beggars' homes and the scenes of horror which they had just witnessed; men, women, and children, all for the most part laden with some articles of value, which they had hastily secured, each trying to outstrip the other in the frantic flight. Crushing down into the midst of this mass were vehicles of every description, which had been hired at fabulous prices, and which were stacked with furniture and goods, amongst which not unfrequently lay crying women and cowering children, the drivers yelling at their frightened beasts, and fighting their way through the human mass, which was too weak to repulse them, and yet too dense and serried to escape. But this escaping crowd, numerous and powerful as it was, did not have it all its own way. For directly opposed to it,

and hurrying from the very direction towards which it bent its steps, came another seething, struggling mass of humanity, composed of merchants and proprietors who, living far out in the extreme suburbs, had only just learned the disaster of the night, and were now hurrying into the city in hot haste eager to learn what amount of ruin had fallen upon them. Where these opposing bodies met, the scene was most frightful; men seized upon each other and endeavoured to clear the way and pursue their progress by sheer brute force; the old and feeble were knocked down and trampled upon; children were torn from their parents, and the heavy lurid air, echoing from time to time with a dull roar as the gunpowder did its useless work, was pierced with childish shrieks and female lamentations.

"Say," said a voice in Harry Middleton's ear, as he stood gazing at these frightful sights, "I've seen more fires than you could shake a stick at, but nothing like this; this livens up, this does, out of pure cussedness. Now, see here, I'm my own boss, and haven't got woman nor child to look after. You're too young to count for much in a skear like this, and I'll stand by your side and see you through it. Now come along with me, we'll make our track to the Sherman House and see after Myra and the jedge."

It was Croffut's deep-toned voice that spoke; it was Croffut's hand that gripped Harry Middleton's arm, and pulled him forward. The young man made no attempt to resist, but pulled himself together with an effort, and followed his conductor down a broad street branching off from the main thoroughfare. Here the crowd was much less dense, though, even as it was, the street was terribly thronged, while the scenes enacted in it were of an equally painful and extraordinary character. For while, at the outbreak of the fire, the professional thieves had taken advantage of the public excitement to carry on a certain amount of petty pilfering, as the night wore on and the terrific extent of the impending disaster became apparent, they dropped all pretence of concealment, and aided by thousands of poverty-stricken loafers, who only needed the opportunity to drop from idleness into crime, began to pillage indiscriminately. Such stores and warehouses as were closed were speedily broken open and gutted of their contents, while in others, where the owners and their servants were busying themselves in packing up the property ready for transportation, the influx of a



band of desperadoes would be the signal for a hand-to-hand fight, at the conclusion of which, the legitimate occupants, outnumbered and overpowered, would be cast maimed and bleeding into the streets, while the robbers would give themselves up to their work of plunder and destruction.

It was obvious, however, from the nature of the booty which, in many cases, became theirs, that all their boldness and success would have been thrown away had they been unable to obtain the means of transport. In league with the robbers, however, were a large number of rascally "express-men" (who are the recognised agents for the conveyance of goods and luggage in America), corresponding to the Pickfords and other great railway-carriers in England, who, in consideration of a share of the proceeds, placed their wagons and horses at the disposal of the thieves, and waited as composedly at the doors of houses which were being ransacked, as though they were there upon a legitimate errand. Nor was the robbery confined to the sacking of shops and private dwellings. Raids had been made on the liquor stores, and the effects of the drink were beginning to be painfully prominent. While maudlin wretches, male and female, lay stretched upon the streets hiccuping forth their drunken songs and ribald blasphemy, others, who had not drunk so deeply, stood at the corners of the streets banded together in groups of three or four, and stopping all the women and children, and the weaker men that passed by, bearing money, jewellery, or any small article of value, compelled them to yield it up.

Not unprepared, apparently, for scenes of this kind, and certainly totally undaunted by them, was Rufus P. Croffut. Scarcely had they started on their walk when he stopped short, and putting his hands behind him and pulling a Derringer from each of those two hind-pockets which are so universal in American, so uncommon in European trousers, handed one to his companion, as he said:

"I reckon I git the drift of this pretty cl'ar. They're keerless of human life about here, these derned rowdies, and will draw a bead on you at onct if you hev'n't the savvy to draw on them first. But there's a few of them know me, and I guess they'll dry up when they see me, so keep your shootin'-iron handy, and come along."

Whether it was that Croffut was known to these desperadoes as the hero of certain adventures in the early days in which very

rough though even-handed justice had been dealt forth, or whether, as is far more probable, his gaunt wiry frame, and resolute face, aided by the appearance of the Derringer in his right hand, had that effect, it is certain that he and his young companion pushed through the crowd unmolested, and made their way to the Sherman House.

On their arrival there they found the mansion in a blaze!

Nevertheless it was the only place where a certain amount of discipline seemed to be preserved. The people who were gathered together in front of the burning pile were gazing idly on because they had nothing better to do; having been utterly ruined some hours previously, they could with equanimity contemplate the sufferings of their neighbours, but the residents in the hotel, having had due notice, had all long since been removed to places of shelter.

All?

"All, sir," said the clear-headed, energetic hotel clerk, who since the establishment was first threatened had been actively engaged in providing for the safety of those confided to his care, and to whom the question was addressed by Croffut; "all sir, including a number of ladies as hadn't any male escort, and down to five ladies who were sick, and whom we just carried out of their rooms, and have placed in these hacks," pointing to some cabs just by the pavement and just about to start off.

"Five! There's only four women there," said Croffut; "but they look sick enough for fifty."

"There are five, sir," repeated the clerk, passing along, and looking into the cabs. "Why, my God!" he exclaimed, turning rapidly round to two or three of the porters who, scorched and blackened by the smoke, were standing by, silently watching the progress of the flames and momentarily expecting the building to fall in, "didn't any one go for the lady in Number Thirty-two, Judge Otis's room?"

"What's that?" cried Harry Middleton, pushing past his friend; "what name did you say?"

"Nonsense, stay; no matter, now," said Croffut, laying his heavy hand on the young man's chest, "the whole place is full of flames."

"Let me go," cried Harry, shaking him off, and seizing an axe from a fireman. "It's Myra's life that's in danger."

"Wal," said the hotel clerk, quietly, picking up a large overcoat that lay on the ground, and enveloping his head and arms

in it, "if you go, I'm going too, jest to show you the way."

"So am I," said Croffut, taking similar precautions. "If the poor girl is there, you'll want some one pretty strong to help heft her."

So, with a loud cry from the crowd, which was half a shout of encouragement, half an expression of horror at their boldness, the three men dashed forward into the now trembling structure. Through great flaring bursts of flame, that leapt and glowed all round them, through thick columns of smoke, they made their way, now halting for an instant before the hot breath of the fire, now pressing on with renewed energy, until the hotel clerk touched Croffut, who was leading, on the shoulder, and silently pointed to a door. At a blow and a kick from the western man's foot and hand, in it crashed, leaving an aperture through which Harry Middleton was the first to spring.

It was her room! Harry recognised the heavy blue serge dress hanging in the open wardrobe as one which he had himself ordered from England, for Myra—but the room was empty—she was not there! He ran hither and thither shrieking her name in tones of anguish, then overpowered by the smoke and flame, but worst of all by the deadly sinking of his heart, he succumbed and fell senseless on the floor.

When Harry Middleton came to himself, the first thing he felt was an acute pain in his right arm, and looking at it he found that the sleeve of his coat had been cut away, and that the limb was enveloped in strips of wetted rag. Where was he? How came he to be lying there stretched out on his back, propped up against a mound of turf, and, as far he could make out through the gloom, with trees not yet entirely stripped of their autumnal foliage waving above him? What was this strong smell of charred wood? What was the meaning of that red lurid light in the sky above and all around? Ah, he remembered now, the burning city, the crumbling walls of the hotel, the—the search for his lost love! And this beneath him on which he was lying, this substance half singed, half soaked, was her serge dress, the last thing on which he had looked before his senses left him! What had happened to him that he had abandoned the search and lay idle there? He must get up at once and learn what had occurred! He strove to raise himself, but there was a dead numbness through all his

limbs and he fell back helpless. At that moment Rufus P. Croffut's honest face was interposed between him and the sky.

"Say," cried the kindly western giant, "why you ain't crazy no longer, but have cooned right away to yerself! Lay right still and listen while I talk to yer! I know what ye're going to ask—about Miss Myra, ain't it? She's safe, you bet!"

"Safe!" cried Harry, with a groan.

"Wal, she wasn't folded up in the fire at the Sherman House, anyhow. This is all about that. When you caved in on the floor, I thought you was clean rubbed out. Me and the hotel clerk, who is cl'ar grit all through—me and the hotel clerk throwed a pitcher of water over this here gownd, and fixed you up in it, and snaked you out as best we could. It wern't such cruel easy work, but we got through with it, and while I was wondering whether you'd passed in your checks or was still good for a hand, one of the hackmen came up and told me he see'd Judge Otis and his gal pass out of the hotel more than an hour before. I told him he lied, but he fixed it up right enough, for he says, 'I'm from New Hampshire, and I've know'd the jedge ever since he was a long-legged galoot at East Concord—the gal she's sick, ain't she? Wal, the jedge he comes out, and he makes a trade with James M'Nulty, one of the hackmen, to take him and a lady out of the reach of the fire: anywhere, he says, out of the reach. Sixty dollars M'Nulty asked, and the jedge never dickered, but agreed to give it, and went back into the house to fetch the lady. While he was gone, Natey Dodge, of the jewellery store in the next block, came round saying he'd been trying everywhere for an express waggon and couldn't get one, and he give the hackman a five hundred dollar bill to let him pack the coach full of his goods as many times as he could between then and the time the fire got to his store. 'That's good enough for me,' said the driver, and though the jedge just then arrove at the door with the sick gal in his arms, the hackman was driving off, when three men in the crowd standing by had a word together. Then two of them went for the driver, knocked him into the road and held him there, while the third helped to hand the jedge and the lady into the carriage, jumped on to the box, seized the reins, and struck a bee-line for a place of safety.'"

"Thank God," said Harry Middleton, faintly. "But has nothing more been heard of her?"

"Wal, no," said Croffut, after a short pause. "It ain't no use lying, and so far

I am cornered. I brought you out here, mostwise on my back, to this here Lincoln Park, where all the poor skeared homeless critturs has fled to, and where, if you could only look round—so, gently, let me give you a heft under the shoulder, now, down again—you would see yourself s'rounded by the curiousist lot of humans, Germans, French, and all sorts. Doom's Day Camp some of 'em calls it, and I ain't surprised that many of 'em think the very last day's come for 'em, poor wretches. I spoke to two or three of them, for though they had misery enough of their own I know'd they'd look after you, and they did so, while I went and looked all round the park. Sech heaps of trouble I never see; men, women, and children all down in it, but the jedge weren't among them, nor Myra neither."

"What shall I do, oh what shall I do?"

"Don't go back on your luck, sonny," said Croffut, cheerily; "nothing can't be done till daybreak, and there's hours till then, when I'll set about a further search. See, here's two of your nurses coming to speak to yer," he added, as a man and a woman drew near.

"Gott sey dank, the young herr is better," said the woman, a fresh, wholesome-looking German, with rather sad grey eyes, hurrying to Harry's side.

And before Harry could thank her several of the other sufferers came up, haggard, and worn, and smoke-blackened, but all, even in their own misery, sufficiently human-hearted to find a kind word for the suffering lad, of the loss of whose love, and of whose bravery in the search for her, they had heard.

They grouped themselves around, and after discussing for the thousandth time the incidents of the fire, as personally affecting themselves, drifted into indifferent topics. At last one of the men lying on the outside edge of the circle struck a keynote by saying:

"This here park jines on to the cemetery, I guess. I hope no catawampous vampires will be out grazing there to-night."

"Ach Himmel, don't talk of such dreadful things as vampires," cried a fair-haired German girl, burying her head in her mother's lap.

"And yet they are not so dreadful as those who think they have to deal with them," said a grave French gentleman from his place close by Harry. "I know a story——"

"A story!" cried Croffut, "Hyer, hand it round."

Instantly there was a chorus of exclama-

tions in various languages, all clamouring for the story.

"Well," said the French gentleman, relaxing into a grave smile, "I will tell you the story. It may-serve to send some to sleep, or for a time to distract the thoughts of others from matters of which, Heaven knows, they will have enough."

And so, without further preface, he commenced—

## THE FATE OF MADAME CABANEL.

PROGRESS had not invaded, science had not enlightened, the little hamlet of Pieu-rot, in Brittany. They were a simple, ignorant, superstitious set who lived there, and the luxuries of civilisation were known to them as little as its learning. They toiled hard all the week; they went regularly to mass in the little chapel; believed implicitly all that monsieur le curé said to them, and many things he did not say; and they took all the unknown, not as magnificent, but as diabolical.

The sole link between them and the outside world was Monsieur Jules Cabanel, the proprietor par excellence of the place; maire, juge de paix, and all the public functionaries rolled into one. And he sometimes went to Paris, whence he returned with a cargo of novelties that excited envy, admiration, or fear, according to the degree of intelligence in those who beheld them. Monsieur Jules Cabanel was not the most charming man of his class in appearance, but he was generally held to be a good fellow at bottom. A short, thick-set, low-browed man, with blue-black hair cropped close like a mat, as was his blue-black beard, inclined to obesity and fond of good living, he had need have some virtues behind the bush to compensate for his want of personal charms. He was not bad, however; he was only common and unlovely.

Up to fifty years of age he had remained unmarried. Perhaps his handsome house-keeper, Adèle, had something to do with his persistent celibacy. They said she had, under their breath as it were, down in the village; but no one dared to so much as hint the like to herself. She was a proud, reserved kind of woman, and had strong notions of her own dignity, which no one cared to disturb. So, whatever the underhand gossip of the place might be, neither she nor her master got wind of it.

Presently, and quite suddenly, Jules Cabanel, who had been for a longer time than usual in Paris, came home with a

wife. Adèle had twenty-four hours' notice only to prepare, and the task seemed heavy. But she got through it; arranged the rooms as she knew her master would wish them to be arranged, and even placed a voluntary bunch of flowers on the salon table.

"Strange flowers for a bride," said to herself little Jeannette, the goose-girl who was sometimes brought into the house to work, as she noticed heliotrope—called in France "*la fleur des veuves*"—scarlet poppies, with a bunch of belladonna, and another of aconite—scarcely flowers of bridal welcome or bridal significance. Nevertheless, they stood where Adèle had placed them; and if Monsieur Cabanel meant anything by the passionate expression of disgust with which he ordered them out of his sight, madame seemed to understand nothing, as she smiled with the look of a person who is assisting at a scene of which the true bearing is not understood.

Madame Cabanel was an Englishwoman; young, pretty, and fair as an angel.

"*La beauté du diable*," said the Pieuvrotines, with something between a sneer and a shudder; for the words meant with them more than they mean in ordinary use. Swarthy, ill-nourished, low of stature, and meagre in frame as they were themselves, they could not understand the plump form, tall figure, and fresh complexion of the Englishwoman. Unlike their own experience, it was therefore more likely to be evil than good. The feeling which had sprung up against her at first sight deepened when it was observed that, although she went to mass with praiseworthy punctuality, she did not know her missal, and signed herself *à travers*. *La beauté du diable*, in faith!

"*Pouf!*" said Martin Briolic, the old grave-digger of the little cemetery; "with those red lips of hers, her rose cheeks, and her plump shoulders, she looks like a vampire, and as if she lived on blood."

He said this one evening down at *La Veuve Prieur's*, and he said it with an air of conviction that had its weight. For Martin Briolic was reputed the wisest man of the district, not even excepting monsieur le curé, who was wise in his own way which was not Martin's, nor Monsieur Cabanel, who was wise in his, which was neither Martin's nor the curé's. He knew all about the weather and the stars, the wild herbs that grew on the plains and the wild shy beasts that eat them, he had the power of divination, and could find where the hidden springs of water lay far down in the earth. He knew, too, where

treasures could be had on Christmas Eve if only you were quick and brave enough to enter the cleft in the rock at the right moment, and come out again before too late; and he had seen with his own eyes the White Ladies dancing in the moonlight, and the little imps, the lutins, playing by the pit at the edge of the wood. And he had a shrewd suspicion as to who, among those black-hearted men of *La Crèche-en-bois*, the rival hamlet, was a loup-garou if ever there was one on the face of the earth—and no one doubted that! He had other powers of a yet more mystic kind; so that Martin Briolic's bad word went for something.

Fanny Campbell, or, as she was now, Madame Cabanel, would have excited no special attention anywhere but at such a dead-alive, ignorant, and gossiping place as Pieuvrot. What history she had was commonplace enough. She was simply an orphan and a governess; very young, and very poor; whose employers had quarrelled with her, and left her stranded in Paris, alone and almost moneyless, and who had married Monsieur Jules Cabanel as the best thing she could do. Loving no one else, she was not difficult to be won by the first man who showed her kindness in her trouble and destitution; and she accepted her middle-aged suitor, who was fitter to be her father than her husband, with a determination to do her duty cheerfully and faithfully. She did not know, however, of the handsome housekeeper, Adèle, nor of the housekeeper's little nephew, to whom her master was so kind that he allowed him to live at the *Maison Cabanel*, and had him well taught by the curé. Perhaps if she had she would have thought twice before she put herself under the same roof with a woman who for a bridal bouquet offered her poppies, heliotrope, and poison-flowers.

If one had to name the predominant characteristic of Madame Cabanel, it would be easiness of temper. You saw it in the round, soft lines of her face and figure, in her mild blue eyes, and placid, unvarying smile; which, however, sometimes irritated the more petulant French temperament, and especially disgusted Adèle. It seemed almost impossible to make madame angry, or even to make her understand when she was insulted, the housekeeper used to say with disdain. But madame accepted all Adèle's haughty reticence and defiant continuance of mistresshood with unwearied sweetness; indeed she expressed herself gratified that so

much trouble was taken off her hands, and that Adèle so kindly took her duties on herself.

The consequence of this placid lazy life, where all her faculties were, in a manner, asleep, and where she was enjoying the reaction from her late years of privation and anxiety, was, as might be expected, an increase in physical beauty that made her freshness and good condition still more remarkable. Her lips were redder, her cheeks rosier, her shoulders plumper than ever; but as she waxed, the health of the little hamlet waned; and not the oldest inhabitant remembered, so sickly a season, or so many deaths. The master, too, suffered slightly, and the little Adolphe desperately.

This failure of general health in undrained hamlets is not uncommon in France or in England; but Adèle treated it as something out of the line of normal experience; and, breaking through her habits of reticence, spoke to every one quite fiercely of the strange sickness that had fallen on Pieuvrot and the Maison Cabanel; and how she believed it was something more than common; while as to her little nephew, she could neither give a name nor find a remedy for the mysterious disease that had attacked him. There were strange things among them, she used to say; and Pieuvrot had never done well since the old times were changed. Jeannette used to notice how she would sit gazing at the English lady, with such a deadly look on her handsome face, when she turned from her fresh complexion and grand physique to the pale face of the stunted, meagre, fading child. It was a look, she said afterwards, that used to make her flesh get like ice and creep like worms.

One night Adèle, as if she could bear it no longer, dashed down to where old Martin Briolic lived, to ask him to tell her of his knowledge how it all had come about—and the remedy.

"Hold, Ma'ame Adèle," said Martin, as he shuffled his greasy cards, and laid them out in triplets on the table; "there is more in this than one sees. One sees only a poor little child become suddenly sick; that may be, is it not so? and no harm done by man? Heaven sends sickness to us all. But the little Adolphe has not been touched by the Bon Dieu. I see the will of a wicked woman in this. Hein!" Here he shuffled the cards, and laid them out with a kind of eager distraction of manner, his withered hands trembling, and his mouth muttering words Adèle could not catch. "Saint Joseph and all the saints

protect us!" he cried, "the foreigner—the Englishwoman! Ah, misery!"

"Speak, Father Martin! What do you mean!" cried Adèle, grasping his arm. Her black eyes were wild, her arched nostrils dilated, her lips, thin, sinuous, flexible, were pressed tight over her small square teeth. "Tell me in plain words what you would say!"

"Broncolaque! Vampire!" said Martin, in a low voice.

"It is what I believed!" cried Adèle. "It is what I knew. Ah, my Adolphe! woe on the day when the master brought that fair-skinned devil home!"

"Those red lips don't come by nothing, Ma'ame Adèle," said Martin, nodding his head. "Look at them—they glisten with blood! I said so from the beginning; and the cards, they said so too. I drew 'blood' and a 'bad fair woman' on the evening the master brought her home, and I said to myself, 'Ha, ha, Martin! you are on the track, my boy;' and, Ma'ame Adèle, I have never left it! Broncolaque! that's what the cards say, Ma'ame Adèle. Watch and see; watch and see; and you'll find that the cards have spoken true."

"And when we have found, Martin?" said Adèle, in a hoarse whisper.

The old man shuffled his cards again. "When we have found, Ma'ame Adèle?" he said slowly. "You know the old pit out there by the forest? the old pit where the lutins run in and out, and where the White Ladies wring the necks of those who come upon them in the moonlight? Perhaps the White Ladies will do as much for the English wife of Monsieur Cabanel; who knows?"

"They may," said Adèle, gloomily.

"Courage, brave woman; they shall," said Martin.

The only really pretty place about Pieuvrot was the cemetery. To be sure there was the dark gloomy forest, which was grand in its own mysterious way; and there was the broad wide plain, where you might wander for a long summer's day; but these were scarcely places where a young woman would care to go by herself; and for the rest, the little patches of cultivated ground, which the peasants had snatched from the surrounding waste and where they raised their poor crops, were not very lovely. So Madame Cabanel, who, for all the soft indolence that had invaded her, had the Englishwoman's love for walking and fresh air, haunted the pretty little graveyard a good deal. She had no sentiment connected with it. Of all

the dead who laid there in their narrow coffins, she knew none and cared for none; but she liked to see the flower-beds, and the wreaths of immortelles, and the like. The distance, too, from her own home was just enough for her; and the view over the plain to the dark belt of forest and the mountains beyond was fine.

The Pieuvrotines, however, did not understand this. It was inexplicable to them that any one, not out of her mind, should go continually to the cemetery; not on the day of the dead, and not to adorn the grave of one she loved; only to sit there and wander among the tombs, looking out on to the plain and the mountains beyond when she was tired.

"It was just like——" The speaker, one Lesouëf, had got as far as this, when he stopped for a word.

It was down at La Veuve Prieur's, where the hamlet collected nightly to discuss the day's small doings, and where the main theme, ever since she had come among them, had been Madame Cabanel.

"Wander about among the tombs just like what, Jean Lesouëf?" said Martin Briolic. Then rising, he added, in a low but distinct voice, every word falling clear and clean, "I will tell you like what, Lesouëf—like a vampire! La Femme Cabanel has red lips and red cheeks, and Ma'ame Adèle's little nephew is perishing before your eyes. La Femme Cabanel has red lips and red cheeks, and she sits for hours among the tombs. Can you read the riddle, my friends? For me it is as clear as the blessed sun."

"Ha, Father Martin, you have found the word—like a vampire!" said Lesouëf with a shudder.

"Like a vampire!" they all echoed with a groan.

"And I said vampire from the first," said Martin Briolic. "Call it to mind; I said it from the first."

"Faith, and you did," they answered; "and you said true."

So now the seed which Martin and Adèle had dropped so sedulously had at last taken root; and the Pieuvrotines would have been ready to accuse of atheism and immorality any one who had doubted their decision, and had declared that pretty Madame Cabanel was no vampire at all, but only a young woman with nothing special to do, a naturally fair complexion, and superb health.

The little Adolphe grew paler and paler, thinner and thinner; the fierce summer sun told on the half-starved dwellers within those

foul mud huts surrounded by undrained marshes; and Monsieur Jules Cabanel's former solid health followed the law of the rest. The doctor, who lived at Crèche-an-bois, shook his head at the look of things, and said it was grave. When Adèle pressed him to tell her what was the matter with the child and with monsieur, he evaded the question, or gave her a word she neither understood nor could pronounce. The truth was, he was a credulous and intensely suspicious man; a man, too, who made theories and then gave himself to the task of finding them true. He had made the theory that Fanny was secretly poisoning both her husband and the child; and though he would not give Adèle a hint of this, he would not set her mind at rest by a definite answer that went on any other line.

As for Monsieur Cabanel, he was a man without imagination and without suspicion; a man to take life easily, and not distress himself too much for the fear of wounding others; a selfish man, but not a cruel one; a man whose own pleasure was his supreme law, and who could not imagine, still less brook, opposition, or the want of love and respect for himself. Still, he loved his wife as he had never loved woman before. Coarsely-moulded, common-natured as he was, he loved her with what strength and passion of poetry nature had given him. But the quality of his love was sorely tried when, now Adèle, now the doctor, hinted mysteriously, the one at diabolical influences, the other at underhand proceedings of which it behoved him to be careful—especially careful what he eat and drank and how it was prepared, and by whom; Adèle adding hints about the perfidiousness of Englishwomen, and the share the devil had in fair hair and brilliant complexions. Love his young wife as he might, this constant dropping of poison was not without some effect.

One evening, when Adèle, in an agony, was kneeling at his feet—madame had gone out for her usual walk—crying, "Why did you leave me for such as she is?—I, who loved you, who was faithful to you, and she, who walks among the graves, who sucks your blood and our child's—she who has only the devil's beauty for her portion, and who loves you not?"—something seemed suddenly to touch him with electric force.

"Miserable fool that I was!" he said, resting his head on Adèle's shoulder, weeping. Her heart leapt with joy. Was her reign to be renewed? Was her rival

to be dispossessed? And might she dare——?

From that evening Monsieur Cabanel's manner changed to his young wife, but she was too easy-tempered and unsuspicious to notice anything; or if she did, there was too little depth in her own love for him—it was so much a matter of untroubled friendliness only—that she did not fret, but accepted the coldness and brusqueness that had crept into his manner as good-naturedly as she accepted all things. It would have been wiser if she had cried, and made a scene, and come to an understanding with Monsieur Cabanel. They would have understood each other better; and most Frenchmen like the excitement of a quarrel and a reconciliation.

Naturally kind-hearted, Madame Cabanel went much about the village, offering help to the sick. But no one among them all received her civilly, or accepted her aid. If she attempted to touch one of the children, the mother, shuddering, withdrew it hastily to her own arms; if she spoke to the adult sick, the wan eyes would look at her with a strange horror, and the feeble voice would mutter words in a patois she could not understand. But always came the same word, "Broucolaque!"

It was the same at home. If she wanted to do any little act of kindness to the child, Adèle passionately refused her. Once she snatched him rudely from her arms, saying as she did so, "Infamous broucolaque! before my very eyes?" And once when Fanny was troubled about her husband, and proposed to make him a cup of beef-tea à l'Anglaise, the doctor looked at her as if he would have looked her through, and Adèle upset the saucepan, saying insolently—but yet hot tears were in her eyes—"Is it not fast enough for you, madame? Not faster, unless you kill me first!"

To all of which Fanny replied nothing; thinking only that the doctor was very rude to stare so fixedly at her, and that Adèle was horribly cross; and what an ill-tempered creature she was, and how unlike an English housekeeper.

But Monsieur Cabanel, when he was told of the little scene, called Fanny to him, and said in a more caressing voice than he had used to her of late: "Thou wouldst not hurt me, little wife? It was love and kindness, not wrong, that thou wouldst do?"

"Wrong? What wrong could I do?" answered Fanny, opening her blue eyes wide. "What but love should I give to my best and only friend?"

"And I am thy friend then, to thy mind?"

"Thou lovest me, dear?" said Monsieur Cabanel.

"Dear Jules, who is so dear? who so near?" she said, kissing him; while he said fervently:

"God bless thee!"

The next day Monsieur Cabanel, who was a little better, was called away on urgent business; he might be absent for two days, he said, but he would try to lessen the time; and the young wife was left alone in the midst of her enemies, without even such slight guard as his presence might prove.

Adèle was out. It was a dark, hot summer's night, and the little Adolphe had been more feverish and restless than usual all the day. Towards evening he grew worse; and though Jeannette had strict commands not to allow madame to touch him, she grew frightened at the condition of the boy; and when madame came into the small parlour which Adèle called her own, to offer her assistance, Jeannette gladly abandoned a charge that was too heavy for her, and let the lady take him from her arms.

Sitting there with the child in her lap, oozing to him a low, soft, nursery song in English, the paroxysm of his pain seemed to her to pass; and it was as if he slept. But in that paroxysm he had bitten both his lip and tongue, and the blood was now oozing from his mouth. He was a pretty boy, and his mortal sickness made him at this moment pathetically lovely. Fanny bent her head and kissed the pale still face, and the blood that was on his lips was transferred to hers.

While she still bent over him, her woman's heart touched with a mysterious force and prevision of motherhood, Adèle, followed by old Martin and some others of the village, rushed into the room.

"Behold her!" she cried, seizing Fanny by her arm, and forcing her face upward by the chin—"behold her in the act! Friends, look at my child—dead, dead in her arms, and she with his blood on her lips! Do you want more proofs? Vampire that she is, can you deny the evidence of your own senses?"

"No! no!" roared the crowd, hoarsely, "she is a vampire—a creature cursed by God, and the enemy of man; away with her to the pit! She must die as she has made others to die!"

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Madame Cabanel, rising and facing the crowd with the true courage of an Englishwoman. "What harm have I done

to any of you that you should come about me, in the absence of my husband, with these angry looks and insolent words?"

"What harm hast thou done!" cried old Martin. "Sorceress as thou art, thou hast bewitched our good master, and, vampire as thou art, thou nourishest thyself on our blood. Have we not proof of that at this very moment? Look at thy mouth—cursed broucolaque; and here lies thy victim, who accuses thee in his death!"

Fanny laughed scornfully. "I cannot condescend to answer such folly," she said, lifting her head. "Are you men or children?"

"We are men, madame," said Legros, the miller; "and being men we must protect our weak ones. We have all had our doubts—and who more cause than I, with three little ones taken to heaven before their time?—and now we are convinced."

"Because I have nursed a dying child, and done my best to soothe him!" said Madame Cabanel, with unconscious pathos.

"No more words!" cried Adèle, dragging her by the arm she had never let go. "To the pit with her, my friends, if you would not see all your children die as mine has died, as our good Legros's have died!"

A kind of shudder shook the crowd, and a groan that sounded in itself a curse burst from them.

"To the pit!" they cried. "Let the demons take their own!"

Quick as thought Adèle pinioned the strong white arms; and before the poor girl could utter more than one cry Legros had placed his brawny hand over her mouth. Though this destruction of a monster was not the murder of a human being in his mind, or in the mind of any there, still they did not care to have their nerves disturbed by cries that sounded so human as Madame Cabanel's. Silent, then, and gloomy, that dreadful cortège took its way to the forest, carrying its living load, gagged and helpless as if it had been a corpse, among them. Save with Adèle and old Martin, it was not so much personal animosity as the instinctive self-defence of fear that animated them. They were executioners, not enemies; and the executioners of a more righteous law than that allowed by the national code. But one by one they dropped off, till their numbers were reduced to six; of whom Legros was one, and Lesouëf, who had lost his only sister, another.

The pit was not more than an English mile from the Maison Cabanel. It was a dark and lonesome spot, where not the bravest man of all that assembly would

have dared to go alone after nightfall; but a multitude gives courage, said old Martin Briolic; and half a dozen stalwart men, led by such a woman as Adèle, were not afraid of even lutins or the White Ladies.

As swiftly as they could for the burden they bore, and all in utter silence, the cortège strode over the moor, one or two of them carrying rude torches; for the night was black, and the way was not without its natural dangers. Nearer and nearer they came to the fatal bourn, and heavier grew the weight of their victim. She had long ceased to struggle, and now lay as if dead in the hands of her bearers. But no one spoke of this or of aught else. Not a word was exchanged between them.

The way got darker, the distance between them and the place of execution shorter; and at last they reached the border of the pit where this fearful monster, this vampire—poor innocent Fanny Cabanel—was to be thrown. As they lowered her, the light of their torches fell on her face.

"Grand Dieu!" cried Legros, taking off his cap; "she is dead!"

"A vampire cannot die," said Adèle. "It is only an appearance. Ask Father Martin."

"A vampire cannot die unless the evil spirits take her, or she is buried with a stake thrust through her body," said Martin Briolic sententiously.

"I don't like the look of it," said Legros; and so said some others.

They had taken the bandage from the mouth of the poor girl, and as she lay in the flickering light, her blue eyes half-open, and her pale face white with the whiteness of death, a little return of human feeling among them shook them as if the wind had passed over them.

Suddenly they heard the sound of horses' hoofs thundering across the plain. They counted two, four, six; and they were now only four unarmed men, with Martin and Adèle to make up the number. Between the vengeance of man, and the power and malice of the wood-demons, their courage faded, and their presence of mind deserted them. Legros rushed frantically into the darkness of the forest, and Lesouëf followed him; the two others fled over the plain, while the horsemen came nearer and nearer. Only Adèle and Martin Briolic stood their ground; Adèle holding the torch high above her head, to show herself in her swarthy passion and revenge, and the dead body of her victim, more clearly. She wanted no concealment; she had done her



work, and she gloried in it. Then the horsemen came plunging to them; Jules Cabanel the first, followed by the doctor, and four gardes-champêtres.

"Wretches! murderers!" was all he said, as he flung himself from his horse, and raised the pale face to his lips.

"Master," said Adèle, "she deserved to die. She is a vampire, and she has killed our child."

"Fool!" cried Jules Cabanel, flinging off her hand. "Oh, my loved wife, thou who did no harm to man or beast, to be murdered now by men who are worse than beasts!"

"She was killing thee," said Adèle. "Ask monsieur le docteur. What ailed the master, monsieur?"

"Do not bring me into this infamy," said the doctor, looking up from the dead. "Whatever ailed monsieur, she ought not to be here! You have made yourself her judge and executioner, Adèle, and you must answer for it to the law."

"You say this too, master?" said Adèle.

"I say so too," returned Monsieur Cabanel. "To the law you must answer for the innocent life you have so cruelly taken—you and all the fools and murderers you have joined to you."

"And there is to be no vengeance for our child?"

"Would you revenge yourself on God, woman?" said Monsieur Cabanel, sternly.

"And our past years of love, master?"

"Are memories of hate, Adèle," said Monsieur Cabanel, as he turned again to the pale face of his dead wife.

"Then my place is vacant," said Adèle, with a bitter cry. "Ah, my little Adolphe, it is well thou went before!"

"Hold, Ma'ame Adèle!" cried Martin.

But before a hand could be stretched out, with one bound, one shriek, she had flung herself into the pit where she had hoped to bury Madame Cabanel; and they heard her body strike the water at the bottom with a dull splash, as of something falling from a great distance.

"They can prove nothing against me, Jean," said old Martin to the garde who held him. "I neither bandaged her mouth nor carried her on my shoulders. I am the grave-digger of Pieuvrot, and, ma foi, you would all do badly, you poor creatures, when you die, without me! I shall have the honour of digging madame's grave, never doubt it; and, Jean," he whispered, "they may talk as they like, those rich aristos, who know nothing; she is a vampire, and she shall have a stake through her

body yet. Who knows better than I? If we don't tie her down like this, she will come out of her grave and suck our blood."

"Silence there!" said the garde commanding the little escort. "To prison with the assassins, and keep their tongues from wagging."

"To prison with the martyrs and the public benefactors!" retorted old Martin. "So the world rewards its best."

And in this faith he lived and died as a forçat at Toulon; maintaining to the last that he had done the world good service by ridding it of a monster. But Legros, and also Lesouëf, his companions, doubted gravely of the righteousness of that act of theirs on that dark summer's night in the forest; and though they always maintained they should not have been punished because of their good motives, yet they grew in time to disbelieve old Martin Briolic and his wisdom, and to wish that they had let the law take its own course unhindered by them—reserving their strength for grinding the hamlet's flour and mending the hamlet's sabots, and leading a good life, according to the teaching of monsieur le curé and the exhortations of their wives.

As the French gentleman had proceeded with his story the listeners had increased in number, and now, when he ceased speaking, and looked around him with a little gesture to intimate that he had come to the end of Madame Cabanel's sad history, there was, as Mr. Rufus P. Croffut remarked, "quite a crowd."

"And what's more," said that gentleman, who seemed to take the foremost place in the company, as if it were a mere matter of course, "that's not only a derved good story of yours, mister, but it was a derved good idea of yours to start telling of it. Here we are, dead fixed in this all-fired Doom's Day Camp of ourn, and can't do nothing till daybreak nohow, and as for sleep, I guess there ain't many of us ready for that to-night. S'pose somebody follers on, and tells us another story? I ain't good at literatoor and that myself, but I'm death on listening, and like a story just as a child likes candy; so do a lot more here, I dessay. As for talkers, why they ain't in general hard to find, and there must be plenty of good stories knockin' round here somewhere. What d'ye say?"

The suggestion was received with every mark of favour, and it was unanimously resolved that an attempt should be made

to while away the tedium of the night in the manner suggested. But a little difficulty threatened to mar the project at the very outset. Nobody seemed inclined to begin. Everybody seemed to be in Mr. Croffut's case, and to be ready for any amount of listening, but for nothing else. There was an awkward pause, and a dead silence.

"What's the matter now?" said Mr. Croffut, with his deep laugh. "All afraid? Wal, I s'pose I shall have to act president of this meeting, and order somebody to make a start. What do *you* say, colonel?" he added to the man whom he had introduced to Harry as one of his nurses; "you look as if you'd travelled a bit, and seen a thing or two."

"That's true," said the man, a big, broad-shouldered Englishman; "that's true, though I don't think I'm as good at story-telling as I am at sheep-farming and that. However, if you like, I'll try my best, and tell you what happened to a neighbour of mine in Australia, when he chanced to meet a famous bushranging rascal they called—

#### JINGLING GEORDIE.

"I WONDER when John will be back? Oh, I wonder when?" thought Lizzie Armstrong, a pretty trim north-country lass, as she stood by the open window of the Australian farm-house, round which clustered a large-leaved creeper with great yellow flowers; "he is so bold and daring, that I know if the blacks or bushrangers tried to carry off any of father's sheep, John would fight for them, though there were a hundred against him. But there, how foolish I am, there's no danger about here."

Lizzie was busy ironing, and as she thought of her lover's danger she put down her iron on its stand, sat down with one hand on the pile of snowy-white linen, and thought over John's last words before he started for the sheep-run, thirty miles off. Not a syllable, not a tone of the voice had escaped her: for were not the words and music of them printed on her heart? "Lizzie, darling, I have served your father well and faithfully these seven years now, and when I return I mean to ask him for you. I think he likes me, and though he is a hard, stern man, and despises my education, and my 'high-faluting Oxford talk,' as he calls it, I do not think he will refuse, for he knows I love you dearly, and he knows you love me." There had been a kiss between several of these words, and

those kisses, too, Lizzie had not forgotten. Presently she rose, looked out at the great sun sinking fast in a fiery ocean of cloud, leant her cheek on her hand, and still thought of John.

All at once the face of a brown-bearded man pushed through the leaves, and its lips flew to hers. Yes, it was John himself! She gave a little startled scream, then the two lovers stood face to face at the window, and he held her hands. There were many inarticulate words expressive of joy and delight.

"Why, John, this is the very spot where we parted."

"Do you think I forget it, Lizzie?"

"Nine weeks ago; oh, such long weeks, John, they have been. But what has brought you back, dear, so soon? Nothing bad I hope."

The young bailiff's face fell.

"Yes, bad, Lizzie—very bad. Bob Wilson is losing sheep on his run every other day, and we can find no tracks of them. There are no black fellows near there, and a bushranger hasn't, as you know, been seen in this part of the colony for three years. We have had no floods. It baffles me, and I've come back, at Bob's request, to try and smooth matters for him, and to ask whether we shall not change our runs, and see if that betters it. One more kiss, Lizzie, then I'll go and put up my horse, and come in and lay the whole affair before your father."

The one kiss grew into several.

"I thought I heard talking in the parlour, Lizzie, as I came round; who is with your father?"

"Why it's that horrid Mr. Travers from Melbourne. He came yesterday after some wool."

Churton's face darkened. "He has come after you, Lizzie. I hate that fellow. Let him look out. Good-bye, dearest, I shall feed the horse and be in directly."

The moment after he left, a little bright-eyed girl of twelve ran in and caught hold of Lizzie's apron. It was Lizzie's younger sister, Kitty.

"Lizzie," said she, "father and Mr. Travers have been talking about you. Mr. Travers wants to marry you, and he says he's very rich, and they're drinking the champagne he brought like anything. Oh, he's such a beautiful singer, Lizzie, and he's brought you such a beautiful blue silk gown!"

"I don't want his gown," said Lizzie, ironing viciously, wishing it was over Mr. Travers's face.

"Lizzie, my lass," shouted a harsh, coarse, north-country voice, from the next room, "bring us in my silver tankard, and come and see the beautiful gown Mr. Travers has brought thee."

"If he dares to leave it I'll tear it to pieces," said Lizzie, her eyes kindling as she went to a cupboard and brought out the tankard, a prize long ago at an agricultural show at Carlisle. When she entered the parlour she found her father and the detestable sleek, vulgar, false-looking Mr. Travers, seated at a rough table, on which stood two empty champagne bottles. Both men looked flushed, and Mr. Travers had one leg thrown carelessly over the arm of the chair on which he sat. He at once unhooked himself, and rose with vulgar politeness to hand a third for Lizzie, an act of politeness which her father greeted with a saturnine smile.

"Only hear the news, Lizzie lass, Master Travers has brought. The Melbourne Argus says that Jingling Geordie, the famous bushranger, has threatened to cross over to our part because our police had said that we shouldn't put up so easy with his ways as the New South Wales police have done. Ah, he's a lish yen (supple one), but he'll no' baffle our side long. We're not the lads to be stuck up like those soft cakes over t'other way. I bet ye he'll repent before he's ridden many miles, and just hike back."

"Pray take my chair, my dear Miss Armstrong," said Travers, with a manner he considered of the first elegance.

But the invitation appeared to have no charms for Lizzie.

"M'appen, lass, thou'dst like to see the present Mr. Travers has brought thee," interposed her father, with as insinuating a tone as he could assume.

"I must first see to the pigs, father, and feed the chickens," said Lizzie, with a toss of her head, that did not augur well for Mr. Travers's hopes, and off she ran.

"Ah, they're kittle cattle, the lasses," said old Armstrong, as the door slammed behind her. "You must get quietly near them, or they're off like a hurt grouse; they're shy birds, and there's no rule for trapping 'em. Winning a woman is for all the world like catching a colt; you shake the oats, and just as you think you've got the bridle all but on, away she goes, with a kick of her heels, and you've got to begin again. But who's that?" (There was a knock at the door.) "Come in, man, come in. Why it's John. Hoo is't, John?"

John entered with a glower at Travers, and a warm greeting to the old farmer.

"And hoo are the ship (sheep)? All going weel?"

"Not so well as I could wish, Mr. Armstrong. Robert Wilson has lost six in a fortnight, and how they're gone we can't either of us even guess."

The farmer's face seemed to contract, and his mouth quivered. "Mebbe," he said, with his teeth closed, "you and he have been kangaroo-hunting when you ought to have been minding them. You mind what the Scriptor says about the hireling that loved not his ship because he was a hireling? That's the way all my profits go. You've left them, and been idling and hunting, or some mischief or the other; but I'll stop it out of your wages, man, never fear."

John's brows knit, and his lips compressed. "You know no one but you, Mr. Armstrong, dare call me an idler. We have not been hunting at all; we have kept as close to our work as if we had been slaves."

"Mebbe, then," said the old man, scornfully, "some black fellars have taken them from under your noses, and you hadn't the mettle to try and save them. When I first came out and began to serve, I had to fight for my master's ship. Look here." Armstrong tore open his waistcoat, and showed two broad scars where black men's spears had pierced his chest. "But you lads are nowt, now. Ye're all for lying about smoking, and making a fortune sooner than in my time we could earn enough to buy a damper: but why do you come back now? You've come here, I 'spect, only to get a word with my darter, who, I can tell you plainly, is for a richer man than you."

Travers lolled back in his chair, and sipped his champagne with infinite complacency. Already he felt himself the son-in-law of the rich colonist.

John did not condescend to notice this man's impertinence, but he turned on Armstrong. "Mr. Armstrong," he said, "I have served you faithfully for seven years, and during that time, except by flood and murrain, you know you haven't lost ten sheep. I have not fought for you, because there has been no one to fight; but when the time came, I dare say I should show better pluck than this pen-driver here."

"I won't have you sneaking away from work," said Armstrong, "and trying to wheedle away my darter. She is only fit for a rich man, who can make a lady of her, and you're wasting your time to think of her; and mark ye this, and mark it weel, Mr. John Churton, I'll not stand

much more of your stuck-up ways and gentlefolks' airs. I'm a plain man, mysel', a Coomberland farmer's son, and I want men who'll work, and keep my ship together, and earn their wages. If you don't think my pay enough, and the bush is too warm for your delicate skin, you can go when you like. Your quarter's up next week, and you have your remedy. I'll stand none of your fine gentleman's airs. They may do in Lunnon, though they didn't stand much for you there; but they won't do at Gillsland."

"Very well, sir," said John, whose hand was already on the door-handle. "You have said it, and so it shall be; but remember that I came back here only from a sense of duty. If I had been perishing in the bush, and the sheep had been in danger, I wouldn't have come back here, even to put my dying hand in Lizzie's."

"I was once foolish enough to say something about you and Lizzie when the wool had sold well a year ago; but now I unsay it. Here is her future husband. You can go."

John kept a firm look on the old man, though his face was pale too.

"I come for my wages to-morrow," said Churton, "and start for Melbourne by the ways in the morning. There's the revolver you have lent me; your rifle is in the kitchen."

"Go, and be hanged. I'll have no more fine gentlemen here."

"God bless you—ta ta," said Travers, with his champagne to his lips.

As Churton opened the door Lizzie Armstrong rushed into his arms, and hid her tearful face upon his shoulder.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Armstrong, bursting into rage. "Let go my daughter, you sir, and don't darken my doors more than once more, when you come for the wages you haven't earned."

One passionate kiss, and Churton released Lizzie, and slammed the door behind him.

"And weel shut o' him," said the old farmer. "Go to your room, Lizzie. I'll have no blubbering here for a stook-ooop fine gentleman. And now, then, Travers, drink to my toast—'Bonny auld Coomberland, its lads and lasses,' and if you can sing John Peel, let's have it, for it stirs my blood as weel as one of the auld Border songs."

An hour later, and just before the place was bolted up for the night, there came a tremendous blow at the front door, as if

with the butt-end of a heavy whip or pistol.

"It's that sneaking fellow John come to beg my pardon, I suppose," said old Armstrong. "I thought he had more spirit."

It was getting dark, and snatching up a great flaring tallow candle, he threw open the door.

It was not John. It was a short, thickset, bearded man, mounted on a strong black horse, spotted with foam, its eyes blood-shot, and its mouth in a thick lather. The rider wore a deep-brimmed wide-awake, and a digger's stained red shirt, over which streamed four or five heavy cables of gold chain. He had a short double-barrelled rifle slung at his back, and a six-shooter stuck on either side of the digger's belt. His long boots were splashed with mud. He was a hard, ill-favoured man, with a thick, matted black beard, small, quick eyes, thin, pale lips, and prominent, cruel-looking cheek-bones. He swung himself lightly from his horse, and stood with one hand on his horse's tangled mane.

"You've maybe heard of Jingling Geordie, the bushranger," said the man, in a hoarse, harsh voice; "has he been here lately?"

"I've not seen owt of the rascal," said Armstrong. "You're one of the police, mebbe, and are after him? You'll doubtless want a night's rest? Walk in."

"And take some fizz with us, like a jolly good fellow," hiccuped Travers.

"So you've never seen Geordie?" asked the man again, with a dry laugh, as he tied up his horse.

"What is he like?"

"Why, to tell the truth, he's the very image of me," said the man, pulling out a revolver as quick as lightning, and cocking it, "for I am him, and he's me, and we're partners for life. Now I mean to stick you up; so up with you."

The old man sullenly, Travers pale and trembling, instantly threw up their arms in the approved Australian manner, and backed into the parlour as the bushranger pushed them before him into the room, first locking the front door, and turning the key after him.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, throwing himself insolently into a chair, and tossing off Travers's full glass, "I don't want money, for I've stuck up three parties to-day, and I've as much as I can carry; but what I do want is some grub and lush, a night's shake-down, and a certain good mare I've heard of. Call the whole crew——"

"If you've got a revolver on you, fire at him," whispered the old man to Travers, as they stood with their arms up.

"Come, no whispering," said Geordie, "or I shall have to put a bullet through one of you, and I've blood enough on my hands already. Do as I tell you, old man; quick, and pipe all hands—I want to give them a short sermon. Never mind my horse; he's good for nothing; he can go to the devil his own way."

Armstrong did as he was bid, and called Lizzie. Kitty had already heard the alarm, and hidden herself in a wood cupboard in the kitchen: Lizzie came down stairs pale and crying; she gave just one scream when she saw the rough man, whom she guessed at once to be after no good; then, like a brave girl, collected herself for the worst.

"So this is the whole lot, all told. So far so good. You needn't be afraid, my pretty lass. I won't hurt you," said the bushranger. "Come, old man, what shooting-irons have you about you? It is always as well in these cases to be careful."

As he said this the man began to rummage Armstrong's pockets with all the practised care of a custom-house searcher.

"I tell you I don't carry any."

"But don't you wish you did?" said the fellow, with an odious sardonic grin. "Yes, I see that by the red in your eyes, and the white of your lips. You keep your temper, old man. I won't touch your shiners. I've got enough of my own. And don't you be frightened, miss; I'm not going to hurt the old father, though he does look mischief. As for that counter-jumper, I won't search him, for I can see he hasn't the pluck to use a pistol, even if he had one."

Lizzie shuddered as she saw the wretch's rough hands laid upon her father, a man of such rough temper and such uncontrollable passions, and every moment she expected to see a blow struck, and to hear the return shot that would stretch her father dead at her feet. "Oh, that John were here," she thought, and the next moment she trembled to think what might have happened had her lover flown at the ruffian, as he would surely have done.

"Come, now," said Geordie, "one of you, and we'll go round and bolt all the doors. I don't want any of the neighbours to know who's here; and we'll have it all snug to ourselves. Come, I say, one of you, d'ye hear, and no nonsense, for I'm rough and ready, as you'll pretty soon find, if my blood once gets up. Where are the guns and powder?"

"Well, I suppose we must e'en make the

best of a bad bargain," said Armstrong. "So come, and we'll shut the doors first. Lizzie, this gentleman will want some supper; you lock the back door, and see to it, while we go up-stairs and collect the guns. He is here, we are at his mercy, and we must just make things as pleasant as we can. He knows well enough I would kick if I could. Travers, you come with us up-stairs, and help to overhaul, and you, Lizzie, cook some steaks and get some toast ready."

Travers, with a very pale face, said he would rather stop where he was. He was evidently overcome with fear. All at once Geordie turned his cold keen eyes upon him, drew a revolver, and held it to his head.

"Come," he said, "none of that. I know your game. You want to sneak behind, and then, when we are busy up there, you'll make a rush for it, and ride off for the police. No, no, my gentleman, you go first, or I'll make cold meat of you at one touch of the trigger."

With very shaky steps Travers staggered forward, and the three men proceeded up-stairs, having first locked the lower doors.

The moment she was left alone in the kitchen, Lizzie opened the wood cupboard door, and called softly to her sister. She had resolved on a bold step.

"There is no danger now, Kitty, but keep there till he is at his meal, then I want you to do something that may save us all."

"I'll do it, Lizzie, whatever it is," was the reply. "But, oh! don't let that dreadful man see me. I'm so afraid of him. I'm sure he is going to kill us all."

Just at that moment there were sounds of feet on the stairs, a loud coarse laugh, and, just as Lizzie closed the cupboard, the man entered the kitchen with two or three guns and a bag of powder under his arm.

"I thought I heard some one talking here," he said. He looked suspiciously round, and a murderous look came into his eyes.

"I was only talking to the cat," said Lizzie, stooping down and stroking a cat, that sat gravely and sleepily on a kangaroo skin that served as hearth-rug.

The bushranger stepped to the window, and looked out, but there was no one to be seen.

"You look alive, my girl, with the supper, and don't turn sulky, it ain't no use," he said, roughly. "I have been riding since daybreak, and two dampers in twelve

hours is poor allowance. Lots of buttered cakes, mind. You are good at those things, you north-country folks, and I'll have some tea. Look alive, now, and after tea you shall give us a tune on the pianner, and we'll make a snug little party—and you leave all the doors open, so as I can hear everything."

"Get the supper soon, Lizzie," said her father. "We must just make the best of things, lass."

The moment the steak was cooked, and while Jingling Geordie was intent on ravenously devouring it, his revolver cocked by his side on the table, and the fire-arms of the house stacked safely in a corner behind the sofa on which he sat, Lizzie ran back to the kitchen, opened the cupboard door, and called in a low voice to Kitty.

"Kitty," she said, "you must drop out of the window here, and go in search of John. If he is not at Jerry Lot's he'll be at the wood-shed out beyond the last clearing, by the Gelt creek. You'll know your way when the moon rises. Tell him we're in danger here, but he must not come near the place to-night, or the wretch will murder us all. It is Jingling Geordie, the bushranger, for whom government has offered two hundred pounds, dead or alive. John must watch this window, and if there is awful need for him I will hang out a white handkerchief; mind, if I do not do that he must not come near us. Will you remember all this, Kitty?"

"Yes, Lizzie, I am ready. Whatever happens I'll do whatever you tell me."

Softly, on tip-toe, the two sisters crept to the window, first softly closing the door; the little girl was then quickly lowered by Lizzie. She had scarcely descended before Geordie entered, pistol in hand.

"Why do you shut that door," he said, "when I told you not? You take care, young woman, or I shall get rough. I don't half like your looks. Come into the parlour, d'ye hear; no nonsense with me."

Again he looked out of the window, but Kitty had cowered down under shelter; he shut it, and closed and bolted the shutters. "If I thought you was carrying on any tricks, I'd shoot you like a dog. Come, lass," he said, as he threw himself on the sofa, and mixed a glass of brandy-and-water, "you play us a tune—you look like one of the musical sort. Play Let me Kiss Him for His Mother, or the Mocking Bird. I used to sing them, when I was a lad, to my young woman. Ah, she little thought I should ever be a lag out here, no more cared for than a dead dog on a dunghill."

"Take some more brandy, messmate," said old Armstrong with an almost imperceptible glance at Travers, who was smoking with the most rueful face possible, and casting constant and frightened glances at the pistol.

Geordie leaped up, snatched the bottle from Armstrong's hand, and dashed it on the floor. "You try that on again," he said; "you get your fingers once more as close as that to my six-shooter, and I'll fire a barrel straight into both of you. Don't fancy, old buffer, you'll catch a weasel like me asleep. I want no more of your drink. If I'd often drunk, I should have been at the wrong end of a rope long ago. Come, to business. Have you got any good horses, old man?"

"Not one; only rough horses for hauling timber."

"That's a lie," said Geordie, beating his fist on the table. "Keep on playing, lass—something sentimental, mind. That's a big lie; you've forgotten Fan, the fastest chestnut mare this side of Melbourne. Well, hear me now. I want her early to-morrow, and her I'll have whatever I do for it," and he gripped his pistols.

"I see you've heard of my mare," said Armstrong, with a sigh, "but she's too slight for your work—she's almost a racer, and nearly thoroughbred."

"I always ride racers when I can get them. Play on, lass; play us I am Leaving Thee in Sorrow, Annie—that's a good song, that is. My sister Nelly used to sing that. Your girl plays well, old man. Mind, the first thing to-morrow you drive the horses into the corral, and I'll see if there is anything better than the mare."

"You must take what you like, we are at your mercy," said Armstrong.

"And as for you," said Geordie to Travers, who was too frightened to speak, "you haven't a word to throw to a dog. Come, drink a tumbler of that brandy, or, by the Lord, I'll force it down your throat. I dare say you'd have been a lag yourself before now if you'd only had the courage."

Every now and then Lizzie took a frightened but steady look at the man, to see if fatigue was overcoming him, determining, upon the instant he fell asleep, to hang out the signal in the moonshine. The deserted hut to which John would have gone was a mile off along the wood. Kitty would have reached there by this time. A quarter of an hour more, and John would be watching the window. But nothing could disarm the man's suspicions, though from time to time he grew jovial, and

struck in with a rough chorus to the popular tunes Lizzie played, with affected readiness.

"Whenever you like to go to your room, mister, it is ready," said Armstrong.

"Thank you, cap'en," he said, stretching his dirty boots on the neat sofa; "you may go when you like, this'll do for me. I always sleep, mind, with one eye open, and all my friends ready round me." As he said this he put a six-shooter by him on the table, with half a dozen cartridges, and placed a second under the sofa cushion.

"Thanks, my darling, for your music. Don't be afraid of me. We old lags don't often get a treat in the bush like that. Take my advice; don't you go and marry that dandy counter-jumper there; he hasn't the pluck of a mouse. Leave all your doors open, and we shall do very well. Be off with ye. Breakfast at five-thirty, please, and if you don't wake I'll start yer."

"If John had been here, and I hadn't been so harsh towards him," said Armstrong to his daughter, as they parted for the night, "things might have gone different. As for that fellow Travers, he's the greatest skunk that ever crawled, and he shouldn't have you now if he was the only man left in the world. Ah, if we could only have drugged that rascal's tea!"

"No more talking up there," shouted a fierce voice from the parlour. "Go to bed. You've got to turn out early."

What a night of agony Lizzie spent, lying awake in the moonlight that streamed over her bed, and listening to every sound! Once, when all was still, she almost resolved to steal down, bare-footed, to the kitchen, and listen at the window if she could hear John. Then a dreadful thought seized her that he might have ridden far away, and never met Kitty at all. She might never see him again. He was proud and high-spirited, and would never brook an insult. Then, as she sat up and listened, she heard some night bird call, and the man below rose, strode to the kitchen, opened the window, and looked out! Suppose he saw John, and fired at him! It seemed endless, that night of miserable, anxious watching.

But she was not forsaken. All that night John, whom Kitty had found lighting a fire in the desolate hut preparatory to starting early in the morning, was watching the house from a clump of trees some two hundred yards off. Sometimes he resolved, unarmed—for he had no revolver—

to go up boldly, knock at the door, and, when the man came, to at once grapple with him. Then the certainty of this scheme being fruitless made him roll in anguish on the grass. All at once a sudden thought seized him. He remembered that Wilson, when they both started for the bush, had hidden away an old duck-gun in the roof of the hut they used to occupy. He scarcely knew what use the gun could be against a man like Jingling Geordie, triply armed, and ready for murder; but in the dim light, for the moon was now setting, he went back and searched and searched in vain. Then he lay down and slept, and at the first streak of light he rose, and, with feverish eagerness, searched again in every nook of the roof. All at once, at the gable end, his hand touched a long packet. It was a gun wrapped in oil-cloth. He had powder left, but no bullets. If even flames broke out of the roof, or Lizzie's signal appeared waving at the first light, he was powerless still to strike a blow in her defence. Again he went out, threw himself down just inside a clump of stringy-bark trees, and watched as intently as a deer-stalker, who knows the moment for a shot is near.

As he watched a figure came through the dim light slowly towards him. It was an old stableman of Armstrong's, riding along with a melancholy air. As he passed the wood John called out to him:

"Where are you going to?"

"What, is that you, Mr. John? I heard you was back. Why, going on a bad errand. Going to get the horses for that rascal to choose from—a bushranger that got in last night. Mr. Armstrong was round for me with him before daybreak. He is going to take our chestnut mare."

"Have you got any bullets, Ned?" said John, in a quick dry voice. "I may want one or two."

"I don't think I have one," said the man, searching both his pockets in vain. "Yes, I have," he cried out, with a sudden burst of delight; "yes, I have got three here, and a pinch of powder, but, Lor' a mussy, don't venture your luck against a born devil like that, who's murdered a dozen men. A bullet is no use for an old rusty fowling-piece like that; and if he even sees you lurking about near the horses he'll kill you before you can throw up your hands."

"We shall see," was Clurton's answer, and the words hissed through his clenched teeth.

"This isn't true that I hear about your

going, Mr. Churton? What, leave Miss Lizzie, and you so fond of each other."

"It is no time to talk of that, Ned;" then he grasped the man's shoulder so that he winced. "How did Mr. Armstrong seem when he came to you this morning?"

"He seemed sulky about Jingling Geordie. But he knew very well that if he kicked at anything, there was a bullet ready for him."

"He is not a man to have borne much. And the man himself—Geordie?"

"He was devil-may-care enough. Like a fellow who had got the game in his own hands. I heard him telling Muster Armstrong that he had been living on his sheep at Bunyong Creek."

"Bunyong Creek? Then it was he," said Churton, hammering down savagely a bullet which he had been biting into shape. "Oh, I'll speak to him! When will they be here?"

"In about ten minutes; but for God's sake don't provoke Jingling Geordie, or threaten him. I heard him boast of the murders he has committed, more than he could count on his ten fingers; he has two six-shooters in his belt, and he'll kill you with no more heed than if you were a rat. Take my advice, and let him alone."

"The God who sent David with a sling and a stone against the giant will help me. It is no use talking to me."

"A wilful man must have his way," said the old man; "but mind, I warned you. I shall never see you alive again, Mr. Churton; you might just as well put your hand in a lion's mouth as threaten that man."

"It is Lizzie's favourite mare," said Churton; "and he shan't have her till he has walked over my body."

With hands uplifted, in mute protestation, the man rode off to drive in the horses, and left Churton there, still driving at the refractory bullet, which had stuck in the gun, and would not go down close upon the powder. If the bullet could not be forced down, he would have to meet the man, he was determined to confront, helpless. Besides, was it not cowardly to lurk there, even for a murderer? Again, if he stepped forward and met Geordie, perhaps, suspecting treachery, the rascal's first act would be to shoot down Lizzie's father. Torn to pieces by these conflicting feelings, John's mind finally settled down to a determination to join the old stableman, leave his gun behind, take his place in driving in the horses, and once in the paddock, to get as

near as possible to the bushranger, and act as circumstances required.

But Churton wavered too long. At that very moment, as he lay down behind a huge trunk of a gum tree, not sixty yards from the paddock into which the horses just then raced, hurried by the stableman's shouts, Jingling Geordie and Mr. Armstrong came down a field-path from the house. They walked side by side; Geordie was talkative and triumphant, Mr. Armstrong silent and gloomy, like a prisoner in custody.

"I hear this mare of yours is a clipper; but I shall see what metal she has in her before half an hour's over."

"I tell you the truth, man. It is hard to part with her. My girl, Lizzie, is fond of her, and she is fond of Lizzie, and I allow I'd sooner you'd take all the paddockful than her."

"Come, I think you have got off pretty tidy," said the black-bearded fellow, with malice in his small, half-closed eyes, as he swung his six-shooter nearer to his hand and surveyed the path before him with a caution and suspicion evidently habitual. "I've taken none of your shiners. I've not hurt anything, and now you grudge me this mare. That's hardly grateful of you, old man. At some houses I've lodged at I can tell you I've come away with rather fuller pockets. Suppose, now, I'd carried off your daughter?"

The old north-countryman's brow darkened. "And do you think I'd have let her go without a struggle?"

"Struggle. Look at these arguments of mine," and Geordie laughed a wicked laugh, and tapped the two six-shooters in his belt. "Much good your struggling would have been. I know where your brains would have been by this time. Now, look here, do you know what this ugly head of mine is worth?" and Geordie took off his wideawake, and shook his coarse fell of black matted hair with a certain vulgar pride.

Armstrong said, "I know there is a reward offered for you."

"Two hundred pounds; more than's been offered for any one since my old comrade Morgan. It is worth having. Try and earn it. Here, I'll give you a revolver. Have a crack at me; but mind I shall fire first, old pal."

At that moment Armstrong caught a glimpse of a gun-barrel pointed dead at Geordie, and seeing it he drew back, to let the man, whoever it might be in ambuscade, get a clear shot. Geordie did not see the



barrel glitter, but he observed Armstrong fall back a step, and quick as lightning he put his hand to his belt and drew his revolver. A second; and the old man would have been killed; but before Geordie could cock the six-shooter, there was a crack, a thin gush of fire, and, as he turned, a heavy bullet struck him full in the lower part of the chest. He threw up his arms, uttered half a curse, and fell dead upon his face.

Almost before the body could touch the ground, Churton had risen from behind the tree, and with clubbed gun, ran like a deer to where the corpse lay. He knelt, tore open Geordie's shirt, and felt his heart—it had ceased to beat. He snatched the revolver from the ruffian's stiffening hand, and rose and stood before Armstrong.

"He is dead," he said. "I was loth to kill him that way, but when I saw the villain put his hand to his belt, I knew he meant murder, and the odds were too much against you for me to spare him."

"You've saved my life, John Churton," said Armstrong, "and I thank you. I dare say you only value me for Lizzie's sake, and I don't know that I deserve more of you, for I was rough and ungrateful last night, and I forgot what I owed you for good service."

"I never felt such a terrible moment," said Churton, "as that was when I took aim at the wretch that lies here; for I knew if I missed it was sudden death for you, and I didn't know how this old shot-gun would carry a bullet; but it went straight, and the men this wretch murdered are at last avenged. Still, somehow, I wish it had been a fair up-and-down fight, when he was stealing your sheep."

"Tut, man, there is nothing to regret," said the old farmer, grasping Churton's hand warmly; "the two hundred pounds reward will help to buy some sheep to start you and Lizzie."

"I'll not touch a penny of the blood-money. I killed him to save Lizzie's father."

"Well, you were always a queer lad. Let who will have it, Lizzie is yours."

John Churton pressed his hand. Then he said: "It was a lucky shot, but I'd rather have struck him down in fair fight, bad as he was; and after all, but for brave little Kitty, I might have been in the hut by the old clearing, and never have known till I was fifty miles away that you had been all murdered."

"John Churton, you're a brave fellow, and you deserve my daughter," said Arm-

strong, "and you shall have this old place when my time comes."

Need I describe the meeting of Lizzie and John? Never was happiness so sudden, so complete, so deserved. A brave man and a brave girl had long since exchanged hearts, and if ever there was an hour of perfect happiness in this wicked world it was that first hour of their re-meeting. As for Travers, he sat silent, cowed, and despired.

The next morning Armstrong, going out very early to the shed where the body lay awaiting the inquest and the gathering of the jury from far-off stations, found a man with his back towards him, kneeling over the body, and busy in removing the beard for a trophy to show at Melbourne.

Armstrong indignantly pushed the man over the body. It was Travers.

"I see what you want," said the old farmer, "to go off with that and tell lies about it at the bar-rooms at Melbourne. A cur like you, too! Get up, saddle your horse, and be off; my daughter is only fit for a brave man. I'll send out your breakfast to you when you're on horseback. Be off, quick—d'ye hear. You can tell lies enough without wanting a proof."

So Travers slunk away.

"THANK you, sir-r-r," said the president. "Any way, that story just settles one p'int, and proves what a good thing it is never to stir without your shootin'-irons. If your friend had followed our fashion this side, and always carried his six-shooter around with him, he'd have held a stronger suit than an old played-out duck-gun. Who's next? A lady this time. What do you say, ma'am?" he continued, to the quiet German woman with the strange sad yearning look in her large eyes, who sat on Harry Middleton's other side, gently arranging the bandages on his wounded arm. "Sorry I don't know your name, so as to speak civiller, but p'raps you've got a story you can tell us?"

"They call me Sister Johanna," she said, in a composed voice, which had a touch of melancholy and something of weariness in its tone. "My story, such as it is, is but a sad one; but it will be a relief to me to put into words what is for ever passing through my brain, and if you wish it, I will gladly speak."

Then, after bringing her kindly duties to her patient to an end, she began to speak, at first with some hesitation, but presently with a curious earnestness, very different

to the ordinary composure of her manner. And this was—

### SISTER JOHANNA'S STORY.

If you have ever heard of the Grödner Thal, then you will also have heard of the village of St. Ulrich, of which I, Johanna Ræderer, am a native, and in which I lived all my life until I crossed the ocean. And if, as is more likely, you have never heard of either, then still, though without knowing it, many of you have, even from your earliest childhood, been familiar with the work by which, for many generations, we have lived and prospered. Your rocking-horse, your Noah's ark, your first doll, came from St. Ulrich—for the Grödner Thal is the children's paradise, and supplies the little ones of all Europe with toys. In every house throughout the village—I might almost say in every house throughout the valley—you will find wood-carving, painting, or gilding perpetually going on; except only in the haymaking and harvest-time, when all the world goes up to the hills to mow and reap, and breathes the mountain air. Nor do our carvers carve only grotesque toys. All the crucifixes that you see by the wayside, all the carved stalls and tabernacles, all the painted and gilded saints decorating screens and side altars in our Tyrolean churches, are the work of their hands.

After what I have said, you will no doubt have guessed that ours was a family of wood-carvers. My father, who died when my sister and I were quite little children, was a wood-carver. My mother was also a wood-carver, as were her mother and grandmother before her; and Katrine and I were of course brought up by her to the same calling. But, as it was necessary that one should look after the home duties, and as Katrine was always more delicate than myself, I gradually came to work less and less at the business, till at last, what with cooking, washing, mending, making, spinning, gardening, and so forth, I almost left it off altogether. Nor did Katrine work very hard at it, either; for, being so delicate, and so pretty, and so much younger than myself, she came, of course, to be a good deal spoiled, and to have her own way in everything. Besides, she grew tired, naturally, of cutting nothing but cocks, hens, dogs, cats, cows, and goats; which were all our mother had been taught to make, and, consequently, all she could teach to her children.

"If I could carve saints and angels, like

Ulrich, next door," Katrine used sometimes to say; "or if I might invent new beasts out of my own head, or if I might cut caricature nutcrackers of the Herr Purger and Don Wian, I shouldn't care if I worked hard all day; but I hate the cocks and hens, and I hate the dogs and cats, and I hate all the birds and beasts that ever went into the ark—and I only wish they had all been drowned in the Deluge, and not one left for a pattern!"

And then she would fling her tools away, and dance about the room like a wild creature, and mimic the Herr Purger, who was the great wholesale buyer of all our St. Ulrich ware, till even our mother, grave and sober woman as she was, could not help laughing, till the tears ran down her cheeks.

Now the Ulrich next door, of whom our little Katrine used to speak, was the elder of two brothers named Finazzar, and he lived in the house adjoining our own; for at St. Ulrich, as in some of the neighbouring villages, one frequently sees two houses built together under one roof, with gardens and orchards surrounded by a common fence. Such a house was the Finazzars' and ours; or I should rather say both houses were theirs, for they were our landlords, and we rented our cottage from them by the year.

Ulrich, named after the patron saint of our village, was a tall, brown, stalwart man, very grave, very reserved, very religious, and the finest wood-sculptor in all the Grödner Thal. No madonnas, no angels could compare with his for heavenly grace and tenderness; and for his Christs, a great foreign critic, who came to St. Ulrich some ten or twelve years ago, said that no other modern artist with whose works he was acquainted, could treat that subject with anything like the same dignity and pathos. But then, perhaps, no other modern artist went to his work in the same spirit, or threw into it not only the whole force of a very noble and upright character, but all the loftiest aspirations of a profoundly religious nature.

His younger brother, Alois, was a painter—fair-haired, light-hearted, pleasure-loving; as unlike Ulrich, both in appearance and disposition, as it is possible to conceive. At the time of which I am telling you, he was a student in Venice, and had already been three years away from home. I used to dream dreams, and weave foolish romances about Alois and my little Katrine, picturing to myself how he would some day come home, in the flush,

perhaps, of his first success, and finding her so beautiful and a woman grown, fall in love with her at first sight, and she with him; and the thought of this possibility became at last such a happy certainty in my mind, that when things began to work round in quite the other way, I could not bring myself to believe it. Yet so it was, and, much as I loved my darling, and quick-sighted as I had always been in everything that could possibly concern her, there was not a gossip in St. Ulrich who did not see what was coming before I even suspected it.

When, therefore, my little Katrine came to me one evening in the orchard, and told me, half laughing, half crying, that Ulrich Finazzar had that day asked her to be his wife, I was utterly taken by surprise.

"I never dreamed that he would think of me, dear," she said, with her head upon my bosom. "He is so much too good and too clever for such a foolish birdie as poor little Katrine."

"But—but my birdie loves him?" I said, kissing her bright hair.

She half lifted her head, half laughed through her tears, and said with some hesitation:

"Oh, yes, I love him. I—I think I love him—and then I am quite sure he loves me, and that is more than enough."

"But, Katrine——"

She kissed me, to stop the words upon my lips.

"But you know quite well, dear, that I never could love any lover half as much as I love you; and he knows it, too, for I told him so just now, and now please don't look grave, for I want to be very happy to-night, and I can't bear it."

And I also wanted her to be very happy, so I said all the loving things I could think of, and when we went in to supper we found Ulrich Finazzar waiting for us.

"Dear Johanna," he said, taking me by both hands, "you are to be my sister now."

And then he kissed me on the forehead. The words were few; but he had never spoken to me or looked at me so kindly before, and somehow my heart seemed to come into my throat, and I could not answer a word.

It was now the early summer time, and they were to be married in the autumn. Ulrich, meanwhile, had his hands full of work, as usual, and there was, besides, one important task which he wanted to complete before his wedding. This task was a Christ, larger than life, which he designed as a gift to our parish church, then under-

going complete restoration. The committee of management had invited him, in the first instance, to undertake the work as an order, but Ulrich would not accept a price for it. He preferred to give it as a free-will offering, and he meant it to be the best piece of wood-sculpture that had ever yet left his hand. He had made innumerable designs for it, both in clay and on paper, and separate studies from life for the limbs, hands, and feet. In short, it was to be no ordinary piece of mere conventional Grödner Thal work, but a work of art in the true sense of the word. In the meanwhile, he allowed no one to see the figure in progress—not even Katrine; but worked upon it with closed doors, and kept it covered with a linen cloth whenever his workshop was open.

So the summer time wore on, and the roses bloomed abundantly in our little garden, the corn yellowed slowly on the hill-sides, and the wild white strawberry blossoms turned to tiny strawberries, ruby-red, on every mossy bank among the fir-forests of the Scisser Alp. And still Ulrich laboured on at his great work, and sculptured many a gracious saint besides; and still the one object of all his earthly worship was our little laughing Katrine. Whether it was that, being so grave himself and she so gay, he loved her the better for the contrast, I cannot tell; but his affection for her seemed to deepen daily. I watched it as one might watch the growth of some rare flower, and I wondered sometimes if she prized it as she ought. Yet I scarcely know how, child that she was, she should ever have risen to the heights or sounded the depths of such a nature as his. That she could not appreciate him, however, would have mattered little, if she had loved him more. There was the pity of it. She had accepted him, as many a very young girl accepts her first lover, simply because he was her first. She was proud of his genius—proud of his preference, proud of the house, and the lands, and the worldly goods that were soon to be hers; but for that far greater wealth of love, she held it all too lightly. Seeing this, day after day, with the knowledge that nothing I could say would make things better, I fell, without being conscious of it, into a sad and silent way, that arose solely out of my deep love for them both, and had no root of selfishness in it, as my own heart told me then, and tells me to this day.

In the midst of this time, so full of happiness for Ulrich, so full of anxiety for me, Alois Finazzar came home suddenly.

We had been expecting him in a vague way ever since the spring, but the surprise, when he walked in unannounced, was as great as if we had not expected him at all. He kissed us all on both cheeks, and sat down as if he had not been away for a day.

"What a rich fellow I am!" he said, joyously. "I left only a grave elder brother behind when I went to Venice, and I come back finding two dear little sisters to welcome me home again."

And then he told us that he had just taken the gold medal at the Academy, that he had sold his prize picture for two hundred florins, and that he had a pocketful of presents for us all—a necklace for Katrine, a spectacle-case for our mother, and a housewife for myself. When he put the necklace round my darling's neck he kissed her again, and praised her eyes, and said he should some day put his pretty little sister into one of his pictures.

He was greatly changed. He went away a curly-headed lad of eighteen, he came back a man, bearded, self-confident. Three years, at certain turning-points on the road of life, work with us more powerfully, whether for better or worse, than would ten years at any other period. I thought I liked Alois Finazzo better when he was those three years younger.

Not so Katrine, however—not so our mother—not so the St. Ulrich folk, all of whom were loud in his praise. Handsome, successful, gay, generous, he treated the men, laughed with the girls, and carried all before him.

As for Ulrich, he put his work aside, and cleared his brow, and made holiday for two whole days, going round with his brother from house to house, and telling every one how Alois had taken the great gold medal in Venice. Proud and happy as he was, however, he was prouder and happier still when, some three or four days later, at a meeting of the church committee of management, the commune formally invited Alois to paint an altar-piece for the altar of Sant' Marco at the price of three hundred florins.

That evening Ulrich invited us to supper, and we drank Alois's health in a bottle of good Barbera wine. He was to stay at home now, instead of going back to Venice, and he was to have the large room at the back of Ulrich's workshop for a studio.

"I'll bring your patron saint into my picture if you will sit for her portrait, Katrine," said Alois, laughingly.

And Katrine blushed and said, "Yes;" and Ulrich was delighted, and Alois pulled out his pocket-book, and began sketching her head on the spot.

"Only you must try to think of serious things, and not laugh when you are sitting for a saint, my little mädchen," said Ulrich, tenderly; whereupon Katrine blushed still more deeply, and Alois, without looking up from his drawing, promised that they would both be as grave as judges whenever the sittings were going on.

And now there began for me a period of such misery that even at this distance of time I can scarcely bear to speak or think of it. There, day after day, was Alois painting in his new studio, and Katrine sitting to him for Catarina, while Ulrich, unselfish, faithful, trustful, worked on in the next room, absorbed in his art, and not only unconscious of treachery, but incapable of conceiving it as a possibility. How I tried to watch over her, and would fain have watched over her still more closely if I could, is known to myself alone. My object was to be with her throughout all those fatal sittings; Alois's object was to make the appointments for hours when my household duties compelled me to remain at home. He soon found out that my eyes were opened. From that moment it was a silent unacknowledged fight between us, and we were always fighting it.

And now, as his work drew nearer to completion, Ulrich seemed every day to live less for the people and things about him, and more for his art. Always somewhat over silent and reserved, he now seemed scarcely conscious at times even of the presence of others. He spoke and moved as in a dream; went to early mass every morning at four; fasted three days out of seven; and, having wrought himself up to a certain pitch of religious and artistic excitement, lived in a world of his own creation, from which even Katrine was for the time excluded. Things being thus, what could I do but hold my peace? To speak to Ulrich would have been impossible at any time; to speak to my darling (she being, perhaps, wholly unconscious) might be to create the very peril I dreaded; to appeal to Alois, I felt beforehand, would be worse than useless. So I kept my trouble to myself, and prayed that the weeks might pass quickly, and bring their wedding-day.

Now, just about this time of which I am telling (that is, towards the middle of August) came round the great annual fête, or Sagra, as we call it, at Botzen; and to

this fête Katrine and I had for some years been in the habit of going, walking to Atzwary the first day by way of Castelruth, sleeping near Atzwary in the house of our aunt, Maria Bernhard, whose husband kept the gasthaus called the Schwarzen Adler, taking the railway next morning from Atzwary to Botzen, and there spending the day of the Sagro, and returning in the same order as we came. This year, however, having the dread of Alois before my eyes, and knowing that Ulrich would not leave his work, I set my face against the Botzen expedition, and begged my little sister, since she could not have the protection of her betrothed husband, to give it up. And so I think she would have done at first, but that Alois was resolute to have us go, and at last even Ulrich urged it upon us, saying he would not have his little mädchen balked of her festa simply because he was too busy to take her there himself. Would not Johanna be there to take care of her, Alois to take care of them both? So my protest was silenced, and we went.

It is a long day's walk from St. Ulrich to Atzwary, and we did not reach our aunt's house till nearly supper-time, so that it was quite late before we went up to our room. And now my darling, after being in wild spirits all day, became suddenly silent, and instead of going to bed, stayed by the window, looking at the moon.

"What is my birdie thinking of?" I said, putting my arm about her waist.

"I am thinking," she said, softly, "how the moon is shining now at St. Ulrich, on our mother's bedroom window, and on our father's grave."

And with this she laid her head down upon my shoulder, and cried as if her heart would break.

I have reproached myself since for letting that moment pass as I did. I believe I might have had her confidence if I had tried, and then what a world of sorrow might have been averted from us all!

We reached Botzen next morning in time for the six o'clock mass, and went to high mass again at nine, and strolled among the booths between the services. Here Alois, as usual, was very free with his money, buying ribbons and trinkets for Katrine, and behaving in every way as if he, and not Ulrich, were her acknowledged lover. At eleven, having met some of our St. Ulrich neighbours, we made a party, and dined all together; and after dinner the young men proposed to take us to see an exhibition of rope-dancers and tumblers. Now I knew that Ulrich would not ap-

prove of this, and I entreated my darling for his sake, if not for mine, to stay away. But she would not listen to me.

"Ulrich, Ulrich!" she repeated, pettishly. "Don't tease me about Ulrich; I am tired of his very name!"

The next moment she had taken Alois's arm, and we were in the midst of the crowd.

Finding she would go, I, of course, went also, though sorely against my inclination; and one of our St. Ulrich friends gave me his arm, and got me through. The crowd, however, was so great that I lost sight somehow of Alois and Katrine, and found myself landed presently inside the booth, and sitting on a front seat next to the orchestra, alone with the St. Ulrich people. We kept seats for them as long as we could, and stood upon the bench to look for them, till at last the curtain rose, and we had to sit down without them.

I saw nothing of the performance. To this day I have no idea how long it lasted, or what it consisted of. I remember nothing but the anxiety with which I kept looking towards the door, and the deadly sinking at my heart as the minutes dragged by. To go in search of them was impossible, for the entrance was choked, and there was no standing-room in any part of the booth, so that even when the curtain fell we were fully another ten minutes getting out.

You have guessed it, perhaps, before I tell you. They were not in the market-place; they were not at the gasthaus; they were not in the cathedral.

"The tall young man in a grey and green coat, and the pretty girl with a white rose in her hair?" said a bystander. "Tush, my dear, don't be uneasy. They are gone home; I saw them running towards the station more than half an hour ago."

So we flew to the station, and there one of the porters, who was an Atzwary man, and knew us both, confirmed the dreadful truth. They were gone indeed, but they were not gone home. Just in time to catch the express, they had taken their tickets through to Venice, and were at this moment speeding southwards.

How I got home—not stopping at all at Atzwary, but going straight away on foot in the broiling afternoon sun—never resting till I reached Castelruth, a little after dusk—lying down outside my bed, and sobbing all the night, getting up at the first glimmer of grey dawn, and going on again before the sun was up—how I did all this, faint for want of food, yet unable to eat;

weary for want of rest, yet unable to sleep—I know not. Yet I did it, and was home again at St. Ulrich, kneeling beside our mother's chair, and comforting her as best I could, by seven.

"How is Ulrich to be told?"

It was her first question. It was the question I had been asking myself all the way home. I knew well, however, that I must be the one to break it to him. It was a terrible task, and I put it from me as long as possible. When, at last, I did go, it was past mid-day. The workshop door was open—the Christ, just showing a vague outline through the folds, was covered with a sheet, and standing up against the wall—and Ulrich was working on the drapery of a St. Francis, the splinters from which were flying off rapidly in every direction. Seeing me on the threshold, he looked up and smiled.

"So soon back, liebe Johanna?" he said.

"We did not expect you till evening."

Then, finding I made no answer, he paused in his work, and said, quickly:

"What is the matter? Is she ill?"

I shook my head. "No," I said, "she is not ill."

"Where is she, then?"

"She is not ill," I said, again, "but—she is not here."

And then I told him. He heard me out in dead silence, never moving so much as a finger, only growing whiter as I went on. Then, when I had done, he went over to the window, and remained standing with his back towards me for some minutes.

"And you?" he said, presently, still without turning his head. "And you—through all these weeks—you never saw or suspected anything?"

"I feared—I was not sure——"

He turned upon me with a terrible pale anger in his face.

"You feared—you were not sure!" he said, slowly. "That is to say, you saw it going on, and let it go on, and would not put out your hand to save us all! False! false! false!—all false together—false love, false brother, false friend!"

"You are not just to me, Ulrich," I said; for to be called false by him was more than I could bear.

"Am I not just? Then I pray that God will be more just to you, and to them, than I can ever be; and that His justice may be the justice of vengeance—swift, and terrible, and without mercy."

And saying this he laid his hand on the veiled Christ, and cursed us all three with a terrible, passionate curse, like the curse of a prophet of old.

For one moment my heart stood still, and I felt as if there were nothing left for me but to die; but it was only for that one moment; for I knew, even before he had done speaking, that no words of his could harm either my poor little erring Katrine or myself. And then, having said so as gently as I could, I formally forgave him in her name and mine, and went away.

That night Ulrich Finazzar shut up his house and disappeared, no one knew whither. When I questioned the old woman who lived with him as servant, she said that he had paid and dismissed her a little before dusk; that she then thought he was looking very ill, and that she had observed how, instead of being, as usual, hard at work all day in the workshop, he had fetched his gun out of the kitchen about two o'clock, and carried it up to his bedroom, where, she believed, he had spent nearly all the afternoon cleaning it. This was all she had to tell; but it was more than enough to add to the burden of my terrors.

Oh, the weary, weary time that followed—the long, sad, solitary days—the days that became weeks—the weeks that became months—the autumn that chilled and paled, as it wore on towards winter—the changing woods—the withering leaves—the snow that whitened daily on the great peaks round about! Thus September and October passed away, and the last of the harvest was gathered in, and November came with bitter winds and rain; and, save a few hurried lines from Katrine, posted in Perugia, I knew nothing of the fate of all whom I had loved and lost.

"We were married," she wrote, "in Venice, and Alois talks of spending the winter in Rome. I should be perfectly happy if I knew that you and Ulrich had forgiven us."

This was all. She gave me no address; but I wrote to her at the Poste Restante, Perugia, and again to the Poste Restante, Rome; both of which letters, I presume, lay unclaimed till destroyed by the authorities, for she never replied to either.

And now the winter came on in earnest, as winter always comes in our high valleys, and Christmas-time drew round again; and, on the eve of St. Thomas, Ulrich Finazzar returned to his house as suddenly and silently as he had left it.

Next-door neighbours as we were, we should not have known of his return but for the trampled snow upon the path, and the smoke going up from the workshop chimney. No other sign of life or occupation

was to be seen. The shutters remained unopened. The doors, both front and back, remained fast locked. If any neighbour knocked, he was left to knock unanswered. Even the old woman, who used to be his servant, was turned away by a stern voice from within, bidding her begone and leave him at peace.

That he was at work was certain; for we could hear him in the workshop by night as well as by day. But he could work there as in a tomb, for the room was lighted by a window in the roof.

Thus St. Thomas's Day, and the next day, which was the fourth Sunday in Advent, went by, and still he, who had ever been so constant at mass, showed no sign of coming out amongst us. On Monday our good curé walked down, all through the fresh snow (for there had been a heavy fall in the night), on purpose to ask if we were sure that Ulrich was really in his house; if we had yet seen him; and if we knew what he did for food, being shut in there quite alone; but to these questions we could give no satisfactory reply.

That day, when we had dined, I put some bread and meat in a basket, and left it at his door; but it lay there untouched all through the day and night, and in the morning I fetched it back again, with the food still in it.

This was the fourth day since his return. It was very dreadful—I cannot tell you how dreadful—to know that he was so near, yet never even to see his shadow on a blind. As the day wore on my suspense became intolerable. To-night, I told myself, would be Christmas Eve, to-morrow Christmas Day. Was it possible that he would let both anniversaries go by thus? Was it possible that his heart would not soften if he remembered our happy Christmas of only last year, when he and Katrine were not yet betrothed; how he supped with us, and how we all roasted nuts upon the hearth, and sang part-songs after supper? Then, again, it seemed incredible that he should not go to church on Christmas Day.

Thus the day went by, and the evening dusk came on, and the village choir came round singing carols from house to house, and still he made no sign.

Now what with the suspense of knowing him to be so near, and the thought of my little Katrine far away in Rome, and the remembrance of how he—he whom I had honoured and admired above all the world my whole life long—had called down curses on us both the very last

time that he and I stood face to face—what with all this, I say, and what with the season and its associations, I had such a great restlessness and anguish upon me that I sat up trying to read my Bible long after mother had gone to bed. But my thoughts wandered continually from the text, and at last the restlessness so gained upon me that I could sit still no longer, and so got up and walked about the room.

And now suddenly, while I was pacing to and fro, I heard, or fancied I heard, a voice in the garden calling to me by name. I stopped—I listened—I trembled. My very heart stood still! Then, hearing no more, I opened the window and outer shutters, and instantly there rushed in a torrent of icy cold air and a flood of brilliant moonlight, and there, on the shining snow below, stood Ulrich Finazzer.

Himself, and yet so changed! Worn, haggard, grey.

I saw him, I tell you, as plainly as I see my own hand at this moment. He was standing close, quite close, under the window, with the moonlight full upon him.

"Ulrich!" I said, and my own voice sounded strange to me, somehow, in the dead waste and silence of the night—"Ulrich, are you come to tell me we are friends again?"

But instead of answering me he pointed to a mark on his forehead—a small dark mark, that looked at this distance and by this light like a bruise—cried aloud with a strange wild cry, less like a human voice than a far-off echo, "The brand of Cain! The brand of Cain!" and so flung up his arms with a despairing gesture, and fled away into the night.

The rest of my story may be told in a few words—the fewer the better. Insane with the desire of vengeance, Ulrich Finazzer had tracked the fugitives from place to place, and slain his brother at mid-day in the streets of Rome. He escaped unmolested, and was well nigh over the Austrian border before the authorities even began to inquire into the particulars of the murder. He then, as was proved by a comparison of dates, must have come straight home by way of Mantua, Verona, and Botzen, with no other object, apparently, than to finish the statue that he had designed for an offering to the church. He worked upon it, accordingly, as I have said, for four days and nights incessantly, completed it to the last degree of finish, and then, being in who can tell how terrible a condition of remorse, and horror, and de-

spair, sought to expiate his crime with his blood. They found him shot through the head by his own hand, lying quite dead at the feet of the statue upon which he had been working, probably, up to the last moment, his tools lying close by, the pistol still fast in his clenched hand, and the divine pitying face of the Redeemer, whose law he had outraged, bending over him as if in sorrow and forgiveness.

Did I indeed see Ulrich Finazzar that night of his self-murder? If I did so with my bodily eyes, and it was no illusion of the senses, then most surely I saw him not in life, for that dark mark which looked to me in the moonlight like a bruise was the bullet-hole in his brow.

But did I see him? It is a question I ask myself again and again, and have asked myself for years. Ah! who can answer it?

THE buzz of comment which followed Sister Johanna's story had scarcely subsided, and Mr. Croft had not had time to thank her in the name of the company, when a queer-looking man, with a wandering eye, and a strangely restless manner, started forward and addressed the president abruptly:

"Sir," he said, "I should like to tell you and this honourable company about Nettlefold."

"Nobody wants to stop you, stranger," returned Mr. Croft. "You can begin as soon as you like, and go right on till you've got through with it."

"About Nettlefold," continued the stranger, taking no notice of Mr. Croft, "Nettlefold and that clock. I am English, as you will doubtless perceive. It occurred in England. This was how it happened."

And, without further preface, he plunged into the following strange story of—

### THE QUEER CLOCK.

THERE are some people who seem to thrust their friendship peremptorily upon one, much as a conjuror, in furtherance of his impostures, forces the receipt of a particular card. There is no escape; persistence triumphs, unless one adopts a course of opposition of an unusually obstinate kind. Thus Augustus Nettlefold called himself my friend, and assumed an intimate air in relation to me quite in spite of myself. I had little liking for him; I had no respect for him; we had few sympathies in common; no real bond of union existed between us; still, there he was—my friend.

He claimed to have known me for very many years; and this was true enough: our acquaintance dated, in fact, from a remote period when I had been his school-fellow. But what of that? I had forgotten all about Augustus Nettlefold. I had completely lost sight of him for a very long while; and I could never call to mind that, even at school, I had cared particularly about him. No doubt I had, at that time, certain special cronies and comrades. But I don't think that intimate relations of this nature had ever subsisted between Nettlefold and myself. I had some dim memory of a lean, freckled, light-haired boy, usually wearing a frill round his neck, and intemperately fond of jam-puffs. Could that have been Nettlefold? or had I confounded him with some other boy? I couldn't be sure. And perhaps it didn't much matter.

But we have really need of a Statute of Limitations in regard to friendship. Claims of that kind, if not fully sustained by proof of periodical recognition and mutual agreement, should be barred by lapse of time. The intimacies of schoolboy life cannot be supposed to last for ever. When a florid, middle-aged man—bald, except as to a few weak locks of hair scantily streaking his cranium, with oily auburn whiskers and a protuberant white waistcoat—inquired of me one day whether I had not been, in my youth, a pupil at Doctor Rodwell's academy, at Turnham Green, and forthwith proclaimed himself my old schoolfellow, Augustus Nettlefold, I own that I did not feel very cordially moved towards him, or greatly interested in the recollections he laboured to revive. I frankly stated, indeed, that I did not recognise him. "I should have known you anywhere," he said; "you're not in the least altered. You're thin, you see," he went on, "and thin men don't alter much. No, you're just the same as you always were. For me, I know I'm changed. I've grown stout and rather bald; and, of course, that makes a difference. I'm uncommonly glad to see you again, old fellow; it brings back the past so pleasantly to me. Ah! there are no friends like the friends of one's boyhood! Happy boyhood! Why can't we have it all over again?"

I did not feel equal to answering this question. For my own part I sympathised but indifferently with Nettlefold's sentiments, and experienced no particular desire for the recurrence of my days of immaturity. To my thinking, the happiness of



boyhood has been on all sides very considerably over-estimated. I take it that there are unhappy boys just as there are unhappy men. I know that great part of my own youth was a state of extreme exertion and misery to me. My health was weakly. I was unable to find pleasure in the rougher practices of the playground. I was subjected to rather oppressive treatment at the hands of my more robust schoolmates; and I was, I think, undervalued and inconsiderately viewed by my preceptors. I could not contemplate, therefore, with any special enjoyment, the period of my existence that had been passed at Doctor Rodwell's academy, in company with Augustus Nettlefold, as he alleged. I did not think it worth while, however, to apprise him of my opinions in this regard.

Of myself I desire to say little further. I possessed a modest fortune, and, up to the period of my being resuscitated, as it were, by Nettlefold, I had led a life of quiet and seclusion. I was unmarried, and saw little of society. I inhabited a small but comfortable house—it happened to be my own freehold—in an unfashionable suburb of London. I was devoted to a particular branch of literary study. I hasten to add that this was in no sense of a popular kind, or one that would, however sedulously I might prosecute my labours, entitle me to any kind of general fame or public recognition. Some credit I might earn from a select and very limited class of students, sympathising with the nature of my inquiries, but not more than that. I should state, perhaps, that my toils had not attained any very definitive issue, or acquired much distinctness of form. I had really done little more than test and digest the results of previous dealings with the same subject, and amass materials for proceeding with it further and conclusively when the proper time should arrive for so doing. Meanwhile, I had collected a large and valuable library of books.

Nettlefold was a City man; but, that said, I have no clear information as to the precise nature of his occupation. He rented an office near the Bank of England, and employed a clerk or two; was versed in the mysteries of the money-market, skilled in the slang of 'Change, and appeared to be much interested in financial operations, and especially those of a speculative character. He had nothing about him, as I perceived, of the old-fashioned, plodding, City merchant. He dressed gaily, seemed to have abundant leisure,

conducted his calling, whatever it may have been, after a curiously light-hearted, not to say frivolous, fashion, and comported himself altogether much more as a man of pleasure than a man of business. He appeared to me greatly to prefer the gratifications of the table to the toils of the desk. He was a great consumer of glasses of sherry at all hours, devoted much time and thought to his meals, and generally laid stress upon the attractions of good cheer. He had the appearance of rather an overfed person. His appetite was hearty, and his digestion seemed to be in a very perfect state. I know that, in these respects, I viewed him enviously. My own health was infirm, and any departure from a strict regimen was to me a serious matter.

My acquaintance with Nettlefold had been resumed in this wise. We had both attended in the character of diners at a public banquet given in honour of a certain distinguished man, with whose career I had sufficiently sympathised to quit for the occasion my secluded method of life. Nettlefold was present simply, as I believe, because he liked to dine and to advertise himself in a prominent sort of way. I chanced to sit next to him. We fell into conversation, in the course of which occurred that reference to Doctor Rodwell's establishment for young gentlemen, which I have already set forth, and we exchanged cards.

After this Nettlefold called upon me; and called again and again. I am not a rude man, and have, perhaps, little real decision or energy of character. My life has been one of contemplation rather than of action. I could not dismiss my visitor, or decline to see him; so gradually relations, such as I entirely disapproved, were established—or, as he preferred to say, re-established—between Nettlefold and myself. His motive in thus thrusting himself upon me I have a difficulty in comprehending. I remember that he sometimes bantered me—rather coarsely, as his manner was—on the nature of the investment of my small fortune. I had old-fashioned and, perhaps, timid preferences for Government stock over other forms of securities. He ridiculed Consols, describing them as "an old woman's stocking," and hinted that he could show me how to turn my means to better account. He often recurred to this subject, but never pressed it unduly. Of himself he spoke little. I gathered, however, that he had been abroad during some years of his life, and that his fortunes had fluctuated somewhat. But altogether he

gave me the idea of his being now thoroughly prosperous, and his expenditure and his mode of living certainly seemed to be on a very liberal scale.

The new kind of existence into which I was forced by Nettlefold inconvenienced me gravely. I was taken from the society of my beloved books; my cherished studies were interrupted. I feel that I ought to have resisted the blandishments of my "newly-found old friend," as he described himself. What to me were his perpetual "sherries," his profuse turtle-soup luncheons, his elaborate "little dinners?" They only made me ill. Even his choice cigars that he forced me to smoke—my recourse to tobacco having hitherto been of a very limited and occasional kind—did but disturb my nervous system. It was plain that his method of life was very ill-suited to me; and I found no real pleasure in the man's company. After all he was nothing to me, except that he persistently asserted himself to be "my friend." How could I possibly interest myself in his commercial pursuits and City talk? In one point only was I successful in opposing this importunate man. "Call me Gus," he would sometimes say; "you always used to at old Rodwell's." But call him Gus I could not, and would not; it was as much as I could do to address him plainly as Nettlefold. On his part no such scruples existed. He called me by my Christian name. He even abbreviated this to "Alf." He said that I had always been "Alf" to him at Rodwell's. I felt that this wasn't true. But I had not courage enough to say so. To the best of my recollection, no human being had ever before addressed me as "Alf;" on that subject I was prepared to make oath; still, I let Nettlefold have his way.

One day I found myself pledged to dine with Nettlefold "down the river." I had vainly sought to escape from this engagement. I was ill, nervous, shaken altogether. The weather had been exceedingly sultry; I was suffering from previous dinners with Nettlefold—to him simply everyday matters probably, but to me shameful dissipations. And my discomforts were mental, as well as of the body. I was vexed at my own feebleness of will and instability of character; I was the victim of severe self-reproach. Still, Nettlefold would take no denial.

"You must positively come, Alf," he said; "a very quiet little party, in a snug private room. The dinner shall be of the

simplest—you shall choose every dish yourself, if you like. No; I really can't spare you. This is an important occasion; in fact, a crisis in my fate has arrived—I'm going to be married! The guests are to be my intended bride, her father and mother, and an intimate friend of her family, that's all. With you and myself we shall be six in number. Now, you know, you can't refuse me—you can't, at such a time, desert the friend of your boyhood. Say you'll come. Indeed, I won't listen to a refusal. You must come."

Again I let Nettlefold have his way. What else could I do?

It was, as I have said, most sultry weather. The "snug private room" he had spoken of, proved to be a confined chamber that had been scorched all day long by the sun, and was swarming with flies. They were buzzing and clustering everywhere. The chandelier was cloudy with them, and they had so congregated about the looking-glass frame as to give it quite a piebald look. They had freely settled, too, upon a French bronze clock that stood on the mantelpiece. It was a quaintly-fashioned clock, purposely tinged here and there, after a modern fashion, with verdigris patches. A cadaverous figure of Time, very long and attenuated, and twisted of limb—I took it at first for Mephistopheles, but it was clearly meant for Time—was pointing a grisly forefinger at the dial, grinning sardonically the while. That clock caught my eye directly I entered the room; and it attracted my attention in a curious way again and again.

The window opened on to a narrow iron balcony, with all its paint shrivelled and blistered by exposure to the sun. The river was a glare of light. It was low water, and an expanse of smooth, shining, noisome mud lined the shore. The distant horizon seemed to be veiled in steam. The sun was sinking into a misty bed of angry, thunderous-looking clouds. There was not a breath of wind stirring. The heat was, indeed, almost unendurable; even reclining motionless in an easy-chair, placed between open door and open window, one grew fevered, panting, and faint. I felt as though some heavy weight were oppressing my heart, as though a cord were tightly bound round my temples, hindering the circulation of my blood, and distending all my veins in a painful degree. My voice was weak and husky when I tried to speak; my hands were strangely tremulous. I had never before felt so completely

shaken and upset. There was a floating parti-coloured mist before my eyes; my mind even seemed to be at fault. I experienced a difficulty in connecting my ideas, in controlling my memory and perceptions. Even now, as I look back upon it, that little dinner down the river has to me the vague, weird air of a fantastic vision.

I was introduced to Nettlefold's friends. I roused myself with an effort to take some measure of interest in his intended bride. She was richly dressed; a tall, thin, faded woman, with lustreless eyes, thin lips, and rather prominent teeth. She spoke with a drawl, and her manner struck me at once as arrogant and affected. "Alicia, my dear," said Nettlefold to her, "this is my old friend, Alf, of whom you've heard me speak. Alf, old boy, Miss Carberry." She slightly inclined her head as she surveyed me through her gold-rimmed eye-glasses. Her expression I judged to be hard, insolent, and cruel; yet I was prepared to learn, as I presently did from Nettlefold, that she was generally esteemed to be a lady of great personal attractions. She drew off her light kid gloves, and revealed her thin, sallow, rather sinowy, and claw-like hands, with many valuable rings circling her long bony fingers. Mr. Carberry—"great contractor, engaged in enormous undertakings," whispered Nettlefold—was a stout, mottled-faced, elderly man, with blank glassy eyes and a gingerbread-coloured wig. His wife, the mother of Alicia, was a large, fierce-browed woman, who did little but fan herself violently, setting all her many bracelets clinking and rattling till it almost seemed as though she were being fanned by some noisy system of machinery. The friend of the Carberry family—he was Alicia's cousin, I believe,—was called Major Meggott, a gaunt, jaded-looking man, with an erect military figure, bowed "cavalry" legs, and a dyed and much-waxed moustache. He was dressed in tightly-fitting dark clothes, and moved stiffly, as though buckled and trussed up in excess even of War Office regulations. He made no complaint of the heat; it was understood that he had frequently sojourned in tropical climes. His face wore a hard, artificial smile, as though to make revelation of his white, even teeth, of which he was, perhaps, proud. They also were artificial.

We sat at a circular table. Nettlefold had his future wife and mother-in-law on either side of him. I was placed between Mrs. Carberry and her husband. The

major sat next his cousin, and frequently interchanged talk with her, I noticed, in a subdued tone; otherwise we were but a silent party. A curious air of restraint and embarrassment seemed to oppress us. The dinner was of the most profuse and luxurious description; the courses seemed interminable, and the supply of wine of all kinds was excessive. Glasses were filled and emptied incessantly; yet no elation came to the party, but rather more and more of stupefaction and depression.

We were desperately dull; a kind of lethargy succeeded to our superabundant meal. We were gorged, in fact, with Nettlefold's little dinner. Some few attempts he made to animate us, by forced clamorousness of speech and laughter; but these proved futile. We sat for the most part mute and sleepy, twiddling our wine-glasses, or trifling with a superb dessert. My sufferings, I know, were acute.

The heat was still intense; the day had departed, but the night was close, sultry, and storm-laden. Not to add to the almost stifling temperature of the room, the lights of the chandelier were kept as low as possible. Now and then the murky sky without was quivering and aflame with lightning, which seemed to flash a white glare upon the faces round the table, and reduce the gas-lights above us to a dull, yellow hue. And now the thunder, that had long been rumbling and muttering fiercely in the distance, drew nearer to us. Presently it was rolling, and roaring, and crackling with the utmost violence close at hand.

"Shut the windows, for God's sake!" cried some one. All looked pale, I thought; but it might have been only the white flashing of the lightning in our faces.

Nettlefold ordered some more wine. "We must have something to cheer us," he said, with a hollow laugh. Wine was with him a panacea for all maladies; a remedy to be resorted to on every occasion.

"It's really the devil of a storm, you know," remarked the major. He added, however, that he had experienced many worse in the tropics. "Don't be frightened," he said to Alicia; but she *was* frightened. Old Mr. Carberry helped himself to pineapple; Mrs. Carberry fanned herself violently, but less regularly than before. It was as though the machinery which kept her fan in motion wanted oiling, or had got somehow out of gear.

A waiter, pursuant to Nettlefold's bidding, filled us up glasses of sparkling red burgundy. The dark-hued wine, with its creaming head of light purple, had a

clogged, drugged, redundantly rich flavour. It was very potent liquor. We seemed to be drinking foaming laudanum. The man was particularly careful to fill our glasses to the brim.

This was not the waiter who had previously attended upon us. I was struck by a certain strangeness in this new man's aspect. He was tall and painfully thin, with long, grim, attenuated features, his pale face wearing an acrid, sardonic expression. He was very bald, save that on his brow there grew a solitary lock of dark, twisted hair, the shape of an inverted comma. I felt sure that he and I had met before. Suddenly it occurred to me that he bore a startling resemblance to the grisly Mephistophelean figure of Time, pointing to the dial of the green bronze French clock on the mantelpiece.

The wind had now risen, and an angry gust flung the windows wide open. The lightning appeared to play about the room, and especially to be attracted to the bronze clock. It was lit up again and again, as though it had been smeared with phosphorus; there was, moreover, a prevalent odour of sulphur in the atmosphere that overcame all the fumes of the dinner and the wine. The air was dense and heavy, as though loaded with the vapours of some narcotic drug.

Then came a deafening peal of thunder. The house seemed to be shaken to its foundations. This was followed by an awful silence; even Mrs. Oarberry's fan was still. We were all in truth too scared to speak. The wind had gone down for the moment; no sound was audible, save only the ticking of the French clock. During the hum of dinner this could not have been heard; now it was—distinctly, almost noisily. Suddenly all was still; the clock, after a kind of gasp and, so to speak, a death-rattle in its throat, had stopped.

The strange waiter re-entered very quietly, and proceeded to set the clock going again. He wound it up very deliberately; it seemed quite a long process. We sat motionless and dumb, watching him the while.

The waiter quitted the room. What had he done to the clock? Something strange. Its tick had quickened marvelously, and the hands were whizzing round the dial with scarcely conceivable rapidity. Faster and faster they whirled round, until they were now almost imperceptible. A faint blur could be discerned upon the white face of the clock, but nothing more. Time was flying, indeed, at express speed!

Hours, days, months, years, were hurrying away at a frightful pace!

Still we sat silent; no one moved. I glanced round the room. Immediately I perceived that an extraordinary change was coming over my fellow-guests. Time was telling upon them most strangely and rapidly; so rapidly that his work could no longer be described as gradual. If for a minute I chanced to avert my eyes from one of them, during that brief interval the work of years had been wrought. Even as I looked at them, I could plainly note the process of change surely going on. I could see them grow old—old—very old, indeed! I could watch and note each step of natural decay; I was only disturbed by the rapidity of the operation. Colour fled, hair was stripped off, light wrinkles deepened into furrows, faces fell in, forms withered and bent, eyes dimmed and faded, and expired like burnt-out candles; dotage, and senility, and decrepitude did not creep, but fell suddenly, as it were, upon all. It was horrible, it was appalling, this extraordinary spectacle of certain and swift decay! I was trembling all over; my brain seemed on fire. Still, though my trepidation was extreme, and scarcely to be borne, in the midst of this frightful scene I felt that I preserved consciousness. I was perfectly sane; my recollection of that strange scene, even to minute points, is still vivid.

I turned to look at Nettlefold; he was a wizened, bent wreck of a man, with only a mere flicker of intelligence left upon his face. Presently it was clear to me that he was hopelessly insane. The change that had occurred in him during the long period that had elapsed between my quitting him at school and meeting him again a middle-aged man, was nothing to this, though it had been effected in some few minutes only.

Still the hands of the clock were whirling round and round, and time went flying on. The grim bronze figure was pointing to the dial, as though boasting of his handiwork, and grinning defiance at our discomfort and decline. The storm raged on without, the lightning flashed furiously, and the wind was roaring and dashing hail and rain into the room. Nettlefold, I fancy, said or tried to say something, I know not what; I saw his jaws work spasmodically, but he mumbled from loss of teeth, or my sense of hearing was lost to me. For I grew old with the rest; I felt my head droop until my chin rested on my chest; my limbs were shrunk and enfeebled, and ached with age, and I could see that

my hands were as the hands of a very old man—thin, tremulous, nerveless, and swollen at the joints. As to the other guests—but indeed I cannot continue. It was horrible!

I was in a strange bed, in a strange room; the windows were barred, and I could discern snow upon the housetops without. A strap bound me to my couch. Ice was being applied to my forehead; my hair had been cut quite close; shaved off, indeed.

"What has happened? Where am I?"

I was told afterwards that these were the first intelligible words I had spoken for many months.

"You're all safe—in St. Thomas's Hospital."

"What's been the matter?"

"Well, we'll call it brain fever. But you'll do now."

I was forbidden to ask any more questions. It was some time before I could find any who would reply to me, or give me information I much desired upon certain points.

"Nettlefold?" I was able to inquire at length of one who consented to supply me with intelligence of a concise kind, provided that I promised not to excite myself. "Nettlefold?"

"In Newgate, charged under the Fraudulent Trustee Act."

"Carberry?"

"Bankrupt—absconded."

"Alicia?"

"Eloped with her cousin. You've nothing more to ask?"

I had not. My mind was in an incoherent and shattered state.

"A drink of water, please."

"Here it is; now try and go to sleep, and don't bother yourself with thinking—there's a good fellow—and you'll soon get well; that is, as well as you've ever been."

I don't know sometimes whether I have ever got well or not.

UTTERING these last words in a dazed manner, and with a nervous hand playing idly about his chin, the speaker turned quickly round and disappeared in the darkness, leaving his hearers convinced that they at least had very clear notions as to his chances of ultimate recovery, whatever his own doubts on the subject might be. Indeed, Mr. Croffut seemed to express the general sentiment when he gave it as his opinion that two, or at the most three, more drinks of Bourbon whisky would be

more than enough to bring on a recurrence of the singular symptoms experienced by the stranger at Nettlefold's dinner.

"And," continued the president, "as we shall want somethin' pleasant after that, I shall ask another lady to volunteer for next turn."

"I heard a pretty little story in a strange old Flemish inn where I stayed last year," said the lady to whom he turned as he spoke. This was a self-possessed young American, who, with her mother, had just returned from Europe in time to lose everything in the great fire, and who seemed to think there was nothing very remarkable or out of the way in her present strange surroundings, and who began, with as much calmness as if she had been still sitting in the Sherman House drawing-room, this story:

### A WILL O' THE WISP.

"Ring, ding! tinkle, tinkle, ting!" rang the chimes in the cathedral tower, beginning to play their airy tune in the clouds, as a bewitched old lady came into the town of Dindans one evening, following a will o' the wisp.

Dindans is a dreamy old Flemish town, with canals full of yellow-green water, and brown boats with little scarlet flags; with strange old beetle-browed houses overshadowing the streets; with a market-place and fountain, a multitude of pointed gables, a cathedral covered with saints and angels, little children in muslin caps, and bells that make delicate music aloft in the air. A real traveller stopping at Dindans is a rare apparition, and people came out of their houses that evening to gaze at the little old Englishwoman who trotted behind the truck which jolted her luggage along the pavement.

When the tired little woman stopped before the wide entrance of the queer old inn, La Grue, there was no one about, and she walked into the sanded hall and glanced through the opening at the other end down the long, ancient court-yard, with its vines and gallery and rows of little windows, and on to where apple-trees and scarlet geraniums were blushing through the sunlight from the garden. A curious stone staircase wound out of the hall, and there were doors on each side of her. She hesitated, and glanced all round the unpeopled interior, until the sound of a voice came out of the nearest door.

"With her hands on her knees, and the knitting lying in her lap," said the shrewish

voice of a woman in clumsy Flemish French, "though I told her yesterday that the stocking must be done immediately."

"Thou hearest," said a man's voice, "thou must be more industrious."

"And with a look on her face that would sour the wine," continued the woman, "enough to make people think one was unkind to her."

"Thou must be more cheerful," grumbled the man.

"And see! There are travellers at our door, and here she is gossiping, so that we do not even perceive them!"

A door, which had been ajar, was quickly opened, and a young girl came out with a pale face, and eyes heavily encircled with the redness of suppressed tears. The young figure looked so much more refined than anything one could have expected in the place, that the traveller forgot her own business in the surprise. At the same moment a waiter came running to take the luggage, a little man, with a keen and perturbed face, and something like a hump on his shoulders. This was the oldest inn in Dindans, explained the girl. There were not many chambers ready, for travellers did not often stop to pass a night in the town. There was a suite of small rooms running round the court-yard, but they were at present used as fruit-lofts or lumber-closets. Over the archway into the garden was a little apartment, like a glass case, which was occupied by a gentleman who had been long established here, and must not be moved. But madame should have the best chamber, occupied by monsieur and his wife when nobody came. It should be made ready for the Dame Anglaise at a moment's notice.

The stranger had had an intention of trying to escape, but something in the girl's manner mysteriously vanquished her. She took possession of an ancient-looking room, with heavy, dark wainscots and one window, in which the only things noticeable were two well-painted portraits on the walls. They were Monsieur and Madame Van Melckelie, explained Jacques, the waiter, painted by Monsieur Lawrence, the English artist, who lived in the little glass chamber, and studied all his evenings in the painting-room of the Cercle des Beaux Arts, up above in the tower; a very respectable club, which reflected credit on the house. Their meeting-room for social purposes was behind the *salle-à-manger*.

Madame the stranger got rid of her dust, and made herself at home in her chair by the window, feeling herself to be a disap-

pointed old woman, who had been flitting about the world for years, seeking an object which it now seemed folly to think of finding.

In the pleasant court-yard the evening sunlight was gilding the peaks of the little windows, and the grapes that hung from the vines, but leaving a cool well of shadow about the old archway, through which flamed softly the illuminated garden, brilliant with scarlet and green, and bristling with gold-tipped apple-trees. As madame looked, a man's head was thrust from one of the queer little windows in the glass chamber, an English head, brown-haired and thoughtfully intelligent. It leaned out of the golden background, glanced at a deserted ironing-table, which stood under the vines below, withdrew itself quickly, and disappeared. This was Monsieur Lawrence, no doubt.

Our little old woman had returned to her own perplexities, when the maiden who had received her again appeared at her door, a ray from the window touching the girl as she announced that madame was served. Her face shone upon the traveller out of the shadows under the doorway—a pale, delicate-featured face, with a distinct beauty of its own, which was partly owing to its subdued intensity of expression. The eyes had still that look of suffering from unshed tears; the mouth had a look of heroic patience. She hovered on the threshold, while madame fixed a sudden stare upon her, and made a sharp ejaculation in English.

"Madame's dinner!" said the girl, thinking that she had not been understood in French. But the stare was not removed from her face till she fell back abashed across the threshold, and closed the door.

"What is it?" cried the little Englishwoman to herself, with piteous energy. "A likeness? No, not a likeness! Yes—no—yes. Certainly not! With brooding over this matter I am becoming silly!"

Madame reflected, and made up her mind that she was too hungry and tired to think to any purpose. She dined, and Jacques brought her some coffee in her chamber.

Madame could not refrain from questioning Jacques. For many long years it had been the business of her life to question. Stine was the girl's name. She was the niece of monsieur, and her fate was sad.

"Why do they treat her badly?"

"It seems to come by nature," said Jacques. "At present she is in great disgrace because she refuses to marry me; although I have declared to monsieur that I will not have her."

"But is she not good and nice?" cried madame.

"Cependant," persisted Jacques, "I will not have her. She likes me as it is; she would hate me if I pressed her to marry me. Mon Dieu! Heaven must do something better for her than that."

Our traveller was on her way to England, and had broken her journey to rest but a night; yet she had already become curiously interested in the inhabitants of La Grue. She decided that she would make an indefinite stay at Dindans. That night she wrote some letters, and looked over papers, in her chamber. She was very much excited, and did not settle to rest until it was another day.

She was only in her first sleep when Stine got up to begin her daily work. No one in the house was awake but herself as she went into the garden, fetched vegetables, and prepared them for use, placed saucepans on the stove, and then went into the court-yard to make ready her laundry table for an hour's ironing. As she trotted about the dewy garden and the cool, grey court-yard, she held up her head and moved lightly, delighting in the taste of fresh air, space, and peace. Her crisp, white bodice rustled with freshness, and smelt of lavender; her little apron fluttered as if enjoying itself. She went to her ironing under the vines, but had hardly plaited a frill when she remembered that she had not put the things straight in the painting-room of the club. In a minute she was busy folding up the tangled drapery that had been used in costuming a model the night before. The next moment some one came into the room, and Stine seemed all at once in a great hurry as she said:

"Good day, Monsieur Lawrence; you are up early;" turning away as she spoke, and making haste with her work.

"Stine, will you not put that away for a moment, and speak to me?"

"I have spoken, monsieur: I have said good day."

The young man looked half sad and half angry, as she opened the door, curtsied, and disappeared. The painter sat down, and began to work at his picture.

"This place is not good for me," he reflected; "I shall leave it as soon as possible. Elsewhere I shall have greater advantages, and be rid of heartache. Ah! why do I love her, when she does not care for me? Yet what a life I see before her in this place! Worked to death, or wedded to Jacques, or to the owner of the nearest estaminet. I have not much to offer her,

but in time I shall succeed; we could be frugal. She need not work for two of us as they work her here."

Lawrence was alone in the world. His art was his delight, and he had left England for the purpose of studying in one of the best continental schools. Passing through Dindans he had been attracted, first by the quaintness of the old inn, and afterwards by Stine's sad face; and here he had been content to follow his art studies, without pushing on further to the higher point of his ambition. He had been able on occasions to save the girl from harsh treatment, and he recalled now her amazement at being so shielded, her gratitude so simply shown, and the frank, warm friendship that had sprung up between them. He had watched her at her daily work in the kitchen, in the court-yard, everywhere, and had made sketches of her by stealth under every aspect. Later there had come upon him dreams in which he fancied her fitting about in a home which should be her own, and also his; and one day, when she had been in trouble, he had spoken to her, and then he had found his mistake. His love had appeared to vex her, and their friendship was at an end. She was now as sad and reserved as when he had first set eyes on her. "It must be that I am quite unlovable," thought Lawrence, "since she will rather endure unkindness than share my lot."

Meanwhile, Stine was working with nimble fingers at her ironing-table; linens were folded, and muslins crimped, while now and again a few tears flashed out of her eyes like sparks of fire, and burnt her cheeks. She remembered one day when a kind face had come into the inn and somebody had saved her from a beating; she being then considered young enough to be so punished. She remembered how light had become her tasks after that wonderful day, how the consciousness of being protected had grown habitual to her, while the wonder swelled within her at finding herself a person to be so deeply respected. She began to think that even a life like hers might come to have a beautiful side to it, till that first dreadful night, when she had told herself it would be better if she should never see Monsieur Lawrence again. The next day had brought the trouble of her disobedience about Jacques, as well as that strange, supreme moment when Lawrence, having heard of it, had asked her to be his wife, and had been refused. Yes, and she would refuse him to-morrow again, if put to it! Flash! came

a tear on the frill she was ironing, so that she was obliged to crimp one inch of it over again; and Madame Van Melckelieke came scolding into the court-yard.

The little Dame Anglaise dined at the table d'hôte that day. Monsieur sat at the top of his board, and his wife and step-daughter, a giggling girl with sharp features, sat beside him. After dinner, monsieur, his wife, and daughter went out to take coffee in the garden, sitting under an apple-tree, with a tiny table between them: monsieur in his white linen coat and scarlet skull-cap, the girl in a gay muslin with flaming bows, madame in brilliant gown and enormous gold ear-rings. The ladies chatter, monsieur smokes and drinks his coffee, and Jacques comes into the garden and announces that the Dame Anglaise wishes to join their circle. She comes, she is agreeable, she gossips familiarly over their concerns, and tells them a great deal about her travels.

So agreeable did she make herself, that next afternoon the stranger was invited once more to join the circle in the garden. Never had been known so pleasant an Englishwoman.

"Monsieur and madame," said the stranger, by-and-bye, "I am going to tell you a story. Yesterday I spoke of my travels, and you were good enough to be amused; to-day I will try to relate to you some of the most important events of my life. I have lived under the shadow of a great trouble for many years. For sixteen years I have been following a will o' the wisp."

"A will o' the wisp!" cried all the listeners.

"It has led me from country to country, and from town to town. I arrived here the other night utterly disheartened, when, lo! it sprang up again; here—under this roof—as soon as I entered."

"Here!" cried the Van Melckeliekes.

Madame shifted her chair so that she sat facing monsieur, who had taken his cigar from his mouth, and sat gazing at her in amazement, with his scarlet skull-cap a little on one side, and a slight look of apprehension on his stolid countenance.

"Let madame proceed!"

The strange old lady paused before she began her tale, and a tragic look swopt across her dim blue eyes.

"My friends," she said, with a quiver in her voice, "sixteen years ago there were living in a pleasant part of England an English gentleman and his wife, who had very great wealth and a beautiful home,

and up to the time of the beginning of my story they had scarcely known what it is to grieve. They had one child, a little girl of three years old, the idol of both parents. They were fond of travelling abroad, and it happened once that they were in Paris on their way home; with them the child and three servants, including the nurse, a strange and wild-tempered woman. The lady was half afraid of this nurse, yet shrank from sending her away. The nurse was savagely fond of the child, and jealous of its mother. One day there was a quarrel, springing from this jealousy, and that evening the woman walked out of the hotel carrying the child in her arms, as if to give it an airing. She did not return, and the father and mother never heard of their child again."

Monsieur had turned on his seat and looked askance at the stranger. Madame, his wife, sat with open mouth gazing at her husband.

"Think of it, good people," went on the little old trembling lady. "I was the friend of that young mother, and I came to her in Paris in her affliction. We spent months traversing Paris, and we advertised, offering large rewards; but no tidings of woman or child were to be had. We gave up the search in Paris, and went moving from place to place, lingering so sadly, and making such frantic inquiries, that people began to point to my friend as the 'poor crazed mother who was looking for her child.' Ah, my friends, if you had seen her as I did—her eyes dim, her cheeks wasted, weeping herself to death over a toy, a tiny garment, a little shoe! Search was useless, and by the time we could prevail on her to give it up the poor thing was so broken in heart and body, that we only brought her home to die. She died in my arms, and I promised to keep up the search so long as I lived. She had a firm belief that her child was not dead, and the horror of its growing up among bad people haunted her perpetually. Her husband lived ten years after her death, and though he never kept up such a constant search as I did, yet he could not forget that there was a chance of his lost daughter's being alive somewhere. I think his heart was broken too—more by the loss of his wife, perhaps, than by that of his child. Both parents had been rich, and when the father died he willed all their possessions to their child, who might yet be discovered living in ignorance of her parentage. After a certain time, if nothing has been heard of the girl or her descendants, the property will



be broken up and divided in charity. Since the father's death I have never for one moment relaxed my efforts to discover some trace of the child of my friends. I now begin to grow old, and I fear I shall not be able to keep it up much longer. I have cheered my heart many a time, telling myself that the girl would be a daughter to me in my advancing age, and would repay me with her love for all the labour I have had for her. She would now be nineteen years of age. When a child, her hair was dark; it would now be darker still. Her eyes, I think, would be grey, the colour of her mother's. I have often fancied I saw a face like what I had pictured her to myself, and spent feverish days in finding out my mistake. Now you know what I meant by a will o' the wisp."

The faces of the innkeeper and his wife had changed so that they did not seem to be the same persons who had sat there half an hour ago. They now nodded their heads, while neither spoke.

"But why say that the will o' the wisp had appeared under our roof?" asked Rosalie, sharply.

The old lady trembled wildly, and looked round on the three faces. At this moment Stine appeared coming down the courtyard with a fresh supply of coffee.

"My friends! my friends!" cried the little old lady, stretching out her hands to them, "I believe that there"—pointing to Stine—"comes the child I have been seeking for these many years!"

Monsieur Van Melckelieke sprang to his feet, while his wife pushed back her chair, and stared furiously at the stranger.

"Madame has lost her mind!" cried monsieur, eyeing the lady with terror.

"Ah no, monsieur! Tell me that I am right, or help me to the proof of it. My child has in some strange way been thrown upon your charity. Some feeling of honour makes you wish to keep a secret."

"Madame is all wrong," said the man, a little mollified. "The girl is my niece. I will bring you face to face with her mother. She lives at some distance, but she shall be brought here to satisfy you."

"Bring her at once," said the old lady.

Next morning a coarse, loud-voiced woman came into the inn, and Madame the Stranger was summoned to meet her in the garden under the apple-tree. All the family were present at the interview—monsieur, madame, Rosalie, Stine, and Jacques.

"She is my daughter," said the coarse woman; "but I gave her up to my brother

for the good of the family. Speak out, Stine, and say if I am not your mother."

"I have always known you as my mother," said Stine, shrinking from her. "Dear madame," to the Englishwoman, "give up this fancy. I am grieved to be such a trouble to you."

"Help me, good Jacques, to get back to my chamber," said the poor old lady, faintly.

That night, very late, when Stine was wearily toiling up her tower staircase, a door opened, and the English madame came out, wrapped in her shawl.

"My dear," she said, "take me up to your tower room to see the view from your window. It must be fine this starry night. Besides, I want to talk to you."

Stine's little room seemed situated in a star, so high was it above the peaks of the Flemish houses away down in the town below. The cathedral tower looked over at her in ghostly magnificence. Her small lattice lay open, and the music of the chimes came floating dreamily in as they played their melody through in honour of the midnight hour. The room was cool, dark, and quiet. Madame sat down on Stine's little bed, and the cathedral clock struck twelve.

"My dear," she said to Stine, "I am not going to afflict you with my trouble. I am used to disappointment, yet there is something in this case which is different from all my former experiences. I cannot shake off the interest I feel in you. Granted that I am a crazed old woman, still I would like to leave my mark, a good mark, upon your fate. Do not be afraid to speak freely to me, my child. They are harsh to you in this house."

"They are not very kind."

"You would wish to get out of their power, and yet not marry Jacques."

"I will not marry Jacques—Heaven bless him!"

"Yet a husband could protect you."

"They are not going to kill me; and I am able to bear my life."

The little old English madame was silent, reflected a minute, and then began again.

"I went out this evening to calm my heart in the cathedral. I found it almost deserted, and full of a solemn peace. I prayed, and became resigned. Having finished, I was resting myself, when I found the painter, Monsieur Lawrence, standing beside me. He addressed me as your friend, and we had some whispered conversation. He talked about you. He loves you. You have repulsed him. Is it possible that you are so hard!"

"Madame, I am not hard," gasped Stine, after a pause.

"I can believe it."

"Madame, before I knew Monsieur Lawrence I had never loved anything; now it seems as if I could love the whole world for his sake. He is to me all that one lives for, lives by. He is absolutely as my life. I speak extravagantly, madame; but remember, at least, that I did not wish to speak at all."

"Go on," urged the little lady.

"There was a time," said Stine, leaning on the sill, and gazing over clasped hands into the starry outer dimness, "a time when I never thought of checking my love, seeing nothing in it that was not beautiful and good. But I was forced to change my mind. Madame, I will tell you about it. I was sitting one evening in the court-yard at my knitting, and the students were supping in their club-room; the blind was down, the window open. I heard the men's voices talking, but I was not minding what they said. I was thinking of Monsieur Lawrence, of some words that he had said to me, and of the beautiful look that always came into his eyes when he saw me. He was away that day, and I always allowed myself to think of him most when he was at a distance; it seemed less bold, somehow, than when he was near. Suddenly I heard his name mentioned in the club-room, and he became the subject of conversation among the students. They spoke of his noble character, and of his genius, and some one said, 'If he only keeps out of harm's way he has a fine career before him.' Then there was confusion of voices, and by-and-bye I learned that the chief thing he had to fear was marriage with a woman as poor as himself. Then my own name was brought into the conversation, and there was more confusion, till a voice said severely, 'That, indeed, would be his total ruin.' Madame, the words came out through the window to me, and buzzed about my head like fiery gnats, and then made their way inward, and settled and burned their way down to my heart. When I came up here that night I sat down here, and thought about it. At first I said to myself, 'It is untrue; I should help, and not hinder him; I should work so hard, and privation would be nothing to me.' But soon my mind came round to see the truth. The poorest bread costs money, and a woman is often in the way. A man of genius must not be fettered. If he drudges to boil the pot how shall he soar to his just ambition?

After that I used to go about saying to myself, to keep up my courage, 'I will not be his ruin. I will not spoil his life.' And then, when one day he found me in trouble, and asked me to marry him, I had strength to refuse him. This is the whole of my secret, madame. I love him, and will protect him from the harm that I could do him."

"My dear," said the Englishwoman, "I believe you are indeed the stuff to make a good wife; and I warn you not to let your honourable scruples carry you out of reach of a well-earned happiness that may be yours. You and Monsieur Lawrence are young, and can wait. Meantime, you need not give the lie to your hearts. Take the word of an old woman; there is nothing so precious in this world as love, when it is wise; and especially if it has been made holy by passing through a little pain."

Next evening Stine went to the convent, a mile out of the town, to fetch eggs and melons for the inn housekeeping. Coming back again, along the canal under the poplars, she sat down to rest a minute, with her basket by her side. The sun had set, the brown sails in the canal had still a red tinge on their folds, and the spires and peaks of the town loomed faint and far through an atmosphere as of gold-dust. Stine's heart bounded with a painful delight, as she saw Monsieur Lawrence coming towards her, under the shadow of the poplars. She would have liked to run away, but that was not to be thought of.

She rose, however, to her feet, and he came beside her, and they stood looking at each other.

"I did not mean to frighten you," he said; "and I am not going to annoy you. I have come to bid you good-bye, as I leave the town to-morrow. After all that has come and gone, Stine, you will not deny me a kind word at parting."

"It is better for you to go, Monsieur Lawrence. I hope you will succeed, wherever you are."

"I shall do pretty well, I suppose. I should have done better, I think, if your love had blessed my life. But I will not vex you about that any more. One thing I ask, that you will let that good old English lady have a care over you."

"Do not be uneasy about me. Good-bye, Monsieur Lawrence. I suppose you are now going further up the road? I am already late; I must get home."

"Hard to the last!" said Lawrence, bitterly.

The reproach was too much for Stine;

it broke the ice about her heart, and the waters of desolation poured in upon her. She turned her face, white and quivering, on Monsieur Lawrence.

"I am not hard——" she began, pitifully.

"Stine!" he cried, reading her face aright, at last, and stretching out his arms to her.

"Oh, Monsieur Lawrence!" she cried, and fell upon his breast, weeping. "I have been hard," she said, defending herself; "only because I dared not be otherwise. I have hurt myself more than you. Even now I am wrong. Do not let me ruin you."

"You have been very near ruining me," he answered; "but that is past."

When Stine came into the inn with the eggs and melons, she was scolded for being late; but Madame Van Melckelicke's abusive words fell about her ears like so many rose-leaves.

That night, when Stine and the Dame Anglaise were conversing up in the tower, a tap came at the door, and Monsieur Lawrence joined the conference. The three sat whispering together, barely able to see one another, by the light of the stars. Here it was arranged that Lawrence should go to Paris and seek his fortune, while Stine, as his betrothed, should remain at her work in the inn. They were to love and trust each other till Lawrence should find himself ready to come and take his wife. The chimes rang, the stars blinked, the old lady sat between the lovers, like the good godmother in the fairy tale. Madame was to watch over Stine till Lawrence should come for her, while no one else in the inn was to know the secret but Jacques.

Early one morning, while the inn was asleep, Stine came into the cathedral when the doors were just open, and even the earliest worshippers were not arrived. She laid a bunch of white flowers upon the step of the altar, and then Lawrence came beside her, and they vowed their vow of betrothal, and said good-bye.

After this the days went on as usual at La Grue. The painters painted in their studio, and supped in their club-room, and regretted the absent Lawrence, but yet commended him for running away from danger. The English lady had taken up her residence regularly at the inn. The landlord was hardly pleased to have her. He always eyed her suspiciously, having a fear that that craze about Stine had not been altogether banished from her mind. In this, however, he was wrong. The poor

little wearied-out lonely lady had given in to fate at last, telling herself that her faithful search had been in vain, that the child she had sought must be long since dead, that she needed repose, and might venture to indulge her fancy for employing herself in a kindly care of Stine. She came and went about the inn, sitting in her little lofty chamber looking over at the chimes, exchanging civilities in the garden with monsieur and madame, wandering about the quaint old town, poking among ancient churches, or trying to talk a little Flemish to the poor. She did not dare show much sympathy for Stine, lest the powers that ruled the inn should take it in their heads to turn her out of doors. She had to listen to many a bitter scolding, and witness many an unkind action, and dared not interfere, lest worse might come of it. Only at night, when Stine came to the room of her little friend, did they venture on any intercourse. Then Lawrence's latest news was discussed, and his prospects talked over; and Stine went to bed as happy as though there were not a scolding tongue in the world. Harshness did not hurt her now as it used to do. She had lost her fragile and woe-begone air; she grew plump and rosy, and her eyes began to shine. She sang over her work, and often smiled to herself with happiness, when no one was by.

The elders perceived this change, and pointed it out to Jacques.

"Thou seest," said monsieur, "she is getting quite pretty. Thou canst not be so stupid as still to refuse to marry her."

"Pretty!" cried Jacques; "I do not see it. To my thinking, the Dame Anglaise is prettier."

"At least, she would make a thrifty wife."

"Cependant," said Jacques, "she is better as a fellow-servant."

"Thou art too hard to please," said monsieur, angrily, surveying the crooked figure of the little man.

"Every man has a right to choose his wife," said Jacques, "and I mean to do better than to marry that Stine."

The innkeeper was baffled.

"Our affairs stand still," he grumbled to his wife. "The law will not allow you to marry a man against his will. I do not see what we can do."

"Wait a bit," said madame; "it is not possible that Jacques dislikes her."

"And thou—dost thou also like her?" sneered monsieur.

"But that is a different thing," declared

madame; "I cannot like a creature who keeps me in fear and stands in my way."

"It is true," groaned monsieur, "she is a bright-eyed marmot, but she keeps us in deadly fear."

Whatever the fear was, it preyed upon the master of La Grue. From being merely a brutishly sulky man, he became irritable and violent; even madame, his wife, began to moderate her temper, lest, being both in a flame together, they should burn their establishment to death. He began to vow often to his wife that he would not have that Anglaise in the house a week longer; that he would have Jacques popped into the canal, and Stine shipped off to the antipodes. He would wait on his guests himself for the future; his wife should do the cooking, and let Rosalie work at the ironing and keep the books. His wife soothed him as well as she was able, but monsieur was hard to soothe, and when quiet he was timorous and moody. He left off eating much, and his flesh began to fall away.

"I feel that I shall have a fever," he complained, "and when I am raving I shall be sure to tell the story."

"Nobody shall come near you but me," said his wife; and, when his fears came to be verified, and she put him to bed in a state of delirium, she suffered no one to help her in the task of nursing him. The little Anglaise came once on tip-toe to the chamber door to ask how monsieur fared, but madame greeted her with a face so dark that she never cared to venture on this mission again. The crisis of the fever passed, and monsieur was restored to his senses, without having betrayed in his ravings any secret that might be rankling in his mind. The inn became more lively, and madame the landlady was persuaded by her daughter to take a drive out of the town for change of air. Monsieur was not able to speak much, and Jacques was allowed to sit by him till his wife returned.

"Jacques," said the sick man, faintly, "they think I am getting better, but I know I am going to die."

"No, monsieur, no," said Jacques.

"I have not long to live, my friend, and you must go for the curé and the maire. Bring them to me quickly, before my wife comes back."

"But, monsieur——"

"Go, or I shall die on the instant, and my death will be on your head."

Stine had quiet times just now, and she

with her knitting-needles clinking in her fingers. The Anglaise sat opposite to her, and they were talking of Monsieur Lawrence. While thus engaged, they saw Jacques, the curé, and the maire coming down the court-yard. Monsieur desired to make his will and prepare for death, they said to one another; and both were shocked.

Some time afterwards Jacques came running through the archway into the garden, his face and manner so excited that the women stood amazed.

"Come, madame," he said to the Anglaise, "you are wanted immediately in monsieur's chamber." The Englishwoman followed him wondering, and Stine went back to her kitchen to prepare for supper.

Half an hour passed. Stine was standing at the window straining the soup, when she saw the little Anglaise coming hurrying down the court-yard, white-faced, her head hanging as if with weakness, missing a step now and then, striking her foot against the stones of the pavement, and feeling, as if blindly, for the door as she entered the kitchen. She snatched the ladle out of Stine's hand and flung it on the floor, seized the girl by the shoulders, laughed in her face, gave a sob, and fell back swooning into the arms of Jacques; all of which meant that the will o' the wisp had turned out a veritable hearth-light at last.

"Ah, monsieur le maire, monsieur le curé!" she cried, recovering; "let them come here and tell the story, for my head is still astray, and I want to hear it again. Come out of this place, girl! thou art not Stine, thou art Bertha, daughter of Sir Sydney Errington, and Millicent his wife, both of broken-hearted memory, in Devonshire, in England. It is all written down. Jacques, we saw it written down. Will the gentlemen come and read it to us, or will they not?"

The curé and maire came in with solemn faces. Madame sat on a bench, and drank from a glass of water, while Jacques stood on guard by her side. Stine retreated, and leaned with her back against the wall, looking doubtfully at these people who had come to change her life. There was no mistake at all about the innkeeper's dying statement. The nurse who had stolen the child had been his first wife, from whom he had separated for a time that they might earn some money. When she came home to him with the child he, being afraid of her, had helped her to conceal it. He was then a waiter in Paris, and they took up house together, and prospered. She assured him

been revenge, and that one day, after the parents had suffered enough, a large reward should be obtained for restoring her to them. With this he had been obliged to be satisfied. His wife set up business as a clear-starcher, and made money enough for the child's support and her own. She used to smudge the child's face with brown, and dress it in boy's clothing; but she died suddenly when it was five years of age. Then had monsieur thought of ridding himself of the burden, but had been frightened out of his senses by some one whom he had consulted on the subject. He became afraid for his very life at thought of any one discovering the identity of the girl. Heaviest punishment, he feared, must be the reward of his daring to restore her to her sorrowing friends. When he came to Dindans as owner of the inn, he brought with him Stine as his niece, and a strange woman came to live in a cottage outside the town who pretended to be his sister-in-law, and the mother of the girl. He had trained Stine to be useful, and, by marrying her to Jacques, had thought to turn her to still further account in his service. No one but his second wife and the pretended mother had ever shared the secret which had sat for years on this cowardly soul. Now that he was going to die he would shuffle it off. He had always, he declared, meant to tell the truth before he died. If the Dame Anglaise had not arrived then, he would have left the story and its proofs with the curé of the town.

"Gentlemen," said Stine, coming out of her corner, "let us not disturb the house of death. Madame Van Melckelieke returns, and these things will not please her."

The landlady's voice was here heard, and the maire and the curé disappeared very willingly, while Stine brought the Anglaise away to her chamber. The poor little lady was beside herself, and kept caressing Stine, and telling what fine things were waiting for her. "My child, my little queen!" she said, "my lady of the manor! Ah, wait, my love, till you see your English home!"

Stine was quite confounded by the news; sat silently leaning her face on her hand, and gazing at her friend.

"I do not understand it," she said. She was not willing to follow the idea of any change so complete. It seemed to break up her expectation of that striving and hopeful life with Lawrence in Paris. She did not as yet perceive how good it would be for him.

Suddenly the Anglaise gave a shriek. "Mon Dieu! child, you are plighted to a humble artist. Ah! how fate has been cheating us! Why was I such a fool as to counsel such a step? But it is not yet too late. Monsieur Lawrence must give you up. You shall marry in your own rank——"

"Madame!" cried Stine, springing to her feet; "I know not anything of your England, and I will have nothing to do with it. If my husband is not fit to be a nobleman there, why, we will be noble after our own fashion in our grenier in Paris." Then, suddenly perceiving the prosperity which her transformation would bestow upon Lawrence, she burst into a passion of delight, and knelt, laughing and sobbing, by the side of the bed.

"Forgive me, my dear," said the old lady, half terrified; "my senses are coming back to me, and I love you for that speech. Lawrence is now in London; let us set out at once, and take him by surprise."

Lawrence had finished his business in London, and was on the eve of starting for Paris when, returning one night to his lodgings, he found a note, in a lady's handwriting, waiting for him on the table. The writing was not Stine's, and it was not a foreign letter. It announced that Miss Errington begged him to visit her at her manor-house, in Devonshire. Now, who was Miss Errington? for Lawrence had no acquaintance with Erringtons, nor yet with manor-houses. He considered the matter gravely, and finally wrote to Stine, at Dindans, telling her of the occurrence; also that he had accepted the invitation, hoping to find that some wealthy connoisseur had taken a fancy to his pictures. Between his paragraphs was inserted a comical sketch of this possible patron; a lady of venerable aspect, with nut-cracker features, and leaning on a long staff.

It was evening when he arrived at the manor-house, just so light that he could see the rich country through which he was travelling—could discern, with his artist-eyes, the beautiful wooded lands, which he was told had belonged to the Erringtons for numberless generations. He dressed for dinner in a handsome, old-fashioned chamber, and was conducted to the drawing-room. The door closed behind him, and he was in a room softly lighted, in which everything was rich, antique, tasteful, beautiful. A lady sat by the fire alone—a young and graceful figure, clothed in soft white draperies. She rose as he approached, but kept her face averted. He saw the lovely and familiar

outline of a cheek, a head with a crown of braided hair, yet for one moment more he did not know that upon this home-hearth burned for him, now and evermore, that life-light which had once been called a will o' the wisp. The lady turned her face, and Lawrence, bowing, advanced a step. Then, suddenly, there arose a sort of cry from two voices, rent by passionate surprise, and joy took eternal possession of the lives of these happy lovers.

LOOKING round the circle as the lady's story ended amidst a general burst of approbation, Mr. Rufus P. Croffut detected one exception to the general rule. This was a fat, heavy-looking German, who stood hard by, shaking his head with vast solemnity, and who, on being questioned, declared that love stories were only fit for boys and girls, and that for his part he preferred something stronger. The president saw his opportunity at once. "Then, I guess," he said, "you can tell us something better yourself?" A grim smile for a moment lighted up the German's features. "Ja wohl," he nodded. "You shall see. I shall make the ladies' flesh creep. So." And removing the great pipe which had hitherto adorned his lips, he continued, somewhat to this effect:

#### URSULA'S MATE.

It was just a week after the wedding of the rich farmer, Michael Straus and Ursula Hünwitz, the belle of the small old town of Meitzberg, when the first adventure, in the story I am going to relate, occurred.

A peaceable man of forty, short, and very fat, who loved his neighbour and loved good liquor, and a pipe, at least as well, was trudging home to this town of Meitzberg, at about ten o'clock at night.

His name was Peter Schmiedler, and he was on this particular occasion sober; for he had been supping with a rich old aunt, who lived at the other side of the pine-wood, and who, although in other respects an excellent old woman, was a rigid stickler for temperance.

From this repast he had taken his departure, as I mentioned, sober; and specially regretted being in that state of disadvantage while on his solitary night-march, through a mile and more of thick forest, which was reputed to be haunted by all sorts of malignant sprites; and then, for a good half mile more, by the margin of a lake, infested by no less formidable Nixies, or water-demons.

Clouds were slowly drifting across the sky, and spreading a curtain, broken only at intervals, over the moon. The darkness was profound as the path entered the forest, and the light wind, before which the clouds were driving, made a melancholy moaning in the tops of the trees.

Peter Schmiedler's courage melted quite away, as he stole along the haunted path, which at times, when the clouds became denser, grew so dark that he could scarcely, as they say, see his hand before him.

Holding his breath; sometimes listening; often stopping short, or even recoiling a step, as if some sudden noise among the branches, or the screech of the owl from its "lonely bower" in the forest nooks scared him; thus he had got on, till he had reached about the midway point in his march.

As the wind subsided a little, to his inexpressible terror, he became distinctly aware of the sound of a footstep accompanying him, within a few feet of his side.

When the wind lulled again, the stride of his unseen companion was more plainly audible upon the dry peat, or crunching the withered sticks that lay strewn over the pathway. When he first perceived the step that accompanied him, Peter once or twice stopped short, as I said, to ascertain whether the sounds might not be but the echo of his own steps. But, too surely, they were nothing of the kind, for they were on each occasion continued, for some few paces, after he had come to a stand-still; and then his silent companion also stopped.

Whatever this being might be that walked by his side in the dark, Peter could endure the suspense no longer. He stopped again, and made an effort to speak, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; and it was not until he had repeated his effort twice or thrice that he found voice to adjure his companion to declare who he was.

Hereupon this unseen companion spoke suddenly, in a harsh and vehement voice:

"I'm a deserter," replied he.

There was nothing very human in the tone; and even assuming the speaker to be a creature of flesh and blood, a deserter was likely to be a desperate character, and by no means a pleasant companion for a fat little fellow, with some silver in his purse, to light on in such a lonely path.

Peter and his unseen companion walked on for nearly five minutes more, side by side, before Peter spoke again. Every moment he fancied that the stranger would spring at his throat and strangle him.

Having got his hand against the stem of

a tree, he halted suddenly, stepped behind it, and, thus protected, addressed his unseen companion once more.

"A deserter?" he blurted out, "a deserter from where? a deserter from what?"

"A deserter from hell!" answered the same fierce, coarse voice, and something smote the ground—a furious stamp or a blow of a club—that made the hollow peat tremble with its emphasis.

Peter's heart jumped; he had vague thoughts of backing softly away among the trees and losing himself in the forest, till morning. But he had heard, or had fancied, such unearthly sounds among the firs, such boomings and hootings from the distant glades that night, and was still so uncertain as to the powers and purpose of the unknown, that he preferred his chance on the path he knew, to embarking in new and, possibly, more terrible adventures among the solitary recesses of the forest.

It now occurred to him, that he might possibly steal a march on his persecutor. He listened; there was no step now; the wretch was waiting for him.

Very softly, he made one short step on the light mossy ground, and another, perfectly noiseless step, and a third as cautious, and so on, till he had made some forty or fifty yards. But, as with throbbing heart he was half congratulating himself on his supposed escape, and was tip-toeing along at a swifter pace, close beside him the same startling voice said:

"You shall see me presently."

If a cannon had gone off within a yard of Peter's elbow, the sound could not have astounded him more. He staggered sideways, with a gasp; and when he recovered himself a little, he made up his mind to walk steadily along the path, the line of which he could only trace by looking upward, and watching the irregular parting of the trees overhead. Guided by this faint line, he stumped on, with knees bending with fear; and, at last, just as the moon broke through the driving clouds, and shone clear over plain and lake, and on the quaint little town of Meitzberg, not a quarter of a mile away, he emerged from the forest, with his companion by his side.

That companion was a tall, broad-shouldered grenadier of Vanderhausen's regiment of musketeers, dressed in the old-world uniform. His blue coat, with red facings, and garniture of yellow worsted lace, was obscured by the dust of his journey, as were his long gaiters; his small three-cornered hat was powdered with the same; his ruffles were soiled and disordered, and

his white vest nothing the better for his long, forced march. In his hand he carried an enormously long musket. His face looked grim and savage beyond description, and there was a straight red scar along his cheek, from his nose to his ear. A fine smell of brandy accompanied this warrior; and the very smell infused courage into the heart of Peter Schmiedler.

He was satisfied that the grenadier was a mortal; but a hang-dog, dangerous-looking mortal as ever he had set eyes on.

The soldier took Peter in the grip of his right hand, a little above the elbow, and held him, while he questioned him, staring all the time savagely in his eyes.

"Look ye, comrade, you had best speak truth, and shortly, for I don't care the spark of a flint for man or devil, and I'd shoot you through the head as soon as wink."

He strack the butt of the long musket furiously on the ground, and Peter recognised the sound that, in the forest, he had mistaken for the stroke of a club.

"As I hope for mercy, I'll answer you truly, ask what you will," whimpered he; "but pray, sir, don't hurt me so; you're pinching my arm like a thousand devils."

"Is it true," said the grenadier, squeezing his arm tighter as he went on, "that Ursula Hünwits has married Michael Strans? Yes, or no—quick!"

"Yes, yes; it is true!" screamed Peter. "They are married—a week ago. I saw it; I was at it; I supped there and drank their healths."

"Ay, I guessed it would so turn out," said the man, in a tone no longer of anger, but of deep dejection. "The news came that it was fixed. It came in a letter to Nicholas Spielman, the halberdier."

The soldier still held Peter fast by the arm, but no longer with a grip that hurt him so much.

"I left my quarters," resumed the soldier, "the night I heard it; I knew I should not be missed till beat of drum, in the morning. I have travelled, on foot, every day, twelve leagues since. Thirty-six leagues, a long march, and, for a reason, I carried this with me." He knocked the butt of his musket, this time, lightly on the ground. "Come down here, Peter Schmiedler, with me; I must show you a thing or two, and give you a message."

His hand tightened as he said this, and he marched Peter about two score yards, down to the margin of the lake.

"Ho!" said Peter, to himself, in wonder, "he knows my name, and to my knowledge I never set eyes on him before."

"It is four years and a half," said the soldier, "since I shouldered this musket and parted with Ursula Hünwitz, on this very spot. She was eighteen; I had been courting her for two years; man never loved girl as I loved her. She said she loved me with all her heart, and here we two swore to be true, each to other, till the hour of death. You know me, now, who I am," he said, suddenly pausing.

Peter gave him a good hard stare.

"N-no, I can't say I know you—unless—ha! No, it couldn't—it isn't—"

"Yes, it is; I'm Hans Wouverheim."

"By my soul, Hans, I didn't know you! How awful ugly you've grown! I mean manly; you're a foot taller, almost—and that devil of a scar!"

The moon had now got out of the cloud-banks into blue sky; and her light was steady and brilliant.

"I'm Hans Wouverheim, that left this spot, a recruit, four and a half years ago. Look at the butt of this musket; here, where I show you. With her bodkin I scratched the first letters of her name. Look! U. H. Look here! Here's her hair."

He pulled out from his breast a little cloth bag, true-blue, like his coat, and inside it was another, of silk; and within that a long lock of golden hair.

"There it is," he cried, "I kept it ever since; it has been with me in battle and bivouac. Curse it!"

He thrust it back quickly.

"I told her," he continued, "I'd fight my way up the hill; that she'd hear of Hans Wouverheim wherever thunder and laurels were going. I have seven musket wounds and this thing," he drew his finger along the scar. "I have led the life of a dog, I've slept in the mud for weeks, I've been half starved, I've been a month at a time without bread or biscuit—with nothing but mushrooms and onions—sometimes acorns and apples. I bore all—I feared nothing—what cared I for bullets? I'm a corporal, you see, and I'm first on the list for sergeant, and I have two hundred and eighty rix-dollars, prize-money, and—I did all for her sake! What do you think I deserted for, and marched nigh forty leagues in three days? I came to see Ursula, and to shoot her through the heart. But I'll not shoot her, I'll let her live, and think on what she has done. She'll have her punishment time enough."

The wild manner in which this musketeer was talking made Peter Schmiedler very uncomfortable indeed. It was plain

the man was either mad or desperate; and there he was, breathing death and slaughter, with his firelock in his hand, his bandoleer on, with its powder charges dangling from it in a row, and the bourse of bullets apparently well filled.

"There's a round dozen of lives there!" thought Peter with a qualm, "and I'd wager a pot of wine his matchlock is charged. And, then, his rapier! A powerful fellow like that, driving right and left with a sword, why he could take Meitzberg, and all that's in it, if it only came into his head to try!"

"Look! friend Peter," said the soldier, "you live in the High-street of Meitzberg, here, opposite the sign of the Cheese and Flagon, and, you think, before ten minutes, you'll be sitting there telling your story. Now, mark me, you'll never sit there again, for I'll club my musket and knock your brains out here, unless you swear to give my message and do as I tell you. What do you say?" he shouted, in his wild, startling tones.

"Himmel! why need you be excited, Hans? I swear with pleasure," said Peter.

"Well, when I part with this firelock, which will be in a few minutes, you take it, and show the letters U. H., and tell all the rest I told you, and all you are going to hear and see, faithfully to Ursula Hünwitz—Straus, Ursula Straus! curse them both—and tell her she has been the ruin of me, body and soul, and that Hans Wouverheim, when he was leaving you, said that he would take her hair with him where he's going, and will never forget her oath. She swore her heart was mine, and sooner or later her own false heart will work out its own punishment. There's my message to her. Do you understand it?"

"Perfectly," said Peter.

"And now another shorter message," resumed the grenadier. "I have been an honourable soldier, up to this, and it shan't be said I wronged my sovereign. Take my firelock, when you have seen Ursula, to the magistrate, to keep for the military commissioner; place in his hands, moreover, this sum"—he put an old leathern purse in the hands of Peter Schmiedler, as he spoke—"which is the official price of my uniform and my sword; tell him I owe no man anything, having paid that price to my sovereign, and paid my life to Death, to whom alone I owe it. And remember, if you fail to fulfil your promise to me, so sure as ever man returned to the living, I will come and plague you for it."

With these words he dropped his musket



to the ground, drew his sword, and catching it in both hands by the blade, drove the point with a fierce stab into his breast, staggered back a step or two and fell over the bank headlong into the lake, which is there very deep, with a loud splash.

Peter, throwing up both his hands, uttered a howl of terror as he witnessed the catastrophe. Half a dozen steps brought him to the water, and he saw the circles that still chased one another outwards from the centre of disturbance, glimmering in the moonlight; but no sign of the unhappy musketeer was visible.

He watched for a few seconds; a little longer; for a minute—for two or three minutes; the chill horror that was silently stealing over him culminated at length, and with a shudder, and something like a prayer, he recoiled. He picked up the musket, which, if it had not been for the threat of the soldier, he assuredly would not have touched, and ran homeward as fast as a fellow with short legs and a considerable paunch, carrying a heavy musket beside, could well be expected to do.

At the town, late as it was, he soon had a large and eager audience about him.

He was so anxious to acquit himself of Hans Wouverheim's commission, and so horribly afraid of a visit that very night from his vengeful ghost, that, musket in hand, and accompanied by half a dozen townsmen, he without delay knocked at rich Farmer Straus's door.

The farmer and his wife were at supper; but, on a very urgent message, the Herr Pastor and Peter Schmiedler were admitted.

The bride was dressed in a rich shot silk, such as you sometimes see in old Dutch pictures. She had lace and golden ornaments on, for it was the pride of the old fellow, her husband, that his wealth should declare itself in the dress and decoration of his beautiful bride.

The farmer, a short square fellow of some four-and-fifty, with big hands, an iron-grey bullet-head, beard and moustache, and a solemn face, with small suspicious eyes, rose from his seat, with his beard dripping with gravy, and a tall glass of Rhenish wine beside him.

Both wife and husband looked surprised, and their eyes turned from Peter to the Herr Pastor and back again, for it was not easy to divine what had brought them together, Peter being by no means a meet companion for a holy man.

The farmer invited his visitors to supper, but the Herr Pastor had already had his;

and Peter, after the sights he had seen, had no appetite left.

Straus pointed towards Peter's hands.

"What's that for?" said the farmer, who had been eyeing the musket jealously.

Upon this invitation Peter started, and when he had shown the initials scratched upon the stock of the gun, and reported all that Hans Wouverheim had narrated:

"What a wicked pack of lies!" exclaimed the lady, with a scornful toss of her head.

"What a queer story!" said her husband.

"Hans Wouverheim, indeed!" she exclaimed.

"Done with a bodkin!" said the farmer.

"Why, Michael, my love! you don't mean to say you believe that bundle of rubbish?"

The farmer scratched his head slowly.

"Well," said he, "perhaps he has done the most sensible thing he could."

"If he has killed himself he must have been out of his mind; and being so, his story isn't worth a pin; and why should you or I, dearest, let it vex us?" said the lady.

"It don't vex me," said the farmer; "but I think his friends should fish up the body, and have it buried, decently, in the churchyard. I only want to be sure he did kill himself; a rascally deserter is so full of tricks; they'd stop at nothing."

"There, there," said Peter, uneasily, "don't—pray, don't. He's at the bottom of the lake, as dead as that stone jar. In the name of all that's good let us speak with respect of the dead."

"And as to laying him in the churchyard," said the Herr Pastor, "I fear that would hardly consist with our laws, seeing that the unhappy man has committed, as Peter Schmiedler assures us, deliberate self-murder."

"I don't see why, with all reverence, even so, he should not have a grave in a corner of the churchyard, where no one else wants to lie," said Peter, who felt that Hans might hold him accountable for his exclusion from holy ground. "And as you were so good as to offer me a glass of that kirschwasser, I'll change my mind and take it, with your good leave," he added, addressing himself to the farmer.

Peter had never drunk so many drams before in so short a time as he had since his last look at the ill-starred musketeer, yet he was not tipsy, and he could not expel the unearthly terror that lay cold and heavy as death at his heart. Never did he wish so fervently to be drunk, and never had he experienced the same difficulty in approaching that generally facile goal.

The beautiful Frau Ursula Straus was never so gay and animated. The good minister was shocked at it, and it even increased Peter's nervous horrors. Every possible thing was being said and done to exasperate the offended spirit of Hans Wouwerheim, and Peter was sure that, however innocent he might be, to him the dead soldier's first visit would be paid.

Shrewder people would, perhaps, have suspected that the pretty and heartless bride was concealing her own anxieties and endeavouring to mislead her husband's awakened jealousy by this demonstration of more than usual hilarity.

It was growing late, and the Herr Pastor took his leave, accompanied by Peter Schmiedler, grown on a sudden from one of the most insignificant to be one of the most important of the inhabitants of Meitzberg.

In the kitchen of the Cheese and Flagon thirsty souls made an excuse of the amazing occurrence which Peter had witnessed, to sit up later than usual over their cans and pipes. The rest of the town slept as usual, and poor Hans Wouwerheim, more soundly, let us hope, than he had done since the fatal news of the marriage of Ursula Hünwitz had reached him.

That beautiful young lady and her husband, it was said, had some uncomfortable and rather sharp talk that night over Peter Schmiedler's odd revelations, and early next morning, before daybreak, the rich man went off in a huff to one of his farms, about eight leagues distant from Meitzberg.

The Frau Ursula sent to beg the minister to pay her a visit, and when he came he found the lady in tears.

"Only think, good Herr Pastor," cried she, "my husband has been upbraiding me ever since that drunken rogue Peter Schmiedler came in here last night, under your protection, to tell that cock-and-a-bull story, not one word in fifty of which has even a colour of truth. All he alleges Hans to have said of me, and those scratches on the firelock—which I am certain Peter made with his own penknife—is, from beginning to end, an arrant lie, as you will see in a moment if you reflect. Hans Wouwerheim, you know, never had a crown piece to bless himself with. Why should I have listened to him? I hope it was never supposed that I was reduced to look at such as he; and now here's my fool of a husband gone off from his comfortable home, fancying I don't know what, with his head full of windmills—and all for

what? Just this; because you came here to gain admission for that notorious sot, and countenance him while he seeks to sow dissension in honest families?"

"But, madam," said the minister "part of Peter Schmiedler's narrative has proved undoubtedly true, for the body of the musketeer, with the sword still stuck through his ribs, has been got out of the lake only half an hour ago; and it has been identified by Kielwitz the waggoner, and by old Martha Plaatz, who nursed him, as undoubtedly that of Hans Wouwerheim. And, what is more, they found the two little bags, one of silk and one of cloth, one inside the other, containing the lock of hair as described by Peter."

"It is no lock of mine," said the lady, "and I don't care a rush whether it is the body of Hans or of any other trumpery soldier; there is not so much truth as would fit in a gnat's eye in the ridiculous story that drunken Peter chooses to put into his mouth. It could have had no effect if you had not come with that rascal under your wing, and you have done mischief, Herr Pastor, and are sowing quarrels in your parish. And, with all respect, I say, you had no business to come here, as you did, last night."

And with this Madam Ursula showed the reverend gentleman the door with an excellent air of injured innocence and offended virtue.

Shortly after, somewhat inconsistently, she sent to beg a visit from Peter Schmiedler. She had dried her tears and recovered her coolness, and she received him in a dignified and stand-off way. In this style she subjected him to a strict examination on the subject of the prize-money to which her old lover had alluded, and after which I think she had a hankering. It had occurred to her that he might probably have intrusted these very rix-dollars, by way of a legacy for her, to the care of Peter, who was not unlikely to have appropriated them.

A private purse would have been rather a convenient resource, while her husband continued contumacious; but there was no witness but Peter himself, and that hope proved barren; and Peter made his bow, relighted his pipe in the hall, and returned to his pot of beer in the Cheese and Flagon.

Hans Wouwerheim, having been fully identified, was shrouded and confined at the expense of the town. He was the last scion of a family, once important, whose name figures not obscurely in the old

records of Meitzberg. Being a suicide, he was buried with all those somewhat revolting precautions necessary to prevent his reappearance among the townsfolk as a vampire, for, in those days, the superstition to which the gentleman who told the first story has already alluded, still lingered in Meitzberg, as in other places, here and there, throughout Germany.

I don't know that Ursula was quite so hard-hearted as she affected to be. People said she was fond of Hans, although she played him the unlucky matrimonial trick that cost him his life. Her husband, being a jealous fellow, however, she was obliged to stifle her regrets, and pretend to be gay and careless. But the servants said she was sometimes found crying alone; and she undoubtedly grew more and more sour and sharp with Michael Straus, who used to fight his battles, at first, stoutly enough, but, in the long run, was worn out, and became, it was believed, henpecked and unhappy.

Thus, four years passed, and Ursula had lost nothing of her beauty—nothing of her high spirits and giddy vanity—nothing of the cruelty and pride which people ascribed to her; and she had gained a good deal, it was thought, in two qualities that don't always go together—cunning and audacity.

The town of Meitzberg, I must tell you, has its fête day. It is known as the eve of Saint Berthilda, who, in Catholic times, was the patroness of the pretty little town, and is still held in respect as an excellent excuse for a holiday, and a feast and dance in the evening on the grass, between the old wall and the margin of the lake.

On the day before this gala, which occurs toward the end of September, the town was in consternation; for a hurricane, unexampled, in that region, for suddenness and violence, had visited Meitzberg, stripping roofs, dislodging weathercocks, smashing windows, and whirling wooden pigeon-houses, garden-palings, tubs, and all sorts of incongruous articles, high into the air, and strewing fields, for half a mile eastward, with their fragments.

But the storm had not stopped at these freaks; it consummated in a few moments of fury, what the short surge of the lake, under the influence of the west wind, had been pottering over for years. The bank of the churchyard overhanging the lake had long been partially undermined by the water. The civic authorities had inspected, cogitated, planned, and done everything, in fact, but repair the old wall which had for

centuries resisted the wear and tear of that ceaseless ripple.

The gale had cut the matter short. A great piece of the bank had tumbled into the lake, carrying with it the grave, headstone, and coffin of the unfortunate Hans Wouwerheim, who had been buried in that out-of-the-way corner of the ancient cemetery, and the outcast lay now many fathoms under the level of the water, in his rotten coffin, never to be brought to light again.

There was a good deal of disgust and indignation. There were also many gloomy inquiries of a superstitious kind; and some people, learned in that sort of lore, declared that although Hans, so long as he lay in the churchyard, could not return to plague his survivors, yet that now, released from stake and cross, and immersed in another element, he might emerge among the demons who sometimes appeared on the margin of the lake, to affright or hurt the solitary passenger.

These spectral conjectures, however, were interrupted by the bustle of preparation, and the anticipation of a general merry-making, and the sunshine of a glorious day, filled men and girls with other thoughts, and chased away the lingering vapours of superstition.

The young Baron Von Ramer, handsome, courteous, and immensely rich, had arrived at the château at the other side of the lake, and a whisper had reached the town that he was not unlikely, in strict incognito, and as if quite accidentally, to drop in, in the course of the evening, to take part in the innocent gaieties of this rural festival. The château of the rich young baron, of whose splendour and generosity they had heard so much, was about two and a half miles distant across the water; and as the tents were being erected, and other preparations were pressed forward, in the course of the afternoon, many telescopes were directed toward that particular point; and it was reported that a boat was being manned at the steps of the terrace, under the walls of the baronial castle.

This interesting inspection was, however, interrupted; for a thin mist that had been rising at the other side of the lake, grew rapidly denser, and, just at the most interesting moment, when people had appeared at the top of the steps, and had begun to descend, it ceased to be transparent, and half a dozen curious glasses, that had been directed to that point, were, one after another, reluctantly lowered, and

only wistful looks were turned, now and then, in that direction.

The curtain had fallen. The fog spread and thickened, and now it lay upon the water like a white barrier of clouds between Meitzberg and the distant shore.

The sky above was beautifully clear, and a full moon, that night, would lend all its peculiar splendour to the fête. It was to be hoped that this fog, which seemed steadily advancing, would not spoil all by invading the grassy platform on which the tents and lamps were placed, and envelop the town itself.

Farmer Straus was away at the great fair of Loenthal buying and selling stock; but that did not prevent his gay and beautiful young wife from coming down, attended by her maid, to enjoy the festive scene.

It would certainly have been no harm, if that pretty young matron had been a little more circumspect.

Dancing, on these occasions, usually began about sunset, and was continued by torch and lamplight, or under the beams of the moon, as the case might be, till about ten o'clock; and now the evening was closing in a gorgeous sunset, the beams of which had just streamed forth, dyed crimson in the edge of the mist; and as this glorious light flooded the scene, a distant blast of trumpets, and other wind instruments, came sweetly over the waters. It was probably a mile away, and the boat and the musicians were still hid in the mist. Ursula was secretly delighted; she had set her heart on winning the admiration of the young baron, whose visit they had been led to hope for. All was going well; the fog had ceased to advance, and was now thinning. The dancing had begun; people were absorbed in the stirring scene, and had all forgotten the baron—all except Ursula.

And now the sun was down, torches blazed redly under the edge of the forest, and coloured lamps gleamed from the tents; while, over all, the glorious moon shed her silvery lustre.

The quick ear of Ursula caught the sound of music on the lake again, much nearer, but also fainter. She saw a boat pulled by four men in livery, and containing a number of musicians in a fantastic uniform, and one handsomely-dressed gentleman in velvet and gold lace.

He disembarked, followed by two servants, one carrying a violin, the other a fife. The rest remained in the boat.

Ursula's heart beat quick as she saw this cavalier approach. He drew near the linden tree, round which was the principal

gathering, and introduced himself in a manner so courtly, shaking hands with everybody in the friendliest way, that all hearts were won in a moment; and at length he came to Ursula, smiled, offered her his arm, and walked with her, back and forward in the moonlight, along the edge of the bank. His two servants followed, and his boat, some little way out, rowed also slowly back and forward, now and then sending forth a plaintive swell of music.

Ursula and the young stranger seemed soon to become deeply interested, and talked with their heads close together. More eyes were watching than she suspected, and they saw the courtly stranger and Ursula exchange rings.

This was, certainly, an odd proceeding, and we can't wonder that a little buzz of surprise, and even consternation, from the decorous townspeople of Meitzberg greeted this piece of by-play.

Presently the stranger led his beautiful partner towards the linden tree, and signed to his two servants, who instantly struck up a merry tune; and he and she, hand-in-hand, began to dance to the music with such exquisite grace, lightness, and spirit, that the admiration of the assembly drew them nearer and nearer. The dancers, meanwhile, were moving in the direction of the lake; they were now footing it on the very bank. More fantastic and wonderful grew the dance the nearer they drew to the edge, over which suddenly, with a bound, both dancers disappeared; the fife and viol each emitting a wild, mocking scream, that chilled the listeners with horror. From the boat a strange thunder of music swelled, and the hollow laughter of many shrilly voices. As the crowd rushed forward, the mist came rolling in like the dense smoke of cannon. Everything was veiled from view by the white fog that had broken its bounds, and was already surging half-way up to the town.

The fog became so thick that one could not see the blaze of a torch more than two yards away; and then only like a red halo. The frolic was over; no search was possible; and knocking their noses against walls and trees, the crowd in consternation groped its way slowly back to Meitzberg.

Next morning the lake was dragged; and, later in the day, two bodies were found; one was that of Ursula, it is alleged, with a dreadful rent in her breast, at the left side, through which her heart had been torn; her wedding-ring was gone, and in its stead a ring of iron, such as was fixed,

in old times, to the pommel of a soldier's sword.

The other was the black and swollen corpse of a tall man, on whose finger, impossible to be removed, without cutting it off, was found the wedding-ring of Ursula Straus.

Farmer Straus was, he declared, insoluble; and certainly he never married again. He declined reclaiming the bridal ring, so horribly profaned; and the iron one is still to be seen in the armoury of the old town-house of Meitzberg.

The executioner of Spieidaam, crossing the lake just then, said that the corpse, which had been taken out of the lake with Ursula's, was that of a man whom he had himself hanged a week before, and which had been stolen off the gallows at night.

The prevailing opinion, however, in his native town was, that the mysterious stranger was no other than Hans Wouwerheim.

As the German replaced his pipe between his lips, with a grim chuckle, a man in a slouched hat and a heavy overcoat approached the outer edge of the circle, and shading his eyes with his hand, peered eagerly forward, as though in search of some one. An instant afterwards Croffut quietly rose, and joining the stranger entered into eager talk with him, and they walked away together.

This action had not passed unnoticed by Harry Middleton, who, associating it, he scarcely knew how, with the idea of news of Myra Otis, felt his heart sink within him, and did not dare to think of the errand on which his friend had been summoned. The narration of the stories had had on Harry just the effect which the first speaker, the French gentleman, had intended. Listening to them he had temporarily forgotten the pain he suffered and the anxiety under which he was labouring, but now his mind had reverted to the old theme, and was pursuing it with painful activity.

Was it possible that there could be any foundation for the story which the hackman had told to Croffut; was it not more likely that the whole thing had been invented by his ready-witted, new-found

friend for the purpose of quieting him, and preventing him, in his burnt and jaded state, from attempting to prosecute his search? The hotel clerk could not have been wrong, and Harry had distinctly heard him say that a lady had been left in the rooms occupied by Judge Otis. In that case Myra must have perished.

The thought was too much for Harry Middleton, and he made up his mind, come what might, to go among the people whose dim, shadowy forms he saw stretched out all round him, and ascertain for himself whether or not Myra was there. He could slip away unobserved now, for the eyes of all were fixed on the story-teller who had succeeded the German, so he rose quietly, and, though with infinite pain, managed to drag himself along for about fifty yards. Then he stumbled and fell, and there he lay helpless. He had not strength enough to rise again; a drowsy numbness was stealing over him, and he felt as though his senses were leaving him. Once again he dashed through the raging flame, scaled the sinking staircase, and gained the room. But this time Myra was there, there in the far corner of the room, between which and the spot on which he stood yawned an abyss of fire. She screamed aloud; she stretched her hands imploringly towards him, and then—

And then—he felt two soft arms placed round his neck, two warm lips pressed upon his own. "My darling," were the words to which he woke, and saw Myra kneeling by his side.

"The hackman warn't lying after all," said Rufus P. Croffut, who, with Judge Otis, was standing by. "But you see the man drove the jedge and the gal to the lake side, where there was thousands of others a-refugin'—he arn't listenin' to me one bit, and it arn't like he should! But that's a pooty sight, jedge," he added, pointing to the lovers. "I like to see young Bull in the arms of his American beauty! That's what's the matter! Take about Allybarmer's and sechlike gas! He had direct claims on the gal, and went through fire and water for her!"

"And got consequential damages," said the judge with a smile, pointing to Harry's wounded arm.

THE END OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR 1872.

*The right of Translating any portion of DOOM'S DAY CAMP is reserved by the Authors.*









